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"Rose, softly blooming."

By A. C. Weatherstone.

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THE

WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FOR

MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. VIII

JUNE 1898 *TO NOVEMBER* 1898

LONDON
WARD, LOCK & COMPANY, LIMITED
WARWICK HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.
1898

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STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

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THE DESTROYERS.*

A NEW POEM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

"In a word, the torpedo has brought into the Navy a fresh zest, a new romance, and possibilities more brilliant than were existent before its adoption."
—"Torpedos and Torpedo Vessels."
Lieut. G. E. Armstrong.

The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal—
The line that holds the signalled course,
The hate that swings the whole:
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
Half guessed and gone again—
The brides of death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain!

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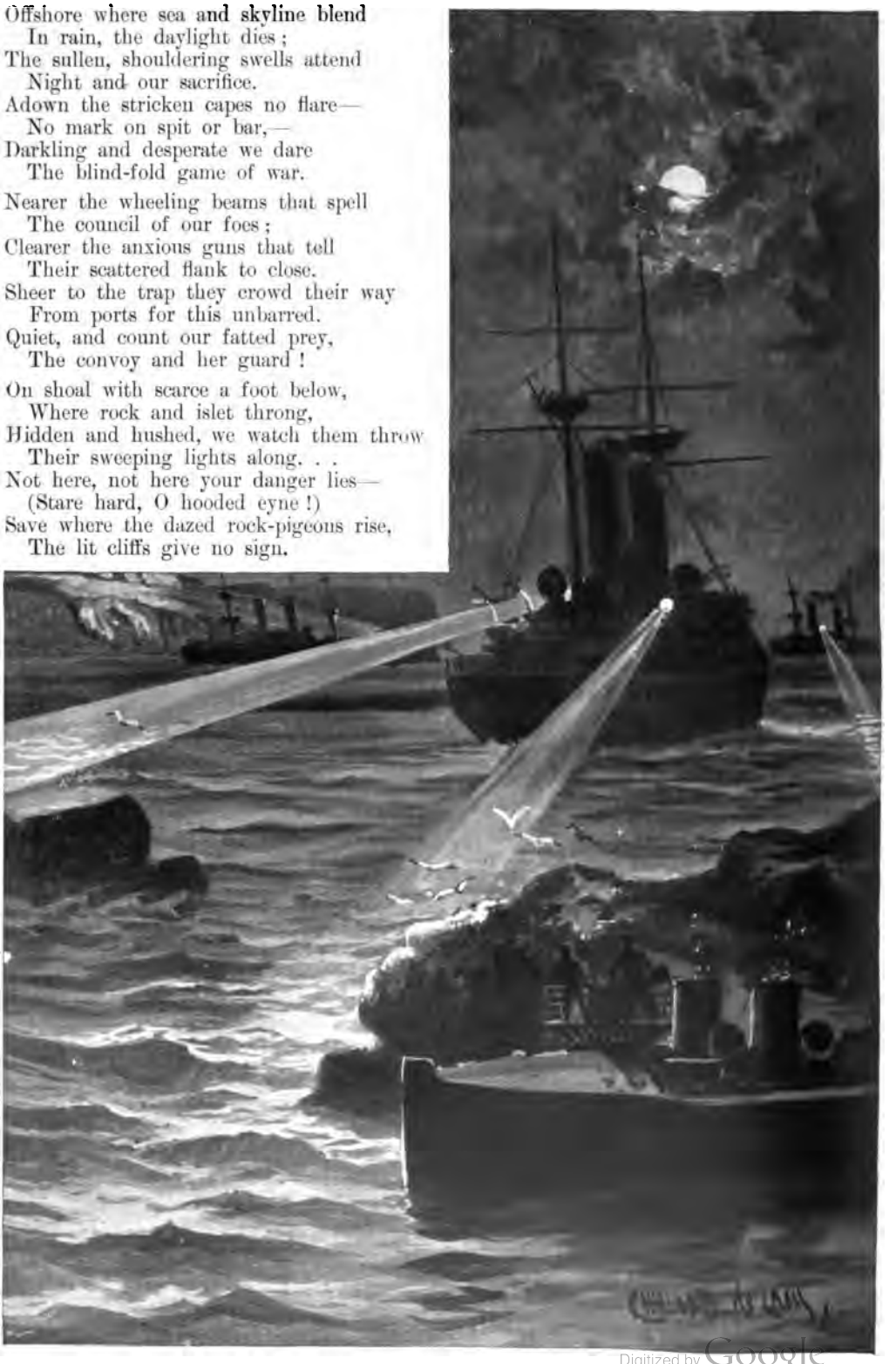
Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Darkling and desperate we dare
The blind-fold game of war.

Nearer the wheeling beams that spell
The council of our foes;
Clearer the anxious guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.
Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our fatted prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed, we watch them throw
Their sweeping lights along. . .
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise,
The lit cliffs give no sign.



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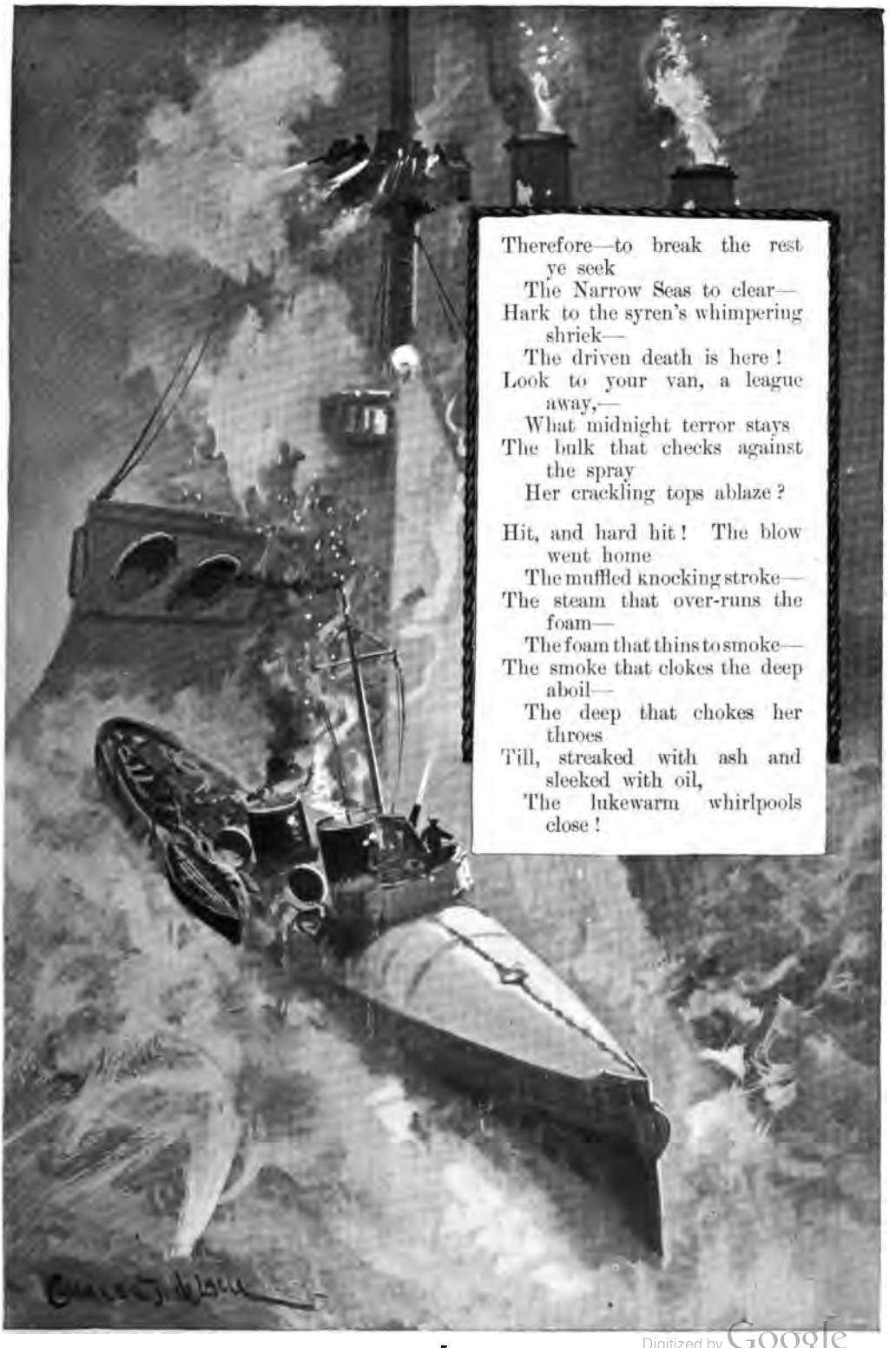

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the syren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!
Look to your van, a league away,—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home
The muffled knocking stroke—
The steam that over-runs the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke—
The smoke that clokes the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

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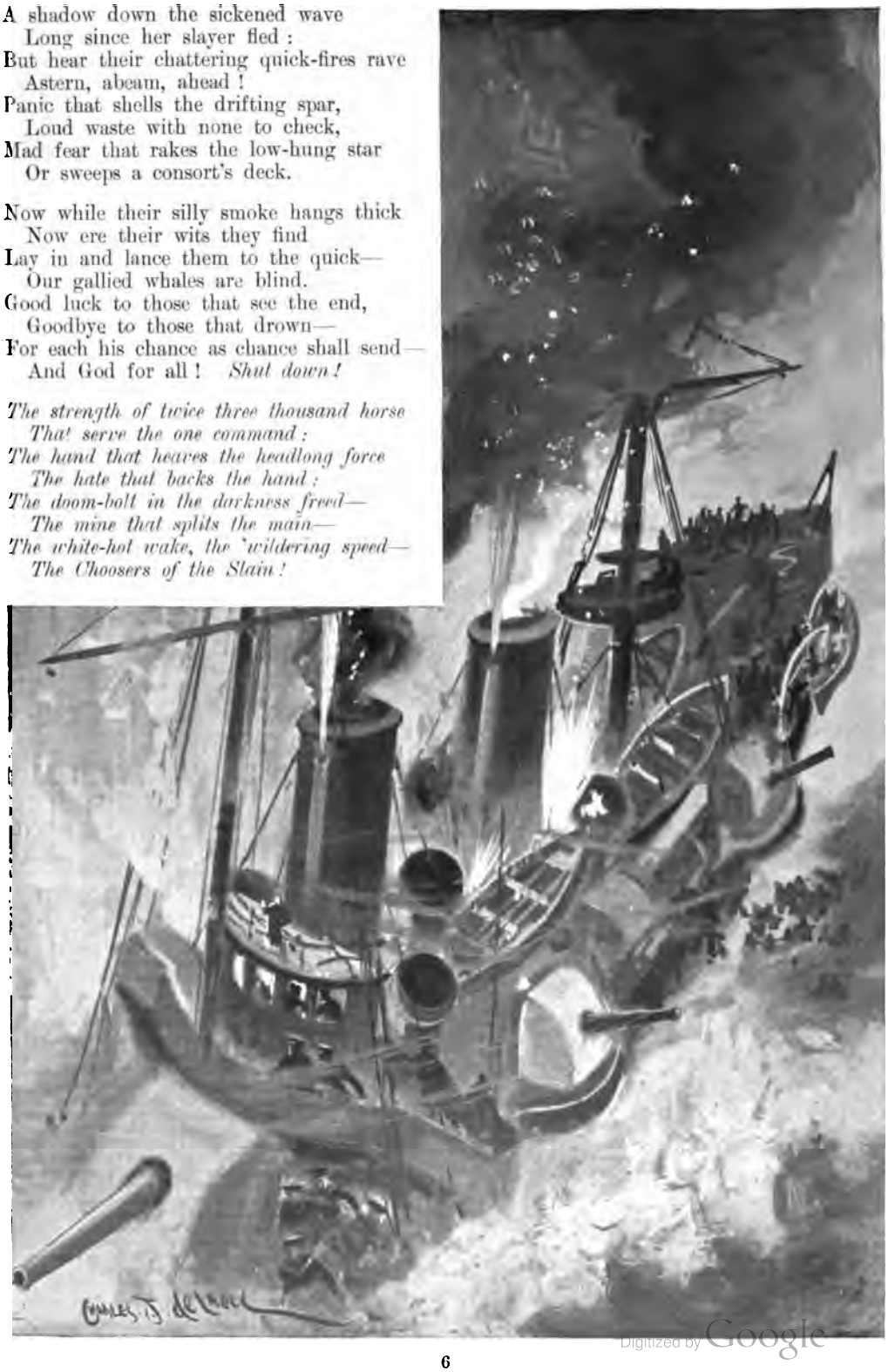
A shadow down the sickened wave
  Long since her slayer fled :
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
  Astern, abeam, ahead !
Panic that shells the drifting spar,
  Loud waste with none to check,
Mad fear that rakes the low-hung star
  Or sweeps a consort's deck.

Now while their silly smoke hangs thick
  Now ere their wits they find
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
  Our gallied whales are blind.
Good luck to those that see the end,
  Goodbye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
  And God for all ! *Shut down !*

The strength of twice three thousand horse
  That serve the one command :
The hand that heaves the headlong force
  The hate that backs the hand :
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—
  The mine that splits the main—
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
  The Choosers of the Slain !



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Parted.

By Percy Tarrant.

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LATEST PORTRAIT OF DR. NANSEN.
(By Percy Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.)

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WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH:

A RECORD OF THE *FRAM* EXPEDITION.

By Lieutenant Hjalmar Johansen.

CHAPTER I.

The equipment of the Expedition—Its start—The voyage along the coast—Farewell to Norway.

T was in the spring of 1893 that we who were to share through good and ill the fortunes of the *Fram* began to assemble in Christiania. We came from different parts of Norway, and as we were strangers to one another, we scanned each other's faces with not a little curiosity. We were all, of course, absolutely confident as to the success of the expedition, and were most cordial in our greetings, wishing each other a successful journey to the Pole. With regard, however, to the time which the journey would take, opinions were divided. Those of us who had never been to the Arctic regions before naturally listened eagerly to the talk of the more experienced about pack-ice and ice-floes.

The expedition consisted of the following members :—

	Born.
Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, chief of the expedition	1861
Otto Sverdrup, commander . . .	1855
Sigurd Scott-Hansen, lieutenant in the Norwegian Navy, who undertook the meteorological, astronomical, and magnetic observations	1868
Henrik G. Blessing, doctor and botanist	1866
Theodore C. Jacobsen, mate . . .	1855
Anton Amundsen, chief engineer . .	1853
Adolf Juell, steward and cook . . .	1860
Lars Petterson, second engineer . .	1860
Peder Hendriksen, harpooner . . .	1859
Bernhard Nordahl, electrician . . .	1862
Ivar Mogstad, general hand . . .	1856
Bernt Bentsen, general hand, who joined the expedition at Tromsö .	1860

The thirteenth member of the expedition was myself ; I engaged to go as stoker, as no other post could be found for me when I applied. My duties as stoker lasted only two months—until we entered the ice. After that I acted as meteorological assistant.

For two months before our departure we had a busy time, and the nearer the day approached the greater was the activity which we displayed. Men from the Akers Engineering Works were to be seen all over the ship. There were mechanics, joiners, carpenters, riggers, and stevedores. Juell and I were busy on the little island of Tjuveholmen, examining and making lists of the provisions. These were afterwards stowed away with the greatest care and order in the main-hold, the fore-hold, and the holds on both sides aft the cabin. In the bows, between the beams and the knees, lay Peder Hendriksen stowing dog-biscuits until the sweat ran down his cheeks. A whole shipload of dog-biscuits had arrived from London when the ship was almost full, and I remember Dr. Nansen telling me what a start it gave him when, on coming on board one morning, he saw the whole deck covered with cases of dog-biscuits, for which, of course, room also would have to be found. However, a place was found for everything. It was really wonderful what that ship held ; and she was not empty, either, when we got home. Indeed, we could very well have gone off on a new expedition with all that remained.

We prepared a kind of plan of the various rows of boxes, so that we should easily be able to find the sort of provisions that might be wanted from time to time after we had got among the ice. The coal was stowed in the lower hold and in the bunkers on either side of the engine-room, while the paraffin oil was kept in large iron tanks in the lower hold, in the 'tween decks, and on the upper deck. A large quantity of the oil was kerosene. This was to be used as firing for the boilers, being sprinkled over the burning coals in the form of a spray by means of a steam-jet apparatus.

Most of the provisions were stowed away in the main-hold, every corner of which was utilised. If the boxes could not be got in between the knees, the space was filled up with firewood, which would always come in

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useful. Of good food there was plenty on board the *Fram*—preserved meats from Norway, Denmark, America, and Australia, such as pork cutlets, forced meat balls, roast and corned beef, roast and corned mutton, rabbits, breakfast bacon, which we called "hymn books," various kinds of pemmican, cod roe, minced fish, mackerel, dried and grated fish, fish meal, dried and tinned vegetables, jams and marmalades, rice, chocolate, cocoa, oatmeal, Indian meal, white and rye bread, flour, sugar, coffee, lime juice, Knorr's soups, etc., etc. Everything was of the best quality that could be procured.

Dr. Nansen had the entire control of the vessel's equipment. He superintended everything and personally assured himself

NANSEN AND SVERDRUP ON THE BRIDGE.

that all, both as regards the *Fram* and her provisioning, was exactly as he wanted it to be and satisfactory in every respect. Our chief knew the importance of a thorough equipment and had spent many years in mastering every detail relating to such expeditions. Captain Sverdrup assisted him faithfully throughout in all his work. This man went about the ship, silent and quiet, noting everything, and speaking but little, but getting all the more work done on that account.

At last the day arrived when we were ready to weigh anchor. It was the 24th of June, 1893. The day was dull and grey, but we did not feel at all depressed. We were in high spirits at having at length reached the point at which our journey was to begin. A large number of people had assembled to see us depart, but it took some little time before we could actually start. There was always something wanting at the last moment. I remember, for instance, that we waited in vain for the supply of ice for the steward, and had at last to go without it. "We shall have plenty of it later on," said the cook. Just before we weighed anchor, Nansen arrived alongside in the petroleum launch from his house at Lysaker, and soon afterwards the *Fram* glided quietly and majestically down the fjord, accompanied by a swarm of steamers and sailing craft, which sent us on our way with music and cheering. We could hardly feel that we deserved all this cheering, for we had as yet done nothing—we were only just going to begin.

We knew that we should have each and all to do our best if the confidence of those jubilant people in us was not to be disappointed. There were those among them, no doubt, who believed that we should never come back again.

At Horten, we took on board powder and signalling guns, and at Rekvik—where the wharf of Mr. Colin Archer, the builder of the *Fram*, is situated—we shipped our long-boats. Mr. Archer and his family came on board and remained with us while the *Fram* proceeded up the bay towards Laurvik and made a tour round the harbour, the people cheering and flags flying all the time. When Mr. Archer left the ship we fired our first salute, this time in honour of the builder of the *Fram*. As he stepped into the boat he said he was sure he would see the *Fram* again. That man knew what the ship was worth.

Later in the day the sea became somewhat rough and the ship began to roll. This soon produced the first symptoms of sea-sickness in several of us. The engine worked admirably, and we were making about 22 miles in the watch. This was not much, but then we were deeply laden. Things were very lively on board. We were all in excellent spirits. We joked and chaffed each other early and late, but especially at meal-times, when most of us were together. Then the conversation usually turned upon what we were going to do when we reached the Pole. Nansen gave us a little music, and the cook was in a bad temper because we had such enormous appetites. "The coffee," he declared, "won't last beyond Tromsö." In the meantime we were advancing slowly but surely towards our goal.

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On the night of the 28th of June we experienced very bad weather. The sea was not very high, but the round build of the *Fram* caused her to roll heavily. The waves washed constantly over her fore-deck; and on passing Lindesnæs, the most southerly promontory of Norway, we were obliged to throw overboard a number of empty paraffin-barrels and other deck cargo. The davits in which the long-boats hung creaked loudly.

I was in the engine-room with Petterson. It was not the most pleasant of places, being very close and confined, and it was not an easy task to act as stoker in the midst of such rolling. It would have been more agreeable if I had not been upset by sea-sickness at the same time.

On the evening of the 28th we anchored at Egersund, on the south-western coast of Norway. Next day we steamed past the Jæderen in smooth water, and, with the aid of sails, we made good progress.

On the 30th of June we began using the "Primus" (a Swedish heating apparatus), instead of making a fire in the galley, which place the cook described as being only fit for Old Nick.

At Bergen we were magnificently fêted. Here we received our supply of Törfisk (dried codfish), which is an excellent article of food for men as well as for the dogs.

On the afternoon of the 2nd of July the fog obliged us to anchor in the neighbourhood of Stadt, the well-known promontory on the west coast of Norway. Here we had our first opportunity on our voyage of obtaining some shooting. This time it was wild ducks.

On the 5th of July Sverdrup came on board at Bejan on the Throndhjem Fjord. A younger brother of his left the ship here. Scott-Hansen had hitherto acted as the *Fram's* captain.

On the 7th we anchored at Rörvik, on the island of Vigten, and were busily employed in re-stowing our coals and provisions. During the trip along the coast I lived mostly in the "Grand," as we called it. We had both a "Gravesen" * and a "Grand" *

* Two well-known restaurants in Christiania.

on board. They consisted of the two long-boats, which, with the help of reindeer skins and sleeping bags, we had fitted up as pleasant sleeping berths for the light summer nights.

Wherever we arrived we found that the people took the greatest interest in the expedition. We used to ask ourselves where all the people came from. We could see nothing but bare mountains, here and there covered with green patches, along the shore; yet we had no sooner stopped than we had a crowd of boats filled with people round about us. At one point, however, we passed a fisherman who was evidently a little behind the times. He hailed us and asked—

THE "FRAM" AT ANCHOR.

"Where are you from?"

"Christiania," we answered.

"What's your cargo?"

"Provisions and coal."

"Where are you bound for?"

"The Polar ice—the North Pole!" was our answer. He evidently thought we were not in our right minds.

On the 12th of July we arrived in Tromsö. It snowed and hailed as if it had been the middle of winter. Here we were joined by Bernt Bentsen, who was to go with us as far as Khabarova as an extra hand, but on our arrival there he was engaged for the rest of the voyage.

At Tromsö Amundsen was severely injured through some coals falling upon him while he was at work in one of the bunkers. He received a big gaping wound in his head, but he did not seem to mind it much. He had

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his hair cut and washed, and the wound was then dressed and sewn up. He went about his work with his head enveloped in bandages the whole time, until we got fixed in the ice.

A coasting vessel laden with coals for the *Fram* had preceded us, and was to meet us at Khabarova. At Vardö the ship's bottom was examined by divers and cleared of mussels and weeds. At this our last place of call before leaving Norway, the inhabitants gave evidence of their great interest in our expedition by entertaining us to a sumptuous banquet.

On the 20th of July, at four o'clock in the morning, we steered out of the harbour and bade Norway farewell. I went up into the crow's nest to have a last look at the land. It was hard to say when we should see it again.

VISITORS TO THE "FRAM."

CHAPTER II.

The first ice—Arrival at Khabarova—Meeting with Trontheim—Arrival of the dogs—Life among the Samoyedes—Christofersen leaves us—Excursion on Yalmal—The last human beings we saw.

On the 24th of July we celebrated the first birthday on board. It was Scott-Hansen's, and was kept up with great festivity. We had marmalade for breakfast and special dishes for dinner, followed by speeches.

Next day we sighted Goose Land, on Novaya Zemlya. We expected to reach it in the course of the day, but we were overtaken by fog and every trace of land disappeared. We had to keep off the coast while steering our course along it under sail and steam.

Kvik, Nansen's dog, which we had brought with us from Christiania, was, of course, a general favourite on board. It was a cross between a Newfoundland and Eskimo dog, and was very fond of anything made of leather. It devoured almost everything it got hold of—sailmakers' gloves, old shoes, clothes, paper, waterproofs, etc. It was not quite so bad, however, as the dog the American North Pole expedition had on board the *Polaris*. That dog used to eat door-handles!

It was on the 27th of July that we made our first acquaintance with the ice. We soon had it on both sides of us, but with much bumping against the ice-floes we forced our way through them in the direction of the Yugor Strait. The engine-room was not now so warm as before. One day we had some trouble down there; a pipe burst and the pump was not in order; but things were soon put right again and no stoppage of the vessel took place.

It was a fortunate thing that we were well provisioned, for we boys on board the *Fram* had mighty good appetites. Each meal was a small *fête* in its way, and was seasoned with many a merry jest. Bentsen, in particular, had an inexhaustible fund of stories. He had always something fresh to tell us and was never at a loss for some amusing tale. But it was only during the long polar night that he was really appreciated as he deserved to be.

It was a beautiful sight to see the midnight sun on the horizon looming blood-red over the surface of the water strewn with innumerable ice-floes, while the sky shone blue in the far distance. The *Fram* wended her way onward, readily answering her helm, but advancing slowly and heavily whenever it was necessary to ram through the ice; but with her we could ram without fear. She was now in her element, but under such conditions the man at the helm had a difficult task before him. Here the drift-ice did not always consist of nice, flat, decent floes, but assumed all kinds of shapes and forms. Jagged and cracked, grey, white, and dark, they came drifting past us. Some were even covered with soil, others with fresh water, and all were heavy, slow, and deep in the water.

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On the 29th of July, at half-past six in the evening, we anchored off Khabarova. Here the person who had been commissioned to buy up dogs for the expedition in Siberia came on board. His name was Trontheim. His father was a Norwegian and his mother a Russian from Riga, where he was born. He could speak German, and acted as our interpreter with the Samoyedes. We learnt from him that the Kara Sea had been ice-free since the 4th of July, so that we might just as well have been here a little earlier. As soon as we had anchored we were boarded by the Samoyedes. They were dressed in clothes made of reindeer skins; most of them were ugly specimens of humanity, and all were dirty and ill-favoured. But the Russian traders who live here are fine-looking fellows, dressed in their long coats of reindeer skin and with their peculiar caps of reincalf skin. In the summer they stop at Khabarova, bartering their goods with the Samoyedes for various kinds of skins and furs. The Samoyede is very fond of spirits and tobacco, and when he knows they are to be got will often travel long distances with his reindeer or dogs. The traders have learned to turn this to advantage, and by the end of the summer, when they return home to dispose of their skins, they have generally done a most profitable business. The following summer they again return. The Samoyedes came on board to see Dr. Blessing and to benefit by his "healing wisdom." Some were troubled with festered hands, others with deafness. It is not at all unlikely that while these people were on board in the doctor's cabin, and their fur coats were left lying on the cabin floor, they were kind enough to present us with a good supply of vermin for the expedition; for soon after leaving Khabarova we noticed that we had companions of this sort on board, companions with whom we had no particular desire to travel.

There were ten Russians and thirty-five Samoyedes at Khabarova. They had no less than two churches there, one old and one new. On the 1st of August they celebrated a religious festival. Scott-Hansen, Mogstad, and I went ashore in the evening when the ceremony was over. There had been a service in both churches during the day. It appeared that there is a new and an old sect; but as the old sect had no priest just then, it had to pay two roubles to the priest of the new sect for a short service in the old church. As long as this lasted they crossed themselves and were most devout. But in the evening their religious zeal seemed to have disappeared entirely. Every man and woman was quite drunk. Several Samoyedes from the plains had arrived to take part in the celebration. We saw two of them who were driving like madmen with five reindeer among the tents. Outside one of the tents we saw a number of young foxes tied to small stakes driven into the ground. The two Samoyedes drove right amongst these foxes, whereupon a woman came screaming out of the tent, picked up the foxes, and carried them inside. We could not ascertain what they were going to do with these animals. Several of the Samoyedes were fighting, but they did not strike one another; they merely strove to tear the clothes off each other's bodies. Some amused themselves with a kind of skittles. The pins were pegs stuck into the ground, and at these they threw a piece of wood. Scott-Hansen looked into a tent and saw in a corner a strange-looking bundle of rags. He was rather taken aback when he saw the bundle begin to move and the face of an old woman appeared among the rags. She was completely drunk, and had rolled herself up into a bundle.

Trontheim and some of the Russians were several times obliged to interfere and keep them in order. Nor did the dogs seem to like all this noise. While we were going to the place where they were tied up a drunken Samoyede accompanied us. He wanted to show us that it was not with him that the dogs were angry, but with us. He courageously went up to one of the smooth-haired, white dogs, with upstanding ears, and wanted to pat it; but the dog snarled and snapped at him, and finally seized hold of one of the Samoyede's mittens, which hung and dangled at the end of his coat-sleeves, and held on to it with its teeth. This certainly did not help to convince us as to the dog's friendship for the Samoyede, but it undoubtedly convinced the Samoyede that dogs' teeth can easily find their way through fur mittens.

During these days we were busy cleaning the boilers and shifting the coals. Petterson and I were inside the boiler chipping off the salt which had been deposited on its sides. There was not much space for moving about inside the boiler. When we wanted to turn round we had to pull ourselves out and then crawl in again on the other side.

We looked a pretty sight when we had finished. The dirtiest of the Samoyedes would have looked clean in comparison with us. Nansen thought we ought to be immortalised, so he took a photograph of us.

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Nansen, Sverdrup, and Peder Hendriksen —also called "Smallboy"—set out one day in the petroleum launch to investigate the state of the ice in the Kara Sea. They found plenty of ice; but along the coast there was a channel of open water. They shot a number of birds and one seal. As they were returning to the ship the engine got out of order, so that they had to make use of the oars.

While at Khabarova we put up an electric bell apparatus between the crow's nest and the engine-room, so that the engineer might be in direct communication with the man aloft. We also got ready the apparatus for firing under the boiler with kerosene. The coaster with our coals was now anxiously expected. We began to fear she would never turn up.

On the 3rd of August we were ready, and the dogs were then brought on board. Trontheim was presented with King Oscar's gold medal of merit in recognition of the satisfactory manner in which he had performed his task. Nansen's secretary, Christofersen, also left us here. We should have been greatly pleased if he could have remained and accompanied us on the expedition. It was a solemn moment when he took leave of us and stepped into the boat with our letters for Norway. He had been supplied from the *Fram* with provisions for his journey. Afterwards we often thought of Christofersen, as he set off for the Samoyede camp in his white reindeer coat which he had bought of Trontheim, and with his rifle and otherwise scanty outfit. In all likelihood he would have many an adventure to go through before he returned home. On our return to Norway we learned that a day or two after our departure the coaster arrived—too late for us, however—and Trontheim and Christofersen returned in her to Vardö.

Pilot. Scott-Hansen. Petterson.

AT ANCHOR.

On the last day of our stay at Khabarova Bernt Bentsen was finally engaged to go on with the expedition. That boy did not take long to make up his mind! The weather was foggy as, late in the night, we weighed anchor. Nansen preceded the *Fram* in the petroleum launch to take soundings. On this occasion Nansen was in great danger of being seriously burnt. It appears that some of the petroleum was spilt in the boat and caught fire. There had always been something wrong with that launch ever since we began to use it on the Christiania fjord. We passed safely through the Yugor Strait. The firing with kerosene under the boiler had not been successful. So much steam was required to blow the oil into the furnace that it became a question whether anything in particular was gained by it.

On Sunday, the 6th of August, on account of the fog, we made fast to an ice-floe close to the Yalmal coast. The quiet of Sunday reigned on board. We were all comfortably seated in the saloon, while the dynamo worked away steadily. Nansen, Scott-Hansen, Blessing, Hendriksen and I went ashore for a stroll. Near the beach, where we landed, the water was so shallow that we had to get out and wade, dragging the boat after us for a long way. Those of us who had sea-boots on had to carry the others on our backs both from and to the boat.

Scott-Hansen and I started off after ducks and managed to shoot a few. While thus occupied we had strayed away from the others. Near one of the small lakes, of which so many are to be found here, we discovered traces of a Samoyede encampment. While walking along and looking cautiously around us, for the night was somewhat dark, we suddenly saw a tent in the distance, probably a Samoyede tent, as we thought. We approached it warily to avoid being attacked by the dogs which, we presumed, would be sure to be about. But as we came nearer we found it was our comrades, who had taken some tarpaulins and oars from the boat and made a tent, inside of which they had made themselves comfortable. We found some driftwood, with the help of which we made some

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excellent coffee. This, along with a pipe of tobacco, we greatly enjoyed. We returned to the ship early in the morning.

On the 8th of August a boat with two Samoyedes came rowing out to the *Fram*. They kept near the stern of the ship. They were evidently afraid of leaving their boat, or perhaps they were afraid of being unable to get back to the shore again, on account of the ice. One of them was an old man with a grey beard, and the other quite young. We gave them some food, upon which they pointed towards land, evidently indicating thereby that there were more of them there. Bentsen, who was on the after-deck, threw down some biscuits to them, which they seized greedily. The young man at once tried his teeth upon them. There were some dog-biscuits among them, but this made no difference to them. Bentsen then took a matchbox from his pocket and struck a match. They looked up at the flame with open mouths. Bentsen threw the box down into the boat to them. The young Samoyede at once seized it and struck a match. He looked smilingly at the flame and then blew it out, after which he carefully put the burnt-out match back into the box. He evidently intended using it another time. In their gratitude they made Bentsen a present of a pair of boots made of reindeer skin. Soon afterwards we saw them rowing towards the land in their wretched boat.

OFF THE NORDLAND.

As we were obliged, by the state of the ice, to remain in the same place, several of us went ashore in order to see something of this little-known country and meet with some of the Samoyedes and barter with them. The party consisted of Nansen, Sverdrup, Mogstad, Blessing and myself. Blessing at once began gathering plants on the desert plain, and I joined him. The other three caught sight of some figures in the distance. They were, no doubt, Samoyedes, but they appeared to be frightened, and took to their heels. Our comrades beckoned to them, but they ran still faster, and soon disappeared from sight altogether. After having gathered some plants and shot some birds, Blessing and I returned to the boat, up to which the water had now risen. We took the tarpaulin from the boat and made a kind of tent, which formed a good shelter for the night after the others had returned, as it began raining and blowing somewhat sharply. We went on, however, telling stories and yarns until we fell asleep from sheer fatigue. Sverdrup never enjoyed himself so much as on such excursions. As soon as there was sufficient driftwood to make a good fire, and he could get the coffee-kettle to boil, and our pipes were lighted, he was happy, even though the shelter against wind and rain was not of the best.

Early next morning we packed up and started for the ship with the wind right against us, so that at first we did not make much progress. When, therefore, late in the forenoon, we got on board and could put on some dry clothes and eat some food, these comforts were all the more welcome. The observations made on this occasion showed that the coast-line at this part of the country had been laid down about 35 miles too far west.

CHAPTER III.

A heavy sea—Sverdrup Island—A reindeer hunt—The first bear—A stiff pull—Firing with kerosene.

DURING the following days the ice was loose and we made good progress under sail and steam. Petterson and I, who usually kept

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watch together in the engine-room, now observed that our hair had grown inordinately long, so we set to work and cut each other's hair as closely as ever we could.

On the 12th of August the engine was stopped and we used sails only. To the great joy of all of us we got on famously, for we wanted to save our coals as much as possible, since we expected them to be so valuable to us later on. Two days later I wrote: "August 14th.—We have a head wind. We are now beating about under sail and are making but slow progress. On deck the dogs are faring badly with this heavy rolling; we have been obliged to put them farther aft. They are thoroughly drenched every time the sea washes over the bulwarks; they keep on lifting their paws from the wet deck and howl terribly while pulling at their

DOG ENCAMPMENT AT KHABAROVA.

chains. Many of them also suffer greatly from sea-sickness, otherwise they have become more quiet and manageable."

One day during my watch in the engine-room the water-glass burst, but fortunately none of the bits of glass struck me in the face. I got off with a douche of the boiling salt water. On the 16th of August we had very bad weather. The dogs suffered greatly. The petroleum launch was very nearly washed overboard. The large massive iron davits in which it was hanging were bent as if they had been steel wires every time the waves broke over the ship, tearing and dragging at the boat. Time after time they threatened to carry it away, but at last we succeeded in lashing it to the ship's side.

"We have a lively time on board this 'rolling tub' every time we have a stiff breeze. The guns rattle in their stands, the camp-stools fly hither and thither over the saloon floor, the saucepans make a terrible noise in the galley. In the engine-room we have to be careful to avoid being thrown into the machinery."

On the morning of the 18th of August Sverdrup sighted an island. We had not expected to come across any new land on the Kara Sea. The island was named Sverdrup Island, after its discoverer. In the evening we again saw land; evidently it was the mainland near Dickson Harbour.

On Monday, the 21st of August, we anchored near the Kjellman Islands while the boiler was being seen to. We soon discovered that there were reindeer on the islands. There was great excitement on board; nearly all who could handle a gun went ashore, while five remained on the vessel. We landed on the biggest of the islands and set out in pursuit of the deer. The animals were exceedingly shy. We had to creep on all fours for long distances; the ground was not good for stalking, and the deer scented us long before we got within range and set off at lightning speed. We had then to begin a wearisome tramp afresh across moors and plains and again stalk them—with the same result.

Hendriksen and I kept together. We had just sat down on a stone, tired and hungry, when Peder suddenly took the pipe out of his mouth and said—

"There's a bear," and sure enough there was a polar bear coming towards us from the shore. "What small bullets we have!" exclaimed Peder; he had no faith in the Krag-Jörgensen rifle.

We crept cautiously behind a stone, but the bear saw us and came straight at us. We raised our guns—Peder had a long gun and I a carabine—and we fired at the same time, but both of us missed fire. Peder had probably been too liberal with the vaseline. We fired again, and this time the bear was hit in one of its fore-legs. It turned round and made for the shore. It received another shot in one of its hind-legs, but it ran on as fast as ever. Peder's gun got out of order, and he shouted to me not to fire any more, but to run after the bear.

I reloaded and set off after it down the stony incline, and succeeded in sending a bullet through its shoulder, which felled it to the ground.

"Have I finished him?" I asked Peder, who had now come up.

"No," he said, "he can stand more," and

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the bear got on its legs and twisted itself round so that its other side turned towards us, when Peder sent a bullet through its other shoulder. He again walked up to it and fired a shot at it just behind the ears.

I expressed my opinion that this was rather superfluous.

"No," said Peder, "you don't know how sly these beasts are."

I had to bow to his authority—Peder had shot between forty and fifty bears, while this was the first I had had anything to do with. We skinned it and then set off to find our comrades.

We heard some shots; the sun was standing just above the ridge of the rising ground, and as we walked along we saw something in front between us and the sun, which at intervals was shut off from our view. We then saw the big antlers of a reindeer, which came limping towards us. We threw ourselves down on the ground; it came nearer, but suddenly it saw us and set off at full speed in the direction of the shore. One of its legs was broken and hung dangling by the skin. We ran to cut off its retreat, but before we got within range several shots were fired, and the next moment we saw Nansen strike his knife into the neck of the animal. He told us he had already shot another reindeer, and we told him about the bear. Later on, when we all met by the boats after a hard struggle through the boggy moors, we were glad to get some biscuits and butter to stay our hunger with. It was settled that Sverdrup, Jacobsen, and Scott-Hansen should return in one boat to the *Fram* and move her nearer the shore, while we others went in the other boat for the bear and the reindeer. As we approached the spot where the carcass of the bear was lying we saw another one, a fine white specimen, lying asleep a little higher up on the land. It was awakened in rather a rough manner; we approached it quietly and silently, treading in each other's footprints, and when we came within suitable range we closed round him, and a bullet in his forehead and several others in his body sent the bear into a still sounder sleep. It was a fine long-haired beast and was quite wet. It had, no doubt, come straight out of the sea and had been sitting on the shore watching for the young of the whitefish, of which we found the remains near the spot.

The carcasses of the bears lay some distance from the shore, and we had considerable trouble in getting them cut up and carried down to the boat. We were already tired and hungry, and this work did not improve matters. A stiff breeze began blowing, and while we had been busy with the bears the sea had turned the boat over on her side and filled it with water, so that our guns and bread were soaked. After much exertion we got the boat emptied of water and drawn up on land. We, of course, got wet through. When at last we had got all the flesh and skins into the boat by hauling them on board with a line, we began rowing for the ship. It was very tough work. The current and the wind were against us and we seemed to be stuck to the spot. We again saw a bear on the shore while rowing along it, and Nansen seized his gun, took aim, put it down again and once more took aim, but he did not fire. The swell of the sea was too great to allow him to get a good aim, and so we let the bear go. We pulled away at the oars as hard as we could. Nansen, Blessing, Mogstad, Hendriksen, and myself were in this boat. First we rowed along the shore till we got abreast of the ship, when we made straight for her. The boat was heavily laden and the seas were continually breaking over her. The current and wind were as strong against us as ever and we began drifting back. Then we went at it again. We were very much knocked up after all our toil on the island, but all of us set to with a will and pulled with all our might. At last we were near the *Fram*. A buoy was lowered for us, and at length we were not very far from the ship. Peder was rowing on the bow seat, and was to catch hold of the buoy as soon as he should get a chance.

JOHANSEN AND PETTERSON AFTER CLEANING THE BOILERS.

"Have you got it, Peder?"

"No, not yet."

Nansen urged us on and we made another spurt. At last Peder cried out—

"I have got it!"

This was a great relief to us; but we were

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not yet on board—the line might break, so we kept on rowing. At last we got on board with the flesh, skins, and all. Oh, what a treat it was to get into dry clothes and to get some warm food and then to creep into our berths!

Later on the weather calmed down a little. Sverdrup, Nordahl, Bentsen, and Amundsen rowed ashore to fetch the two reindeer that had been shot. On returning to the ship, they kept along the shore for a longer distance than we did before they made for the *Fram*. This made it easier for them to get on board, and they managed it splendidly.

On the 22nd of August we made an attempt to get away from these confounded currents near the Kjellman Islands; but even with the steam at its highest pressure we did not succeed in making any headway. We had to anchor again and remain there with the steam up.

OUR FIRST BEAR.

"It is now snowing and cold. We are having bear's-flesh for dinner, and we find it excellent. The heart especially is in great demand. A bear's heart is no trifle. Two of them suffice for thirteen men."

On the 24th of August we weighed both anchors, and put on all the steam we could command in order to get away from the currents. This time we succeeded and we steered our course to the north with sails close-hauled. The next day we passed seven unknown islands on the starboard side. Peder was busy cleaning bear and seal skins. The beefsteaks made from bear's flesh are to our taste as good as a "Chateaubriand" at the "Grand."

The wind, which had been so long against us, now began to go down. On the 27th of August we again sailed past some islands and skerries which are not to be found on Nordenskiöld's chart. We were sailing through unknown waters, and had therefore to take soundings from time to time. The dogs are beginning to like their quarters on board much better, and they have also become more friendly with us.

The 28th of August was a notable day, for an important discovery was made in the engine-room. In the morning, while busy firing with the kerosene oil under the boiler, we discovered in the very nick of time, so to speak, that the oil had eaten away a part of the boiler to such an extent that it threatened to burst. A thick crust in the shape of a pointed bullet had been formed in the plate, which would have burst and sent the terrible hot, scalding steam from the boiler over Petterson and myself, who were then in charge of the engine-room. Fortunately this vulnerable spot was discovered in time, and we were not likely to use this method of firing for the future. We should, of course, have to be careful even when using coals.

That afternoon we had been lying moored to a large ice-floe and had been refilling some of our tanks with fresh water. It was a treat to be able to use our legs and walk on the ice. We all turned out and had a regular washing-day in the fresh water ponds on the ice. The dogs were also able to satisfy their thirst properly, for we had been rather short of water on board of late.

CHAPTER IV.

Death among the dogs—Taimur Island—Cape Butterless—The northernmost point of the Old World—A walrus hunt—To the North.

AUGUST 29TH.—"Things do not always go as we should like. We have lost nearly two days in trying to get through an ice-belt.

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It turned out that we made this attempt in the wrong place. But this is one of the risks one must run in the Arctic regions. We have encountered a good deal of ice here. On the one side we have land—whether that of an island or the mainland we do not know—and on the other we seem to see open channels, which look as if they would admit of progress. It appears as if we shall have to turn back and make for land and try again. But at present the fog prevents us moving. One of the dogs unfortunately died to-day. Several of them have been ill of late. They have not fared well on the cold, wet deck, exposed to all kinds of weather. If they could only agree with one another, we should put them under the forecastle; but they will fight and quarrel together, and do not seem to know what is best for them—just like a good many of us human beings. Some of us have been out hunting and have returned on board with a few seals."

On the 30th of August we anchored off the Taimur Island in an open channel. Two dogs have now died and have been dissected by Blessing, who declared that they must have died from eating bears' fat, which in some way or another had poisoned them.

SCOTT-HANSEN AND NANSEN HAULING IN SAIL.

Nansen, Sverdrup, and I went ashore with two dogs after a she-bear with its young one. We followed up the track for a couple of hours, when we found they had gone into the sea. There are now heaps of fresh meat, fat, and skins lying on the deck. We remained off the Taimur Island till the 2nd of September. During that time we cleaned the boilers and looked after the engine, our guns, and the dogs. We made muzzles for all of them with plaited rope, so that they might be let loose and have a better time. It turned out, however, that the muzzles were not of much use.

The nights were now getting colder, and we commenced using reindeer-skins for bed-covering. We steamed for the south-western end of the Taimur Island to try to get through the sound between the island and the mainland. On the 3rd of September we anchored in two different places. It appears that Nordenskiöld's chart is not so complete as we had believed it to be. We could not quite make out our whereabouts from it. Nansen, Juell, Nordahl, and I set out on a reconnoitring expedition on the 4th and 5th of September. We rowed for seventeen hours, and had no other food than biscuits and a little dried reindeer meat; we had forgotten the butter. The first promontory at which we touched and rested we called "Cape Butterless." We rowed on, taking soundings as we proceeded; here and there we had to pole the boat, and even pull it over the ice. We shot five seals, all of which sank. We had taken with us our ski, some clothes and tarpaulins for making a tent, and were on the whole well equipped with the exception of food.

We saw numerous traces of reindeer and bears, but we had no time to trouble about them. We found we could proceed some considerable distance through the sound, but then came an ice-belt which separated us from the open sea, which we thought we could discern in the distance under the blue horizon. It is very strange that every time we go away from the ship for some purpose or other we always meet with bad weather on our way back, so that, hungry, wet, and sleepy as we are, we have always to exert ourselves to the utmost to get on board. We are always thinking how slowly we get along, and, whenever we look round for the *Fram*, she seems to us as far away as ever.

There had been some talk about taking up our quarters for the night on one of the islands in the strait, but it was a fortunate thing we did not do so, for, on returning on board, the wind increased to a hurricane. We were busy among the coals while we were lying here with both our anchors out. We afterwards tried to push our way through in several places, but without success. Our

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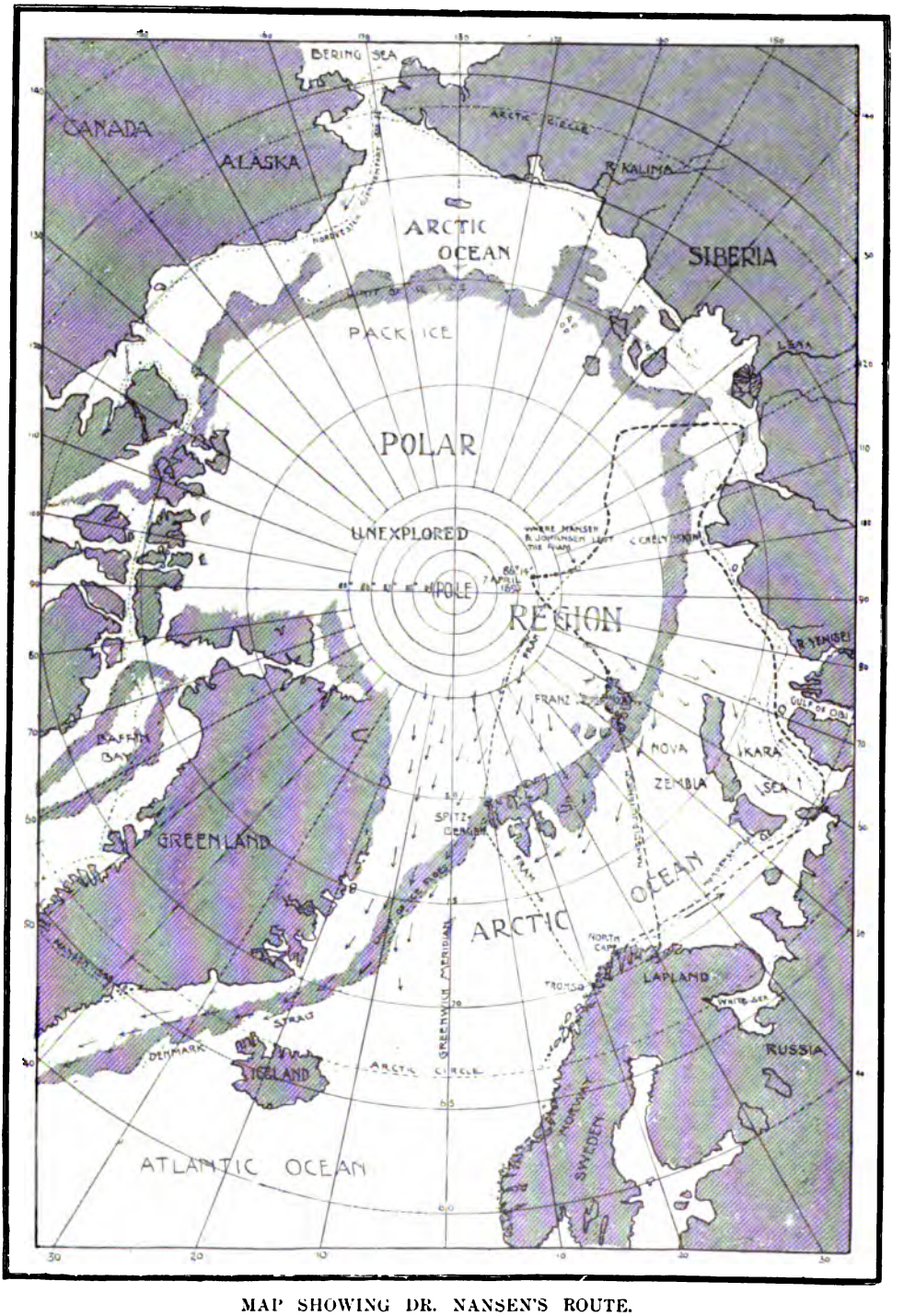

MAP SHOWING DR. NANSEN'S ROUTE.

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observations here do not agree with Nordenskiöld's chart.

On the 7th of September we did a capital stroke of business. "We have forced our way through the worst part of the ice, which, to all appearance at least, separates us from open water. With Nansen and Sverdrup in the crow's nest, and the electric bell apparatus to the engine-room in order, with the anchor hanging at the bow ready to be dropped, and with one man taking soundings, the *Fram* has to-day made great progress, which has evidently saved us from being shut up in the ice for a year off Taimur Island, and even then we might not have been able to get through."

In the evening we were stopped by the ice, and we remained moored to it till the 9th inst. Nansen went ashore and shot a reindeer. We discovered new islands, as well as fjords and sounds, in every direction, which have not been observed by Nordenskiöld. "To-day, Saturday, the 9th of September, we have made splendid progress — thirty-five miles in the watch —under full steam and sail, after we got out of the ice. It looks as if Jacobsen will lose his bet with me and some of the others that we shall not get past Cape Chelyuskin this year. Jacobsen is a great hand at betting. He bets with all of us, backing a thing with one and laying odds against it with another, so that he is generally all right in the long run.

"We have now a pleasant time on board the *Fram*, and plenty of good food into the bargain—fresh reindeer, seal, and bears' meat —so that we do not use much of the ship's stores. Mogstad has been shifted from the galley into the engine-room, and Nordahl has taken over the cooking, at which he seems to be unusually clever. We generally assemble in the chart-room after meals, and there we talk and smoke our pipes in cosiness and comfort. One watch consists of Sverdrup, Bentsen and Blessing on the deck, and Amundsen, with Nordahl or Mogstad, in the engine-room; and the other of Jacobsen, Juell, and Peder Hendriksen on deck, and Petterson and myself in the engine-room. Nansen is in the crow's nest early and late, and Scott-Hansen takes observations."

Sunday, September 10th.—At last I may say we have reached a point which, as it were, marks the beginning of a new section in the history of the expedition. During the last three weeks our prospects have been anything but promising, owing to the condition of the ice we have encountered; and, many a time, when lying at anchor, have we thought that we should have to winter where we were.

LAUNCHING AT REINDEER ISLAND.

Cape Chelyuskin has been on everybody's lips during these weeks, and we were all yearning to get there. At four o'clock in the morning we actually reached it. There was great festivity on board. At four o'clock, just as the sun rose, the Norwegian flag, and our pennant with "*Fram*" on it, at a given signal, were run up on the mastheads. At the same time we saluted with our three remaining shots, the last of which turned out a failure as the cartridge was wet. A bowl of punch, containing a concoction which we afterwards called "Chelyuskin-punch," with fruit and cigars, was served in the festively-lighted saloon, and we emptied our glasses in honour of our safe arrival here.

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A festive spirit prevails; even Jacobsen is delighted at having lost his bets.

On the 12th of September, Nansen, Juell and Peder set out to hunt walrus. Several of them were lying crowded together on an ice-floe, and two out of their number were shot. There was a regular commotion among these colossal creatures, as Nansen fired and Peder threw his harpoon the moment the boat touched the floe. From the ship we could see the walruses flinging themselves into the sea and we could hear the bulls bellowing. They did not succeed in securing more than the two they had shot first. They had not harpoons enough with which to secure more. In the afternoon two others were shot.

JACOBSEN ON WATCH.

From the 15th to the 17th of September we continued our course, mostly under steam and sail, in different directions, according as the state of the ice permitted. On the 18th we shaped our course northwards from the western side of the New Siberian Islands, which we, however, could not see owing to the darkness. On these islands depôts of provisions had been established for our use by Baron Toll, of St. Petersburg, who also had provided the dogs for the expedition.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Golden Chain.

By Herbert W. Draper.

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C. B. FRY BATTING FOR SUSSEX.

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SOME FAMOUS CRICKETERS.

By C. B. Fry.

THERE is no more definite personality among cricketers than Archie Maclaren. Were he less remarkable a batsman, his strong individuality and wise, deliberate ways would suffice for distinction. Naturally his traits call less for criticism than for appreciation. For has he not won a pre-eminent position in the sunny world of cricket? Of course he started with advantages. A clean eye, a strong wrist, a minimum of personal error—and you have a potential champion. But equally he owes his success to serious thought, patient application, and a sound, hopeful heart. There are problems to solve, difficulties to conquer, and grey days to live through before an assured reputation can be won with all its pleasant sunshine. He is a genius, but not of the kind that finds fulfilment without hard trying. They say those who learn easily forget soon. Archie always strikes me as one who, having found just a little difficulty in learning, has mastered his lesson all the better; who, perhaps, had to take his points one by one and elaborate them severally till he established his present robust, versatile game; and stood forth a well-nigh perfect batsman. Whatever the process of development, there are no two ways about the result. That is not only solid and strong, but brilliant. Archie goes in to bat armed at all points; able and ready to meet any bowling upon any wicket.

From a photo by] [*Hawkins, Brighton.*

A. C. MACLAREN.

No one was ever less a fair-weather batsman. Never is he more likely to come to the front than when runs are badly wanted or difficult to get. Who makes a century against Australia in the fourth innings of the match? Who makes thirty-two for Lancashire against Surrey on a bird-lime wicket, with seventy to win and no one else looking like getting two? Why, Archie, and no other. And so one has confidence in him; expects big scores to his name; and understands how they are put together. The key-note of his style is fixity of purpose. He knows exactly what he means to do and does it. This applies not only to his innings as a whole, but also to each particular ball as played. He declines to be puzzled or nonplussed. If it pleases him to start with free cricket, he does so. Should he fancy to play himself in rather carefully, this too happens. On the whole he is a careful player. Even when he is scoring most severely there is nothing rash or ill-considered in his strokes. As a matter of fact no great bats, however dashing and brilliant their game, really play carelessly. They may give a contrary impression, but their attention is closely concentrated and their strokes quite deliberate. Ranjitsinhji appears scarcely to look at the ball or take any trouble. His electric flashes seem almost as insolently careless as they are brilliantly successful. Actually he watches the ball with feline insistence every time. Francis Ford looks

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like six-feet-six of "don't care." His bat acts like an irresponsible flail; but he knows, he knows. Archie Maclaren's concentration is more easily perceived. That is the difference. Sometimes—not often—he lets himself go. Poising his bat well back and rather high, he swings it at the good-length ball with a strong swooping motion that has glorious results. As a rule he plays well within his strength.

All his strokes are good, and few batsmen have more. His off-drive is as effective, if not quite as graceful, as Lionel Palairet's.

From a photo by [*Hawkins, Brighton.*

J. BRIGGS BOWLING.

His hitting is clean and sound as Stanley Jackson's. His cutting and hooking are second only to Ranji's. But in none of these strokes is he as frequent as the above three players respectively. He has two specialities. His back-play is magnificent; it is not only extremely safe, but has that latent scoring power, so rare and so telling. His method is uncommon. Stepping back decidedly with his right foot, his bat held rather high, he comes down plumb on the ball with a distinct though nicely modulated swing. The bat meets the ball with no compromise. Then, again, he is very skilful at forcing good-length balls away to the on-side; this he effects with a swinging flick of the wrist helped out by a slight following turn of the whole body. Most of his runs come from this stroke.

Archie is very determined and always in earnest. Does he lack humour? Well, he has a Scotch name. He is very thorough. Even when he is clean bowled, there is no mistake about it, no half-and-half measures, no being caught in two minds; he has tried a definite, full-fledged stroke and failed, and he goes away leaving that impression and a great sense of relief behind him. We know him well; rarely does he "Stand ready to strike *once* and strike no more."

The Lancashire captain has in his eleven an important member who could and would supply any deficiency in humour. He has enough for ten, and need not fear to part with some of it. This is just Johnny Briggs, the inimitable and undefeated. Why was he not given a place among the Bad Boy's Beasts? "This little animal is round and smiles. It bowls and bowls and bowls, and always gets wickets." Of course, no one would call Johnny a beast; not even a disappointed batsman. Why, he beams upon you before and after your innings. The shorter your innings, the happier he is towards you. He passes you a cheery time of day. He inquires with feeling after your health and form. He rubs the ball in the dust, takes two steps, and serves you a fast yorker, instead of the high-tossed slow you expected. You retire. He smiles. What could be pleasanter? Play the yorker, lap the next three slows from outside the off stump to somewhere near square leg, he still smiles. You can perhaps exhaust his expansive appreciation. But beware! Johnny is a professor of diddling considered as one of the exact sciences. Diddling, we know, is compounded of minuteness, interest, perseverance, ingenuity, audacity, nonchalance, originality and grin. So Johnny Briggs may be accepted as a past master. As to the grin—Edgar Allan Poe's diddler only grins at night under the bed-clothes, when safe from observation; Johnny both diddles and grins in the pleasant light of day. He is some inches above concealment. The other ingredients he possesses in an equal degree. Minuteness? Well, look at him. Interest? Talk to him. Perseverance, ingenuity, audacity and the rest? Play against Lancashire. He loses patience sometimes—nearly—when the wicket is perfect and

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frequent catches are dropped. The signs are: chest thrown well forward, head held high, stiff knees, far-flung tragic gait and general jerky dignity. This never lasts more than one over. In sum, Johnny is one of the best, if not the very best, of slow left-hand bowlers who ever hit a wicket. Without being as steady as Bobby Peel, he has greater resource and more devil. No bowler has a larger *répertoire* of tricks, yet he seldom sends down a loose ball. He has a marvellous command of pace, length, and break. His nervous fingers give a fizz and spin to the ball that make it seem almost alive after pitching. On a sticky wicket he is unplayable; on a good one, though liable to be expensive, he is always likely to get men out. In less sedate days, his quickness and agility at cover-point were miraculous. When he made his *début* he used to be a recognised bat; in fact, he played for England as an all-round cricketer. He made a century for Lancashire on his wedding-day. His style, always racy and dashing, is now almost deliberately rash. He has a whizzing upper-cut that travels over third-man's head. In fact, he slashes for all he is worth, and looks mightily surprised at missing the ball. His frolicsome, mercurial temperament and genial ways have always secured the generous laughter and applause of cricket-going crowds. Yes; Johnny Briggs has an active sense of humour at odd moments.

Talking of humorous cricketers, there is one, William Lloyd Murdoch, known to fame for divers reasons, but chiefly as the ablest and most successful captain, the most successful and ablest batsman Australia has given herself—Australia a land rich in triumphs. To avoid becoming epic about Murdoch is not easy; slow-footed prose hardly meets the case. But about his humour—which will give a chance of calling him Billy or Bill or William Lloyd—well, his humour differs signally from that of Johnny Briggs, being contemplative and social rather than public and active. Indeed, though not quite literary, it is of the very first rank. He does not commit puns, of course, nor sputter epigrams; he is simply, genuinely and unaffectedly amusing. Instead of "It will rain hard to-day," he says, "Boys, the sparrows will be washed out"; instead of "I'm in good form," he asks in a concentrated voice, "Where's Surrey?" But it's the way, not the words. Mark him even now as he leads his adopted sons of Sussex into the field. He has lost the toss easily; he has suggested to ten sad pals that "Now, boys, the white-coats are out." How well they know the sound of that cheerful well-fed voice making that remark! And three or four of them were waiting, padded and gloved, silently jostling to go in first. "Not again, Billy?" Splendid sunshine, too, and a real Brighton wicket! Well, it's all in the game; but you would have expected so experienced a captain to have more command over a silly shilling. But mark him. A square, round—the double term applies—powerful, well-knit figure, as active as most men half his age and every

From a photo by [*Hawkins, Brighton.*

W. L. MURDOCH.

bit as keen; his head of the cut that fits caps; his kind, cheery face tanned and determined; his neat black moustache bristling with vitality; his gait and gestures full of the direct, hard-bitten energy that distinguishes Colonials—a man who would enjoy Klondyke or a Mansion House dinner. His company would help a digger down on his luck no less than an alderman without an appetite. His spirit would refuse to be unfortunate, his body scorn incapacity for meat and drink. No wonder he led the Australians well in the old days—a fit Odysseus to meet our mighty bearded Ajax. And yet those days cannot

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be so very long ago. True, we do not often see that brilliant half-cut, half-drive, that marvellous crack past cover-point; but all the other strokes are there, all the watchfulness and patience which at the Oval in the early eighties compiled that famous 211 against England's picked bowling. Not only in batting, but in all else, our Bill carries a style of his own; you will not find his like in a month of Sundays. He walks, talks, drinks, eats, smokes, and wears a hat dis-

From a photo by [*Hawkins.*

W. NEWHAM.

tinctively; he does nothing by formula. He has written an excellent practical guide to the game, the best except—— But modesty forbids. Here's luck to you, Bill, for a "good boy" yourself, for a great cricketer, and for the best possible pal before, during, and after a match, weather wet or fine, sparrows or no sparrows.

Perhaps Billy Murdoch, by peculiar augury, connects those little birds with thunderstorms. He looks askance at birds. The magpies that haunt the rail-side meadows down in the West trouble him much. And he regards with suspicion the six innocent martlets embroidered on the Sussex caps. "Martlets? Nonsense, they are crows. How can things go right when every man on the side sports six birds of that sort?" There may be something in this. Dickie Newham can tell a long tale of untoward fortune. They call us "silly Sussex," those alliterative critics; perhaps we are. The gods are often against us, and they are said to dement before destroying. But you must always except Dick Newham from this wholesale charge. Is he not the father of the side? He has played for many years; was captain, is secretary, and has been both at once. Times have been good, bad, and indifferent; good lately, though we put our trust in princes; but, on the whole, indifferent. That the club has weathered so much heavy water is largely due to Dick Newham's sound head and skilful arm. Good as he is at letters, accounts, and what not, he is equally excellent as a batsman. Few, if any, amateurs have done as much for their county. For the last ten years and more he has been a wonderfully consistent run-getter. His first-class average has nearly always been well over thirty—a remarkable record when one remembers how weak a side Sussex has been sometimes, and how often their lot has been to wrestle along in up-hill games. And, indeed, he is and has always been one of the very best bats in the country. Had his merits been rewarded, he would have played once or twice for England and frequently for the Gentlemen against the Players. For he is a great batsman who, though well known, has scarcely the fame he deserves; an exceptionally sound and dangerous and a very plucky batsman to boot. His style is not showy, but commends itself at once to a good judge of the game. He does not play by heart; he watches the ball. He is cool and pertinacious. Selected to play on a side representing the world, he would be no passenger, but would very likely make top score. He might well have played for England. Lately he has lost his pace, but a year or two ago he was a fine deep-field with as safe a pair of hands as needs be. His experience naturally makes his opinion well worth having. His advice is as sound as his play. No one is better acquainted with all the thises and thats of first-class cricket. He never wastes words, but he can be both pithy and to the point. He smokes what he calls "man's" tobacco.

Though singularly little of a Gascon, he reminds one of d'Artagnan. He has the

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hard-fighting, cavalier cast of feature, and like Dumas's hero, *c'est la forte tête d'entre nous*, with his faculty for saving situations. As a player his style is distinctly original, neither orthodox nor the reverse. He has many of the strokes others use, but his own way of making them. He drives to the off and straight with effect, but it is in his on-side play that you see the master. His placing and forcing between mid-on and fine-leg is marvellously skilful. Few captains fail to put an extra mid-on for him. It is the straight balls that he persuades to go to leg. The faster the bowling the better he likes it. No batsman plays Arthur Mold, when the Lancashire fast bowler is at his deadly best, with quite the same confidence and skill as Newham. By means of his extraordinary "glide," the dreadful ball, which pitches to the off and whips back on to the leg stump, is converted into an easy "fourer"—a curious and notable stroke. The only other player who has it, or something like it, is M. R. Jardine, the scorer of a celebrated century in the inter-Varsity match of 1892. But, schoolboys, please don't copy this stroke; you will get leg before. Dickie Newham, though he himself has made innumerable centuries chiefly by his "glide," would be the first to endorse this warning, "unless," he would add, "it's your natural stroke; everyone must use his own methods." Well, Dickie, you follow yours to excellent purpose. You are a master craftsman, and you are a philosopher.

From a photo by [*Hawkins.*

P. F. WARNER.

Much cricket induces a philosophical turn of mind. At any rate it teaches you to be contented in adversity, and to theorise at all times. The value of the former lesson is indisputable; the latter is a matter of some uncertainty. However, theorising gives a lot of pleasure and need not preclude capacity for action. Why should it? Surely every practical man must be a theorist. The best example of a practical theorist among cricketers is Pelham F. Warner, commonly known as "Plum," who takes teams to America, and goes in first for Middlesex. He was born old, and with a straight bat in his hand. He is a barrister and will be a judge some day; that is, if he finds his way as readily about the laws of the land as he does in those of the game. His memory is something prodigious; he can tell you the result of any first-class match ever played, how many runs anyone who ever batted made on any occasion, how he got out and who the bowler was—he can. He has studied cricket as most men study golf, and is equally competent to converse, write a paper, or deliver a lecture upon his subject; chapter and verse, rhyme and reason, every aspect of every point are at his fingers' ends. You cannot stump him—at least, not theoretically. His theory is beyond dispute; like umpires' decisions—in theory. His practice is almost as good; at any rate, he makes his centuries at Lords, and his thousand runs a season, all in particularly excellent style—right foot rooted to the ground, left well across near the perpendicular bat, and the ball gone boundarywards as merrily as you will. Correct, orthodox, but very attractive. Schoolboys, you may copy; especially, if you can, the bit of wrist work that gives sting and finish to every stroke. As Plum would say, "The young player must pay strict attention to the position of his left leg and to keeping his bat straight; he must also watch the ball, and, as Tom Emmett used to tell us, the ball was meant to hit." Plum Warner, if a less skilful bowler, is a better bat than the grand old Tyke who taught him cricket.

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Amanda.

By Henry Ryland.

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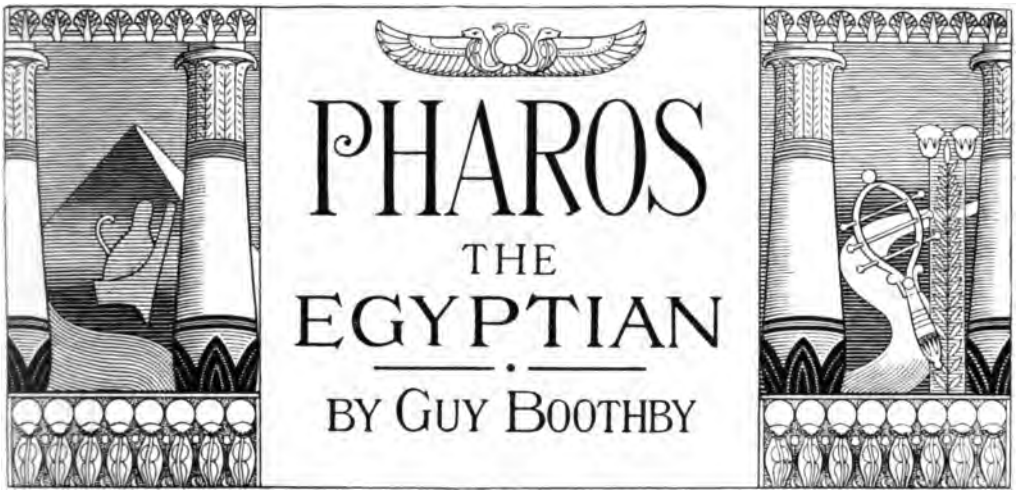

Illustrated by JOHN H. BACON.

PREFACE.

BEING A LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM BETFORD, OF BAMPTON ST. MARY, IN DORSETSHIRE, TO GEORGE TREVELYAN, OF LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON.

"MY DEAR TREVELYAN,—Never in my life have I been placed in such an awkward, not to say invidious, position. I am, as you know, a plain man, fond of a plain life and plain speaking, and yet I am about to imperil that reputation by communicating to you what I fancy you will consider the most extraordinary and unbelievable intelligence you have ever received in your life. For my own part I do not know what to think. I have puzzled over the matter until I am not in a position to judge fairly. You must, therefore, weigh the evidence for us both. For pity's sake, however, do not decide hastily. *In dubiis benigniora semper sunt praeferenda*, as they used to say in our schooldays, must be our motto, and by it we must abide at any hazards. As far as I can see, we are confronted with one of the saddest and at the same time one of the most inexplicable cases ever yet recorded on paper. Reduced to its proper factors it stands as follows: Either Forrester has gone mad and dreamed it all, or he is sane and has suffered as few others have done in this world. In either case he is deserving of our deepest pity. In one way only are we fortunate. Knowing the man as we do, we are in a position to estimate the value of the accusations he brings against himself. Of one thing I am convinced—a more honourable being does not walk this earth. Our acquaintance with him is of equal length. We were introduced to him, and to each other, on one and the same occasion, upwards of twelve years ago; and during that time I know I am right in saying neither of us ever had reason to doubt his word or the honour of a single action. Indeed, to my mind he had but one fault, a not uncommon one in these latter days of the nineteenth century. I refer to his somewhat morbid temperament and the consequent leaning towards the supernatural it produced in him.

"As the world has good reason to remember, his father was perhaps the most eminent Egyptologist our century has seen; a man whose whole mind and being was impregnated with a love for that ancient country and its mystic past. Small wonder, therefore, that the son should have inherited his tastes and that his life should have been influenced by the same peculiar partiality. While saying, however, that he had a weakness for the supernatural, I am by no means admitting that he was what is vulgarly termed a spiritualist. I do not believe for an instant that he ever declared himself so openly. His mind was too evenly balanced, and at the same time too healthy, to permit such an enthusiastic declaration of his interest. For my part, I believe he simply inquired into the matter as he would have done into, shall we say, the Kinetic theory

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of gases, or the history of the ruined cities of Mashonaland, for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity and of perfecting his education on the subject. Having thus made my own feelings known to you, I will leave the matter in your hands, confident that you will do him justice, and will proceed to describe how the pathetic record of our friend's experiences came into my possession.

"I had been hunting all day and did not reach home until between half-past six and seven o'clock. We had a house full of visitors at the time, I remember, some of whom had been riding with me, and the dressing-gong sounded as we dismounted from our horses at the steps. It was plain that if we wished to change our attire and join the ladies in the drawing-room before dinner was announced, we had no time to lose. Accordingly we departed to our various rooms with all possible speed.

"There is nothing pleasanter or more refreshing after a long day in the saddle than a warm bath. On this particular occasion I was in the full enjoyment of this luxury when a knocking sounded at the door. I inquired who was there.

"'Me, sir—Jenkins,' replied my servant. 'There is a person downstairs, sir, who desires to see you.'

"'To see me at this hour,' I answered. 'What is his name, and what does he want?'

"'His name is Silver, sir,' the man replied; and then, as if the information might be put forward as some excuse for such a late visit, he continued, 'I believe he is a kind of a foreigner, sir. Leastways, he's very dark, and don't speak the same, quite, as an Englishman might do.'

"I considered for a moment. I knew of no person named Silver who could have any possible reason for desiring to see me at seven o'clock in the evening.

"'Go down and inquire his business,' I said at length. 'Tell him I am engaged to-night; but if he can make it convenient to call in the morning, I will see him.'

"The man departed on his errand, and by the time he returned I had reached my dressing-room once more.

"'He is very sorry, sir,' he began, as soon as he had closed the door, 'but he says he must get back to Bampton in time to catch the 8.15 express to London. He wouldn't tell me his business, but asked me to say that it is most important, and he would be deeply grateful if you could grant him an interview this evening.'

"'In that case,' I said, 'I suppose I *must* see him. Did he tell you no more?'

"'No, sir. Leastways, that wasn't exactly the way he put it. He said, sir, "If the gentleman won't see me otherwise, tell him I come to him from Mr. Cyril Forrester. Then I think he will change his mind."'

"As the man, whoever he was, had predicted, this *did* make me change my mind. I immediately bade Jenkins return and inform him that I would be with him in a few moments. Accordingly, as soon as I had dressed, I left my room and descended to the study. The fire was burning brightly, and a reading-lamp stood upon the writing-table. The remainder of the room, however, was in shadow, but not sufficiently so to prevent my distinguishing a dark figure seated between the two bookcases. He rose as I entered, and bowed before me with a servility that, thank God! is scarcely English. When he spoke, though what he said was grammatically correct, his accent revealed the fact that he was not a native of our Isles.

"'Sir William Betford, I believe,' he began, as I entered the room.

"'That is my name,' I answered, at the same time turning up the lamp and lighting the candles upon the mantelpiece in order that I might see him better. 'My man tells me you desire an interview with me. He also mentioned that you have come from my old friend, Mr. Cyril Forrester, the artist, who is now abroad. Is this true?'

"'Quite true,' he replied. 'I do come from Mr. Forrester.'

"The candles were burning brightly by this time, and, as a result, I was able to see him more distinctly. He was of medium height, very thin, and wore a long overcoat of some dark material. His face was distinctly Asiatic in type, though the exact nationality I could not determine. Possibly he might have hailed from Siam.

"'Having come from Mr. Forrester,' I said, when I had seated myself, 'you will be able to tell me his address. I have neither seen nor heard of or from him for more than a year past.'

"'I regret exceedingly that it is impossible for me to give you the information you seek,' the man replied, civilly but firmly. 'My instructions were most explicit upon that point.'

"'You come to me from him, and yet you are instructed not to tell me his address?' I said, with natural surprise. 'That is rather extraordinary, is it not? Remember, I am

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one of his oldest, and certainly one of his firmest, friends.'

"'Nevertheless, I was instructed on no account to reveal his present residence to you,' the man replied.

There is a letter inside which he said would explain everything. I was also instructed to obtain from you a receipt, which I am to convey to him again.'

"So saying, he dived his hand into the

"'He bowed before me with a servility that, thank God! is scarcely English.'"

"'What, then, can your business be with me?' I asked, more nettled at his words than I cared to show.

"'I have brought you a packet,' he said, 'which Mr. Forrester was most anxious I should personally deliver to your hands.

pocket of his greatcoat, and brought thence a roll, which he placed with some solemnity upon the table.

"'There is the packet,' he said. 'Now, if you will be kind enough to give me a note stating that you have received it, I will take

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my departure. It is most necessary that I should catch the express to London, and if I desire to do so, I have a sharp walk in front of me.'

"'You shall have the receipt,' I answered; and, taking a sheet of note-paper from a drawer, I wrote the following letter:—

"'THE GRANGE, BAMPTON ST. MARY,
"'*December* 14, 18—.

"'DEAR FORRESTER,—This evening I have been surprised by a visit from a man named——'

"Here I paused and inquired the messenger's name, which I had, for the moment, forgotten.

"'Honorè De Silva,' he replied.

"'——from a man named Honorè De Silva, who has handed me a packet for which he desires this letter shall be a receipt. I have endeavoured to elicit your address from him, but on this point he is adamant. Is it kind to an old friend to let him hear from you, but at the same time to refuse to permit him to communicate with you? Why all this mystery? If you are in trouble, who would so gladly share it with you as your old friend? If you need help, who would so willingly give it? Are the years during which we have known each other to count for nothing? Trust me, and I think you are aware that I will not abuse your confidence.

"'Your affectionate friend,
"'WILLIAM BETFORD.'

"Having blotted it, I placed the letter in an envelope, directed it to Cyril Forrester, Esq., and handed it to De Silva, who placed it carefully in an inner pocket and rose to take leave of me.

"'Will nothing induce you to reveal your employer's present place of residence?' I said. 'I assure you I am most anxious to prove his friend.'

"'I can easily believe that,' he answered. 'He has often spoken of you in terms of the warmest affection. If you could hear him, I am sure you would have no doubt on that score.'

"I was much affected, as you may imagine, on hearing this, and his assertion emboldened me to risk yet another question.

"'Upon one point, at least, you can set my mind at rest,' I said. 'Is Mr. Forrester happy?'

"'He is a man who has done with happiness such as you mean, and will never know it again,' he answered solemnly.

"'My poor old friend,' I said, half to myself and half to him; and then added, 'Is there no way in which I can help him?'

"'None,' De Silva replied. 'But I can tell you no more, so I beg you will not ask me.'

"'But you can surely answer one other question,' I continued, this time with what was almost a note of supplication in my voice. 'You can tell me whether, in your opinion, we, his friends, will see him again, or if he intends to spend the remainder of his life in exile?'

"'That I can safely answer. No! You will never see him again. He will not return to this country, nor to the people who have known him here.'

"'Then may God help him and console him, for his trouble must be bitter indeed!'

"'It is well-nigh insupportable,' said De Silva, with the same solemnity; and then, picking up his hat, bowed, and moved towards the door.

"'I must risk one last question. Tell me if he will communicate with me again?'

"'Never,' the other replied. 'He bade me tell you, should you ask, that you must henceforth consider him as one who is dead. You must not attempt to seek for him, but consign him to that oblivion in which only he can be at peace.'

"Before I could say more he had opened the door and passed into the hall. A moment later I heard the front door close behind him, a step sounded on the gravel before my window, and I was left standing upon the hearthrug, staring at the packet upon the table. Then the gong sounded, and I thrust the roll into a drawer. Having securely locked the latter, I hastened to the drawing-room to meet my guests.

"Needless to say, my demeanour during dinner was not marked with any great degree of gaiety. The interview with De Silva had upset me completely; and though I endeavoured to play the part of an attentive host, my attempt was far from being successful. I found my thoughts continually reverting to that curious interview in the study, and to the packet which had come into my possession in such a mysterious manner, the secret contained in which I had still to learn.

"After dinner we adjourned to the billiard-room, where we spent the evening; consequently it was not until my guests bade me 'Good night,' and retired to their various rooms, by which time it was well after eleven o'clock, that I found myself at liberty to return to the study.

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"Once there, I made up the fire, wheeled an easy-chair to a position before it, arranged the reading-lamp so that the light should fall upon the paper over my left shoulder, and having made these preparations, unlocked the drawer and took out the packet De Silva had handed to me.

"It was with a mixture of pain, a small measure of curiosity, but more apprehension as to what I should find within, that I cut the string and broke the seals. Inside I discovered a note and a roll of manuscript in that fine and delicate handwriting we used to know so well. After a hasty glance at it, I put the latter aside, and opened the envelope. The note I found within was addressed to you, Trevelyan, as well as to myself, and read as follows:—

"'My dear old Friends,—In company with many other people, you must have wondered what the circumstances could have been that induced me to leave England so suddenly, to forfeit the success I had won for myself after so much up-hill work, and, above all, to bid farewell to a life and an art I loved so devotedly, and from which, I think I may be excused for saying, I had such brilliant expectations. I send you herewith, Betford, by a bearer I can trust, an answer to that question. I want you to read it, and, having done so, to forward it to George Trevelyan, with the request that he will do the same. When you have mastered the contents, you must unitedly arrange with some publishing house to put it before the world, omitting nothing, and in no way attempting to offer any extenuation for my conduct. We three were good friends once, in an age as dead to me now as the Neolithic. For the sake of that friendship, therefore, I implore this favour at your hands. As you hope for mercy on that Last Great Day when the sins of all men shall be judged, do as I entreat you now. How heavily I have sinned against my fellow-men—in ignorance, it is true—you will know when you have read what I have written. This much is certain—the effect of it weighs upon my soul like lead. If you have any desire to make that load lighter, carry out the wish I now express to you. Remember me also in your prayers, praying not as for a man still living, but as you would for one long since dead. That God may bless and keep you both will ever be the wish of your unhappy friend,

"'Cyril Forrester.

"'P.S.—Matthew Simpford, in the Strand, is keeping two pictures for me. They were once considered among my best work. I ask you each to accept one, and when you look at them try to think as kindly as possible of the friend who is gone from you for ever.'

* * * * *

"So much for the letter. It is possible there may be people who will smile sarcastically when they read that, as I finished it, tears stood in my eyes, so that I could scarcely see the characters upon the paper.

"You, Trevelyan, I know, will understand my emotion better. And why should I not have been affected? Forrester and I had been good friends in the old days, and it was only fit and proper I should mourn his loss. Handsome, generous, clever, who could help loving him? I could not, that's certain.

"'I turned my attention to the manuscript.'"

"The letter finished, I replaced it in its envelope and turned my attention to the manuscript. When I began to read, the hands of the clock upon the chimney-piece stood at twenty minutes to twelve, and they had reached a quarter past five before I had completed my task. All that time I read on without stopping, filled with amazement at the story my poor friend had to tell, and consumed with a great sorrow that his brilliant career should have terminated in such an untoward manner.

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"Now, having completed my share of the task, as required of me in the letter, I send the manuscript by special messenger to you. Read it as he desires, and when you have done so let me have your opinion upon it. Then I will come up to town, and we will arrange to carry out the last portion of our poor friend's request together. In the meantime,

"Believe me ever your friend,
"WILLIAM BETFORD."

* * * * *

Six months later.

Trevelyan and I have completed the task allotted to us. We have read Forrester's manuscript, and we have also discovered a publisher who will place it before the world. What the result is to be it remains for time to decide.

CHAPTER I.

IF ever a man in this world had a terrible—I might almost go so far as to add a shameful—story to relate, surely I, Cyril Forrester, am that one. How strange—indeed, how most unbelievable—it is I do not think I even realised myself until I sat down to write it. The question the world will in all probability ask when it has read it is, why it should have been told at all. It is possible it may be of opinion that I should have served my generation just as well had I allowed it to remain locked up in my own bosom for all time. This, however, my conscience would not permit. There are numberless reasons, all of them important and some imperative beyond all telling, why I should make my confession, though God knows I am coward enough to shrink from the task. And if you consider for a moment, I think you will understand why. In the first place, the telling of the story can only have the effect of depriving me of the affection of those I love, the respect of those whose good opinion I have hitherto prized so highly, the sympathy of my most faithful friends, and, what is an equal sacrifice as far I am personally concerned—though it is, perhaps, of less importance to others—the fame I have won for myself after so hard a struggle. All this is swept away like drift-wood before a rising tide, and as a result I retire into voluntary exile, a man burdened with a life-long sorrow. How I have suffered, both in body and mind, none will ever understand. That I have been punished is also certain, how heavily you, my two old friends, will be able to guess when you have read my story. With the writing of it I have severed the last link that binds me to the civilised world. Henceforth I shall be a wanderer and an outcast, and but for one reason could wish myself dead. But that is enough of regret—let me commence my story.

Two years ago, as you both have terrible reason to remember, there occurred in Europe what may, perhaps, be justly termed the most calamitous period in its history, a time so heart-breaking that scarcely a man or woman can look back upon it without experiencing the keenest sorrow. Needless to say I refer to the outbreak of the plague among us, that terrible pestilence which swept Europe from end to end, depopulated its greatest cities, filled every burial-place to overflowing, and caused such misery and desolation in all ranks of life as has never before been known among us. Few homes were there, even in this fair England of ours, but suffered some bereavement; few families but mourn a loss the wound of which has even now barely healed. And it is my part in this dreadful business that I have forced myself with so much bitter humiliation to relate. Let me begin at the very beginning, tell everything plainly and straightforwardly, offer nothing in extenuation of my conduct, and trust only to the world to judge me, if such a thing be possible, with an unbiassed mind.

I date my misery from a wet, miserable night in the last week of March—a night without a glimpse of the moon, which, on that particular evening, was almost at its full. There had been but one solitary hour of painting-light all day; short as it was, however, it was sufficient for my purpose. My picture for the Academy was finished, and now all that remained was to pack it up and send it in. It was, as you remember, my eighth, and in every way my most successful effort. The subject I had chosen had enthralled me from the moment it had first entered my head, and the hours of thought and preparation it had entailed will always rank amongst the happiest of my life. It represented Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, learning from the magicians the effect of his obstinacy in the death of his firstborn son. The canvas showed him seated on his throne, clad in his robes of state. His head was pushed a little forward, his chin rested in his hand, while his eyes looked straight before him as though he were endeavouring to peer into the future in the hope of reading there the answer to the

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troubled thoughts inside his brain. Behind him stood the sorcerers, one of whom had found courage to announce the baneful tidings.

The land of Egypt has always possessed a singular attraction for me—a taste which, doubtless, I inherit from my poor father, who, as you are aware, was one of the greatest authorities upon the subject the world has ever known.

As I have said, it was a miserable night, dark as the pit of Tophet. A biting wind whistled through the streets, the pavements were dotted with umbrella-laden figures, the kennels ran like mill-sluices, while the roads were only a succession of lamp-lit puddles through which the wheeled traffic splashed continuously. For some reason—perhaps because the work upon which I had been so long and happily engaged was finished, and I felt lonely without it to occupy my mind—I was stricken with a fit of the blues. Convinced that my own company would not take me out of it, I left my studio in search of more congenial society. This was soon forthcoming; and you will remember, Betford and Trevelyan, that we dined together at a little restaurant in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and followed the dinner up with a visit to a theatre. As ill-luck would have it, I was in the minority in the choice of a place of entertainment. The result was disastrous. Instead of ridding myself of my melancholy, as I had hoped to do, I intensified it, and when, at the end of the evening, I bade you farewell in the Strand, my spirits had reached a lower level than they had attained all day. I remember distinctly standing beneath a gas-lamp at the corner of Villiers Street, as the clocks were striking midnight, feeling disinclined to return to my abode and go to bed, and yet equally at a loss to know in what manner I should employ myself until there was some likelihood of slumber visiting my eyelids. To help me make up my mind I lit a fresh cigar and strolled down towards the river. On the pavement, at the foot of the steps leading to Hungerford Bridge, a poor, tattered creature, yet still possessing some pretensions to gentlemanly address, came from beneath the archway and begged of me, assuring me most solemnly that, as far as he was concerned, the game was played out, and if I did not comply with his request, he would forthwith end his troubles in the river. I gave him something—I cannot now remember what—and then, crossing the road, made my way along the Embankment towards Cleopatra's Needle. The rain had ceased for the moment, and in the north a few stars were shining. The myriad lights of the Embankment were reflected in the river like lines of dancing fire, and I remember that behind me a train was rolling across the bridge from Charing Cross with a noise like distant thunder. I suppose I must have been thinking of my picture, and of the land and period which had given me the idea. At any rate, I know that on this occasion the ancient monument in front of which I soon found myself affected me as it had never done before. I thought of the centuries that had passed since those hieroglyphics were carved upon the stone, of the changes the world had seen since that giant monolith first saw the light of day. Leaning my elbows on the parapet, I was so absorbed in my own thoughts that when a sudden cry of "Help, help!" rang out from the river, it was with a sensible shock that I returned to the commonplace and found myself standing where I was. A moment later I was all action. The cry had

"I was stricken with a fit of the blues."

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come from the other side of the Needle. I accordingly hastened to the steps furthest from me, shouting as I went, in my excitement, that a man was drowning. It might have all been part of some evil dream: the long line of silent Embankment on either side, the swiftly-flowing river, and that despairing appeal for help coming so suddenly out of the black darkness. Then I became aware that I was not alone on the steps. There was another man there, and he stood motionless, peering out into the dark stream, scarcely a dozen paces from me.

I had reached the top of the steps, and was about to descend them in order to accost him, when something occurred which stopped me and held me spell-bound. The moon had emerged from its pall of cloud and was now shining clear and bright across the river. Thirty seconds must have elapsed since we had heard the cry for assistance, and now, as I looked, the drowning man was washed in at the foot of the steps upon which we stood. It would have needed but the least movement on the part of the man below me to have caught him as he swept by and to have saved him from a watery death. To my amazement, however—and even now, after this lapse of time, my gorge rises at the very thought of it—the other did not offer to help, but drew himself back. Before I could return my eyes, the wretched suicide had passed out of sight and had vanished into the darkness again. As he did so a pronounced chuckle of enjoyment reached me from the man below—a burst of merriment so out of place and so detestable that I could scarcely believe I heard aright. I cannot hope to make you understand how it affected me. A second later a fit of blind fury overtook me, and, under the influence of it, I ran down the steps and seized the murderer—for such I shall always consider him—by the arm.

"'Are you a man or a fiend?'"

"Are you a man or a fiend," I cried in jerks, "that you could so allow another to perish when you might have saved him? His death is upon your conscience, brute and monster that you are!"

So extreme was my emotion that I trembled under it like a man with the palsy.

Then the other turned his head and looked at me; and, as he did so, a great shudder, accompanied by an indescribable feeling of nausea, passed over me. What occasioned it I could not tell, nor could I remember having felt anything of the kind before. When it departed, my eyes fixed themselves on the individual before me. Connecting him in some way with the unenviable sensation I had just

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experienced, I endeavoured to withdraw them again, but in vain. The other's gaze was riveted upon me—so firmly, indeed, that it required but small imagination to believe it eating into my brain. Good Heavens! how well I recollect that night and every incident connected with it! I believe I shall remember it through all eternity. If only I had known enough to have taken him by the throat then and there and dashed his brains out on the stones, or to have seized him in my arms and hurled him down the steps into the river below, how much happier I should have been. I might have earned eternal punishment, it is true, but I should at least have saved myself and the world in general from such misery as the human brain can scarcely realise. But I did not know, the opportunity was lost, and, in that brief instant of time, millions of my fellow-creatures were consigned unwittingly to their doom.

After long association with an individual, it is difficult, if not impossible, to set down with any degree of exactness a description of the effect his personality in the first instance had upon one. In this case I find it more than usually difficult, for the reason that, as I came more under his influence, the original effect wore off and quite another was substituted for it.

His height was considerably below the average, his skull was as small as his shoulders were broad. But it was not his stature, his shoulders, nor the size of the head which caused the curious effect I have elsewhere described. It was his eyes, the shape of his face, the multitudinous wrinkles that lined it, and, above all, the extraordinary colour of his skin, that rendered his appearance so repulsive. To understand what I mean you must think first of old ivory, and then endeavour to realise what the complexion of a corpse would be like after lying in an hermetically sealed tomb for many years Blend the two and you will have some dim notion of the idea I am trying to convey. His eyes were small, deeply sunken, and in repose apparently devoid of light and even of life. He wore a heavy fur coat, and, for the reason that he disdained the customary headgear of polite society, and had substituted for it a curious description of cap, I argued that he was a man who boasted a will of his own, and who did not permit himself to be bound by arbitrary rules. But, however plain these things may have been, his age was a good deal more difficult to determine. It was certainly not less than seventy, and one might have been excused had one even set it down at a hundred. He walked feebly, supporting himself with a stick, upon which his thin yellow fist was clutched till the knuckles stood out and shone like billiard balls in the moonlight.

Under the influence of his mysterious personality, I stood speechless for some moments, forgetful of everything—the hour, the place, and even his inhumanity to the drowning wretch in the river below. By the time I recovered myself he was gone, and I could see him crossing the road and moving swiftly away in the direction of Charing Cross. Drawing my hand across my forehead, which was clammy with the sweat of real fear, I looked again at the river. A police boat was pulling towards the steps, and by the light of the lantern on board I could make out the body of a man. My nerves, already strained to breaking pitch, were not capable of standing any further shock. I accordingly turned upon my heel and hurried from the place with all the speed at my command.

Such was my first meeting with the man whom I afterwards came to know as Pharos the Egyptian.

CHAPTER II.

As you are aware, my picture that year was hung in an excellent position, was favourably received by those for whose criticism I had any sort of respect, attracted its fair share of attention from the general public, and, as a result, brought me as near contentment as a man can well hope or expect to be in this world. Before it had been twenty-four hours "on the line," I had received several tempting offers for it; but as I had set my heart on obtaining a certain sum, and was determined not to accept less, you may suppose I did not give them much attention. If I received what I wanted, I promised myself a treat I had been looking forward to all my life. In that case I would take a long holiday, and, instead of spending the next winter in England, would start for Egypt in the autumn, taking in Italy *en route*, make my way up the Nile, and be home again, all being well, in the spring, or, at latest, during the early days of summer.

Ever since I first became an exhibitor at Burlington House, I have made it a rule to studiously avoid visiting the gallery after

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varnishing day. My reasons would interest no one, but they were sufficiently strong to induce me to adhere to them. This year, however, I was led into doing so in a quite unintentional fashion, and as that exception vitally concerns this narrative, I must narrate the circumstances that led up to it in detail.

On a certain Friday early in June I was sitting in my studio, after lunch, wondering what I should do with myself during the afternoon, when a knock sounded at the door, and a moment later, after I had invited whoever stood outside to enter, my old friend, George Merridew, his wife, son, and three daughters, trooped into the room. They were plainly up from the country, and, as usual, were doing the sights at express speed. George Merridew, as you know, stands six feet in his stockings, and is broad in proportion. His face is red, his eyes blue, and he carries with him wherever he goes the air of a prosperous country squire, which he certainly is. Like many other big men, he is unconscious of his strength, and when he shakes hands with you, you have reason to remember the fact for five minutes afterwards. His wife is small, and, as some folk declare, looks younger than her eldest daughter, who is a tennis champion, a golfer, and boasts a supreme contempt for Royal Academicians and, for that matter, for artists generally. The son is at Oxford, a nice enough young fellow with limpid blue eyes, who, to his father's disgust, takes no sort of interest in fox-hunting, racing, football, or any other sport, and has openly asserted his intention of entering the Church in the near future. There are two other girls, Gwendoline and Ethel—the latter, by the way, promises to be a second edition of her mother—who, at present, are in the advanced schoolroom stage, dine with their parents, except on state occasions, and play duets together on the piano with a conscientious regard for time and fingering that gives their father no small amount of pleasure, but with other people rather detracts from the beauty of the performance.

"Thank goodness we have got you at last!" cried Merridew, as he rushed forward and gripped my hand with a cordiality that made me suffer in silent agony for minutes afterwards. "But, my dear fellow, what on earth induces you to live in a place that's so difficult to find? We have been all round the neighbourhood, here, there, and everywhere, making inquiries, and shouldn't have found you now had it not been for an intelligent butcher-boy, who put us on the right scent and enabled us to run you to earth at last."

"Such is fame, you see," I answered with a smile. "One should be humble when one reflects that the knowledge of one's address is confined to a butcher-boy. How do you do, Mrs. Merridew? I am sorry you should have had so much difficulty in discovering my poor abode."

I shook hands with the rest of the family, and when I had done so, waited to be informed as to the reason of their visit.

"Now, look here," said the squire, as he spoke producing an enormous gold repeater from his pocket, which by sheer force of habit he held in his hand, though he never once looked at it, during the time he was speaking. "I'll tell you what we're going to do. In the first place you're to take us to the Academy to see your picture, which everyone is talking about, and at the same time to act as showman and tell us who's who. After that you'll dine with us at the Langham, and go to the theatre afterwards. No, no, it's not a bit of use you're pretending you've got another engagement. We don't come up to town very often, but when we do we enjoy ourselves, and—why, man alive! just consider—I haven't seen you since last autumn, and if you think I'm going to let you escape now, you're very much mistaken. Such a thing is not to be thought of, is it, mother?"

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Merridew was kind enough to say that she hoped I would comply with her husband's wishes. The daughters murmured something which I have no doubt was intended to be a complimentary expression of their feelings, while the son commenced a remark, failed to make himself intelligible, and then lapsed into silence again.

Thus hemmed in, it remained for me to invent a valid excuse, or to fall in with their plans. I effected a compromise, informed them that I should be very pleased to accompany them to the Academy, but that it was quite impossible I should dine with them afterwards, or even visit the theatre in their company, having—as was quite true—already accepted an invitation for that evening. Five minutes later the matter was settled, and we were making our way towards Piccadilly and Burlington House.

In the light of all that has happened since, I can only regard my behaviour on that occasion with a contemptuous sort of pity. The minutest details connected with that afternoon's amusement are as clearly photo-

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graphed upon my brain as if it had only occurred but yesterday. If I close my eyes for a moment, I can see, just as I saw it then, the hawkers selling catalogues in the busy street outside, the great courtyard with the lines of waiting carriages, the fashionable crowd ascending and descending the stairs, and inside the rooms that surging mass of well-dressed humanity so characteristic of London and the Season. When we had fought our way to the vestibule, I was for doing the round of the rooms in the orthodox fashion. This, however, it appeared, was by no means to George Merridew's taste. He received my suggestion with appropriate scorn.

"Come, come, old fellow," he replied, "we're first going to see your picture. It was that which brought us here; and, as soon as I have told you what I think of it, the rest of the daubs may go hang as far as I am concerned."

Now, it is an indisputable fact that, whatever Nature may, or may not, have done for me, she has at least endowed me with an extremely sensitive disposition. My feelings, therefore, may be imagined when I tell you that my old friend spoke in a voice that was quite audible above the polite murmur of the crowd, and which must have penetrated to the furthest end of the room. Not content with that, he saluted me with a sounding smack on the back, bidding me, at the same time, consign my modesty to the winds, for everybody knew—by everybody, I presume he meant his neighbours in the country—that I was the rising man of the day, and would inevitably be elected President before I died. To avert this flood of idiotic compliment, and feeling myself growing hot from head to foot, I took him by the arm and conducted him hastily through the room towards that portion of the building where my picture was displayed.

Whether the work was good, bad, or indifferent, the public at least paid me the compliment of bestowing their attention upon it, and their behaviour on this occasion was no exception to the rule. I hope I shall not be considered more conceited than my fellows; at the risk of it, however, I must confess to a feeling of pride as I glanced, first at the crowd wedged in before the rail, and then at the party by my side. George Merridew's face alone was worth the trouble and time I had spent upon the canvas. His eyes were opened to their fullest extent; his lips were also parted, but no sound came from them. Even the face of my formidable friend, the tennis champion, betrayed a measure of interest that, in the light of her previous behaviour, was more than flattering. For some moments we stood together on the outskirts of the throng. Then those who were directly in front moved away, and my friends immediately stepped into the gap and took their places. As there was no reason why I should follow their example, I remained outside, watching the faces and noting the different effects the picture produced upon them.

I had not been alone more than a few seconds, however, before I became sensible of a curious sensation. It was accompanied by a lowering of the pulse that was quite perceptible, followed by an extraordinary feeling of nausea. I battled against it in vain. The room and its occupants began to swim before me. I tottered, and at length, being unable any longer to support myself, sat down on the seat behind me. When I looked up again I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses. Approaching me from the crowd, leaning upon his stick, just as I remembered him on the previous occasion, and dressed in the same extraordinary fashion, was the old man whose personality had given me such a shock at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle. His face was as thin and as wrinkled as I had seen it then, and I also noticed that he wore the same indescribable look of cruelty and cunning that I remembered so well. One thing was quite plain: however profoundly I may have been affected by my proximity to this singular being, I was not the only one who came within the sphere of his influence. Indeed, it was strange to notice the manner in which the polite crowd drew away from him, and the different expressions upon their faces as they stepped aside in order to give him room to pass. Had he been a snake, they could scarcely have shown a more unanimous desire to withdraw from his neighbourhood. On this occasion he was evidently not alone. I gathered this from the fact that, as soon as he had emerged from the crowd, he paused as if to wait for a companion A moment later a woman came to his side; a woman who carried herself like a daughter of the Gods; the most beautiful creature, I can safely assert, that I have ever seen either in this or any other country. If her companion's height was below the average, hers was at least several inches above it. But it was neither her stature, the exquisite symmetry of her figure, the beauty of her face, the luxuriance of her hair, nor the

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"The polite crowd drew away from him."

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elegance of her attire that fascinated me. It was the expression I saw in her dark, lustrous eyes.

It is essential to my profession that I should be continually studying the human face, attempting to obtain from it some clue as to the character of the owner, and learning to read in it the workings of the mind within. And what I read in this woman's face was a sorrow that nothing could assuage, a hopelessness that was not limited to this earth, but was fast passing into the Eternal.

Having once freed herself from the crowd, who, you may be sure, turned and stared after her as if she were some rare and beautiful animal, she took her place at her companion's side, and they passed along the room together, finally disappearing through the archway at the further end. A moment later the eldest of my friend's daughters joined me. I had never credited her with the possession of so much emotion as she displayed at that moment.

"Mr. Forrester," she said, "I want you to tell me if you have ever seen anything so awful as that old man's face?"

"I think I can safely say that I never have," I answered; and then, in an attempt to conceal the emotion I was still feeling, added, "I wonder who he can be?"

"I cannot imagine," she continued, "but I'm certain of this, that I never want to see him again."

At that moment we were joined by the remainder of the family.

"By Jove! Forrester," said the squire, but without his usual heartiness, "I don't know what is coming to this place. Did you see that little chap in the fur coat and skull cap who came out of the crowd just now with that fine-looking woman behind him? You may scarcely credit it, but his face gave me quite a turn. I haven't got over it yet."

"The girl with him was very beautiful," murmured his wife gently; "but there was something about her face that struck me as being very sad. I should like to know what relationship she bears to him."

"His granddaughter, I should imagine," said Miss Merridew, who was still watching the entrance to the next room as if she expected them to return.

"Nonsense!" cried the squire impatiently. "His great-granddaughter, you mean. I'll stake my reputation that the old fellow is as old as Methuselah. What say you, Forrester?"

I cannot now remember what answer I returned. I only know that we presently found ourselves on the pavement of Piccadilly, saying good-bye, and expressing our thanks in an aimless sort of fashion for the pleasure we had derived from each other's society.

Having seen them safely on their way towards Regent Street, I strolled along Piccadilly in the direction of my studio, thinking as I went of that terrible old man whose personality had twice given me such a shock, and also of the beautiful woman, his companion. The effect they had produced upon me must have been something out of the common, for I soon discovered that I could think of nothing else. It was in vain I looked in at my club and attempted to engage in conversation with friends, or that, when I reached home, I threw myself into an easy-chair and endeavoured to interest myself in a book. Out of the centre of every page peered that wicked old face, with its pallid, wrinkled skin, and lack-lustre eyes. For upwards of an hour I wrestled with the feeling, but without success. The man's image was not conducive to peace of mind, and I knew very well that unless I found some distraction I should be dreaming of him at night. Accordingly I rose from my chair and crossed the room to a table on which stood a large Satsuma bowl, in which it was my custom to place the invitations I received. That evening fortune favoured me. I had the choice of four houses. Two I rejected without a second thought; between the others I scarcely knew how to decide. Though I was not aware of it, my evil destiny, for the second time that day, was standing at my elbow, egging me on to ruin. It appeared I had the choice of a dance in the Cromwell Road, another in Belgrave Square, private theatricals in Queen's Gate, and a musical "at home" in Eaton Square. I did not feel equal to dances or private theatricals, and, thinking music would soothe my troubled mind, I decided for Eaton Square, and in so doing brought about the misery and downfall of my life.

Nine o'clock that evening, accordingly, found me ascending the staircase of Medenham House, greeting my hostess in the anteroom, and passing thence into the great drawing-room beyond. There is not a more conspicuous power within the range of her hobby than her ladyship, and at her house one hears all that is newest and most likely to be famous in the musical world. Many now celebrated *artistes* owe much of what

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they have since achieved to the helping hand she held out to them when they were struggling up the rugged hill of fame.

On entering the room I looked about me in the hope of finding someone I knew, but for some moments was unsuccessful. Then I espied, seated in a corner, almost hidden by a magnificent palm, a man with whom I possessed some slight acquaintance. I strolled towards him, and after a few moments' conversation took my place at his side. He had himself achieved considerable success as an amateur violinist, and was a distant relative of our hostess.

"I suppose, like the rest of us, you have come to hear Lady Medenham's latest prodigy?" he said, after the usual polite nothings had been said.

"I am ashamed to confess I have heard nothing at all about him," I answered.

"*Her*, my dear sir," he replied, with a little laugh. "Our hostess says she is marvellous."

"A pianist?"

"Indeed, no! A violinist, and with, I believe, the additional advantage of being a very beautiful woman. Lady Medenham met her in Munich, and has raved about her ever since. Needless to say, she invited her to visit her as soon as she reached London."

What the connection could have been it is impossible to say, but by some occult reasoning I instantly associated this new wonder with the magnificent creature I had seen at Burlington House that afternoon.

"You have already made her acquaintance, I presume?" I said in a tone of mild curiosity.

"No such luck," he answered. "I have not been permitted that pleasure. From all accounts, however, she is really very wonderful. All the people I have met who have heard her declare they have never known anything like her playing. And the funniest part of it is, she is accompanied everywhere by a man who is as physically repulsive as she is beautiful."

"A little old man with an extraordinary complexion, deep-set, horrible eyes, who wears a fur coat and a peculiar cap in the height of the Season, and looks at least a hundred years old?"

"From all accounts you describe him exactly. Where did you meet him?"

"I saw them both at the Academy this afternoon," I answered. "She is, as you say, very beautiful; but she scarcely struck me as being English."

"She is not. She is Hungarian, I believe, but she has travelled a great deal and speaks English perfectly."

"And her companion—what nation has the honour of claiming him as her son?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell you! He is a mystery, for no one seems to know anything about him. Nor is it at all certain what relationship he bears to the woman. But see, here is Lord Medenham. The performance is evidently about to commence."

As he spoke there was a general turning of heads in the direction of the anteroom, and almost simultaneously my hostess entered the room, accompanied by the exquisite creature I had seen emerging from the crowd before my picture that afternoon. If she had looked beautiful then, she was doubly so now. Dressed to perfection, as on the previous occasion, she towered head and shoulders above Lady Medenham, who is generally considered tall for her sex, and carried herself with a more imperial grace than is boasted by any empress I have ever seen.

A few paces behind her followed the man who had been her companion that afternoon. On this occasion also he disdained the orthodox style of dress, wore a black velvet coat, closely buttoned beneath his chin, and upon his head a skull cap of the same material. As on the previous occasions, he walked with a stick, leaning upon it heavily like an old man of ninety. Reaching that portion of the room in which the piano was situated, he dropped into a chair, without waiting for his hostess to seat herself, and, laying his head back, closed his eyes as if the exertion of walking had been too much for him. A servant, who had followed close behind, wrapped a heavy rug about his knees and then withdrew. Meanwhile his beautiful companion stood for a moment looking down at him, and then, with a little gesture the significance of which I could not then interpret, accepted her hostess's invitation and seated herself beside her.

The first item on the programme was a nocturne rendered by the composer, a famous pianist who at the time was delighting all London. He seated himself at the piano and began to play. I am afraid, however, I spared but small attention for his performance. My interest was centred on that huddled-up figure under the fur rug and the beautiful creature at his side. Then a change came, and once more I experienced the same sensation of revulsion that had overwhelmed me twice before. Again I felt

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"Absolute silence greeted its termination."

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sick and giddy ; once more a clammy sweat broke out upon my forehead, and at last, unable any longer to control myself, I rose from my seat.

"What on earth is the matter ?" inquired my friend, who had been watching me. "Are you ill ?"

"I believe I'm going to faint," I replied. "I must get into the air. But there is no necessity for you to come. I shall be all right alone."

So saying I signed him back to his seat, and, slipping quietly from the corner, made my way through the anteroom into the marble corridor beyond. Once there I leant against the balustrading of the staircase and endeavoured to pull myself together. A groom of the chambers, who was passing at the time, seeing there was something amiss, approached and inquired if he could be of service.

"I am feeling a little faint," I replied. "The heat of the drawing-room was too much for me. If you can get me a little brandy I think I shall be quite well in a few moments."

The man departed and presently came back with the spirit I had asked for. With the return of my self-possession I endeavoured to arrive at an understanding of what had occasioned the attack. I was not subject to fainting-fits, but was in every respect as strong as the majority of my fellow-creatures.

"It's all nonsense," I said to myself, "to ascribe it to that old fellow's presence. How could such a thing affect me ? At any rate, I'll try the experiment once more."

So saying I returned to the drawing-room.

I was only just in time, for, as I entered, the lady who had hitherto been seated by her hostess's side rose from her chair and moved towards the piano. As no one else stirred, it was plain that she was going to dispense with the services of an accompanist. Taking her violin from a table she drew her bow gently across the strings, and, when she had tuned it, stood looking straight before her down the room. How beautiful she was at that moment I cannot hope to make you understand. Then she began to play. What the work was I did not then know, but I have since discovered that it was her own. It opened with a movement in the minor—low and infinitely sad. There was a note of unappeasable yearning in it, a cry that might well have been wrung from a heart that was breaking beneath the weight of a deadly sin ; a weird, unearthly supplication for mercy from a soul that was beyond redemption or the reach of hope. None but a great musician could have imagined such a theme, and then only under the influence of a supreme despair. While it lasted her audience sat spell-bound. There was scarcely one among them who was not a lover of music, and many were world-famous for their talent. This, however, was such playing as none of us had ever heard before, or, indeed, had even dreamed of. Then by imperceptible gradations the music reached its height and died slowly down, growing fainter and fainter until it expired in a long-drawn sob. Absolute silence greeted its termination. Not a hand was raised ; not a word was uttered. If proof were wanting of the effect she had produced, it was to be found in this. The violinist bowed, a trifle disdainfully, I thought, and, having placed her instrument on the table once more, returned to Lady Medenham's side. Then a young German singer and his accompanist crossed the room and took their places at the piano. The famous pianist, who had first played, followed the singer, and when he had resumed his seat the violinist rose and once more took up her instrument.

This time there was no pause. With an abruptness that was startling, she burst into a wild barbaric dance. The notes sprang and leapt upon each other in joyous confusion, creating an enthusiasm that was as instantaneous as it was remarkable. It was a tarantella of the wildest description—nay, I should rather say, a dance of Satyrs. The player's eyes flashed above the instrument, her lithe, exquisite figure rocked and swayed beneath the spell of the emotion she was conjuring up. Faster and faster her bow swept across the strings, and, as before, though now for a very different reason, her audience sat fascinated before her. The first work had been the outcome of despair, this was the music of unqualified happiness, of the peculiar joy of living—nay, of the very essence and existence of life itself. Then it ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and once more she bowed, put down her violin, and approached her hostess. The programme was at an end, and the enthusiastic audience clustered round to congratulate her. For my own part I was curiously ill at ease. In a vague sort of fashion I had appropriated her music to myself, and now I resented the praise the fashionable mob was showering upon her. Accordingly I drew back a little and made

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up my mind to get through the crowd and slip quietly away. By the time I was able to emerge from my corner, however, there was a movement at the end of the room, and it became evident that the player and her companion were also about to take their departure. Accompanied by Lord and Lady Medenham they approached the spot where I was standing, endeavouring to reach the door. Had it been possible I would have taken shelter behind my palm again in order that my presence might not have been observed. But it was too late. Lady Medenham had caught my eye, and now stopped to speak.

"Mr. Forrester," she said, "we have been permitted a great treat to-night, have we not? You must let me introduce you to the Fräulein Valerie de Vocxqal."

I bowed, and, despite the fact that, regarded in the light of her genius, such a thing was little better than an insult, followed the example of my betters and murmured a complimentary allusion to her playing and the pleasure she had given us. She thanked me, all the time watching me with grave, attentive eyes, into which there had suddenly flashed a light that was destined to puzzle me for a long time, and the reason of which I could not understand. Then came the crucial moment when Lady Medenham turned to me again, and said—

"Mr. Forrester, Monsieur Pharos has expressed a desire to be introduced to you. I told him yesterday I thought you would be here to-night. May I have the pleasure of making you acquainted with each other?"

Those cold, dead eyes fixed themselves steadily on mine, and, under their influence, I felt as if my brain were freezing.

"I am indeed honoured, sir," he said, "and I trust I may be permitted to express a hope of enlarging our acquaintance. I understand you are the painter of that very wonderful picture I saw at the Academy this afternoon? Allow me to offer you my congratulations upon it. It interested me more deeply than I can say, and on some future date I shall be grateful if you will let me talk to you upon the subject. The knowledge it displayed of the country and the period is remarkable in these days. May I ask how it was acquired?"

"I leant against the balustrade and tried to recover myself."

"My father was a famous Egyptologist," I replied. "All that I know I learned from him. Are you also familiar with the country?"

"There are few things and fewer countries with which I am not familiar," he replied somewhat conceitedly, but still watching me and speaking with the same peculiar gravity. "Some day I shall hope to offer you conclusive evidence on that point. In the meantime the hour grows late. I thank you and bid you farewell."

Then, with a bow, he passed on, and a moment later I, too, had quitted the house and was making my way homeward, trying to collect my impressions of the evening as I went.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MAY-FLY.

By J. Paul Taylor.

Illustrated by A. J. Wall.

"THE FLY is up!" So runs the telegram the vicar has received while seated at his breakfast. In half an hour the trap is ready, fishing things are in, and off the parson goes, while wife and daughters watch him from the porch.

"'Tis very strange," says old Mrs. Lidless, as he passes her cottage, "but now our vicar's gone in just the same mad haste that the doctor and the lawyer seemed to feel as they went off together; and I *know* they all had telegrams. What can it be? I hope the undertaker won't go next."

Never mind, old lady; be content. You will guess when pleasantly reminded by a brace of handsome trout.

In early June the anglers all go mad, like hares in March. Lawyers forsake their clients, doctors their patients, and the parson even leaves his flock till Sunday, while he plies that calling which his predecessors left of old.

When the trio reach the riverside, they find another angler waiting to begin. To this smooth water and these giant trout he is perhaps unaccustomed, so the parson, whose perpetual leave and frequent leisure give him wondrous skill, takes our friend in hand, while the other pair walk off together further up the stream. Stolid, but watchful, with a landing-net of abnormal dimensions on his shoulder, stands the keeper. Orders for fishing are produced, and as they start, he follows, silent. Being questioned, he admits the fly *is* on, and "mortial powerful"; but "Lor," he says, "they fish won't take it yet!"

"When the trio reach the riverside, they find another angler waiting to begin."

At that very moment, as they watch the gorgeous insects fluttering on the stream, up comes a trout and gives the man the lie.

"What a splendid fish!" bursts out our novice.

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"A pretty trout," replies the cleric, "but undersized—at least, in May-fly time!"

The eager angler had already cast his fly within the ring just made, and with a rush and flounce the trout had gobbled it. The fight was furious, for the lively fish seemed a trained acrobat, and flashed and leapt and dived and leapt again, till his captor trembled for the tackle. There was no occasion; May-fly tackle is in no danger from the antics of a trout like that. Coolly Velveteens, with a face as long as ever, scoops out the still unconquered beauty, and as coolly frees her from the hook and puts her back again!

"He scoops out the still unconquered beauty."

Our friend is wisely silent. Had he spoken then the parson had been shocked. After a moment, gulping down the word that nearly passed his lips, he asked, with forced coolness, "What the dickens was that for?"

The keeper held his peace, as usual; but the other said, "I fear the man is right. Fifteen inches is the limit now."

The pool seemed much disturbed, but as the three were moving on, quite suddenly the rise began in earnest. From behind each waving weed the bulky forms of ancient trout appear, and boldly dash at every May-fly as it drifts along. The surface of the pool is all in waves, as giant fish (which grub along the bottom in the spring) seem to forget their caution and pursue their prey without regarding man.

Once more the artificial flies are on the surface, and again the novice has a fish; but this time it *is* a fish indeed; and at last the stolid face of that old keeper shows a light. Not that he smiles, or speaks. His frown is less severe; and as he watches for the time to use his net one eye is seen to twinkle.

Alas! this wild excess of joy is premature. The frantic plunges of the heavy fish have torn the slight hold which the hook had taken, and back the line comes in our hero's face!

Meanwhile the parson is not idle. A goodly fish is trying all it knows to wind his line around a bunch of weeds, or hang it on

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a snag. Vain are all its struggles, vain its leaps, for as it falls across the line (as doubtless it intended), the parson dips his rod, and the fish's ruse is fruitless.

"Don't hurry, John," he says, "the hold is good. Your help is wanted yonder."

And so it was; for the other man had once again formed an attachment with a lovely fish and didn't mean to be again divorced. Calmly the keeper scoops her out, and, saying "Sizable," returns to help his other master.

By this time the heavy fish was quite exhausted, and, floating on his golden side, showed all his grand proportions. Carefully the keeper stoops and very gently puts the net beneath that 4 lb. trout, and with a sigh that comes as near a chuckle as he ever gets, observes, "A tidy fish."

The flies still swarm, and many a splashing rise is heard and seen, but very few are felt, for the trout are rising "short," and all the afternoon there are but three or four who make mistakes and take the fly they only meant to play with.

THE KEEPER.

But three brace of trout like these ought to satisfy the keenest angler; and the parson never wishes to distress the river, though he gladly carries home his share of trout to line the larder and astonish his curious neighbour Mrs. Lidless.

The lawyer and the doctor, both old hands, have done still better, bringing home four brace, the best a 6 lb. cannibal ("better out than in"), besides returning a lot of "little 2 lb. fish" as they are pleased to call them. So ends that May-fly day. But better days are coming, for now and then the fish take really well, and indeed the legend runs that on one day in June, after the tenth 5-pounder had been landed, the keeper fairly smiled.

Till quite mid-June the rise will often linger, and all the "dufferS' fortnight" is a sort of festival, to keep which all duties not of strict necessity are ruthlessly postponed.

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JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST.*

By Cottrel Hoe.

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.

NUMBER VI.—THE EXPLOSION AT THE TREASURY.

HEN Jennie returned to Vienna, and was once more installed in her luxurious rooms at the Palace Steinheimer, she received in due time a copy of the *Daily Bugle*, sent to her under cover as a registered letter. The girl could not complain that the editor had failed to make the most of the news she had sent him. As she opened out the paper she saw the great black headlines that extended across two columns, and the news itself, dated not from Venice, but from Vienna, was in type much larger than that ordinarily used in the paper, and was double leaded. The headings were startling enough :—

PHANTOM GOLD.

THE MOST GIGANTIC ROBBERY OF MODERN TIMES.
THE AUSTRIAN WAR CHEST DYNAMITED.
TWENTY MILLION POUNDS IN GOLD LOOTED.
APPALLING DISASTER AT THE TREASURY IN VIENNA.
FOUR MEN KILLED, AND SIXTEEN OTHERS MORE OR LESS SERIOUSLY INJURED.

"Dear me!" the Princess cried, peering over Jennie's shoulder at these amazing headings, "how like home that looks. The *Bugle* doesn't at all resemble a London journal; it reminds me of a Chicago paper's account of a baseball match; a baseball match when Chicago was winning, of course, and when Anson had lined out the ball from the plate to the lake front, and brought three men in on a home run at a critical point in the game."

"Good gracious!" cried Jennie, "what language are you speaking? Is it slang, or some foreign tongue?"

"It is pure Chicagoese, Jennie, into which I occasionally lapse even here in prim Vienna. I would like to see a good baseball match, with the Chicago nine going strong. Let us abandon this effete monarchy, Jennie, and pay a visit to America."

"I'll go with pleasure if you will tell me first who looted the war chest. If you can place your dainty forefinger on the spot that conceals two hundred million florins in gold, I'll go anywhere with you."

"Oh, yes, that reminds me. I spoke to my husband this morning, and asked him if he could get you enrolled as a special detective, and he said there would be some difficulty in obtaining such an appointment for a woman. Would you have any objection to dressing up as a nice young man, Jennie?"

"I would very much rather not; I hope you didn't suggest that to the Prince."

The Princess laughed merrily and shook her head.

"No, I told him that I believed that you would solve the mystery if anyone could, and, remembering what you had done in that affair of my diamonds, my husband has the greatest faith in your powers as an investigator; but he fears the authorities here will be reluctant to allow a woman to have any part in the search. They have very old-fashioned ideas about women in Austria, and think her proper place is presiding over a tea-table."

"Well, if they only knew it," said Jennie archly, "some things have been discovered over a teacup within our own memories."

"That is quite true," replied the Princess, "but we can hardly give the incident as a recommendation to the Austrian authorities. By the way, have you noticed that no paper in Vienna said a single word about the robbery of the war chest? It must have been telegraphed here very promptly from London, and yet they do not even deny it, which is the usual way of meeting the truth."

While they were talking, a message came from his Highness, asking if he might take the liberty of breaking in upon their conference. A few moments after, the Prince himself entered the apartment and bowed with courtly deference to the two ladies.

"I have succeeded," he said, "beyond my expectations. It seems that a newspaper in

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London has published an account of the whole affair, and the police, who were at their wits' end before, are even more flustered now that the account of the robbery has been made public."

"Jennie has just received a paper from London," said the Princess hurriedly, "which says the war chest of Austria has been robbed of two hundred million florins, but there is nothing about it in the Vienna Press."

"No," replied the Prince; "nor is there likely to be. The robbery is now known to all the world except Austria, and I imagine nothing will be said about it here."

"Is there, then, any truth in the report?" asked the Princess innocently.

"Truth! It's all truth; that is just where the trouble is. There is little use in our denying it, because this London paper is evidently well informed, and to deny it we should have to publish something about the robbery itself, which we are not inclined to do. It is known, however, who the two correspondents of the London paper are, and I believe the police are going to make it so interesting for those two gentlemen that they will be glad to leave Vienna, for a time at least. Of course, nothing can be done openly, because Englishmen make such a fuss when their liberties are encroached upon. One of the young men has been lured across the frontier by a bogus telegram, and I think the authorities will see that he does not get back in a hurry; the other we expect to be rid of before long. Of course, we could expel him, but if we did it would be thought that we had done so because he had found out the truth about the explosion."

"A few moments after, the Prince himself entered."

"How did you learn of the explosion?" asked the Princess.

"Oh, I have known all about the affair ever since it happened."

The Princess gave Jennie a quick look, which said as plainly as words, "Here was the news that we wanted in our household, and we never suspected it."

"Why didn't you tell me?" cried the Princess indignantly.

"Well, you see, my dear, you never took any interest in politics, and I did not think the news would have any attraction for you; besides," he added, with a smile, "we were all cautioned to keep the matter as secret as possible."

"And wonderfully well you have managed it!" exclaimed the Princess. "That shows what comes of trusting a secret to a lot of men; here it is, published to all the world."

"Not quite all the world, my dear. As I have said, Austria will know nothing regarding it."

"The Princess tells me," said Jennie, "that you were kind enough to endeavour to get me permission to make some investigation into this mystery. Have you succeeded?"

"Yes, Miss Baxter, as I said, I have succeeded quite beyond my expectations, for the lady detective is comparatively a new thing in Vienna. However, the truth is, the police are completely in a fog, and they are ready to welcome help from whatever quarter it comes. Here is a written permit from the very highest authority, which you do not need to use except in a case of emergency. Here is also an order from the Chief of Police, which will open for you every door in Vienna; and finally, here is a badge which you can pin on some not too conspicuous portion of your clothing. This badge, I understand, is rarely given out. It is partly civil and partly military. You can show it to any guard, who will, on seeing it, give you the right-of-way. In case he does not, appeal to his superior officer, and allow him to read your police permit. Should that fail, then play your trump card, which is this highly important document. The Director of the Police,

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who is a very shrewd man, seemed anxious to make your acquaintance before you began your investigation. He asked me if you would call upon him, but seemed taken aback when I told him you were my wife's friend and a guest at our house, so he suggested that you would in all probability wish first to see the scene of the explosion, and proposed that he should call here with his carriage and accompany you to the Treasury. He wished to know if four o'clock in the afternoon would suit your convenience!"

"Oh, yes!" replied Jennie. "I am anxious to begin at once, and, of course, I shall be much obliged to him if he will act as my guide in the vaults of the Treasury, and tell me how much they have already discovered."

"You must not expect much information from the police—in fact, I doubt if they have discovered anything. Still, if they have, they are more than likely to keep it to themselves; and I imagine they will hold a pretty close watch on you, and be more anxious to learn what you discover, and thus take the credit if they can, than to furnish you with any knowledge of the affair they may happen to possess."

"That is quite natural, and only what one has a right to expect. I don't wish to rob the police of whatever repute there is to be gained from this investigation, and I am quite willing to turn over to them any clues I may happen to chance upon."

"Well, if you can convince the Director of that, you will have all the assistance they can give you. It wouldn't be bad tactics to let him know that you are acting merely in an amateur way, and that you have no desire to rob them of their glory when it comes to the solving of the problem."

Promptly at four o'clock the Director of the Police put in an appearance at the Palace Steinheimer. He appeared to be a most obsequious, highly-decorated old gentleman, in a very resplendent uniform, and he could hardly conceal his surprise at learning that the lady detective was a woman so young and so pretty. Charmed as he was to find himself in the company of one so engaging, it was nevertheless evident to Jennie that he placed no very high estimate on the assistance she might be able to give in solving the mystery of the Treasury. This trend of mind, she thought, had its advantages, for the Director would be less loth to give the girl full particulars of what had already been accomplished by the police.

Jennie accompanied the Director to that extensive mass of buildings of which the Treasury forms a part. The carriage drew up at a doorway, and here the Director and his companion got out. He led the way into the edifice, then, descending a stair, entered an arched corridor, at the door of which two soldiers stood on guard, who saluted as the Chief passed them.

"Does this lead to the room where the explosion took place?" asked Jennie.

"Yes."

"And is this the only entrance?"

"The only entrance, madame."

"Were the men on guard in this doorway injured by the explosion?"

"Yes. They were not seriously injured, but were rendered incapable for a time of attending to their duties."

"Then a person could have escaped without their seeing him?"

"A whole regiment of persons might have escaped. You will understand exactly the situation if I compare this corridor to a long cannon, the room at the end being the breech-loading chamber. Two guards were inside the room, and two others stood outside the door that communicated with this corridor. These four men were killed instantly. Of the guards inside the room not a vestige has been found. The door, one of the strongest that can be made, somewhat similar to the door of a safe, was flung outward and crushed to the floor the two guards who stood outside it in the corridor. Between the chamber in which the chest lay and the outside entrance were sixteen men on guard. Every one of these was flung down, for the blast, if I may call it so, travelled along this straight corridor like the charge along the inside of the muzzle of a gun. The guards nearest the treasure chamber were, of course, the more seriously injured, but those further out did not escape the shock, and the door by which we entered this corridor, while not blown from its hinges, was nevertheless forced open, its strong bolts snapping like matches. So when you see the great distance that intervened between the chamber and that door, you will have some idea of the force of the explosion."

"There is no exit, then, from the treasure chamber except along this corridor?"

"No, madame. The walls at the outside of the chamber are of enormous strength, because, of course, it was expected that if an attempt at robbery were ever made, it would be from the outside, and it is scarcely possible that even the most expert of thieves could succeed in passing the two guards at the door, sixteen guards along the corridor, two

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"Two soldiers stood on guard, who saluted as the Chief passed them."

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outside the Treasury door, and two in the chamber itself. Such a large number of soldiers were kept here so that any attempt at bribery would be impossible. Among such a number one or two were sure to be incorruptible, and the guards were constantly changed. Seldom was either officer or man twice on duty here during the month. With such a large amount at stake every precaution was taken."

"Are there any rooms at the right or left of this corridor in which the thieves could have concealed themselves while they fired the mine?"

"No, the corridor leads to the treasure chamber alone."

"Then," said Jennie, "I can't see how it was possible for a number of men to have made away with the treasure in such circumstances as exist here."

"Nevertheless, my dear young lady, the treasure is gone. We think that the mine was laid with the connivance of one or more officers on duty here. You see the amount at stake was so large that a share of it would tempt any nine human beings out of any ten. Our theory is that the train was laid, possibly electric wires being used, which would be unnoticed along the edge of the corridor, and that the bribed officer exploded the dynamite by bringing the ends of the wires into contact. We think the explosion was a great deal more severe than was anticipated. Probably, it was expected that the shock would break a hole from the treasure chamber to the street, but so strong were the walls that no impression was made upon them, and a cabman who was driving past at the time heard nothing of the sound of the explosion, though he felt a trembling of the ground, and thought for a moment there had been a shock of earthquake."

"You think, then, that the thieves were outside?"

"That seems the only possible solution."

"The outside doors were locked and bolted, of course?"

"Oh, certainly; but if they had a confederate or two in the large hallway upstairs, they would see to it that there was no trouble about getting in. Once inside the large hallway, with guards stunned by the shock, the way to the treasure chamber was absolutely clear."

"There were sentries outside the building, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Did they see any vehicle driving near the Treasury?"

"No. That is the strange part of it; and, moreover, the sentries, although pacing outside the walls of this building, heard nothing of the explosion beyond a low rumble, and those who thought of the matter at all imagined an explosion had occurred in some distant part of the city."

"Then the outside doors in the large hall above were not blown open?"

"No; the officer reports that they were locked and bolted when he examined them, which was some minutes, of course, after the disaster had taken place; for he, the officer in charge, had been thrown down and stunned, seemingly by the concussion of air which took place."

As Jennie walked down the corridor, she saw more and more of the evidences of the convulsion. The thick iron-bound door lay where it had fallen, and it had not been stirred since it was moved to get the two men from under it. Its ponderous hinges had been twisted as if they had been made of glue, and its massive bolts were snapped across like bits of glass. All along the corridor on the floor was a thick coating of dust and *débris*, finely powdered, growing deeper and deeper until they came to the entrance to the room. There were no windows either in corridor or chamber, and the way was lit by candles held by soldiers who accompanied them. The scoria crunched under foot as they walked, and in the chamber itself great heaps of dust, sand and plaster, all finely powdered, lay in the corners of the room, and on one side was piled up higher than a man's head. There seemed to be tons of this *débris*, and as Jennie looked up at the arched ceiling, resembling the roof of a vaulted dungeon, she saw that the stone itself had been ground to fine dust with the tremendous force of the blast.

"Where are the remnants of the treasure chest?" she asked.

The Director shook his head. "There are no remnants; not a vestige of it is to be found."

"Of what was it made?"

"We used to have an old treasure chest here made of oak, bound with iron; but some years ago, a new receptacle being needed, one was especially made of hardened steel, constructed on the modern principles of those burglar-proof and fire-proof safes."

"And do you mean to say that there is nothing left of this?"

"Nothing that we have been able to discover."

"Well, I have seen places where dynamite

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explosions have occurred, but I know of nothing to compare with this. I am sure that if dynamite has been used, or any explosive now generally obtainable, there would have been left, at least, some remnant of the safe. Hasn't this pile of rubbish been disturbed since the explosion?"

"Yes, it has been turned over; we made a search for the two men, but we found no trace of them."

"And you found no particles of iron or steel?"

"The heap throughout is just as you see it on the surface—a fine, almost impalpable dust. We had to exercise the greatest care in searching through it, for the moment it was disturbed with a shovel it filled the air with suffocating clouds. Of course, we shall have it removed by-and-by, and cart it away, but I considered it better to allow it to remain here until we had penetrated somewhat further into the mystery than we have already done."

"She was instantly struck by the fact that her handful seemed inordinately heavy for its bulk."

Jennie stooped and picked up a handful from the heap. Her action caused a mist to rise in the air that made them both choke and cough, and yet she was instantly struck by the fact that her handful seemed inordinately heavy for its bulk.

"May I take some of this with me?" she asked.

"Of course," replied the Director. "I will have a packet of it put up for you."

"I would like to take it with me now," said Jennie. "I have a curiosity to know exactly of what it is composed. Who is the Government analyst? or haven't you such an official?"

"Herr Feltz, in the Graubenstrasse, is a famous analytical chemist; you cannot do better than go to him."

"Do you think he knows anything about explosives?"

"I should suppose so, but if not, he will certainly be able to tell you who the best man is in that line."

The Director ordered one of the men who accompanied him to find a small paper bag, and fill it with some *débris* from the treasure chamber. When this was done, he handed the package to Jennie, who said—

"I shall go at once and see Herr Feltz."

"My carriage is at your disposal, madame."

"Oh, no, thank you, I do not wish to trouble you further. I am very much obliged to you for devoting so much time to me already. I shall take a fiacre."

"My carriage is at the door," persisted the Director, "and I will instruct the driver to take you directly to the shop of Herr Feltz; then no time will be lost, and I think if I am with you, you will be more sure of attention from the chemist, who is a very busy man."

Jennie saw the Director did not wish to let her out of his sight, and although she smiled at his suspicion, she answered politely—

"It is very kind of you to take so much trouble and devote so much of your time to me. I shall be glad of your company if you are quite certain I am not keeping you from something more important."

"There is nothing more important than the investigation we have on hand," replied the Chief grimly.

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A few minutes later the carriage stopped in front of the shop of Herr Feltz in the wide Graubenstrasse. The great chemist himself waited upon them and conducted them to an inner and private room.

"I should be obliged to you if you would tell me the component parts of the mixture in this package," said Jennie, as she handed the filled paper bag to the chemist.

"How soon do you wish to know the result?" asked the man of chemicals.

"As soon as possible," replied Jennie.

"Could you give me until this hour to-morrow?"

"That will do very nicely," replied Jennie, looking up at the Director of Police, who nodded his head.

With that the two took their leave, and once more the Director of Police politely handed the girl into his carriage, and they drove to the Palace Steinheimer. Here she thanked him cordially for his attentions during the day. The Director answered, with equal suavity, that his duty had on this occasion been a pleasure, and asked her permission to call at the same hour the next afternoon and take her to the chemist? To this Jennie assented, and cheerily bade him good-night.

The Princess was waiting for her, wild with curiosity to know what had happened.

"Oh, Jennie!" she cried, "who fired the mine, and who robbed the Government?"

Jennie laughed merrily as she replied—

"Dear Princess, what a compliment you are paying me! Do you think that in one afternoon I am able to solve a mystery that has defied the combined talents of all the best detectives in Austria? I wish the Director of Police had such faith in me as you have."

"And hasn't he, Jennie?"

"Indeed he has not. He watched me every minute he was with me, as if he feared I would disappear into thin air, as the treasure did."

"The horrid man! I shall have my husband speak to him, and rid you of this annoyance."

"Oh, no, Princess, you mustn't do anything of the kind. I don't mind it in the least; in fact, it rather amuses me. One would think he had some suspicion that I stole the money myself."

"A single word from the Prince will stop all that, you know."

"Yes, I know. But I really want to help the Director; he is so utterly stupid."

"Now, Jennie, take off your hat and sit down here, and tell me every incident of the afternoon. Don't you see I am just consumed with curiosity? I know you have discovered something. What is it?"

"I will not take off my hat, because I am going out again directly; but, if you love me, get me a cup of that delicious tea of yours."

"I shall order it at once, but dinner will be served shortly. You are surely not going out alone to-night?"

"I really must. Do not forget that I have been used to taking care of myself in a bigger city than Vienna is, and I shall be quite safe. You will please excuse my absence from the dinner-table to-night."

"Nonsense, Jennie! You cannot be allowed to roam round Vienna in that Bohemian way."

"Then, Princess, I must go to an hotel, for this roaming round is strictly necessary, and I don't want to bring the Palace Steinheimer into disrepute."

"Jennie, I'll tell you what we will do; we'll both bring it into disrepute. The Prince is dining at his club to-night with some friends, so I shall order the carriage, and you and I will roam round together. You will let me come, won't you? Where are you going?"

"I am going to the Graubenstrasse to see Herr Feltz."

"Oh, I know Herr Feltz, and a dear old man he is; he will do anything for me. If you want any favour from Herr Feltz, you had better take me with you."

"I shall be delighted. Ah, here comes the tea! But what is the use of ordering the carriage; we can walk there in a very few minutes."

"I think we had better have the carriage. The Prince would be wild if he heard that we two went walking about the streets of Vienna at night. So, Jennie, we must pay some respect to conventionality, and we will take the carriage. Now, tell me where you have been, and what you have seen, and all about it."

Over their belated decoction of tea Jennie related everything that had happened.

"And what do you expect to learn from the analysis at the chemist's, Jennie?"

"I expect to learn something that will startle the Director of Police."

"And what is that? Jennie, don't keep me on tenter-hooks in this provoking way. How can you act so? I shall write to Lord Donal and tell him that you are here in Vienna, if you don't mind."

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"Well, under such a terrible threat as that I suppose I must divulge all my suspicions. But I really don't know anything yet; I merely suspect. The weight of that dust, when I picked up a handful of it, seemed to indicate that the gold is still there in the rubbish heap."

"You don't mean to say so! Then there has been no robbery at all?"

"There may have been a robbery planned, but I do not think any thief got a portion of the gold. The chances are that they entirely underestimated the force of the explosive they were using, and unless I am very much mistaken, they were dealing with something a hundred times more powerful than dynamite."

"And will the chemical analysis show what explosive was used?"

"No; it will only show of what the *débris* is composed. It will settle the question whether or not the gold is in that dust-heap. If it is, then I think the Government will owe me some thanks, because the Director of Police talked of carting the rubbish away and dumping it out of sight somewhere. If the Government gets back its gold, then I suppose the question of who fired the mine is merely of academic interest."

"The carriage is waiting, your Highness," was the announcement made to the Princess, who at once jumped up, and said—

"I'll be ready in five minutes. I'm as anxious now as you are to hear what the chemist has to say; but I thought you told me he wouldn't have the analysis ready until four o'clock to-morrow. What is the use of going there to-night?"

"Because I am reasonably certain that the Director of Police will see him early to-morrow morning, and I want to get the first copy of the analysis myself."

With that the Princess ran away and presently reappeared with her wraps on. The two drove to the shop of Herr Feltz in the Graubenstrasse, and were told that the chemist could not be seen under any circumstances. He had left orders that he was not to be disturbed.

"Disobey those orders and take in my card," said the Princess.

A glance at the card dissolved the man's doubts, and he departed to seek his master.

"He is working at the analysis now, I'll warrant," whispered the Princess to her companion. In a short time Herr Feltz himself appeared. He greeted the Princess with most deferential respect, but seemed astonished to find in her company the young woman who had called on him a few hours previously with the Director of the Police.

"I wanted to ask you," said Jennie, "to finish your analysis somewhat earlier than four o'clock to-morrow. I suppose it can be done?"

The man of science smiled and looked at her for a moment, but did not reply.

"You will oblige my friend, I hope," said the Princess.

"I should be delighted to oblige any friend of your Highness," answered the chemist slowly, "but, unfortunately, in this instance I have orders from an authority not to be disputed."

"What orders?" demanded the Princess.

"I promised the analysis at four o'clock to-morrow, and at that hour it will be ready for the young lady. I am ordered not to show the analysis to anyone before that time."

"Those orders came from the Director of Police, I suppose?"

The chemist bowed low, but did not speak.

"I understand how it is, Jennie; he came here immediately after seeing you home. I suppose he visited you again within the hour after he left you with this young lady—is that the case, Herr Feltz?"

"Your Highness distresses me by asking questions that I am under pledge not to answer."

"Is the analysis completed?"

"That is another question which I sincerely hope your Highness will not press."

"Very well, Herr Feltz, I shall ask you a question or two of which you will not be so frightened. I have told my friend here that you would do anything for me, but I see I have been mistaken."

The chemist made a deprecatory motion of his hands, spreading them out and bowing. It was plainly apparent that his seeming discourtesy caused him deep regret. He was about to speak, but the Princess went impetuously on.

"Is the Director of Police a friend of yours, Herr Feltz? I don't mean merely an official friend, but a personal friend?"

"I am under many obligations to him, your Highness, and besides that, like any other citizen of Vienna, I am compelled to obey him when he commands."

"What I want to learn," continued the Princess, her anger visibly rising at this unexpected opposition, "is whether you wish the man well or not?"

"I certainly wish him well, your Highness."

"In that case know that if my friend

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leaves this shop without seeing the analysis of the material she brought to you, the Director of Police will be dismissed from his office to-morrow. If you doubt my influence with my husband to have that done, just try the experiment of sending us away unsatisfied."

The old man bowed his white head.

"Your Highness," he said, "I shall take the responsibility of refusing to obey the orders of the Director of Police. Excuse me for a moment." He retired into his den, and presently emerged with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"It must be understood," he said, addressing Jennie, "that the analysis is but roughly made. I intended to devote the night to a more minute scrutiny."

"All I want to-night," said Jennie, "is a rough analysis."

"There it is," said the chemist, handing her the paper.

She read :—

Calcium	29
Iron	4
Quartz, Feldspar, Mica	27
Gold	36½
Traces of other substances	3½
Total	100

Jennie's eyes sparkled as she looked at the figures before her. She handed the paper to the Princess, saying—

"You see, I was right in my surmise. More than one-third of that heap is pure gold."

"I should explain," said the chemist, "that I have grouped the quartz, feldspar and mica together, without giving the respective portions of each, because it is evident that the combination represents granite."

"I understand," said Jennie; "the walls and the roof are of granite."

"I would further add," continued the chemist, "that I have never met gold so finely divided as this is."

"Have you the gold and other ingredients separated?"

"Yes, madame."

"I shall take them with me, if you please."

The chemist shortly after brought her the components, in little glass vials, labelled.

"Have you any idea, Herr Feltz, what explosive would reduce gold to such fine powder as this?"

"I have only a theoretical knowledge of explosives, and I know of nothing that would produce such results as we have here. Perhaps Professor Carl Seigfried could give you some information on that point. The science of detonation has been his life study, and he stands head and shoulders above his fellows in that department."

"Can you give me his address?"

"'There it is,' said the chemist, handing her the paper."

The chemist wrote the address on a sheet of paper and handed it to the young woman.

"Do you happen to know whether Professor Seigfried or his assistants have been called in during this investigation?"

"What investigation, madame?"

"The investigation of the recent terrible explosion."

"I have heard of no explosion," replied the chemist, evidently bewildered.

Then Jennie remembered that, while the particulars of the disaster in the Treasury

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were known to the world, no knowledge of the catastrophe had got abroad in Vienna.

"The Professor," continued the chemist, noticing Jennie's hesitation, "is not a very practical man. He is deeply learned, and has made some great discoveries in pure science, but he has done little towards applying his knowledge to any everyday useful purpose. If you meet him, you will find him a dreamer and a theorist. But if you once succeed in interesting him in any matter, he will prosecute it to the very end, quite regardless of the time he spends or the calls of duty elsewhere."

"A few moments elapsed before the Chief replied."

"He is just the man I wish to see," said Jennie decisively, and with that they took leave of the chemist and once more entered the carriage.

"I want to drive to one more place," said Jennie, "before it gets too late."

"Good gracious!" cried the Princess, "you surely do not intend to call on Professor Seigfried to-night?"

"No; but I want to drive to the office of the Director of Police."

"Oh, that won't take us long," said the Princess, giving the necessary order. The coachman took them to the night entrance of the central police station by the Hohenstaufengasse, and, leaving the Princess in the carriage, Jennie went alone to speak with the officer in charge.

"I wish to see the Director of Police," she said.

"He will not be here until the morning. He is at home. Is it anything important?"

"Yes. Where is his residence?"

"If you will have the kindness to inform me what your business is, madame, we will have pleasure in attending to it without disturbing Herr Director."

"I must communicate with the Director in person. The Princess von Steinheimer is in her carriage outside, and I do not wish to keep her waiting." At mention of the Princess the officer bestirred himself and became tremendously polite.

"I shall call the Director at once, and he will be only too happy to wait upon you."

"Oh, have you a telephone here? and can I speak with him myself without being overheard?"

"Certainly, madame. If you will step into this room with me, I will call him up and leave you to speak with him."

This was done, and when the Chief had answered, Jennie introduced herself to him.

"I am Miss Baxter, whom you were kind enough to escort through the Treasury building this afternoon."

"Oh, yes," replied the Chief. "I thought we were to postpone further inquiry until to-morrow."

"Yes, that was the arrangement; but I wanted to say that if my plans are interfered with, if I am kept under surveillance, I shall be compelled to withdraw from the search."

A few moments elapsed before the Chief replied, and then it was with some hesitation.

"I should be distressed to have you withdraw; but, if you wish to do so, that must be a matter entirely for your own consideration. I have my own duty to perform, and I must carry it out to the best of my poor ability."

"Quite so. I am obliged to you for speaking so plainly. I rather surmised this afternoon that you looked upon my help in the light of an interference."

"I should not have used the word interference," continued the Chief; "but I must confess that I never knew good results to follow amateur efforts, which could not have been obtained much more speedily and effectually by the regular force under my command."

"Well, the regular force under your com-

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mand has been at work several weeks and has apparently not accomplished very much. I have devoted part of an afternoon and evening to the matter, so before I withdraw I would like to give you some interesting information which you may impart to the Government, and I am quite willing that you should take all the credit for the discovery, as I have no wish to appear in any way as your competitor. Can you hear me distinctly?"

"Perfectly, madame," replied the Chief.

"Then, in the first place, inform the Government that there has been no robbery."

"No robbery? What an absurd statement, if you will excuse me speaking so abruptly! Where is the gold, if there were no robbery?"

"I am coming to that. Next inform the Government that their loss will be but trifling. That heap of *débris* which you propose to cart away contains practically the whole of the missing two hundred million florins. More than one-third of the heap is pure gold. If you want to do a favour to a good friend of yours, and at the same time confer a benefit upon the Government itself, you will advise the Government to secure the services of Herr Feltz, so that the gold may be extracted from the rubbish completely and effectually. I put in a word for Herr Feltz because I am convinced that he is a most competent man. To-night his action saved you from dismissal to-morrow, therefore you should be grateful to him. And now I have the honour to wish you good-night."

"Wait—wait a moment!" came in beseeching tones through the telephone. "My dear young lady, pray pardon any fault you have to find with me, and remain for a moment or two longer. Who, then, caused the explosion, and why was it accomplished?"

"That I must leave for you to find out, Herr Director. You see, I am giving you the results of merely a few hours' inquiry, and you cannot expect me to discover everything in that time. I don't know how the explosion was caused, neither do I know who the criminals were. It would probably take me all day to-morrow to find that out; but as I am leaving the discovery in such competent hands as yours, I must curb my impatience until you send me full particulars. So, once again, good-night, Herr Director."

"No, no, don't go yet. I shall come at once to the station, if you will be kind enough to stop there until I arrive."

"The Princess von Steinheimer is waiting for me in her carriage outside, and I do not wish to delay her any longer."

"Then let me implore you not to give up your researches."

"Why? Amateur efforts are so futile, you know, when compared with the labours of the regular force."

"Oh, my dear young lady, you must pardon an old man for what he said in a thoughtless moment. If you knew how many useless amateurs meddle in our very difficult business you would excuse me. Are you quite convinced of what you have told me, that the gold is in the rubbish heap?"

"Perfectly. I will leave for you at the office here the analysis made by Herr Feltz, and if I can assist you further, it must be on the distinct understanding that you are not

"Telling him to hand it to the Director."

to interfere again with whatever I may do. Your conduct in going to Herr Feltz to-night after you had left me, and commanding him not to give me any information, I should hesitate to characterise by its right name. When I have anything further to communicate, I will send for you."

"Thank you; I shall hold myself always at your commands."

This telephonic interview being happily concluded, Jennie hurried to the Princess, stopping on her way to give the paper containing the analysis to the official in charge, and telling him to hand it to the Director when he returned to his desk. This done, she passed out into the night, with the comfortable consciousness that the worries of a busy day had not been without their compensations.

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From a study by] [*Lallie Garet-Charles.*

Teasing.

THERE'S a fairyland where the strawberries grow
Large like this!
But a toll you must pay to enter, you know—
Just one kiss!

There the children are good when they're not very bad—
Just like you!
And they always say "thanks" for the things they've had,
They really do!

When they've eaten them all, they don't eat any more—
Fancy that!
But the doctor looks better than ever before
In a new top-hat!

Now it's possible quite that I've taken them all—
Just like me!
So then run away down by the garden wall
And *see*!

G. F. L.

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Snapshot Photographs by H. C. SHELLEY.

MOST public bodies, and many great commercial firms, have their own map of London. To a gas company the metropolis is mainly interesting as a vast assemblage of houses which require light; to a telephone company, as a herd of five million people anxious to speak to each other. In the map of each corporate body or trading concern, all that does not bear upon their own particular end in view is obliterated, or only faintly indicated.

But there is a map of London which preserves the essential conditions of such a document, with something else thrown in. It embraces an area from Wood Green on the north to Streatham Common on the south, and from Ealing on the west to Woolwich on the east; and its broad surface is stippled over with 343 crimson squares. This is the map of Picturesque London. It is issued by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, and there are few societies which can produce such an eloquent testimonial to the value of some fifteen years' public services. A notable change has taken place in London during those fifteen years—such a change as practically justifies Sir Henry Irving in holding the opinion that the metropolis is the "prettiest village in England."

There are few streets, even in the heart of the city, without their vista of sheltering trees and green grass. Wedged in between the north end of the new General Post Office and the church of St. Botolph Without is one typical retreat known as the "Postman's Park." Its gravel walks, its flower beds, its lawns, are as carefully tended as though they were for the pleasure of the highest lady in the land, and those who rest here for a brief spell from the turmoil of city life, come so thoroughly under the charm of the orderliness of the garden as to make superfluous the request that "paper and other litter" may be placed in the boxes provided for that purpose. Another calm resting-place for the wearied Londoner is that of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Heedless, indeed, are those eyes which, from the south side of High Holborn, can miss the vision of nature which blocks the end of Great Turnstile; and hard, indeed, is that heart which can resist the invitation that vision offers to a few minutes' pause by the way. Who, too, will ever forget his first glimpse of Fountain Court in the Temple? Eighty years ago, Washington Irving found himself, one summer day, trying to buffet the current of humanity setting through Fleet Street. "The warm weather," he wrote afterwards in recalling the experience, "had unstrung my nerves, and made me sensitive to every jar and jostle and discordant sound. The flesh was weary, the spirit faint, and I was getting out of humour with the bustling, busy throng through which I had to struggle.

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when in a fit of desperation I tore my way through the crowd, plunged into a by-lane, and after passing through several obscure nooks and angles, emerged into a quaint and quiet court with a grass plot in the centre, overhung by elms, and kept perpetually fresh and green by a fountain with its sparkling jet of water. A student with book in hand was seated on a stone bench, partly reading, partly meditating on the movements of two or three trim nursery-maids with their infant charges. I was like an Arab who had suddenly come upon an oasis amid the panting sterility of the desert. By degrees the quiet and coolness of the place soothed my nerves and refreshed my spirit." Of another type are the gardens which line the north side of the Embankment; and who shall measure the mission of renovation of body and peace of soul which they, too, have fulfilled?

PEEPS IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

But all these phases of picturesque London, save for Fountain Court, have the mark of newness upon them. There are other phases which have been for a longer period the justification of those who assert that the capital is not the dreary city some declare it to be. There is the Thames Embankment, for example, which has become during late years a favourite drive with Her Majesty the Queen. What better tribute to its beauty could be desired than that? If a love of nature which has been nurtured amid the Highlands of Scotland, the undulating landscapes of Berkshire, and the sea-girt loveliness of the Isle of Wight, can find satisfaction and enjoyment by the side of the Thames, who shall deny to the Embankment the right to be considered an integral part of the picturesqueness of London? And the Embankment has its years of mature beauty still to come. A hundred years hence, when the trees which line its broad walks have attained the girth and umbrage of centenarians, and when the more modern buildings along the Chelsea portion have taken on something of that charm of age which lends a beauty to Somerset House, the Embankment will be able to hold its own with any thoroughfare in the world.

Yet, let us not stake London's claim to picturesqueness on the Embankment alone, or even primarily. That would be to mete out scant justice to those areas of beauty which were in existence long ere the Embankment had been dreamt of. Out West, London must always have been arrestive to the artistic eye. Strolling through the Green Park on a *levée* day, what

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a picture of colour and animation greets the eye! Midway down the Mall a crowd has gathered; in front of the crowd is a royal guard of honour, gay in cuirass and plumage; in front again are the towers of the old red palace of St. James's. Or, take the stretch of Piccadilly from Queen's Walk on to Hyde Park Corner. It does not need the gaiety of a royal procession to add the elements of a picture to that famous thoroughfare; for the elements are always there. The verdure of the Green Park on the one side, the stately club buildings and homes of peers on the other, and between these the constant stream of the aristocratic carriages, the indiscriminate hansom, and the plebeian 'bus—what more can the eye desire? But if the rush of traffic distracts, turn into Rotten Row at an unfashionable hour. That historic drive loses none of its beauty when empty of horse and rider. Rarely, indeed, does even London furnish forth such a feast of dreamy beauty as fell to the enjoyment of a handful of people who happened to stand at the end of the Row one Sunday afternoon last winter. A pearly-grey fog was creeping up the avenue, overhead the atmosphere was charged with dark yellow clouds, and between those two colours the dull red of the roadway became transformed into a hue which would have baffled even the palette of Turner.

ON THE EMBANKMENT.

There are some supercilious critics who pretend to find adequate reason for dissatisfaction with the Houses of Parliament, but such a carping spirit is only one phase of that modern "smartness" which is as inane as it is childish. Even apart from the appeal which that noble pile makes to the historic imagination, no lover of form and colour can gaze unmoved upon its fretted turrets as they are seen from the south side of the Thames. It only needs the setting sun to add the final touch to the picture, and surely it is possible that the architect may have had some forethought about the frame which Nature now and then might build around his work. What that frame is Richard Jefferies has described. "Vast rugged columns of vapour rise up behind and over the towers of the House, hanging with threatening aspect; westward the sky is nearly clear, with some relic of the sunset

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glow; the river itself, black, or illuminated with the electric light, imparting a silvery blue tint, crossed again with the red lamps of the steamers. The aurora of dark vapour, streamers extending from the thicker masses, slowly moves and yet does not go away; it is just such a sky as a painter might give to some tremendous historical event, a sky big with presage, gloom, tragedy."

IN THE WEST END.

Artists ought to be the best judges of the beauty of any given district or city, and the fact that an increasing number of painters are seeking inspiration for pictures within the limits of London is ample condemnation of those who, in past years, have ignored the claims of the metropolis, and sought in foreign lands subjects for their brush. Within recent years the pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy by Mr. T. B. Kennington and Mr. W. Logsdail have rendered yeoman service in showing the artistic possibilities of the metropolis. Mr. Kennington, it is true, has restricted himself to the use of London streets as backgrounds by which to intensify the pathos of life; but Mr. Logsdail has conclusively shown how effectively the famous churches of the great city lend themselves to artistic treatment.

Poets, too, are as sensitive to beauty as artists, and English literature would be distinctly impoverished if some ruthless hand could expunge from its pages all the lofty verse which has owed its creation to the influence of London. Wordsworth's sonnet, composed upon Westminster Bridge—not the present structure, be it remembered—is a case in point.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did the sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

London, notwithstanding its dirt and ugliness—often, indeed, because of them—is rich in beauty to the seeing eye. Even those fogs which the city dweller so much dreads, often reveal, by the suppression of distracting details, the true majesty of architecture and throw into relief against the dull orb of a winter sun the stately proportions of buildings which are overlooked in the clear sunshine of summer.

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THE EMPEROR'S DETECTIVE.

By Percy Andreæ.

Illustrated by Robert Sauber, R.B.A.

VI.—THE INCIDENT OF THE MAGIC CARD, AND THE STORY OF AN IMPERIAL DETECTIVE.

I DID not close my eyes that night. Since the commencement of the strange series of adventures which I have been relating, nothing had so completely confounded me as this last, to me, most puzzling experience. I had been prepared for treachery on the part of Herr von Retzow; I had even conceived the possibility that in plotting the betrayal of his fellow-conspirators he had boldly schemed to rid himself of me at the same stroke; but his own presence at the meeting, which he must have known was destined to end so dramatically, was a mystery that baffled me utterly.

Had it been a part of his whole treacherous plan, and was his own arrest merely a blind to safeguard him against the vengeance of those he was betraying? The more I revolved the question the more obvious the answer to it seemed. But, think as I might, I could find no plausible explanation of the startling fact that the man with the missing forefinger, the desperado to whose murderous onslaught I had nearly fallen a victim when I sprang to the assistance of the stranger in the Thiergarten four months before, was apparently none other than Herr von Retzow himself.

That I should have unwittingly gone home with the very man who had sought my life, thinking that it was he whom I had befriended, was a mistake almost too absurd to appear possible. Moreover, what could have been his object in suddenly patronising the very individual upon whom a few moments before he had been so eager to wreak summary vengeance?

I recalled all the incidents of that fateful night from which my recent strange adventures dated. All I could remember was that I had been stunned by a blow while wrestling with my assailants, and had lain—for how long I knew not—unconscious in the snow. When I recovered my senses I had found no one beside me save the man whom I had since known as Herr von Retzow, and I could have sworn that he was the person to whose defence I had sprung.

Could the forefinger in the snow, which I had seen him pick up and afterwards preserve in so ghastly a fashion, have been his own? I tried to recollect, but in vain, whether I had ever seen Herr von Retzow's left hand. I had noticed the peculiar trick he had of burying one hand between the flaps of his coat, but the habit had never aroused my suspicions. And, indeed, how could it? Even now, with the evidence of my own eyes before me, the supposition that I had all these months associated with my deadly enemy was so monstrous that my understanding revolted against it.

While I was struggling to reconcile all these strange contradictions, the thought of my own immediate fate almost faded from my mind, and it was not until long after daybreak that I began to consider all the possible consequences of my present awkward situation. From what I had learned of the system of secret trial and punishment of political offenders in Arminia, I knew enough to convince me that my position was one of extreme danger. If, then, my conclusions were correct, and Herr von Retzow had purposely contrived to have me present with the conspirators at the moment of their seizure in order to compromise me in the eyes of the authorities, there was little doubt that he would bring forth such false testimony at my trial as would suffice to convict me of participation in the very scheme I had really been the means of thwarting.

I groaned aloud at the thought of my utter helplessness to clear myself of such a charge. There was but one person who knew of my innocence, the Emperor, whom I had myself warned of the plot that was threatening him. But even if I succeeded in procuring the testimony of so august a

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witness, was it not more than likely that I should thereby expose myself to a new danger? I had crossed swords with a member of the Imperial family and had killed an innocent girl—the latter by accident, no doubt, but under circumstances which would scarcely palliate my crime in the eyes of the iron-minded young autocrat, whose jealous notions of the divine prerogatives of royalty no one had yet been known to offend against with impunity.

In short, the longer I dwelt upon all the puzzling aspects of my case, the more desperate it appeared to grow; and when, at last, towards the noon hour—as I supposed, for my watch and all other effects upon my person had been taken from me the night before—my cell door was unlocked, and I was told that I was to appear before the judge to undergo the preliminary examination, which is in Arminia the equivalent of our proceedings in the magistrate's court, I followed my guards with a feeling of reckless indifference born of despair.

"My cell door was unlocked, and I was told that I was to appear before the judge."

The room to which I was now conducted was not an ordinary court room, but a chamber of comparatively small dimensions, furnished with a long table covered with green baize, behind which sat three clean-shaven personages, with a formidable array of papers piled up in front of them. There were a few common wooden chairs placed in a row against the wall facing these men, on one of which I was ordered to seat myself, whilst my two conductors sat down beside me. Otherwise the room was bare of all furniture, and, with the exception of a dried-up old clerk, who passed backwards and forwards between this and the adjoining chamber, carrying bundles of papers and documents, there was no one present but the three judicial individuals behind the table and I and my two guards.

As soon as I had seated myself, the middle personage behind the table raised his head and regarded me for about thirty seconds with a cold, scrutinising glance. Then he ordered me to stand up, and proceeded to question me rapidly as follows:—

"Your name is Walter Raleigh?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"You are a foreigner?"

"I am of English birth," I said.

"You arrived in this city four months ago, on the 25th of last January?"

"I do not remember the exact date," I replied, "but I presume it is correct."

"For what purpose did you come here?"

"To seek employment," I answered.

"What kind of employment?"

"I am a soldier by profession," I said; "I hoped to enter the service of the Emperor."

"And failing in this purpose, you entered the service of his enemies?"

"If I did so," I said earnestly, "I did it unwittingly and with no evil intent. His Majesty himself can testify to my loyal intentions towards his person."

The judge waved his hand to check my speech.

"Silence," he said sternly. "You are here to be questioned, not to offer suggestions."

"I am here to defend myself," I said boldly.

"We shall see," he answered. "Let the indictment be read to the prisoner."

The reading of the document which now followed occupied about ten minutes. It was a tissue of barefaced lies from beginning to end, and under ordinary circumstances I should have found no difficulty in refuting

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every one of the charges contained in it. But, hemmed in as I was by dangers and difficulties on all sides, I had no means of defence save a flat denial of every count in the indictment.

Needless to say, my chief accuser, upon whose evidence the case against me mainly rested, was, as I had anticipated, Herr von Retzow himself, and, judging by the cruel ingenuity of his statement, and the completeness of detail which characterised it, I could only conclude that it must have been prepared for some time. To my surprise it contained no allusion to my presence at the hotel the previous night, nor did it make any mention of my supposed complicity in the plot against the Emperor Willibald. I was accused of being the leading spirit among a gang of foreign anarchists, whose aim was the assassination of the heads of the reigning dynasties in Arminia; and in support of this accusation numerous compromising letters and documents were cited, all of which purported to have been discovered and seized in my lodgings by the henchmen of Herr von Retzow.

I had no doubt that these papers were impudent forgeries, concocted for the express purpose of ruining me. But how was I to prove it? My capture the night before, in the very midst of a bevy of Arminian sovereigns, afforded seemingly the strongest confirmation of my guilt. Even my brief term of office as Oberstallmeister to the Duchess of Bieberstein was construed as evidence of my sinister designs. The position, it was declared, had been procured by fraudulent documents, and my assertion that it had been Herr von Retzow himself who had placed me there was received with derision. I demanded in vain to be confronted with this man. I was told that at the proper time and place I would be brought face to face with the witnesses in the case, and hear from their own lips the evidence they adduced against me.

"It would be better for you, however, young man," the judge added, eyeing me coldly, "if you made a free confession of your guilt, and divulged the names of your vile accomplices. We have means of extorting these which better men than you have been unable to resist."

"I cannot betray accomplices who do not exist," I replied. "But I am ready to tell my story, if I may do so in my own way and without interruption. Perhaps," I added, "it may throw some light on matters of greater import than the guilt or innocence of the humble individual who stands before you."

"Proceed," said the judge; and I entered into a detailed description of my adventures since that fatal night on which my acquaintance with Herr von Retzow commenced, laying particular stress upon my discovery of the conspiracy against the person of the Emperor, and the detailed knowledge I had obtained of its ramifications and the names of those concerned in it.

The three persons behind the table listened with immovable countenances, only now and then exchanging some remark in a whisper, or taking written notes of what I said.

When I had concluded, the middle one of the three spoke again.

"Your story is a very foolish one," he said, "for it is manifestly impossible, and bristles with palpable lies. Do not imagine," he continued, with a touch of anger, "that you can succeed in confusing the minds of your judges on the subject of your own guiltiness by the introduction of matters pertaining to the crimes of others. The knowledge you pretend to have obtained regarding these things will avail you little, for it is less complete than that which is already in the possession of the authorities. The examination is over. Remove the prisoner."

The last words were addressed to the constables in charge of me, and my heart sank within me as they fell upon my ear. I heard the judge direct an order to be made out for my solitary confinement in the prison of Moab—a place associated in my memory with many a grim story of political persecution; then a sharp tap on my shoulder from one of my gaolers signified to me that I was to withdraw. The prospect of weeks, perhaps months, of solitary imprisonment, with little chance before me of ultimately regaining my freedom, made my blood run cold, and with a violent effort I shook off my two custodians, who had now gripped me each by an arm.

"Stay!" I cried; "you will surely permit me to produce proof of the truth of what I have said. I have such proof, or, rather," I corrected myself, "you have it, for my pockets have been rifled of their contents."

"To what do you refer?" the judge said.

"Give me my pocket-book and my papers," I replied, "and I will prove to you that this man who accuses me of crimes I have never committed was himself my patron and self-constituted protector. I have it in his own writing."

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I spoke excitedly, for the thought of the card given me by Herr von Retzow, which once before had stood me in such good stead, had suddenly flashed across my mind. I felt but little hope that it would do so again under these altered circumstances; but it would at least, I thought, go some way towards proving my veracity.

The judge hesitated an instant, then touched a bell, and ordered the clerk to bring in the articles taken from my person. The pocket-book was handed to me, and I turned over its contents with nervous hands. But all my fumbling was of no avail. The card was nowhere to be found.

I stammered some incoherent excuse, and begged that the other effects taken from me should be searched through.

"I swear," I exclaimed, "that the card was in my possession last night."

"We are wasting time," the judge said, with an impatient gesture.

"Gentlemen," I cried in desperation, "as I hope for salvation, I repeat that it was in my possession last night. If you would not let the most dangerous of his Majesty's enemies escape the punishment he richly deserves, you will leave no stone unturned to discover the card."

"It is enough," the judge said, after searching the papers. "Here is no card. Let this farce end."

He waved his hand to the constables, and the sweat stood out on my brow. As a last resource, more in despair than from any hope of finding the precious piece of writing, which would perhaps not only disclose the true nature of my relations with Herr von Retzow, but also implicate Colonel von Stauffenberg, the Emperor's secretary, in the treasonable designs I still attributed to him, I plunged my hand into my breast-pocket, where I had always kept the card. To my intense satisfaction I found it there, caught probably in the lining of the pocket, where it must have escaped the attention of those who searched me.

With a gesture of triumph I held it aloft, and at a sign from the judge one of the constables took it from me and handed it to him.

"The pocket-book was handed to me, and I turned over its contents with nervous hands."

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I can hardly say what immediate effect I had expected from its perusal by those upon whose decision my present fate turned. That it would delay my removal to the prison of Moab, and perhaps cause me to be confronted at once with my villainous accuser, was certainly what I hoped for. I may even have been sanguine of better results still, such as a greater inclination on the part of my judges to give ear to, if not exactly to credit, my protestations of innocence. But in my most wildly imaginative mood I could never have conceived the possibility that this crumpled slip of paper would produce the effect it actually did upon the men who a moment ago had sat there stern and inflexible, recking but little whether they condemned an innocent man to a long term of slow and torturous suspense, or not.

I can still see the middle one of the three deliberately adjust his glasses the better to examine the paper, and then, after casting a cursory glance at its contents, start up with every sign of excessive surprise and consternation, and pass it on to his two coadjutors, who in their turn exhibited the same signs of confusion at sight of it. Had a bolt from the blue fallen suddenly into their midst, it could scarcely have created a greater sensation.

"How did this paper come into your hands?" the judge asked me at last, regarding me with a look of undisguised interest.

I repeated the story I had already told, saying that the card had been given me by Herr von Retzow with injunctions not to use it except in a case of dire extremity.

"It was this man," I added, "who, for purposes of his own, procured me the office of Stallmeister to the Duchess of Bieberstein, and at whose instance I was present at the meeting of the conspirators last night. What part Colonel von Stauffenberg played in his nefarious doings is beyond my knowledge. But if you value the Emperor's safety it will not long be beyond yours."

There was a hurried consultation between the gentlemen behind the table, the purport of which I was of course unable to gather. Then he who had questioned me before spoke again.

"This matter shall have our immediate consideration," he said; "let the prisoner be removed to the cells."

Before I could reply, all three rose hastily and retired from the room, whilst I was led back to my cell and left there to ruminate alone on the strange scene I had just witnessed.

Once before, as I well remembered, I had seen a similar effect produced by this seemingly insignificant piece of writing. It was on the night of my adventure in the house on the Waldstrasse. The recollection was like that of some dream-like vision, blurred and indistinct, but still definite enough for comparison with what I had just now experienced. Was it a mere coincidence? Was Herr von Retzow still in possession of his old power? Had I mistaken his intentions, after all? And if so, how could I explain this cruel and libellous indictment, and, worse than all, the bewildering fact that he himself was the man with the missing forefinger?

These, and innumerable other puzzling questions, tortured my brain as I paced my cell waiting for some ray of light that would pierce the darkness around me. At last, after two hours of suspense, my cell door was once more unlocked, and a lieutenant of police stood on the threshold. Notifying me curtly that I was to follow him, he conducted me, not back to the court room, as I had expected, but through a series of passages to a back outlet of the building leading to the courtyard. Here stood a droschky, which he bade me enter, and, having given the driver some direction in a low voice, he jumped in after me, and we drove away at a rapid pace.

Was I to be confronted with my accuser? I wondered. Or was I on my way to the prison of Moab? I glanced once or twice inquiringly at my companion, who sat beside me cold and taciturn; but I knew the genus too well to suppose that it would be of any use to question him as to our destination, and, not feeling in the humour to brook an insolent answer tamely, I contented myself with noting the direction taken by the vehicle and speculating on its ultimate goal.

So far as I could make out, we were driving due east; and for a time I imagined, with a sense of growing satisfaction, that I was on my way to the house of Herr von Retzow, near the Thiergarten. But just before we reached the Avenue of Limes, which is the dividing line between the eastern and western portions of the city, we turned sharply to the left in the opposite direction, and sped up the quiet street that leads in the rear of the Imperial palace to the Place of the Opera. Here we drew up suddenly at the entrance of a big, almost

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windowless, building, and the officer motioned to me to descend.

"You had better pull yourself together, my friend," he said, not unkindly, as I alighted and looked up with a sinking heart at the bare wall fronting the street. It had an ominous resemblance to a prison. "You are to have an audience with the Emperor, and will want all the wits you possess."

Before I could realise the meaning of it all I was inside the building, which was apparently a rear portion of the Imperial residence, and a few minutes later found myself in a big square chamber occupied by a number of military big-wigs, who eyed me and my conductor with looks of supercilious contempt. The worthy police officer, as I noted, was scarcely less ill at ease than I myself, and, having brought me so far, appeared now at a loss what to do next. Presently, however, an adjutant approached us, and, after exchanging a few whispered words with the lieutenant, disappeared through a curtained door to the right. In a few moments he reappeared, and dismissing my companion, signed to me to pass through the curtained entrance.

I obeyed almost mechanically, for, truth to say, my wits were totally scattered, and I felt as timid and helpless as a frightened child. I heard the swishing sound of the big double door as it swung back into position after I had entered, and looking up, knew at a glance that I was in the Imperial cabinet.

At a huge table near the window, littered with countless papers, stood the Emperor. He was perusing a lengthy document, which bore a strong resemblance to the copy of the indictment I had seen the judge read from a few hours ago, and it was some time before he deigned to notice my presence.

"'You had better pull yourself together.'"

Then, after scanning me for a moment from the distance with a slight frown on his brow, he beckoned to me to approach.

"You are the late Stallmeister to the Duchess of Bieberstein, I understand?" he said, addressing me in his strong guttural Arminian.

I replied in the affirmative, taking care to speak in the same tongue.

"Your adventures in my capital appear to have been of a somewhat varied character," he continued.

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"I can assure your Majesty," I said, "that they were not of my own seeking."

"Pshaw!" he answered, with a touch of impatience, "that is a child's excuse. You are charged with being the ringleader of a gang of anarchists. What have you to say in your defence?"

"That the charge is preposterously false!" I cried determinedly. "If your Majesty will but permit me to be brought face to face with the dastardly villain who has concocted it——"

"Let that rest," the Emperor broke in sternly. "The day of retribution has already overtaken this man Von Retzow, and he will suffer for his crimes as he deserves. As for you, it would be well if you looked elsewhere for evidence to clear yourself of the grave suspicions that rest upon you."

"If you will deign to listen to my story, sire," I said, with difficulty repressing an exclamation of delight on hearing that the arch traitor Von Retzow had, after all, met with his deserts, "it will at least prove that I have been innocent of any evil intentions towards your Majesty."

"Maybe, sir," he said, shooting one of his piercing glances at me, "I already know more of your story than you bargain for. My police have watchful eyes, and it would be strange if you had escaped them. But proceed," he concluded curtly, "and be brief."

Thus admonished, I plunged once more into a hurried account of my life in Berolingen, from the memorable night of my encounter with the three ruffians and the stranger in the Thiergarten until my arrest the night before, and my simultaneous discovery that the man with the missing forefinger was none other than Herr von Retzow himself. There was only one incident which, for obvious reasons, I passed over in silence—that of my duel with the Duke of Friedrichsburg and its tragical issue on the evening of the Imperial masked ball.

The Emperor listened with a grim expression on his countenance, which never altered. Once or twice he threw in a quick, impatient question, but otherwise gave no sign that the recital of my strange experiences aroused more than ordinary interest in him.

When I came to the story of my adventure in the hostelry Zum Alten Fritz at Wittichau, not thinking in my eager haste that I had already recounted its main features to him on the occasion of the masked ball at the palace, he interposed with a gesture to prevent me from repeating it, and I faltered on, in some confusion, to an account of the events that followed my escape from the inn, the attempts made upon my life in the streets of Berolingen, and my last interview with Herr von Retzow, with its strange and, to me, unaccountable consequences.

When I had concluded, his Majesty fixed me with a penetrating look.

"Save for certain omissions, which mar its completeness," he remarked coldly, "your story is entertaining enough. But perhaps those incidents of your career which you have thought fit to conceal are in your opinion of too trifling a nature to be remembered."

"I have told your Majesty everything," I stammered, with a sense of guilty fear, "which bears upon my present unfortunate position."

"On the contrary, sir," he answered, "you have told me everything which does not bear upon what you are pleased to call your present unfortunate position. Or are you foolish enough to suppose that an attempt to assassinate a member of the Imperial house, and the ruthless slaughter of an innocent woman, are crimes that go unpunished in this country?"

I believe he expected to see me stand covered with confusion at this sudden revelation of his knowledge of the events in the palace garden. But I had anticipated it and had steeled myself accordingly.

"Sire," I said earnestly, "if the sacrifice of my own life could restore that of the unhappy lady who died, as your Majesty must know, by my hand, but not by my will, I would make it willingly. As for my encounter with his Highness the Duke of Friedrichsburg, it was a fair and honourable combat, as the Duke himself will testify, and one for which I offer no excuse, unless it be," I added boldly, "for having dared to teach his Highness a lesson in fencing which cannot but have proved to his advantage."

I expected to see his Majesty fly into a passion at this last cut, and, truth to say, I cared at that moment naught if he did. But nothing of the kind occurred. Whether the humour of the thing tickled him, or whether he liked the boldness of my speech, it is certain that he received it without show of anger.

He turned away with a brusque movement, and strode across the room. Then, returning again, he confronted me at a distance of a few paces.

"It is well for you," he said, "that his Highness the Duke has generously pleaded

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for you, or the lesson, as you call it, would have cost the giver more dearly than him who received it. Nay," he continued, advancing a step nearer to me, as if to give greater emphasis to his words, "but for the fact that you have rendered me some service in aiding to bring this wretched villain Von Retzow to justice, you should still suffer the full penalty of your crime."

I made a movement expressive of gratitude for this unexpected show of clemency, but he checked me with a frown.

"You owe no thanks to me," he said. "It is upon the intercession of one whom you have scarcely served as loyally as he had a right to expect that the Emperor deals thus leniently with you. He owes you a debt. I have repaid it."

He paused an instant, as if he awaited some reply, and then continued in a slow, deliberate tone—

"It appears that you have succeeded in making for yourself the reputation of being a good swordsman, but a very sorry diplomat. *And, in truth, from what I know of you, my dear Sir Walter, I would rather entrust my safety to your sword than to your wit.*"

The last words, which were spoken in the purest English—a language I had never heard from the Emperor's lips—fell upon my ear like a thunderclap. The tone, the accent, the very voice itself, so different from the stern, abrupt voice of the Arminian Emperor, staggered me as if I had suddenly received a message from the grave. I had heard these identical words once before, only, as I thought, from very different lips, and certainly in very different surroundings. Gradually, as I stood staring at the man before me as if he were a ghost, every feature in his face grew strangely familiar to me. Only the boldly upturned moustaches left me an instant in doubt whether it could be possible that he was one and the same with the Herr von Retzow I had known and associated with all these months.

But the doubt was dispelled at once. As he stood there, with his left arm partly concealed beneath his military coat, in the characteristic attitude the remembrance of which had puzzled me so much these last twenty-four hours, I understood for the first time why I had never seen the supposed Herr von Retzow's left hand. For does not all the world know that his Arminian Majesty's one arm is partially crippled from birth, and that it is always carefully hidden from the sight of men?

There is a certain class of puzzle the solution of which is at first sight even more bewildering than the puzzle itself. The mystery which had surrounded me so long was revealed at last as in a flash, but the revelation almost surpassed in its strangeness the mystery itself, and left me floundering in a sea of seemingly irreconcilable facts. One thing alone stood out at that moment with painful clearness in my mind—that the Emperor, who had already astonished the world by playing pretty well every *rôle* known in human society, from judge to parson, had now deigned to act the part of his own detective, and had done it, as he did everything, with a tolerable measure of success. The hot blood rushed to my head as I thought with shame of the incredible blunders I had been guilty of. What a grand opportunity I had blindly wasted! To have associated all this time unknowingly on terms of practical intimacy with the Arminian Emperor himself, and this to be the outcome of it all. The thought was maddening.

The Emperor stood regarding me for a considerable while in silence, evidently enjoying my discomfiture. Then he took a soiled and crumpled slip of paper from his table and tore it into fragments. It was the card I had handed to the judge a few hours before.

"Now that your eyes are opened," he said at last, resuming his usual curt and decisive manner of speaking, "you will comprehend what has impelled me to adopt so lenient a course with you. Let the suspense you have endured serve as a warning to you to respect in the future the sanctity of those whom Heaven has placed as far above you as the stars are above the earth. If you go hence a free man, it is upon the condition that you leave Arminia within four-and-twenty hours. Mark that. If you overstep this time of grace by the space of but one hour, nothing shall save you from suffering the full penalty of the law."

He dismissed me with a wave of his hand, and I went without a word. I had a thousand questions upon my lips which I would have gladly asked him had I only dared. But the difference between the genial and fascinating individual with whom I had passed so many pleasant hours and the stern and imperious personage I was now confronting was too overwhelming and cowed me completely.

I returned to the humble quarters I had left nearly four-and-twenty hours ago with my mind in a state of complete revolution.

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"'Nothing shall save you from suffering the full penalty of the law.'"

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I was free again, it is true, and the world stood open to me once more much in the same way that it had stood open to me four months before. And yet, curiously enough, now that my adventures in Berolingen were at an end, and nothing was left for me to do but shake the dust from my feet and betake myself to some other quarter of the globe, I felt a strong reluctance to quit the scene of so many strange and thrilling experiences. Such, I suppose, is the changeable nature of human desires. A few hours before, I would have purchased my escape from that very scene with almost any sacrifice that might have been demanded of me. Now, the thought of my forced departure filled me with a feeling of fiery resentment.

Perhaps, had I then recalled to my mind certain incidents that had passed between me and the man whom I had all along believed to be the famous police agent, I must have admitted to myself that they were not exactly calculated to ingratiate me with his self-opinionated Majesty. But, after all, was I to blame for the many errors I had committed? Even now, as I sat ruminating over the details of my life during these few months, it was only very gradually that the whole solution of the complicated mystery dawned upon me, and I realised how strangely I had been deceived. It was clear to me, of course, that the stranger to whose defence I had sprung that night in the Thiergarten was the Emperor Willibald, and that the attack upon him, which I had so opportunely foiled, was committed by the real Herr von Retzow, probably for the purpose of finding out the identity of the person who was penetrating his dangerous secrets by appearing disguised as the famous agent himself.

Had not the night been so dark, and other circumstances so disadvantageous, I should have seen the face of my principal assailant, and possibly solved that part of the riddle from the start. All my subsequent mistakes originated there. Hence I could not guess that the face I saw some weeks afterwards at the window of the house in the Waldstrasse was that of the real Von Retzow, who, having schemed in vain to possess himself of the marriage certificate of the Duke of Friedrichsburg, had contrived to induce the Princess of Bieberstein to proceed in person to Wittichau in order to convince herself of the fact of the Duke's marriage. That he was the man who intercepted her Highness during her memorable ride in the Thiergarten and placed the mysterious slip of paper in her hands was fairly certain. For had I not noticed that the forefinger of the fellow's left hand was missing, and even reported the fact to the Emperor himself? It was doubtless he, too, who had received the packet of papers that evening at the house in the Waldstrasse, and from whom they had been forcibly recovered again by the Duke of Friedrichsburg.

What infamous blackmailing design had been at the bottom of all this curious business I could only guess at. Possibly it was connected with some secret Court intrigue, and Herr von Retzow had been merely the paid instrument of those concerned in it. Only one thing was certain—that the Emperor had discovered his agent's plans and had employed me to foil them. I could not but marvel at the skill with which this Imperial detective must have tracked his man step for step and brought his nefarious doings to light. And I, after all, had been but a mere tool in his hands, and a somewhat troublesome tool at that. I understood now the full extent of the blunder I had committed at Wittichau. Here again, needless to say, it was the real Herr von Retzow whom I had met and so recklessly threatened, nor could I doubt that the murderous attacks which were subsequently made upon my life in the streets of Berolingen had been instigated by him.

How extraordinarily simple it all seemed, now the one solitary clue to the riddle had been revealed to me. Clearly, his Majesty had never contemplated such a thing as my discovery of the conspiracy against his person, nor, perhaps, had he any reason to be grateful to me for the part I had taken in exposing it. He had merely intended to utilise me as a kind of spy upon the Princess of Bieberstein and her surroundings, probably regarding the question of the Duke of Friedrichsburg's betrothal to that sweet Princess purely as a side issue between himself and his opponents.

And here was a point which, in the light of this conviction, remained for some time a source of much perplexity to me. For what purpose had the Emperor insisted upon my presence in the closet during the meeting of the conspirators? It is true he had enjoined me to note carefully what was said and done by those assembled, and I had certainly heard enough on that occasion to convict half the notables at the Imperial Court, and a few crowned heads besides, of complicity in the plot to depose his Arminian Majesty. But then, if I had really been employed as an

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eavesdropper that night, why was I never called upon to adduce the damning evidence I had gathered?

To those who are familiar with the details of the remarkable trial that followed the arrest of Herr von Retzow the answer may be obvious. But it must be remembered that many months elapsed before the particulars of that trial reached the public knowledge, and I learned that the documentary evidence seized that night at the hotel was far more complete than any testimony I could have given, a fact which doubtless rendered my appearance at the trial unnecessary. In short, the Emperor had laid his plans only too skilfully, and had not only caught all the ringleaders in the plot at one fell stroke, but had captured the written proofs of their treasonable purposes at the same time.

All the world knows now what an infamous career of crime was brought to a close by the arrest of the man whose very name had become a terror to Arminian society, even including some of the highest in the land. But what hand the young Emperor himself had in bringing this villain Von Retzow to justice, and at the same time foiling one of the most gigantic political conspiracies known to history, has never been disclosed. There was but one single man arraigned before the tribunal whose proceedings excited the attention of all Europe for the space of many weeks, and although the number of those, far higher in rank and station than he, whom his trial compromised, was such as to completely dumbfound the public mind, there are, even to this day, but few initiated persons who know the true history of their connection with his criminal career, and perhaps fewer still who have any conception of the imminent danger in which his Arminian Majesty stood in those days.

Does not ancient history tell us of some great leader of armies who ended by having altars erected to himself? There has always been something vastly tragical to my mind in this pathetic record of history—the collapse of self-achieved greatness. Whether history will repeat itself in the case of the present Arminian Emperor—who can say? If it does, it will require on the latter's part something more than the mere building of altars to render the comparison quite perfect.

But I have run ahead of my story, or rather of its conclusion, for I have but little left to say. In story books that I have read, adventures far inferior to mine, though possibly better told, have conducted men to fame and fortune. My harvest was disgrace and banishment. Not that I cared much for the disgrace, which I felt to be undeserved, nor perhaps had I any reason to grumble at being banished from a country where my experiences had been so bitter and unpleasant. Indeed, though I left it unwillingly, I did so with but one regret—that I was not permitted to see the fair Princess again who had once been my mistress. Since those days she has become Duchess of Friedrichsburg and sister-in-law to the Arminian Emperor. But I have never ceased to think of her as the sweet, winsome girl she then appeared to me, pure and innocent, untrammelled by the restraints of her illustrious station, spirited, natural, and impetuous—to my notion the very ideal of sweet girlhood.

To be quite frank, it was the sense of failure that rendered my departure from Berolingen so bitter, for I had undoubtedly failed, let the cause have been what it may: and so I went, with my pride humbled and my hopes crushed. I was saved the humiliation of having to claim my baggage from the police, for it was brought to my lodgings within an hour of my return from my audience with the Emperor.

With it came a packet of bulky appearance, stamped with the seal of his Majesty's privy chancery, which on opening I found to contain five hundred pounds in Bank of England notes. Accompanying this not unhandsome gift was a short note, which I may transcribe here as the most fitting conclusion to my strange narrative. It bore a signature that had become only too familiar to me, and ran thus—

"Depart in peace, my dear Sir Walter, and remember that a hot head and a foolish tongue are apt to cause more mischief than a good sword can cure. Keep silent on what you have seen and heard, and you shall not regret it. "H. v. R."

I leave the reader to judge whether the last passage of this note does not convey a tacit promise of reward to come. If it does, all I can say is that this promise, during the years that I have maintained silence on the subject of my extraordinary adventures, has remained unredeemed. I need offer no excuse, therefore, for the publication of the facts I have now related; for, indeed, when kings and princes forget, why should ordinary folks remember?

THE END.

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In these days of hurried, careless writing, it is refreshing to read the charming stories by Mrs. Andrew Dean, with their fine character-drawing and brilliant style. A Londoner by birth, she is the eldest child of Mr. David Ullmann. In 1878 she went to Germany, and obtained a thorough knowledge of life abroad, as is evidenced in her novel, "The Grasshoppers," and in other examples of her work. She married Mr. Alfred Sidgwick in 1883. Among her published books are "Caroline Schlegel," "Isaac Eller's Money," "A Splendid Cousin," "Mrs. Finch-Brassey," and "A Woman with a Future." A story from her pen will appear in these pages soon. Mrs. Andrew Dean has a delightful sense of humour, unlike many writers of her sex. She delights in sketching unusual phases of character, and in introducing scenes of life unfamiliar to the general reader. She admits that, among her recreations, writing, reading, and cycling are co-equally pleasant.

Photo by [*Jones, Surbiton.*

LITERATURE:
MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

The successor of the veteran Dr. E. J. Hopkins, so long the organist at the Temple Church, is Dr. H. Walford Davies. Only twenty-nine years ago he was born at Oswestry, in Shropshire. At the age of twelve he came to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as a chorister. Three years later he was appointed assistant to Sir Walter Parratt, whose pupil he had been. He was fortunate enough to gain a scholarship for composition at the Royal College of Music in 1890, and continued his studies under those able teachers, Dr. Hubert Parry and Professor Villiers Stanford. He acted as organist and choirmaster at St. Anne's, Soho, in the same year. In 1895 Mr. Davies was elected a Professor of Counterpoint at the Royal College of Music. In the same month as his appointment to the post of organist at the Temple Church was notified, Mr. Davies took his degree at Cambridge as Doctor of Music. He has been already successful as a composer.

Photo by [*Russell.*

MUSIC: H. WALFORD DAVIES.

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By Edward Noble.

Illustrated by Sydney Cowell.

"Diego Garcia."

"Captain Ritchie, of the R.M.S. *Socotra*, reports that on May 15 last he obtained a series of observations, taken under admirable atmospheric conditions, which place the longitude of Marianne Point 0° 17′ 35″ west of the position assigned to it on the Admiralty charts. Having regard to the dangers existing in this locality, and the difficulty of obtaining reliable sights during the N.W. monsoon, mariners are advised to exercise extreme caution when making this Point until a new survey has been made." (*Vide* "Instructions to Mariners.")

"THIS," said the Chief as he waved his hand towards the adjacent atoll, "is practically *terra incognita*, Miss Freda. I wonder whether you are interested?"

"One is naturally attracted by the unknown," Miss Carrington replied with a smile, and without taking her eyes off the Chief's bronzed face. "But it is all too far off, too remote, for actual study."

"Would you care about a closer inspection? I will try to get you a boat if you would like a run ashore."

"I should enjoy it above all things; but one could not go alone, could one?"

"There is Captain Ritchie," said the Chief slowly.

"Yes, there is Captain Ritchie," Miss Carrington returned even more slowly. "But, do you know, Mr. Thirmiger, I am not at all sure that Captain Ritchie is quite the—the—how shall one put it?"

"Is there any need, Miss Freda?"

"I don't know that there is," she returned, and relapsed into silence.

"I thought," the Chief resumed, "that perhaps you would like to get a party together. The boat will hold several, you know."

"Some people," Miss Freda returned with an impressive gesture, "like that kind of thing; it amuses them. But I don't wish to be amused. One does not, naturally, when one is exploring the unknown; one likes then——"

"You are quite right, Miss Freda," said the Chief as she paused, uncertain. "At such a time one naturally wishes to be alone."

"Or with a friend," Mr. Thirmiger. "Two, you know, can exchange ideas so much better than a party."

"That is quite true," said the Chief in the tone of a man enunciating a novel proposition.

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"Especially," added Miss Freda, "when one of the two knows his subject."

"Captain Ritchie——"

"No," said Miss Freda firmly, "Captain Ritchie does *not* know his subject. He theorises vaguely, and skirts it, apparently very profoundly, but I fancy his acquaintance with Diego Garcia is extremely limited."

"He was here some months, you know, Miss Freda, studying the zoology of the place; but if——"

The Chief halted and looked at the pretty girl beside him.

"But if——?" she questioned, smiling.

"But if—that is, I wish I were well up in that sort of thing. I should——"

"What sort of thing do you mean, Mr. Thirmiger?" she asked, still smiling.

"Zoology and physics and bacteria, you know."

"Do you think," she questioned, a puzzled expression knitting her pretty forehead, "that a knowledge of bacteria and physics is quite necessary to enable one to enjoy *terra incognita*?"

"Perhaps it isn't," said the Chief hopefully.

"I'm sure it isn't," she replied quite firmly.

"Then may I see what I can do about the boat?"

"Do," she returned. "It would be delightful."

The Chief came out from behind the forward lifeboat and went to see what could be done, but before many minutes had elapsed returned to Miss Carrington's side.

"It is a bore!" he exclaimed; "they are making up a picnic party aft. I am afraid there is no room for two on that beach." He nodded towards the glinting sand-stretch.

"Who is arranging it?"

"Captain Ritchie and Mrs. Forrestier."

"And the Colonel, of course?"

"That goes without saying, Miss Freda. The Colonel is—what shall we call it?"

"Do you think he is, Mr. Thirmiger?" she questioned with a smile. "By the way, will you join them?"

"I can't, if Ritchie goes. Someone must look after the ship, you see. What will you do?"

"What *can* I do? Captain Ritchie is my guardian *pro tem*. I must go if he asks me."

"And that," said the Chief, "he certainly will do; so we come back to my original suggestion."

"I think it is horrid!" said Miss Freda decidedly.

"So do I," returned the Chief.

"Captain Ritchie is so ponderous, Mr. Thirmiger."

"Do you know," said the Chief slowly, "I always fancied you liked him."

"Mr. Thirmiger!"

"As a friend, of course," he explained.

"It is rather silly to put girls in charge of the Captain, isn't it?"

"It's idiotic," said the Chief decidedly. "But," he added a little wistfully, "you will go?"

"I am sorry. I fear I must," she sighed. "Can't you get away also?"

"Do you wish me to get away?"

"I think it would be rather jolly, you know," she replied, smiling.

"Do you, Miss Freda?" cried the Chief. "Then I will work it—somehow."

"I shall be delighted. But—— Yes, Mr. Thirmiger, I *have* rings on, and they do dig in so—abominably. Oh, thanks."

Before the Chief could reply, a voice sounded close beside them.

"Beg pardin, sir—Commander's compliments, sir—and he would like to see you in his room as soon as possible."

A white-clad quartermaster stood just without the boat's bow, saluting, and discreetly looking the other way.

"Right, Martin. Give my compliments to the Commander, and say I will be there in a moment."

"Rough luck for me, Miss Freda," he added as the man disappeared.

"And for me," said Miss Freda. "Yes—you may. *Au revoir!*"

Terra incognita lay on the near horizon, an emerald and a topaz in a flashing sea of blue. A narrow horseshoe islet, clothed with palms and fringed with sand, enclosing a lagoon wherein a flat calm reigned; an islet, hemmed without by the leaping waters of the Indian Ocean, glinting under a radiant trade-wind sky, thinly burdened with luminous "bales of wool" sailing serenely towards the equatorial Doldrums. Diego Garcia, in plain English, girt about with coral reefs, low, fragile, solitary, amidst the wide expanse of heaving waters. The *Socotra* had been at anchor some hours, but until the sun had passed the meridian, and had thus drawn astern, it was unwise—as all navigators know—to attempt the passage through the reefs, which presently would be necessary in order that the ship might obtain her coal.

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"'I *have* rings on, and they do dig in so—abominably.'"

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As the Chief walked aft, he espied the third officer leaning over the rail smoking a cigarette.

"Harrington!" he cried, "don't make any engagements. I shall want your help this afternoon."

"Girl, sir?" questioned the third with a smile.

"Navigation," said the Chief, and passed on to the Captain's room.

It was a pretty room, artistically decorated, containing some beautiful statuettes, Captain Ritchie's microscope, an exquisite model, cut in boxwood, of a 74-gun frigate, and Captain Ritchie, seated at his writing-table. He rose as the Chief entered.

"Sit down, Mr. Thirmiger. Boy, bring us some whisky and soda. You'll split a soda, Thirmiger—eh? Right. Oh, by the way, I have arranged a picnic affair—something for the people to do—keep them out of mischief and out of the coal-dust, you know. You could get the launch and one of the lifeboats ready in half an hour, I suppose? Thanks—yes, I wish you would. It looks cool under the palms away yonder, and the people like a bit of excitement."

"Will you accompany them, sir?" asked the Chief as he took the glass the boy handed.

"I propose to go ashore as soon as possible, get everything in train, and then come back to put the ship in the lagoon—perhaps about two o'clock—at all events, as soon after as possible. The reefs should show up by that time. Oh, by the way, would either of the juniors care about joining us?"

"The third and fourth might. Richardson and I will remain."

"Of course. That is understood."

"Quite so," said the Chief. Then he sipped his whisky thoughtfully awhile.

"There is one thing I should like to look into, sir," he continued, after a slight pause. "Our landfall this morning was a good deal astray. Richardson is quite certain of his chronometers—an opinion which I understand you hold also, sir—and I have reasons for doubting the accuracy of the chart. I believe the longitude is out—a fact I noticed when I was navigating the *Pearl*—and I should very much like to be able to verify it."

"I wish you would, Thirmiger," returned the Commander, immediately interested in his pet theory as to the inaccuracy of the surveys. "I wish you would—although really it is disgraceful that the testing of these points should be left to Merchant-service men. Depend upon it, Thirmiger, I will back you if you can prove your suspicion is correct."

"Otherwise," said the Chief as he gazed thoughtfully into the empty glass, "I would not dream of leaving the ship."

"Under no other circumstances would I sanction it," said the Commander emphatically. "It is most important the people should understand that discipline is kept on board the *Socotra* as rigidly, sir, as though she flew the white ensign instead of the blue."

"Quite so, sir; it is most essential."

"Passengers are so observant nowadays, Thirmiger."

"That is a charitable way of putting it, Captain Ritchie," said the Chief.

"Naturally," replied the Commander with a shrug, "one wishes to be as charitable as possible in such a matter."

"At what hour do you wish the boats ready, sir?" the Chief questioned as he rose to go.

"Shall we say twelve o'clock? That will allow you a full hour to get up steam on the launch."

"At twelve o'clock, sir, they shall be at the gangway."

"And, Thirmiger," added the Commander as the Chief left the room, "don't forget that to enable us to rap it into the hydrographers with any effect, accuracy is most essential."

"Very good, sir," said the Chief. "I will see to it. I will take the observations myself."

"Do," returned the Commander as he turned away to arrange with the passengers the details of the projected picnic.

And so it happened, when everybody was ashore enjoying the novel surroundings, that shortly before four o'clock the *Socotra's* gig left the ship, which was now comfortably moored beside the hulk within the still lagoon, and pulling rapidly to the entrance, landed Mr. Thirmiger, a quartermaster, some instruments and signal flags, near the high fir trees on Point Marianne.

This done, and the boat despatched to set a mark on the opposite point, the Chief crossed the narrow neck of land, and standing on the western sea-front, took several sets of observations, whilst the Quartermaster "passed the word," by means of a signal flag, to the officer on board.

Having accomplished this part of his errand, Mr. Thirmiger turned, and ascending

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once more to the palm-girt hill-top, came suddenly upon a detached section of the picnic party standing screened by the ferns.

"What a delightful picture!" cried a girlish voice amidst a ripple of laughter. "Why, I didn't know you were a navigator, Mr. Thirmiger!"

"Why, Mrs. Stuart and Miss Carrington," he replied as he raised his helmet, "who in the world would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Evidently you would not," said Mrs. Stuart with a smile. "The truth is, we got horribly tired of research and theory, and accepted Mr. Harrington's guidance to a more interesting neighbourhood quite gladly."

"It was rather dry rot," said the third officer. "The old man" (Captain Ritchie) "has found some rare botanical specimens, fungi or something, which he intends presenting to the British Museum, and he is descanting learnedly to prove the things which have evolved, you know, out of nothing, and all that sort of thing. Got awfully bored, sir; so did Miss Carrington. So I chartered a boat, and here we are."

"You put it rather funnily, Mr. Harrington," laughed Mrs. Stuart merrily. "I don't wonder that you found it dull though. I did. I prefer to study human nature always," and she glanced bewitchingly from under her exquisitely posed hat at the third officer.

"Oh, so do I," he replied, quickly meeting her. "I love it! Everything else is humbug!"

"For my part," said the Chief, "I think there is considerable fun to be got out of science and specimens; it all depends upon how you look at it. Don't you think it does, Miss Carrington?"

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Thirmiger," she returned demurely. "Navigation, astronomy, botany, any of them, are intensely interesting to me."

"Oh, if you are going to side with the Chief, I shall persuade Mr. Harrington to take me away," said Mrs. Stuart with a destructive flash at that spick-and-span young gentleman.

"Shall I?" he questioned quickly.

"What?" she asked with falling gaze.

"Take you for a walk, you know—and study."

"It would be rather jolly. Yes, do. Freda, do you mind?"

Miss Freda smiled, looked at the Chief and shook her head; Mrs. Stuart smiled and looked questioningly at the third officer; the third officer smiled—he was not a bit shy—and offered Mrs. Stuart his hand to help her over the rather difficult path; and in another minute they were gone.

"That was very nicely arranged, Miss Freda," said the Chief, when, having watched the others out of earshot, he led her to a comfortable boulder under the shadow of the palms. "And now for science. Which is it to be—navigation or botany?"

"Do you think it need be either?" she

"Standing on the western sea-front, he took several sets of observations."

questioned with a bright glance. "I am so tired of it. Tell me how you managed to get here."

"Oh, the longitude of the place is supposed to be a bit astray. I came over to verify it."

"That was rather neatly arranged too, wasn't it, Mr. Thirmiger?" she returned, laughing outright.

"You asked me to come," he replied. "What else could I do?"

"Only what you have done. But look!" she continued, pointing to where Mrs.

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Stuart's trim, white-robed figure showed amidst the palms. "Doesn't she look sweet? And the third officer is such a jolly fellow! Wouldn't they make an ideal couple?"

"Do you think she likes him?"

"I am sure she does," Miss Freda replied as she dug holes in the sandy soil with the point of her stick. "You should hear her as I do in our room."

"Lucky beggar," growled the Chief.

"Why?" questioned Miss Freda, digging violently.

"Oh, because he can afford to chuck the service, you know, and marry comfortably. He has plenty of tin."

"That isn't everything, Mr. Thirmiger, is it?"

"It is a good deal, Miss Freda, to us poor beggars who have just our pay."

"There are lots of girls with money, Mr. Thirmiger. One would think you met a good many travelling."

"Is that logical?" he questioned, smiling. "Just now you asked whether I thought——"

"Yes, I know," she returned, flushing hotly. "But do you think, in a matter of this kind, one should bother about mere logic?"

"A man shouldn't marry for the sake of money, Miss Freda," he answered decidedly.

"'But—do you think a man should refuse—to—to fall in love, you know—just because the girl happens—to have money?'"

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"You put it rather brutally, Mr. Thirmiger; but you are quite right," she returned gently. "One should never marry merely for money. But—do you think a man should refuse—to—to fall in love, you know—just because the girl happens—to have money?"

"I am not sure," said the Chief thoughtfully. "That is looking at it from a different point of view."

"Quite so, Mr. Thirmiger—the girl's point of view."

"She need never know, Miss Freda," he replied confusedly.

"She would be blind—if she didn't. And besides," she continued slowly, "suppose—the girl loved—him—you know."

"But she wouldn't," said the Chief decidedly.

"She might—you know," she whispered falteringly.

"I thought," said the Chief as he took her hand, "that love was always blind, Miss Freda."

"In ancient history," said Miss Freda deprecatingly, "women were supposed to be blind; but that was all make-believe, because they had to be—so retiring—and modest—and idiotic—just as though—— No, no, Mr. Thirmiger, please—oh, please!—my rings, you know!"

"I am so sorry!" cried the Chief as he caressed without releasing her pretty white hand.

"This morning," said Miss Freda as she glanced sweetly from beneath her dark-fringed eyes, "you nearly broke my wrist, and now you actually refuse to release——"

"Must I release it?" he begged hurriedly. "Need I?"

"Do you want to?" she smiled.

"How can I want to? how can I want to?" he questioned suddenly, his self-control breaking entirely before the witchery of her presence. "Dear, how can I? Freda, what can I say? How can I tell you? I want you always. I want you never to leave me. Dear, what else can I say? Only that I love you! And can you dream of me after what I have told you?"

"Yes, dear," she whispered, "I can—I am afraid I do—only you were so horribly proud—that—— Oh, Harry! Yes, indeed I do love you! How could I help it? But, oh, what a fright I shall be! My hat is simply ruined. Now, isn't it, Mr. Thirmiger?"

"It looks perfectly bewitching!" said the Chief.

"And—and I don't?"

"Freda," he cried, catching her to him and kissing her pretty flushed face, "you are an angel!"

"Of course I am," she flashed breathlessly. "Girls always are."

The island lay on the far horizon. The trembling vista of waving palms and leaping spray-clouds had become a misty vision in the opaline expanse. To the eastward, a wide stretch of wind-swept ocean, tossing, violet, wonderful; to the westward, the setting sun, sinking like a ball of fire through luminous clouds; and between wind and water, sea and sky, a little dancing black and white atom, pulsing foam and smoke-clouds—the *Socotra*, trembling in the sun-rays, racing to Australia with her light-hearted "studies," and news of that serious error in the longitude of Diego Garcia.

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MONSIEUR HANOTAUX.
(*Minister for Foreign Affairs in France.*)

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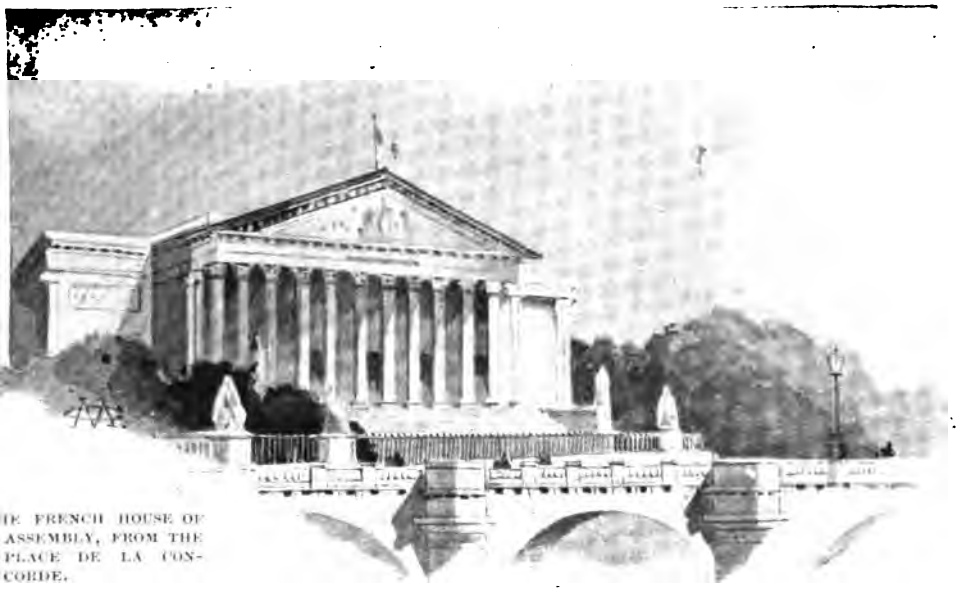

THE FRENCH HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, FROM THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

MEN WITH A FUTURE:

M. HANOTAUX, FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE career of M. Hanotaux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been one of steady, continuous, and well-earned success. At the same time, the rise of this industrious student of the École des Chartes to a place among the most influential politicians of Europe, at little more than forty years of age, may be said to owe quite as much to what he is not as to what he is. In the first place, it would be hard to imagine anyone more unlike the average French politician than is M. Hanotaux, and for this very reason the Foreign Minister inspired confidence at a time when both France and the rest of the world had come to regard French politicians with considerable suspicion. There is nothing of the adventurer in M. Hanotaux.

It was, moreover, distinctly in his favour, when in May, 1894, M. Dupuy offered him the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, that he was almost unknown outside the Foreign Office. People at once inquired into his record, and what they found was entirely to his credit. Albert Auguste Gabriel Hanotaux was born at Beaurevoir, in Picardy, on November 19, 1853. At first, after leaving school, he studied law, but in 1876 he was nominated by the Government a pupil of the École des Chartes. It was here that he began to qualify for the Quai d'Orsay by the study of ancient documents. He stayed there for three years, not, be it noted, attracting attention by any special brilliancy of scholarship, but passing his examinations creditably —no more than that. By great good fortune M. Hanotaux discovered, in 1879, the lost "Maximes d'État" of the great Richelieu, and thereby not only acquired a certain amount of fame among historians and scholars, but received, it can hardly be doubted, a definite impulse towards the cautious and somewhat unscrupulous statecraft of the Cardinal-Duke.

From this discovery, moreover, dates the commencement of M. Hanotaux's great work—the "Life of Richelieu"—the first volume of which did not appear until sixteen years had been spent in original research and indefatigable collation of documents.

This fact by itself throws a flood of light on the conscientious industry and perseverance

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of the Foreign Minister of France. The value of the work itself was attested last year by the fact that it won M. Hanotaux to the Academy. In 1879 M. Hanotaux entered the Archives Department of the Foreign Ministry, but for the next four years he also worked as a professor at the École des Hautes Études, while he was becoming better known at the Foreign Office as a careful, keen, critical, and always reliable official. At the same time leisure was found for articles—chiefly on Richelieu—in the magazines, and even a book ("Villes Retrouvées") in 1880.

In December, 1881, Hanotaux became Under-Secretary of the Ministerial Cabinet; in 1883 he was Joint Secretary to the Cabinet in which M. Jules Ferry was Foreign Minister. Quiet, intelligent work had now won him a firm foothold in the political, or rather the diplomatic, career.

In 1885, M. Ferry, finding Hanotaux exactly the agent he wanted—precise, keen, indefatigable, a master of detail—sent him to Constantinople as Councillor of Embassy under the Marquis de Noailles.

On his return to Paris, M. Hanotaux entered the Chamber as member for the department of the Aisne; but as member of Parliament the defects of his qualities kept him in the background and thus enabled him to mature quietly, away from the dangerous notoriety of party conflict.

M. Hanotaux has never possessed the gift of speaking long and eloquently when there is nothing of importance to be said, and it is this failing—from the demagogue's point of view—which has, perhaps, won him more respect from the crowd than many of his undoubted qualities. He is considered, and very justly, a man who *knows*, a careful, far-seeing, thoroughly safe guide. With all this it is not to be wondered at that M. Hanotaux is somewhat lacking in initiative. He is supposed to depend a little too much on his subordinates, to pay undue regard to precedents, and to be over-slow in moving when an emergency may demand bold and confident action. Nevertheless, he has been almost uniformly successful; the Congo triumph, the Madagascar coup, and the growing influence of France in Europe and in the East, all may be due in part to his undoubted good fortune; but, together with his opportunist policy, M. Hanotaux has a very definite idea of what France wants, and how she can obtain it. His keen sight reaches not only into the past but also far into the future; he is no idealist, but he has a certain practical, patriotic enthusiasm; he believes in France, and, above all things, he believes in himself.

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By Ernest E. Williams.
(Author of "Made in Germany.")

South Africa.

The gold mines of Western Australia have brought about in that Colony a phenomenal growth in population and trade during the last two or three years; owing to the gold discoveries on the Yukon, the Far North-West is now fluttering with an abnormal boom; but the section of the Empire which in the final decade of the nineteenth century has aroused much the greatest interest is that generically known as South Africa. The chief causes of this exceptional interest are gold, diamonds, bloodshed, Mr. Rider Haggard's romances, and the vagaries of "Uncle Paul." That is to say, the modern interest in South Africa has a sensational basis, and has been effected in part by circumstances somewhat extraneous to the essentials of orderly industrial development. Moreover, the parts of South Africa which are attracting the most attention to-day are the outlying sections of the British Dominion there—Rhodesia, which is still in the embryonic stage of development by chartered company, and the Transvaal, a republic over which the Queen of England exercises no more than a contested suzerainty. Following the programme hitherto adopted in this sketch of the Imperial Heritage, those divisions of South Africa may be eliminated from our present purview.

CAPE COLONY.

There is a cosmopolitan air about the history of the Cape of Good Hope. A Portuguese, Bartholomew Diaz, discovered it unwittingly four centuries ago, and named it the Cape of Torments. In 1620, Englishmen landed and took possession, though they did not remain to settle. Thirty years later the Dutchmen tried their luck, the Dutch East India Company taking possession of Table Bay, chiefly as a port of call on its Indian route. It also, however, started colonisation. From that time onward (as the English Colonial Office knows to its sorrow) the Dutch element has been an integral and conspicuous element in South Africa.

Frenchmen also went there in a body, but not officially. It was a band of three hundred exiled Huguenots who, in the latter years of the seventeenth century, settled in the Berg River Valley under the protection of the Dutch East India Company. But though this Company began South African colonisation, it does not appear to have made a great success of the business, and the Colony had got into a somewhat deplorable state when, in 1795, General Craig took forcible possession of it in the name of King George the Third. Eight years afterwards, at the Peace of Amiens, the Colony was restored to the Dutch, but only for a very brief period; Sir David Baird again took possession on behalf of England on January 19, 1806. In case Little Englanders and our foreign friends should see in this forcible planting of the Union Jack cause for adverse moralising, let them remember, in mitigation of our offence, that one of England's first acts after taking the country was to abolish slavery therein, a course, by the by, which roused fierce wrath among the pious Dutch Boers. British colonisation practically dates

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from 1820, when 4,000 settlers, aided by an Imperial Government grant of £50,000, landed at Algoa Bay. It is not my purpose to follow the chequered and bloodstained political fortunes of the Cape, or to enumerate the fresh acquisitions of territory whereby from time to time the Colony's boundaries were enlarged. Suffice it to say that in the work of South African colonisation neither money nor men's lives have been spared. We have paid a heavy price for South Africa.

It may be objected that the lives of natives have also been sacrificed somewhat prodigally; but the defender of England has an effective reply to the insinuation. Statistical returns show that the native population has grown most satisfactorily under British rule; and considering the bloodthirsty and pugnacious habits of many of these natives when left to themselves, it may fairly be stated that they would have been less numerous and prosperous to-day than they are had England kept away from the Cape. Among the inhabitants appearing in the Cape population returns as "other than European" the numbers increased from 484,201 in 1875, to 619,547 in 1891; in the section termed Griqualand West, the increase was from 32,903 in 1877, to 53,705; in the Transkeian Territories, from 260,417 in 1879, to 476,985. The total European population of the Colony, with these two added districts, was, according to the 1891 census, 376,987.

The total area of the Colony, including British Bechuanaland, is 177,004,320 acres, whereof no less than 126,145,704 acres have been disposed of. Cape Colony, therefore, wears a settled air when compared with the vast areas of Australia and Canada awaiting the farmer. But, leaving comparisons and regarding the actual area yet unalienated, it will be seen that there is still room for new settlers; for the unalienated lands comprise an area not far short of the total acreage of Great Britain.

Industrial statistics are hard to come by in Cape Colony, and the compiler of the Statistical Register laments the difficulty he experiences in getting returns. According to the latest available, it appears that during the last census year (ending March 31, 1891), 80,360 tons of flour and meal were produced in the Cape mills; 2,615,588 gallons of beer were brewed; 493,638 lbs. of tobacco, 104,114 lbs. of snuff, and 3,835,824 cigars were manufactured: 336,752 lbs. of candles were made; 335,311 gallons of spirits were distilled; and 24,362,446 bricks were baked. If to these productions be added the output of tanneries, fellmongeries and woolwasheries, and wagon and cart works, we find that the total approximate value of the output was £9,238,870.

From a photo by] [*W. H. Hazell.*

CAPE TOWN, WITH TABLE MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

Later information exists with respect to the Cape's mineral output, the total value of which, in 1895, was £5,307,156. Asbestos, coal, copper ore, gold, salt, and other minerals contribute to this sum, but only in comparatively small amounts; by far the greater part of it was furnished by diamonds, the output of which reached a value of £4,775,016.

But though diamonds make such an attractive glitter in the list of the Cape's industries, agricultural and pastoral pursuits must not be overlooked. Over 2 million

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bushels of wheat were produced in 1896, over 5½ million bushels of other grains, nearly 36 million bundles of hay, and over 4½ million lbs. of tobacco. The Colony carried 14,409,434 sheep, and the wool production reached a total weight of 45,521,508 lbs.; in addition, 7,210,915 lbs. of mohair were produced, 294,478¾ lbs. of ostrich feathers, 3,204,440 lbs. of butter, and 49,470 lbs. of cheese.

Cape Colony has also a reputation for fruits. Excepting vines, peach trees occupy the largest space. From the vineyards were produced, in the '95-6 season, 1,636,566 lbs. of raisins, 5,687,224 gallons of wine, and 1,264,512 gallons of brandy.

Nor is the Cape Government unmindful of the claims of agriculture on its regard. A Department of Agriculture was formed in 1887, and in '93 a Minister of Agriculture was appointed. The Government has also appointed two agricultural schools. This attention to productive rural industry is a more encouraging item in Cape Colony's prospects than is the dazzle of the Kimberley diamond fields, even though their store were increased tenfold.

NATAL.

Natal cannot claim high rank among the self-governing Colonies. It may be doubted whether the honour of separate self-government would have been conferred upon it at all had not peculiar political and racial considerations induced the gift. The Colony's origin was the secession of discontented Dutchmen from the Cape; the proclamation, in 1843 (a few years after the first settlement at Pietermaritzburg), of the district as a British Colony, combined with the inimical local feeling thereby called forth, obviously suggested the appropriateness of granting independent legislative powers. These date from 1856. It was a time when Colonial self-governing ordinances were much the fashion in Downing Street, and, were it possible to forget the miserable motive and theory which underlay the policy, we should be glad to remember the one sign of a decent attitude towards her children which the Home Government adopted in the middle Victorian period. Certainly England has had no reason to regret the gift of semi-independence to Natal. The Colony, though its population is heterogeneous, has been, since the early troublesome days, steadily loyal to the Empire.

Photo by [*W. H. Hazell.*

HOWICK FALLS, NEAR PIETERMARITZBURG.

Natal's area comprises about 20,000 square miles, or say 12,000,000 acres, whereof about 2,000,000 acres have been given to the natives. These natives form the bulk of the population; their number is estimated at from 450,000 to 500,000. The white population, composed chiefly of English, Dutch, and Germans, numbers 45,000, and there are about 40,000 Indians, imported by the Government for the performance of certain of the coarser kinds of labour. The country is well watered—from a landscape painter's point of view magnificently watered—but all the rivers save two (and these for only a few miles of their course) are useless from the navigator's standpoint. Many of the beautiful waterfalls and cascades, which make a gleaming network of the country, will probably some day be found invaluable for the generation of electrical power; but they render the watercourses quite ineffective as means of transport. For this the Colony has to depend partly on its coast line (whereof there is one mile to every 118 miles of superficial area), partly on its State railway system, which is already 379 miles in length, and is "still growing"; and for the rest on the coach and wagon roads which intersect the country in divers much-needed places.

Natal depends in the main for its wealth

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on agricultural industries—using the word agriculture in its widest sense. Its capacities in this direction are at present, notwithstanding the Colony's half century of life, very

From a photo by] [*W. H. Hazell.*

ENGLISH TEA-PLANTING AT NATAL.

far from being fully exploited. There still remain in the hands of the Crown about 1,380,000 acres (valued at 10*s.* an acre). The area under cultivation is about 320,000 acres, of which about a quarter is properly cultivated by the white population. The rest is tilled in rudimentary and intermittent fashion by the natives, their favourite crops being maize and Kaffir corn. Second in importance to these grains is the sugar cane, to which are devoted about 36,000 acres. It is not a large area, but the cultivation is worth notice as a reminder that the West Indian Colonies do not monopolise the dubious privilege of growing sugar cane. In many other parts of the Empire, besides those distressful islands, the Empire's sons are devoting themselves to a branch of industry which should be profitable, but is rendered precarious and too often ruinous owing to the pusillanimity of the Home Government in the face of bounty-fed beet sugar.

Natal also means entering the world market as a tea planter. Already some 2,500 acres have been planted, and the estimated return on the proportion of them bearing was, for the year 1894–5, 800,000 lbs. This industry should have a good future. The tea planters at present under way appear to be thriving, and the industry is particularly well worth the attention of men whose capital is not large. Natal also grows, or might grow, other products which pertain to sub-tropical climates. Oranges, for example, are now being cultivated, and a beginning has been made with rice. This latter industry should certainly be prosecuted with more vigour, for rice grows well in certain parts of Natal, and the Indian population would provide a good home market. At present the rice consumed in Natal is mostly imported. Bananas and pineapples are being grown in the Colony, and pay well.

From a photo by] [*W. H. Hazell.*

KIMBERLEY MARKET PLACE.

Another product to which Natalians are turning their attention, and are likely to do so increasingly in the future, is the cultivation of the wattle. As I have already said, when

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speaking of this industry in reference to Australia, the wattle tree is eminently suited to certain sandy soils which might else be regarded as useless. By the cultivation of the wattle they may become very profitable. The bark, when sold to the tanners, will produce £20 an acre (some consider this estimate too low); there still remains the wood, which is of commercial value to the tune of from £15 to £20 an acre; and, finally, the wattle blossoms can be used in the manufacture of scent. This is not a bad return for a cheap cultivation on cheap lands, and the industry should make big strides. At present the yearly value of Natal's bark output is between twelve and thirteen thousand pounds. There are various other rural industries awaiting development in Natal, particularly the cultivation of sisal hemp.

Natal has some claim for consideration as a wool country. It carries about 950,000 sheep, and the export of wool attains an annual bulk of nearly 18,000,000 lbs., worth about £440,000.

In respect to minerals, Natal is largely a country of possibilities. Gold is being prospected for on her borders, but at present the neighbouring Transvaal overshadows Natal's pretensions to wealth in this direction. She is doing better with her coalfields. The output of coal is growing, and reached for the year '94–5 a total weight of 151,520 tons, valued at £75,760. Across the border, too, in Zululand, promising goldfields are being discovered, and if the proposal to utilise the mouth of the Umhlatuzi River as a harbour for coal shipments to Durban be carried out, another valuable source of coal will doubtless be tapped. The only other mineral which Natal at present produces to any extent is silver lead ore. The value of the '95 output was £29,378. There seems every reason to believe that the country is full of iron ore, and it is said that one mountain is just a mass of specular and magnetic iron ore. So far, however, the iron treasure in Natal remains intact. Perhaps the opening out of the coalfields and the consequent convenience for smelting works will lead to its exploitation.

From a photo by [*W. H. Hazell.*

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA.

The Indies.

My glance round the provinces of the Empire is finished. It is an incomplete glance; I have said nothing about the Crown Colonies or about our great possessions in India. This last magnificent jewel in the British Crown could not be even most cursorily described in the space remaining at my disposal. It would anyway require such distinct and separate treatment as to take it out of our present purview. At the same time, it must never be lost sight of when we attempt to estimate the magnificence of the Imperial Heritage. To win it and to keep it English blood has been shed without stint; only last year added to the volume of the sacrificial stream. Our work in India has been rather that of conquerors than of colonists, yet we have done much of the work of colonisation here also. Before we went there India had a teeming population, and agriculture and many industrial arts flourished; yet British government and the inflow of British capital and the immigration of British manufacturers and merchants must count for much in the development of India's resources. We have conquered, but we have

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not forgotten to colonise; and critics who complain that we take more profit out of the country than we have a right to take should demonstrate how India would be any better off than she is now—or as well—if the country were left bare to the rapacity of native rulers, or handed over to the tender mercies of the Muscovites. 'Tis a heavy responsibility which England has assumed in bringing under her charge the 220,000,000 souls who inhabit the Hindustan Peninsula; but the individual who endeavours to sow sedition against that rule because of certain defects or alleged defects in it incurs a responsibility no less great.

A general view of the Crown Colonies adds to the impression of the Empire's greatness; considered in detail the picture loses some of its rosy colour. Turn from the East to the West Indies, and you are confronted with a set of Colonies whose prospects are as black as those of other parts of the Empire are brilliant. They are among the oldest of England's possessions over-seas; they are by far the least prosperous. Indeed, the word "prosperity," used in connection with the West Indies, is a word of mockery. The contrast between the wretched state of these dependencies of the British Crown and the magnificent prospects of the other Colonies, particularly those which have self-government, makes the lot of the West Indies appear specially hard; and their case is all the more poignant in view of the fact that their miserable condition is the meed of loyalty to England. One would like to find an escape from such a disagreeable slur on the Empire; but truth forces the confession that had the West Indies gone the way of the other British Colonies in the southern half of North America, and thrown off their allegiance, they would to-day be counted among the Fortunate Islands of the earth, instead of being the Isles of Despair. The United States would never have abandoned a portion of their Republic to ruin just for the purpose of obeying to the last letter a foolish economic dogma.

From a photo by [*W. H. Hazell.*

DIAMOND SORTERS AT THE KIMBERLEY MINE.

That is what England has done. Her statesmen have lacked the small amount of courage necessary to countervail the Continental sugar bounties, by whose operations the cane plantations of the West Indies are being crushed to death under the heels of a most unfair competition. And the only practical argument which these statesmen have been able to devise for a cloak to their cowardice and fetish-like devotion to a fanciful theory has been a base appeal to the cupidity of the English people. "Put up with the bounties, and have your sugar a farthing a pound cheaper. What matter though you destroy a handful of old and foolishly loyal Colonies? A farthing saved and a theorygained is all you need trouble about." Thus have treacherous statesmen and false economic prophets argued for a generation, until the abandonment of fertile fields, the ruin of colonists, starvation and anarchy among the native population, have become the ordinary description of industry in the West Indies. Last year the present Government aroused itself to the point of sending a Commission to the West Indies to investigate a question whose answer was already patent to everyone, in the hope that it would find some plausible excuse for the Government's continued evasion of its duty. The report of the Commission made plainer than ever the absolute need for countervailing duties if the Colonies were to be saved. Failing the British Government's performance of its duties, the West Indies have only one chance of salvation remaining—the transfer of their allegiance to the United States. The matter would quickly be put right then. But the Government which allows this bait to dally

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before the eyes of the wretched and desperate West Indians will have a very serious score to settle in history, even though the short-sighted craze for cheapness-at-all-hazards is so universally present in England to-day that Ministers escape condemnation in their own time.

The Shadows in the Picture.

The Empire's future is full of magnificent possibilities; great developments of the Heritage are certain to come. Yet there are dangers in the path, and it would be folly to ignore them, even when one is revelling in an enthusiasm which the contemplation of the Empire's possibilities engenders—perhaps most of all then. There are three which I would select for brief mention.

First, there is the growing tendency in the Daughter States, as in the Mother Country, to leave the country life and to crowd into cities. But the position of Mother Country and Daughter States in this matter is altogether different. Economic necessity drives the Briton at home into big cities. In the Daughter Provinces, on the other hand, there is every economic reason why a man should not leave the country side. Rich virgin lands are crying out for tillage; boundless forests await in silence the ring of the lumberman's axe; vast plains call to the sheep farmer and the ranchman to bring their flocks and herds. The cities, on the other hand, comparatively small though they usually are, yet give signs of being over-crowded. In Colonial cities the unemployed spectre stalks grimly, not much less frequently than in England. The professions are over-stocked, and emigration agencies beg clerks and the like to stay away from the Colonies. Nevertheless, men who go out from the Old Country all too often stop in the cities, instead of taking up their residence and work on land which would be sold to them very cheaply or perhaps given to them free. In like manner sons of homesteaders in the Colonies commonly drift to the towns, to struggle in some "profession" or mercantile pursuit, feeling themselves altogether too genteel to handle the plough or the hay-fork. Doubtless the gregarious instinct and the fascination of the pavement have also much to do with the growth of this tendency; but whatever be the cause, the result cannot but be disastrous to the best interests of the Empire. The notion may not be quite within the range of practical politics, but it would be an excellent thing to have an agricultural conscription, after the manner of the European army conscription, and send every young man to rural occupation for at least seven years.

The second danger to which I would refer is the industrial competition of the foreigner. Foreign competition, however, is so large and so complex a matter that I could not hope to treat it adequately here. Still, it needs to be kept in view; for the extent to which the foreigner is creeping into Colonial markets is giving rise to great and well-grounded uneasiness. The matter last year was made the subject of a voluminous Blue Book, wherein were published despatches from the Colonial Governors, showing that in practically all cases the foreigner was seriously encroaching on Colonial markets. The statistics adduced in proof are not quite up to date, as they only carry us down to 1894, but that year is not too remote to be useful, and the examination of some later figures has convinced me that the position has not become less alarming since 1894. The Blue Book makes comparisons between 1884 and 1894, and the summary of them proves that the total imports into the Colonies increased in that period by 1 per cent., but the foreign proportion of these imports increased by about 20 per cent.; and even if a three years' average be taken, in place of single years, the figures still show very badly: 3 per cent. is the total increase, 18 per cent. the foreign. But the actual growth of foreign competition is yet greater than the figures disclose; the returns on which they are based only give the port of shipment, and consequently foreign-made goods reaching the Colonies *via* London are credited to British manufacture.

The Colonies are not to blame for this desertion of the Mother Country. True—with the most honourable exception of Canada—they tax British imports as heavily as foreign, but they have an adequate excuse: England admits foreign imports as freely as Colonial. The present trend of trade shows the urgent necessity for a Customs Union, based on a preferential tariff within the Empire. 'Twould be desirable in any event thus to cement the family tie; Mr. Chamberlain's Blue Book demonstrates that the course is imperative now. If additional evidence were needed, it would be found in the many disadvantages (in respect to freight, etc.) under which British manufacturers labour in their attempt to hold the inter-imperial markets against the foreigner. Still, British manufacturers must remember that the absence of preferential trading

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arrangements does not altogether explain the decline. They have much to answer for themselves. They do not push hard enough to enable them to hold their own in the struggling crowd of competitors; they are not keen to adapt themselves to their markets. Let us have Imperialism by all means; but let us also have a due meed of business common sense; else Imperialism on its commercial side will never be fully realised.

From a photo by] [*W. H. Hazell.*

A GROUP OF BASUTO WOMEN AND BOYS.

THE GOLD FEVER.

This is the third great danger to which the Empire is exposed. It does not, of course, appertain exclusively to the British Empire; but as the greater part of the world's auriferous area lies within the Empire's bounds, and certainly the greater part of that which is being most actively prospected at the present time, the peril menaces us in a special degree. It is a peril, and a grave one. In the foregoing pages I have avoided laying more stress than I could help on the auriferous and argentiferous and other similar mineral deposits of the Colonies dealt with; not because of any doubt of the existence of the treasures, but because I decline to admit them as wealth in the best sense of the word, and because I believe the craze for getting them is an evil in both a national and an individual view.

Gold is not real wealth, save in a very minor degree. It fills no stomachs; it protects no man from the inclemency of the air; as a thing of beauty or an addition to the joys of life it is of very dubious importance. It has its uses: it is a convenient medium of exchange and as good and reliable a money standard as we are likely to get; it has a certain decorative value, and performs other useful functions in the arts and the crafts. When you have said this, you have said all that can be said in its favour; but you have not said enough to justify one-tenth part of its exalted position in the industrial world; you have hardly said enough to prove its claim to be considered wealth at all to any but an insignificant degree; you have not said enough to prove that, in a broad economic sense, it is worth troubling to get any more of it for some time to come; for gold is not perishable, the leakage of waste must be very slight, there is plenty of it in the world already for all present practical purposes, and a big increase in the output

From a photo by] [*W. H. Hazell.*

BULLOCK WAGONS OUTSPANNED AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

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will rob it of the special value for which it is cherished.

Yet who regards it in this light? Certainly not those responsible for Colonial Government statistics. When, in their Handbooks and Yearbooks, they enumerate by divisions their Colonies' varied forms of wealth, how careful are they to impress upon the reader the extent of their auriferous areas! how they chuckle over the increased outputs! They tabulate their agricultural wealth, their forest wealth, their fisheries and their budding manufactures; but it is when they come to their "mineral wealth" that their statistical and patriotic enthusiasm reaches its highest pitch, and even there it is on the gold and silver, rather than the coal and granite, that the enthusiasm most gloatingly disports itself; and in proportion as they can adduce large actual and prospective outputs they appeal with gleeful confidence to the world's regard. They count as their chiefest wealth that which is not wealth; they care less for proving to the world their ability to feed and clothe it, and fill it with beauty and delight, than they care for appealing to the gambling instincts of men: for that is simply what the gold craze means. A man hopes, by enduring hardships and privations for a season, or by risking his savings (as the case may be) to acquire a fortune more quickly than he could hope to do by following some genuine productive industry; and that is gambling in its essence. In this, too, as in other forms of the vice, the gambler more often loses than wins. On the whole, it is a source of satisfaction that most mines are failures. Certainly Governments, which are the trustees of the State's best interests, should no more encourage this particular form of gambling than any other. We should think it odd if the Queensland Government were to count a State lottery among its wealth productions, or the Canadian Government to put "Excellent opportunities for poker" in a conspicuous place on the list of the Dominion's inducements to the emigrant. The dissimilarity at root is not so great.

I admit there is one argument tending towards a different conclusion. Gold-mining sometimes hastens a country's development. Australia and the Cape show that this argument is not without foundation. Just as the Victorian farmers of a generation ago were in not a few cases men who had been enticed from the Old Country by the El Dorado of Ballarat, and failing to make fortunes, remained to till the land in which they had been grubbing for gold; so it is fair to argue that the same economic processes obtain in other parts of the Empire. But, granting all the legitimate force possible to this argument, I do not think that on the balance it can be shown that the spasmodic attraction of a crowd of all sorts and conditions of men—usually of the inferior sorts and conditions—can be compared, in a statesmanlike view, to the slower but more orderly development of the country by a better class of men, as is the case when emigrants seek the gold of the harvest field, rather than the will-o'-the-wisp which flits around Bonanza Creeks and arid or icy fastnesses.

The Colonial Governments should remember that, as a general rule, the hunt for gold means the neglect of their undeveloped lands and the immigration of a class of settlers who are unlikely to contribute much to the permanent development of the country. Colonial citizens should beware of putting into power politicians who are actively interested in mining speculations. Men desirous of earning a competence should consider whether it would not be better to seek it in the healthful occupations of rural life, preferably to the heart-wearying, often heart-breaking, pursuit of the glittering treasure which Mother Earth has hidden from her sons' eyes, and locked away from their grasp. Investors should remember that not one mine out of a hundred staked out gives back even a respectable proportion of the gold which is put into it, and that if they speculate at all in mines they should risk no more money than they would be prepared to lose at a game of cards.

It is the old story of the Nibelung's Ring. The gleaming gold enchains men's desires; and it is the cause of half the world's woe. I am not a moralist, and am not urging the point with a metaphorical meaning. I do but ask all who are interested in the future of the Empire to consider whether, even in a literal and industrial sense, the truth of the old Norse legend does not receive a new application in the modern mad quest of gold.

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A VISIT TO ADELAIDE.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

AN "AGENT."

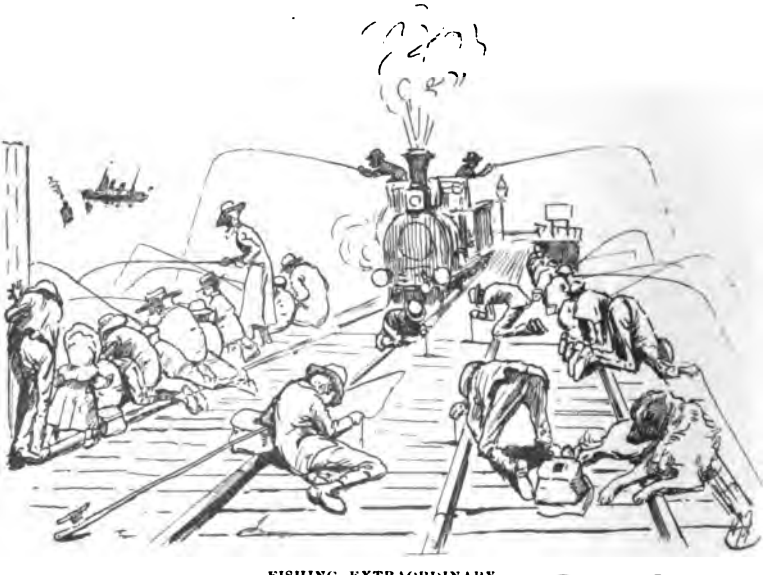
ANGLING on the jetty is an exciting sport, and there must be something heroic in the composition of the anglers of Australia, for here at Largs they ply their sport regardless of the screeching puff-puff. They may be run over and lose life or limb, but they go on angling just the same.

I have sketched the driver and fireman of the engine, resigned to the impossibility of clearing the line of prostrate fishermen, giving in to the popular passion and doing a cast or two on their own account.

At Port Melbourne the same infatuated self-devotion is observable. On the railway pier enthusiastic followers of Isaac Walton sit all day long, unmindful of the trains which nearly push them off into the sea. The hawsers of the mail steamers may decapitate them, or whirl them away in fragments—their enthusiasm suffers no abatement. In Sydney, also, anglers will sit over the water while the sharks nibble at their toes; they do not care so long as they get a bite. This fervour would not be surprising if Australian fish were worth catching, but they are not. They are of different shapes and sizes, and have various misleading names; but, as far as eating goes, they are all alike—flavourless, coarse, and dry.

Adelaide is a bright, cheerful city, very prettily situated on a small plateau raised above the general level of the plain which stretches from the foot of the hills to the shore of St. Vincent's Gulf. Adelaide is modest and does not compete with Melbourne and Sydney. Melbourne is proud of its fine streets and its trams, Sydney of its harbour, but Adelaide "blows" about nothing. Still, Adelaide has its "brick-fielder," which blows like all creation. This is the north wind which comes down hot off the centre of the continent and carries all before it. In a north wind Adelaide's modesty is so apparent that you can see nothing else; she is veiled in an impenetrable mist of sand, pebbles, waste-paper, and other unconsidered trifles.

Adelaide on wheels is a curious study. The tramcars are all drawn by horses and are of the old American pattern, with top seats and an awning, the latter giving a very cumbersome look, especially in a gale of wind. The mail coaches are extremely ancient, ugly, and noisy, most of them dating from the early days when they were built to stand the rough wear of bush roads; consequently they are indestructible. I have sketched one of these conveyances in a dust storm as I saw it, with an unfortunate



FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

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gentleman alone in a privileged seat on top. There is another conveyance called a "carette," which is the wonder of this city,

A DUSTY DAY.

to which it is peculiar. It is like a piece of a railway carriage tacked on to the outside platform of a tramcar, the whole running on small wheels, which increase the appearance of heaviness and clumsiness. These vehicles are a comparatively new invention, though their appearance suggests a survival from last century.

In nearly all Australian cities the post-office is the most important building. Adelaide is no exception to this rule. The stranger in search of the interesting is sent to the post-office first of all. It is a fine building, out of all proportion to the size of the city. The central hall is an excellent place in which to study character. Here, all letters addressed to the post-office, and all unclaimed letters, are tabulated alphabetically, the names of addressees being placed in frames on screens, where anyone may inspect them. Here come the "new chum"—a rather rare creature now—to look for letters from "home"; the feckless "remittance man," to see if that letter "with enclosure" has arrived; the widow, anxious for news from the relatives of the late lamented; the old identity, whose daily task it is to come and scan this board, vaguely expecting, like Mr. Micawber, that something will "turn up." All these and many other characters come in hope of finding their names on the board, and while some may be seen to leave in various stages of the dejection of "hope deferred," others rush off to the delivery window and eagerly demand the expected letter. I noticed one man who went through all the names on the board, and now and then made a note of some name. I was informed that this was an "agent," who made small "commissions" by informing people who could not read, or who are unable to go to the post-office, when letters are awaiting them. North Terrace is a pretty boulevard, though not sufficiently patronised by the Adelaide gentry, who seem to prefer Rundle Street, with its narrow footways and miscellaneous shops, as a place for promenading. Strolling along North Terrace, I came on Robert Burns, "presented to the city by the South Australian Caledonian Society." It is a speaking likeness of the poet, who seems to be

STATUE OF ROBERT BURNS—ONE LEG UP TO DATE!

A SKETCH IN THE POST-OFFICE.

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CLERICAL TYPES IN ADELAIDE.

complaining that they have put him into striped trousers, one leg of which he has torn off in his rage. Walking round to observe the expression of the angered poet, I found him wearing the usual complacent smile, and not trousers at all. The effect from the back is caused by a pillar placed behind the poet to support him. It was unkind of the Adelaide Caledonians to provide this reminder that their national poet frequently needed the aid of some such visible means of support.

On North Terrace the ministers of religion mostly seem to meet, probably on their way to or from the public library. I sketched a typical group, and should gather that, as a rule, the lot of a Colonial divine is not a hard one; those seen about the towns do not give the impression of overwork. At the same time, I am told that often the ministers in country districts have very hard times, as they have to travel great distances to fulfil their duties, and often have very small stipends.

In Adelaide a large number of people appear to live all day in the streets. Many of these are bookmakers, and jobbers in mining shares, and their clients; the rest seem to be made up of country people and loafers. The note of the loafer in these parts is independence; he is never looking for a job, but he is not above taking an occasional contract for "deep-sinking" at an adjacent bar. One type, which the most hasty traveller cannot miss in any part of Australia, is the Chinese market gardener. He is a thrifty, peaceable creature, who works hard and lives anyhow, and finally returns to China to live on his savings. Chinese women are not allowed to immigrate, hence "John" does not multiply; also, the number of Chinamen permitted to land is strictly limited, though few people would vote for the total exclusion of these Celestial visitants.

THE MARKET GARDENER.

ADELAIDE TYPES.

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A SUBURBAN TERRACE.

By Ethel Turner.

Illustrated by W. D. Almond.

THERE were six houses in the terrace, the Smiths' was the bottom one. Names higher up were nobler — Beeton, Percival, Norman, Morrison, Westgarth. Mrs. Percival was a clergyman's widow; some uncle of the Beetons' had once been mayor of a municipality. The Westgarths, Normans and Morrisons all had their "at home" days, and called on each other and friends in the neighbouring streets with the greatest solemnity and regularity.

Naturally, none of them could know the Smiths. Mr. Smith canvassed for an insurance company. Retired from the Government service, in which he had been for twenty years, there was nothing else left for him to do.

He was always shabby, even when he had a new suit; for then his linen would be ragged, his hat aged, his tie washed colourless, his boots patched. Whenever his hat was new and his linen passable, his suit looked falling apart. The Terrace said it was surprised at Mrs. Smith. That was because her mouth still smiled happily, though there were eight dreadful children.

No one but Mrs. Percival had called on her. That lady, remembering her husband and his preaching of the Great Tolerance, had once picked a way among the babies, and little boys, and tin-tied kittens, and broken toys, and dogs in the front garden strip, across the unwashed verandah to the front door. She had hammered with her parasol handle, the bell being broken and the knocker wrenched off, and Mrs. Smith had answered it in person, there being no maid to the establishment.

The front room that the rest of the Terrace used as a drawing-room was here a bedroom —three little unmade beds and a chaos of clothes and boots betrayed the fact through the cheerfully open door.

The caller was led into a blank, bare dining-room, with an ink-splashed, hole-burnt cloth on its big table, and about six crazy chairs scattered about.

Mrs. Smith's manners were easy; she did not attempt to apologise for the untidiness, nor for her own attire, which, from her poor burst shoes to her frayed, spotless collar, was barely respectable.

"I am very glad to see you," she said. "Can you find a chair? It is a difficult thing to do in this house since Tommy and Jim started aquariums." She removed a basin that held a crippled lizard as she spoke. "Won't you take your bonnet off?"

As Mrs. Percival said afterwards to the Terrace, that speech alone stamped her. To be asked to remove one's bonnet at an afternoon call!

"She can't know anything about calling," she said, relating afterwards. "I suppose she sat and wondered what I came for."

And so the mother of eight had wondered exceedingly, for such things in truth were entirely beyond her ken. But her manner was warm and free from self-consciousness.

Her conversation touched point after point that the clergyman's widow thought surprising, considering the circumstances. Not once did she refer of her own accord to her offspring or household cares.

Mrs. Percival tried to force her to the subjects; she considered it an affectation for such a person to ignore them.

"I often sympathise with you," she said, her long, wonderful nose bobbing down to meet her chin in its own strange way. "Eight children, and s——" (she had almost said "such dreadful ones") "s—so high-spirited!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith, her tone serious, though a wicked dimple dented her smooth chin, "when once you've started whipping, it's as easy to do eight as three; and then, even if one or two are guiltless of offence that time, one can always console oneself by knowing they deserved it for something else."

Mrs. Percival gasped. "Can you," she said, "do you—is it possible you believe in bodily chastisement, Mrs. er—Smith?" The pause was intended to show surprise that they were benighted enough to have no hyphen.

Mrs. er—Smith invited her to leave her chair and come to the window a moment.

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"Do you imagine it is possible," she said, with a laugh as merry as a girl's, "to have a yardful of children like that and never use a slipper or a strap?"

Then her merriment died suddenly, and the dimple fled from her chin; real concern sprang into her eyes, and she tried her best to get her visitor from the window. The three little girls were finishing their game outside; the eldest one, with marvellous quickness and ingenuity, had donned a black shawl weeds-wise over a rusty black skirt of her mother's. She had tied on the cardboard nose that they kept for playing Punch, and it was vigorously reddened at the tip—poor Mrs. Percival suffered from nothing worse than acute indigestion. Just as the

"The backyard caricature."

ladies reached the window the small caricaturist advanced mincingly across the yard, wobbling her nose actively, holding her dress very high, and picking her way with exaggerated daintiness among the tins and mud-heaps and happily grubbing babies.

The visit was not prolonged. Mrs. Smith would have found an excuse to pull down the blind, but that, alas! there was none to pull; and her visitor missed no point, though she feigned to have seen nothing.

It was not to be expected, naturally, that any others of the Terrace dwellers would run the risk of a backyard caricature. That was the first and last personal communication with her neighbours that Mrs. Smith was afforded for many a month.

Shortly after this the little Percivals were forbidden to speak to the little Smiths—not that there had hitherto been any great degree of intimacy; but before the restriction they had quarrelled amicably together across the backyard fence, and occasionally run races on cold mornings round the green paddock that stretched opposite.

The Normans had never been permitted to hold communication with the small, shabby ones at the bottom house. Their mother had once heard Jimmie say, "Come in out of the wet!" with sarcastic intonation, and Tommie retort, "What yer givin' us?"

So when the Percivals were bidden pass in silence, as did the Normans, the two little Beetons were told to do the same, for their parents considered the clergyman's widow an authority on the guidance of youth. That made three families "not speaking." Then Lennie Smith, ten years of age and red-hot socialist, fought Frank Morrison, aged thirteen, and well blackened his innocent eyes, for no better reason than that the latter was returning from his dancing class and wearing tan kid gloves stitched at the back with black.

Frank was bidden keep away in the future from the little "ruffians."

The Westgarths were only babies—tiny, stolid mites of three and four, who walked solemnly up and down the green every morning for an hour on either side of their nurse. They screamed at the very sight of a Smith. And this was because Annis, the small caricaturist, had discovered that she had the power of frightening the poor little things into fits by contorting her face at them and rolling her eyes. She used to hide within her gate every morning as they went past for their walk. Then, when the small ones looked back, as they invariably did, with the fascinated fright of childhood, she would make her face a thing to terrorise. The other two little Smith girls and the youngest boy did exactly the same thing whenever they met the trio. Had they not to avenge the fact that Mrs. Westgarth always referred to their mother as "that person Mrs. Smith?" And as no one could move in that neighbourhood without meeting one of the family, the stolid children's lives were a burden to them.

But what could the Westgarths do? It would have seemed absurd for the head of the family to have solemnly proceeded to the dwelling of the Smiths and entered a formal protest against his children being "made faces at" by the Smith children. They

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could only bid the nurse watch her opportunity to take her charges for an airing only when the green seemed free from the enemy.

"But," said the little Percivals, and the Morrisons, and Normans, and Beetons, unto their parents, after a time of monotonous play, "how can we help playing with them sometimes? If we play staghorn they join us, and Lennie Smith makes the *splendidest* stag of all! Besides, they know all the games, and we can't remember without them. Can't we play with them as long as we shut our eyes when we go to school?"

But the parents were obdurate, and forbade any intercourse. "When the Smiths are on the green," they said, "you are to go for walks or play inside."

The Smiths were swift to discover the interdict. How they revelled in it! How they chuckled to their wicked little selves! What a beautiful revenge they prepared!

They never left the green a moment! Time was when the short, fresh hour before breakfast had seen the patch of sweet country grass that straggled pleasantly in this suburban place alive with the whole Terrace's young folks. Now all the little Smiths were there by seven o'clock sharp—even the seven-months baby in its pink nightgown and a big shawl, and the toddling two-year-old, her eyes not washed from sleep. They played wild Indians, circuses, French and English, fox and goose, "I-hacky"—or whatsoe'er that famous game is rightly called—prisoners' base. Oh, the wild exciting shrieks, the ringing laughs, the intoxicating racket! The children of good upbringing almost broke their hearts with envy. One or two bowled tame hoops up and down the footpath, one or two skipped sadly with their expensive skipping-ropes; for the most part they stood in the middle of the road and watched with their childish hearts in their eyes the mad fun and revelry of their old, brilliant playfellows.

Before school it was just the same. The Smiths seemed to take no time at all for breakfast; they rushed out again after a moment or two's disappearance, a slice of bread and dripping in their hands, and took possession of the green again. At lunch time they played cricket on it. After school they scurried back and ran up their invisible flags once more.

"How fond you all seem of the green just now!" said Mrs. Smith. "You have quite deserted the backyard and the garden."

"We like the green better, mother dear," Jimmie had replied gently, and the innocent lady had not dreamed of the import of his eye-twinkle.

Perturbation reigned in the other five houses of the Terrace; one or two of the families, as well as the Westgarths, began to talk seriously of removing, for their children were absolutely miserable. The little girls moped in the house near the windows, or carried their dolls in a melancholy fashion up and down the pavement, and looked out of their eye-corners all the time at the green. The little boys quarrelled with each other, grew sulky, ill-tempered, and stayed in the house so much the mothers began to develop nerve complaints.

"They carried their dolls in a melancholy fashion."

At last one or two of them actually mutinied.

Frank Morrison passed the green once

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when a most exciting game of staghorn was in progress. The running line in one of its sweeps came quite close to him, and Lennie was at the end. "Catch on!" he said, holding out his hand as they swerved past. His tone was hearty, and Frank caught on, forgot parents, promises, everything, in the wild joy of that mad chase after Annis of the long thin legs. He stayed with them all the afternoon, for his mother was out calling, stayed and played prisoners' base, and French and English, and staghorn once again. Such a joyous welcome they all gave him, his heart was filled with eager loving-kindness to these shabby old playmates of his.

Then there came creeping like a snail un-

"Lina was sewing the hem of a sheet and making it damp with her tears."

willingly from school—and all because of the interdict—Eddie Beeton.

When he saw Frank among the defenders of a base his eyes flew open; fascination at the sight drew him off the road, farther, farther along the green, till he was actually skirting the territory of the game.

"Frank!" he called after a time in a loud whisper, as if the rough children added deafness to their other failings, and only his friend had ears to hear. "Frank, will you be let play?"

Frank did not seem in the least ashamed at being caught; indeed, he looked proud of himself for being among the players in that splendid game, especially as away on the pavement stood Lina Percival and Gladys Norman watching enviously, and closer, Eddie.

Annis darted out from the line, on a prisoner intent, Frank from his side to prevent it. But she did not rush this time to where her youngest sister stood holding out an eager hand to be released. She doubled skilfully just as his hand went to grasp her, then shot like an arrow in the direction of Eddie.

Who could have withstood it? Surely not a small, game-loving laddie of nine! His hand dropped his school-bag and rushed into hers; together they flew back to the base, and he was one of them once more.

When the game changed to "Ticky, ticky, touch wood," Lina and Gladys edged near. "Bad boys!" they said. "We'll tell of you—we'll go and tell your mothers!"

Annis swooped down on them. "Hit!" she cried, touching Lina's sleeve. Lina's cross little face relaxed, an irrepressible little dimple of joy peeped out at her mouth corner. She turned to Gladys to ask in a whisper, "Would it be very wicked to play for just three minutes?" And Gladys was fleeing as fast as her little legs would carry her to a bush near, to touch wood. What was to be done? Everyone was waiting and dodging tantalisingly near, inviting her to catch them. She opened her lips to say she could not play, then caught sight of the third little Smith girl, whom she remembered she always had been able to catch. She dropped her doll untenderly upon the nearest bush and skimmed over the ground, joy in her heart.

A terrible tale it was for four fathers to hear! Gladys was in bed, though daylight peeped mockingly in through the window, and the sound of the Smiths' laughter floated in from the green. Lina was sewing the hem of a sheet and making it damp with her tears. Frank's dinner consisted of dry bread and water, eaten at the same table whereon roast fowl was served. Eddie was trying to get pins out of the cracks in a small space of floor. It was the only solace and occupation he could find, for there was an ignominious rope tied round his waist and fastened firmly to the door handle.

The fathers tried to look at their rueful offspring gloomily, angrily, when the terrible charges of "playing with the little Smiths" were mentioned. And they said, "Quite right," when they heard how the mothers had already punished them. But one of them smiled as they went from the room of

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punishment, and one of them sighed, and one of them hummed, and one of them made a quotation under his breath.

"What?" said the wife of the last one, rather sharply.

"I merely said, 'Strange all this difference should be 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee,'" he returned deprecatingly.

Shortly after this the five ladies of the Terrace determined to join together and give their children a delightful picnic somewhere, since they missed so much fun by the green being barred to them. They counted up the small ones available—Westgarths, Percivals, Normans, Morrisons, Beetons—fifteen in all; they told them that they might invite five more to bring the number up to twenty, one child to each family, and they must settle it amongst themselves who it was to be.

The children reviewed all their little friends far and near; sisters quarrelled with brothers because a boy was suggested, brothers with sisters because the latter wanted a girl. The votes of the little Westgarths were bought up with sticks of barley-sugar. At last one of the mothers settled it. Everyone was to write a name privately on a slip of paper and hand it to her; and the five most asked for were to come.

It was Mrs. Percival's "at home" day, and all the Terrace—excepting that person Mrs. Smith—was present when Lina came into the drawing-room with all the little screwed-up papers in her pencil-box.

Mr. Morrison opened the votes—being the only gentleman present, he said it was his due. And with an unmoved face and perfectly clear voice he read the results. These were the names, written in the various round, unsteady hands: Lennie Smith, Annis Smith, the third little girl Smith, Len Smith, one of the Smiths, Jimmie Smith, Tommie Smith, Leonard Smith, Nan Smith, Jim Smith, Thomas Smith, James Smith, Nancy Smith, Jumbo Smith, Tom Smith.

The select picnic consisted of fifteen only, and no strangers.

Soon after that, wonderful things began to happen. A sneak thief got into the Morrisons' bedroom window one morning about eight o'clock. Nobody knew about it. Mr. Morrison read his paper in just as calm and unhurried a fashion as he did when there was nobody quietly pocketing his valued gold watch. Mrs. Morrison rebuked Frank and Harry at length as usual for the way they sat and the noise they made when drinking. And all the time her gold brooches and her pearl and sapphire rings and her favourite ruby bracelet were being transferred from her jewel drawers into a rough coat pocket. More than half an hour passed before the discovery was made and a hue and cry raised. Mr. Morrison swore, Mrs. Morrison wept—neither things did an atom of good.

Then there came to the door two policemen and Lennie Smith, with a colour in his face. The policemen produced rings, watch, everything that was missing, and asked if they recognised them? Mrs. Morrison gasped; she had thought ill enough of the Smiths in all truth, but this was beyond everything. The boy looked ashamed, embarrassed; twice he did his best to dodge under the policeman's arm and get away, and twice Mr. Morrison caught him and brought him back. The policeman patted the lad, and remarked admiringly that "there were no flies on him!" Then they informed the Morrisons that Lennie, coming in from the green, had observed a man climbing out of one of their side windows. He raised no alarm, but simply strolled after the fellow when he took a course up the street. Nearly a mile he followed him until a policeman hove in sight. "See that cove in front?" he said to the man of buttons. "You can collar him as soon as you like. He's been stealing from a house I know."

The policeman had the thief in ten seconds; he got help and marched him to the lock-up, then went back with the lad to restore the stolen property.

Mr. Morrison shook hands with Lennie warmly, heartily; he offered him a couple of sovereigns, and even Mrs. Morrison did not think it was too much. But the shabby lad held up his head and went redder than ever. "No, thank you," he said, and stalked away.

Naturally, after this, Frank was allowed to play on the green, and, since they might do nothing else, Lennie was asked to tea on frequent occasions, and treated to more cake and good things than he had ever had in his life. In the end even Mrs. Morrison said he was not "half so bad," and used to frequently find herself laughing at his jokes and queer tricks.

Jimmie heaped the next coals of fire. And on the Percivals' head this time. One of the widow's little girls set fire to her clothes, and was rather badly burnt; a doctor was sorely needed, and there was none nearer than two miles, for the local one was ill. Being the middle of the day, the Terrace held only women folk and children—not a runner anywhere. Then twelve-year-old

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Jimmie Smith, kept at home to mind the baby, found a thing to do.

There was a Chinaman's horse and vegetable cart in the back lane; he took the animal swiftly out of the shafts and rode away on him, leaving the women to appease the disconsolate John. He was back with a doctor in half an hour.

Mrs. Percival wiped the back-yard scene completely out of her memory, and called on Mrs. Smith again regularly for twenty minutes once a month; she allowed her little girls to play on the green two afternoons a week, and spent her spare time in crocheting hoods and pretty jackets for the Smith baby. And whenever she met Jimmie—and could manage it—she kissed him.

Then Tommie fought a street boy who was fighting and badly worsting Eddie Beeton. So he was allowed to play.

"'See that cove in front?' he said to the man of buttons."

And when Lina and May Norman had mumps and were confined to the front room for a fortnight, the third little girl Smith and Jimmie and Tommie used to play circus so kindly just under the window that the heart of Mrs. Norman was softened to them for ever after.

But the Westgarths could not forgive the faces made at their babies, and they zealously guarded the little mites from any contaminating touch from the sixth house. The nurse still crossed the road as soon as she reached the Percivals', although Annis had wearied of the monotony of her game and given it up, and Mrs. Westgarth still spoke of "that person Mrs. Smith," and shuddered.

So it happened when the Morrisons and Beetons gave picnics, and the Normans and Percivals birthday parties, the Westgarths were forced to keep their children at home, as they knew three or four at least of the little Smiths would be sure to be asked. Before long Mrs. Westgarth found herself standing quite alone, as much isolated at the extreme top of the Terrace as Mrs. Smith erstwhile had been at the extreme bottom. The Smiths were the fashion of the moment; and because she refused to go with the tide, she was naturally left stranded. Mrs. Westgarth, through stress of the domestic unhappiness involved, was forced to remove to a neighbourhood where Smiths were unknown.

Then the Terrace, conquered from top to bottom by the kindness of the ubiquitous little Smiths, lived in perfect calm and happiness for fully a month. At all events, so I am credibly informed.

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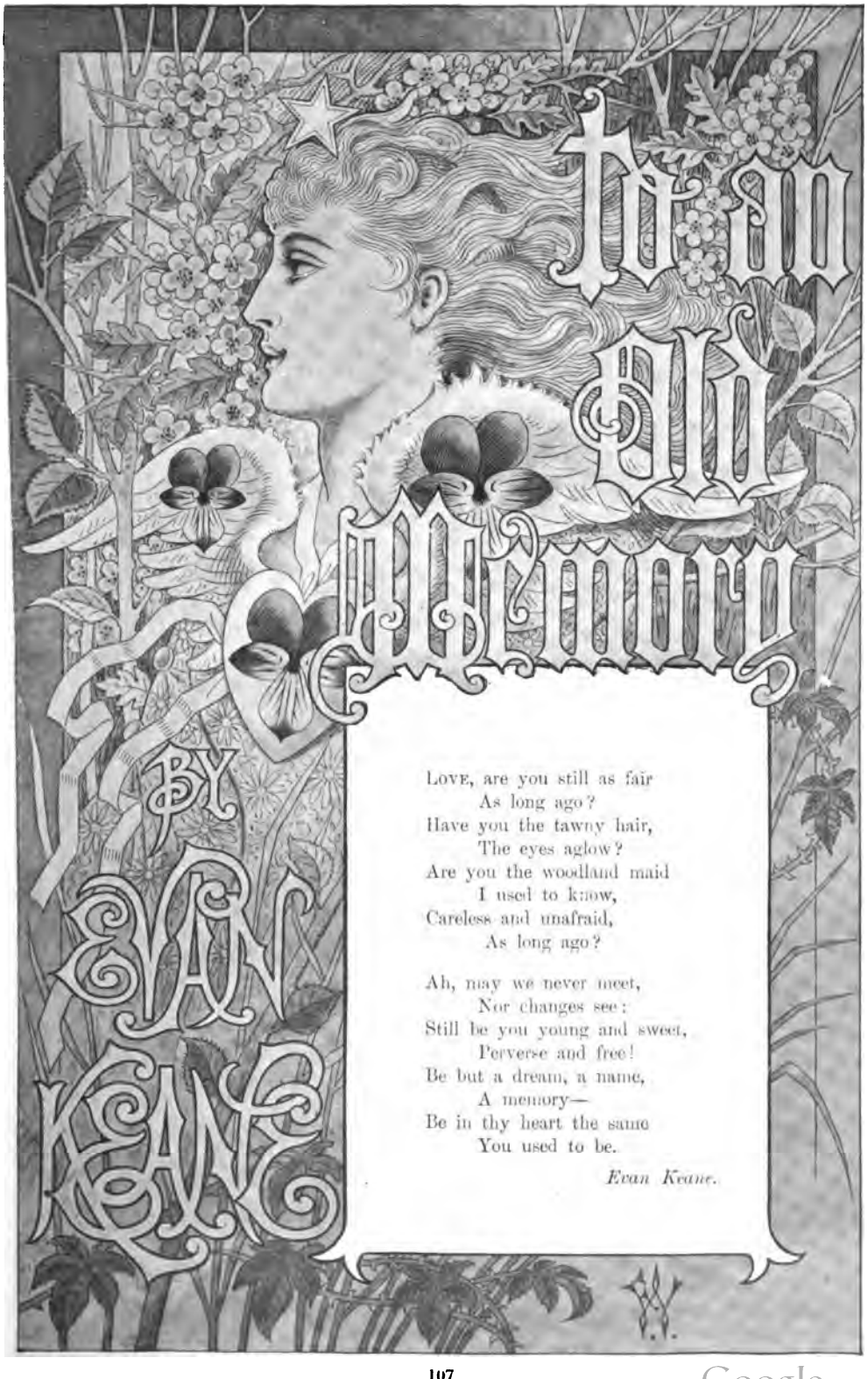

LOVE, are you still as fair
As long ago?
Have you the tawny hair,
The eyes aglow?
Are you the woodland maid
I used to know,
Careless and unafraid,
As long ago?

Ah, may we never meet,
Nor changes see:
Still be you young and sweet,
Perverse and free!
Be but a dream, a name,
A memory—
Be in thy heart the same
You used to be.

Evan Keane.

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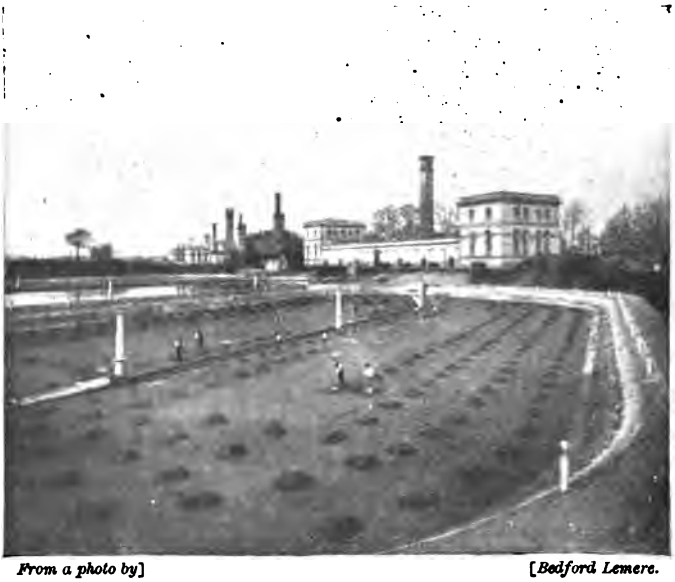
HOW LONDON IS SUPPLIED WITH WATER.

By Frederick T. Souden.

ON the south-east slope of the Cotswold Hills there is a tiny bubbling streamlet which experiences in its course all the changes of Tennyson's brook, and particularly its mimic impetuosity. You look down upon what a child's mud-dam would seem able to divert from its channel, and if you are interested in the beginnings of things, you probably reflect that here, and not some 250 miles away, is the origin of a city whose equal has never yet risen, and of a commerce which rides upon every sea. You may go a step further, and consider also that this ineffectual-looking rivulet gives birth to the greatest and most complete water supply known to the ancient or the modern world—a water supply which spreads out an underground network of many hundreds—nay, thousands—of miles, from the huge trunk main, through which a man could conveniently crawl, to the diminutive half-inch direct delivery pipe. It is usual to think of the Thames as slowly broadening down from the few feet at its spring sources to the eight hundred yards at Gravesend. There is another aspect of it which, considering the vast quantities drawn from the river, is equally correct. It is that in form resembling a Japanese fan, of which the stem is the river to Hampton, and the lateral extensions the south-western and western districts, curving first outwards, then around, and finally embracing the whole of the Metropolis on both sides of the river. Roughly speaking, the ribs of this giant fan are the great trunk mains, tapped at irregular distances by the subsidiary or street mains, and thence pierced at much lesser intervals by the pipes which constitute the inlets to the three-quarters of a million houses fed from the national river.

The water supply to some five and a half million persons is in the hands of eight companies. The New River and the East London obtain theirs chiefly from the Lea, which rises in Hertfordshire and joins the Thames at Blackwall, and, to a less extent, from deep wells sunk in the chalk along the Lea valley. The East London has also the right to abstract ten million gallons daily from the Thames at Sunbury. The Chelsea, Grand Junction, Lambeth, Southwark and Vauxhall, and West Middlesex, derive their supplies from the Thames in the neighbourhood of Hampton. The Kent company, however, pumps the whole of its water from deep wells sunk in the chalk. As, with the exception of the last named, the several companies employ practically the same methods of pumping, storage, filtration, and distribution, it will be unnecessary to select more than one to represent the whole.



From a photo by [*Bedford Lemere.*

FILTERING BED AT THE HAMPTON WORKS OF THE SOUTHWARK AND VAUXHALL WATER COMPANY.

Visitors for the first time to Hampton must often have wonderingly inquired the meaning of those tall, gaunt buildings, with taller, massive towers, extending far away

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along the river bank, seemingly silent, no human life visible about them, and strikingly incongruous in that soft, pastoral scene.

From a photo by] [Russell.

MR. WALTER HUNTER.
(*Engineering Director to the Grand Junction Waterworks Company.*)

Prosaic enough, truly, to the ordinary person, will appear their functions when told that they are merely pumping stations; yet it should hardly need the "scientific imagination" to invest them with a little, at least, of the glory and the romance of the conquest of mind over the most potent of natural forces. Conceive that daily—that is, all day and all night long—some 120,000,000 gallons, or one-eleventh of the average flow of the non-tidal Thames, is being lifted bodily scores of feet, swept many miles along cavernous mains which empty into a vast acreage of reservoirs; are again raised by machinery and sent travelling as before; with the process renewed from point to point, till levels, hundreds of feet above the river longitudinally, are reached, and the life-giving streams are poured over an occupied area of no less than 620 square miles. The feet of London's millions are, indeed, tramping above these full-flowing arteries and veins at practically every step they take.

The Grand Junction Waterworks Company, which is a good type of the rest, has four stations—at Hampton, at Kew Bridge, at Campden Hill, and at Ealing. There are two inlets at Hampton. The lower one, alongside the Southwark and Vauxhall Company's Works, is used for charging the low-level filters wherewith to supply the wants of the country district. The other inlet, about three-quarters of a mile further up, it will be necessary to describe a little more fully, but not, I hope, too technically for the general reader. The intake chamber is upon an islet, and is constructed of brickwork, in which the sluices are built for the purpose of regulating the quantity of water drawn from the river. Along the front of the sluices is fixed a coarse screen, preventing floating pieces of wood and leaves from entering the pipes. The chamber is built high enough to keep out flood water, which sometimes rises eleven feet above ordinary summer level. The water is conducted by 36-inch and 30-inch pipes to engine wells about half a mile distant. Upon a piece of land immediately opposite the inlet, drain pipes, with open joints, have been laid for the purpose of intercepting water running down to the river through the gravel soil, which forms the upper stratum in this locality. An open channel has been constructed along the centre line of this land, having a pipe commanded by a valve, which enables it when necessary to be charged from the river. The

From a photo by] [Bedford Lemere.

PUMPING ENGINE AT THE HAMPTON WORKS OF THE SOUTHWARK AND VAUXHALL WATER COMPANY.

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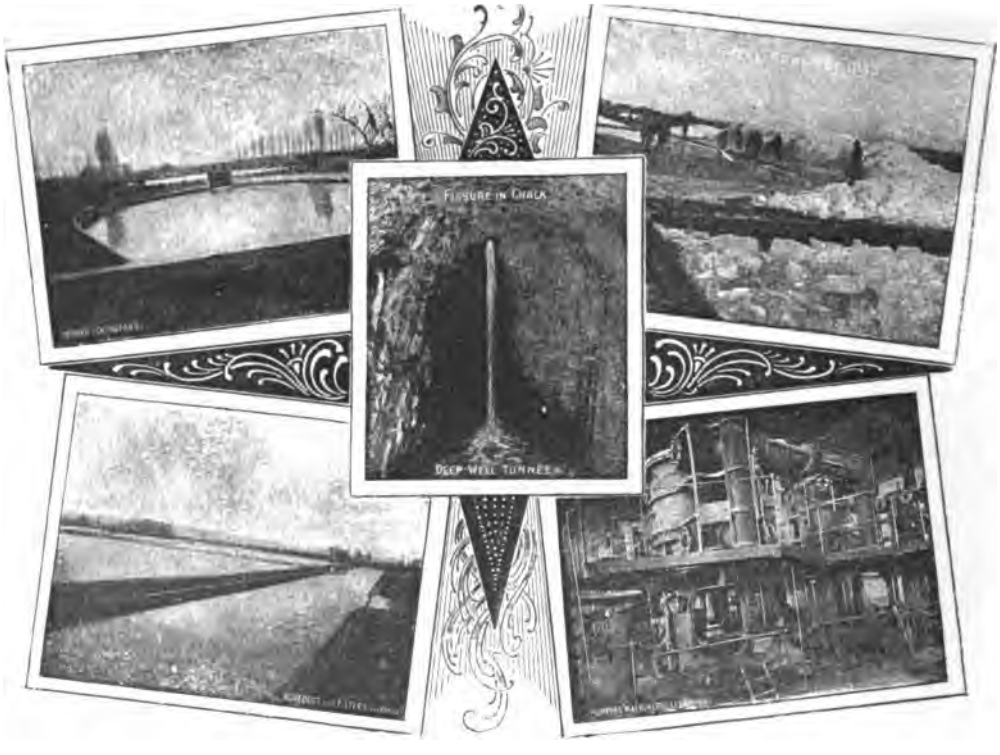
water then percolates through the gravel soil to the open-jointed drain pipes before named, passes to another 30-inch pipe extending to the works, and thence to the pump well of a pair of horizontal engines. This water, it will be observed, has passed through a natural filter and is certainly brighter and cleaner than the ordinary river water when the river is in flood.

And the engines—the mechanical heart of this intricate yet leviathan system—so huge are they that the men who control them are dwarfed even by their minor parts. Some of the most powerful machinery manufactured is here—that piston-rod, for instance, whose throb sets up a pulse that beats twenty miles away, or those glancing steel arms conveying a sense of irresistible power applied without effort. There is the centrifugal engine of a capacity of about eleven million gallons a day pumping water direct from the engine well on to the filter beds. Close by are a pair of compound Riedler engines capable of pumping fourteen million gallons daily from the engine wells into subsidence reservoirs, or direct on to the filters. Again, we have a pair of compound high-lift Riedler engines for pumping fourteen million gallons of water partly filtered and partly drawn from the river to the Kew works. Finally, there is a triple-expansion Worthington engine assisting in the pumping to Kew. One gets an idea of the immense mechanical forces brought into play in this otherwise quiet spot by remembering that in each of these great rectangular buildings, that form such an imposing line along the river front at Hampton, similar work is going on by similarly applied energy.

It is time to say something of filtration, for a waterworks engineer recognises this as the most responsible and exacting part of his office. All water derived from rivers and mountain streams requires to be filtered. The latest type of this agent may be thus described. The side walls are formed of concrete, faced with blue bricks and provided with a puddle backing to keep out other surface water. A charging channel is formed at the side of each filter into which the water is delivered and whence it flows in a stream of even depth over the whole surface of the filter. The lowest stratum of filtering material, resting on a six-inch bottom of Portland cement



EAST LONDON WATERWORKS COMPANY.

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concrete, consists of stones about two inches in diameter. Upon these is placed a layer of fine gravel. Above this is a stratum of sand, which is the real filtering medium. The water in flowing through this sand leaves on the surface a thin deposit which has been found highly effective for eliminating microbes. The concrete floor, it should be said, slopes from either side to a culvert running along the centre, whence the water passes into a main conduit connected with the filtered water wells of the distributing pumping engines. Everyone is familiar with the pictorial view of "a drop of London water magnified." Investigations in bacteriology have shown the necessity of excluding the lively, but, to the naked eye, invisible microbe. This is attained by the use of a finer sand, though it has the drawback of holding up the water longer and necessitating the construction of a larger area of filter beds per million gallons of supply. The public, however, are adequately protected. Sir E. Frankland, K.C.B., acting under the Local Government Board, tests water both bacteriologically and chemically, and publishes a monthly return of the results. Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., and Professor Dewar, F.R.S., on behalf of the water companies, make similar examinations daily.

From a photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. JOSEPH FRANCIS.
(*Engineer to the New River Company.*)

The Maidstone epidemic, and one or two circumstances somewhat trifling in their real nature, but acquiring a lurid prominence in the glare of that unhappy event, have led to a revival of the old questionings as to the purity of London water. It is well to recall to mind what Lord Balfour's Royal Commission of 1892-3 reported (paragraph 178):

"We are strongly of opinion that the water as supplied to the consumer in London is of a very high standard of excellence and

RED HOUSE, WARE, ON THE CANAL.

purity, and that it is suitable in quality for all household purposes." Since then some material improvements in the processes for purifying water have been applied, so that what was true five years ago is, if possible, still more true to-day.

An important development of the present supply system remains to be noted. Every recurring summer there is a more or less violent outcry against the restrictions in the service imposed by the companies which supply the more congested parts of the Metropolis. When the season is particularly dry there arises, in the language of the newspapers, a "water famine." Nor is it possible to deny that much danger to health and not a little suffering has been caused in

From a photo by [*Mavll & Fox.*

MR. J. W. RESTLER.
(*Engineer to the Southwark and Vauxhall Waterworks Company.*)

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seasons of partial drought. To obviate these evils a gigantic scheme of storage was proposed to the Royal Commission by Mr. Walter Hunter, M.In.C.E., the engineering director of the Grand Junction, and the late Mr. Alexander Fraser, M.In.C.E., then engineer of the company. This was to be effected by the construction of reservoirs on suitable land near Staines. Into these, when there was an ample supply in the river, the surplus water was to be pumped, and sent into the service mains when the quantity of water passing down the river was small. The scheme as to the quantity of storage was based upon the requirements of the Thames Conservancy that the minimum flow at Teddington Weir should not fall below two hundred million gallons daily. This condition in dry seasons cannot be absolutely maintained unless all the Thames water companies are compelled to join in a scheme of storage. It is possible that this will some day be attained by legislation.

From a photo by [*Lavender.*

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.
(Chief Engineer of the Kent Waterworks.)

Meanwhile, the West Middlesex, Grand Junction, and New River companies have obtained from Parliament the "Staines Reservoirs Act," under which they have undertaken to provide sufficient storage to justify the abstraction, together, of thirty-five million gallons daily, or, upon emergency, by consent of the Board of Trade, forty-five million gallons daily. The total quantity to be drawn from the river is limited to a hundred million gallons a day, both for supply and storage, and the water thus abstracted must be taken out of the surplus above three hundred million gallons flowing at Penton Hook, which is equivalent to about 220 million gallons flowing at Teddington after the companies have taken their statutory quantity at Sunbury and Hampton.

From a photo by [*Russell.*

MR. M. W. HERVEY.
(Engineer of the West Middlesex Waterworks.)

From a photo by [*Harman, Bromley.*

MR. WILLIAM B. BRYAN.
(Engineer to the East London Waterworks Company.)

It should be added that already the surveys have been made, the working drawings completed, and the works, for which there is an authorised capital of a million, commenced. The joint engineers to the scheme are Mr. Walter Hunter, M.Inst.C.E., and Mr. R. E. Middleton, M.Inst.C.E.

In opposition to the storage principle there are many advocates of a supply direct from Wales. It has been estimated, however, that to give practical effect to a proposal of this kind would require the colossal sum of £38,000,000.

One great advantage of the Staines scheme is that it can be carried out by instalments, as proved to be necessary by the growth of the population. The Welsh scheme, on the other hand, would require an immediate expenditure of probably £20,000,000, which would earn no return for many years to come.

As indicating the extent of the present water supply industry, it may be stated that the combined companies represent a capital of between £33,000,000 and £35,000,000.

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SCHOOL HAMPERS.

By E. V. Lucas.

THE other day, while aimlessly turning over the pages of a list of one of the great London stores, I came upon a description of the school hampers and Christmas hampers which the firm is prepared to despatch—more than prepared, one supposes, even pleased: for if there is one employment above another that should carry good humour with it, it is the preparation and despatch of a hamper. As I had always conceived hampers to be a home-designed product of the kitchen and store-room, their supply was an additional proof of the thoroughness of the stores system. I knew that conjurors were to be obtained there, and Ethiopian minstrels, and paper plates for picnics, and the kinematoscope, and I knew also that the transfer of a non-transferable stores ticket is one of the sins which the Recording Angel blots; but the hamper page was a true surprise. Forthwith I determined, if ever a change of employment is necessary, to apply to Messrs. Blank & Co. for engagement as their hamper editor, or even to establish a hamper bureau of my own. In a world which is mostly disappointment and frustration, the life of a hamper editor must be radiantly agreeable.

"Ripping!"

Half the hamper page was devoted to school hampers and half to Christmas hampers, and really it was very good reading. Few novelists write so much to the point. Here, as proof of entertainment, is the first entry:—

School Hampers at 5*s.* contain—

2 lbs. currant cake.	1 Jar marmalade.
1 Ham and chicken sausage.	1 Bottle sweets.
1 Jar potted meat.	12 Oranges.
1 „ jam.	2 lbs. mixed nuts.

What expression of satisfaction is now most in favour at school I cannot say—"ripping," perhaps, or perhaps "jolly decent": I heard both terms lately, although they may have been survivals — but even a five-shilling hamper should merit it. The "1 Bottle sweets" is, perhaps, a questionable inclusion. Butterscotch, toffee, and chocolate (the cream dug out and eaten first) are sound boyish tastes; but "1 Bottle sweets" has a feminine ring. The purist also would object to the phrases "1 Jar jam" and "1 Jar marmalade"—Pot is the word. And the oranges would, one hopes, at another season be replaced by apples. Yet, carp as we may, the five-shilling hamper is desirable.

"6 Mince pies."

Now see what another crown will bring—enough for any one boy.

School Hampers at 10*s.* contain—

4 lbs. currant cake.	1 Bottle sweets.
1 Ham and chicken sausage.	2 lbs. mixed confectionery.
2 Jars potted meat.	6 Mince pies.
1 Jar marmalade.	24 Oranges.
1 „ jam.	2 lbs. mixed nuts.

The "1 Bottle sweets" still persists, but "2 lbs. mixed confectionery" come in to rectify it. Come in also "6 Mince pies"—the list clearly belongs to the winter—and there is a lavish duplication of other matters. One of the "2 Jars potted meat" might well be anchovy or bloater paste—anchovy for choice, because it lasts longer; and I do not greatly esteem the "Ham and chicken sausage." Boys infinitely prefer sardines; indeed, the omission of sardines from all these hampers is a serious fault.

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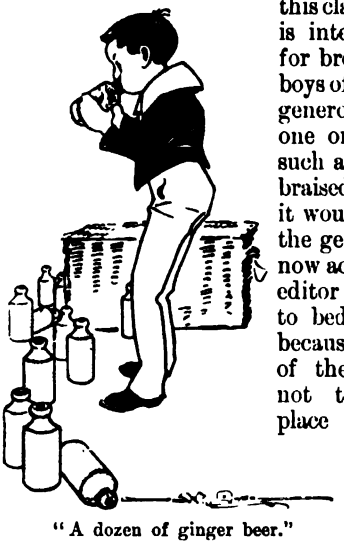
Add ten shillings.

SCHOOL HAMPERS AT 20*s.* CONTAIN—

4 lbs. currant cake.
2 Ham and chicken sausages.
1 German sausage.
1 Box braised beef, 2 lbs.
2 Jars jam.
2 ,, marmalade.
2 Bottles sweets.
6 Mince pies.
2 lb. box mixed crystallised fruit.
4 Jars assorted potted meats.
24 Oranges.
3 lbs. mixed nuts.

With a shining pound it is manifest that one may make a young friend very ill. Probably this class of hamper is intended rather for brothers or for boys of conspicuous generosity. From one or two items, such as the "1 Box braised beef, 2 lbs.," it would seem that the gentleman who now acts as hamper editor has an eye to bedroom feasts, because the theory of the hamper is not to take the place of school meals, but to amend them, to add a silver lining to them: and braised beef is a viand in itself rather than a concomitant. Hence, possibly, the nuts, whose shells are notoriously good to place on the stairs, where they crack beneath the feet of the approaching master and so give warning of danger. In default of nuts a small boy must endure the draughty duties of sentinel. To return to our criticism, the "1 Bottle sweets" has now become two, and the "mixed confectionery" has given way to "mixed crystallised fruits." The principal lack in each variety of hamper is drink, unless the oranges are calculated to fill that office. Were I asked for practical comment, I should advise a dozen of stone ginger beer in the stead of sweets.



"A dozen of ginger beer."

To learn the news that a hamper is awaiting one in the hall is a supreme school joy. For the moment it can render the heaviest imposition null and void, just as the cessation of toothache in the condemned cell effaces for a brief space the dread of the hangman. Of the behaviour of boys on receiving hampers much has been written. Ann and Jane Taylor's "Plum-Cake" and "Another Plum-Cake" are among favourite nursery apologues, and Mrs. Elizabeth Turner has worked the theme with admirable thoroughness. In a moving trilogy she vividly presents the three methods in which a large plum-cake may be dealt with. First comes Harry. Harry was greedy and stingy.

> When it arriv'd, the little boy
> Laugh'd, sung, and jumped about for joy;
> But, ah, how griev'd I am to say
> He did not give a bit away!
>
> He *ate*, and *ate*, and *ate* his fill;
> No wonder that it made him ill.
> Pain in his stomach and his head
> Oblig'd him soon to go to bed

Then comes Peter. Peter was stingy, too, but stingy to himself as well as to others—in short, a miser.

> And sometimes silently he'd go,
> When all he thought engag'd below,
> To eat a *very little* piece,
> For fear his treasure should decrease.
>
> When next he went (it makes me laugh),
> He found the mice had eaten half;
> And what remain'd, though once a treat,
> So mouldy 'twas not fit to eat.

Lastly, William. William was free-handed, virtuous; William behaved nobly.

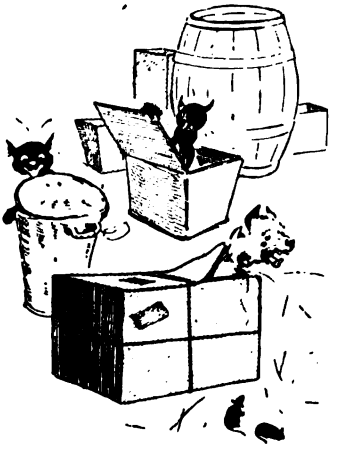
> "Come round," he cried—"each take a slice;
> Each have his proper share of ice!
> We'll eat it up among us here;
> My birthday comes but once a year."

At this point, lo! a blind beggar, to whom William incontinently yielded his own slice and a penny besides. The poem ends—

> I need not ask each youthful breast
> Which of these boys you like the best;
> Let goodness, then, incitement prove,
> And imitate the boy you love.

How can the youthful breast demur? William, William it is who, of course, comes out at the head of the poll.

Quite as interesting a study to the psychologist is the conduct of the other boys when one of their school-fellows receives a hamper. But there are pleasanter matters for inquiry. Poor human nature!



"The hamper is not for food alone."

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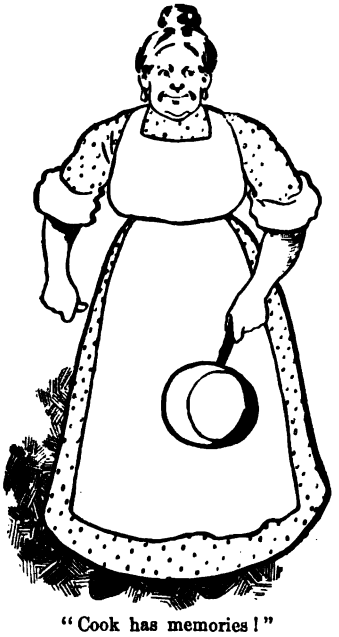
The hamper is not for food alone; it is also the travelling compartment of live stock. Dogs who travel without a ticket usually do so in a hamper. Cats are conveyed by that means from Blackburn to Torquay, and the next day but one, dishevelled and footsore, creep into the Blackburn kitchen once again, and thus win attention from the *Spectator* and Mr. Tegetmeier, of the *Field*, who occupies the same attitude to the homing instinct that Mrs. Prig did to Mrs. Harris. It is strange that no one ever meets a cat under the dominion of the homing instinct. It would be quite unmistakable, because of the bee-line which it takes and the rate it has to travel at to deserve the notice of Mr. St. Loe Strachey. As Mark Twain wrote of the jackass rabbit—"Long after it is out of sight you can hear it whizz." I suppose a homing cat never stops for a mouse. Carrier pigeons are conveyed in hampers to the place where their flight is to begin; but not all birds are so lucky. I was never so surprised in my life as when the naturalist's man from whom I bought a cockatoo last winter thrust the screaming thing into a deal box hardly bigger than itself, and hammered nails two inches long through the lid. Then he sawed off a corner for ventilation, wrapped up the box in brown paper, fastened it noisily with string, and slammed it on the counter before me. Five hours later, after a weary and cold railway journey, a very angry and very dirty cockatoo was liberated by two frightened men in wicket-keeping gloves. And, according to the latest accounts, the bird has not recovered its temper yet.



"Cook has memories!"

The stores-supplied hamper is, I take it, designed to meet the requirements of the bachelor uncle who has no kitchen where he may prepare one. It therefore has notable uses. But the hamper, as most boys understand it, is a home-made blessing. More than one friendly intellect has contributed to its plenishing. The maternal mind is, of course, the fountain and origin of good, but cook has had her say too. Cook knows Master Tom's tastes as well as anyone, perhaps better. Cook has memories . . . hence the cold plum-pudding. And at hamper time a certain reason for the existence of sisters becomes evident: they can make toffee. The "1 Bottle sweets" is unknown to home-made hampers, but a bottle of raspberry vinegar has sometimes found its way therein. I have also a recollection of dough-nuts. Quince jam was of old a stimulating surprise. But the crowning triumph of any hamper is, of course, the cake. That is the nucleus; all else is accessory. One of a boy's earliest acute perceptions is of the inferiority of all cake made outside his own home. I remember a boy at school whose cake was but plum-bread. I remember another whose hampers contained a sickly confection of rose-leaves and honey. And yet another who was supplied with a tin of cocoa and a parcel of coarse brown sugar, the contents of which were mixed (sometimes, I regret to say, in the palm of the hand) and eaten as an ant-eater eats ants—a departure in tuck which soon became a fashion, and possibly flourishes to this day.

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MRS. FADDE (faith-curist): How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?

BRIDGET: He still has the rheumatics mighty bad, mum?

MRS. FADDE: You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism.

BRIDGET: Yes, mum.

A few days later—

MRS. FADDE: And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?

BRIDGET: No, mum; the poor man thinks now thot he is dead. We buried um yisterday.

HE: Does your father favour my suit?

SHE: I don't know; but he said he believed you hadn't paid for it.

LITTLE ETHEL: Why is it that womens is always complainin' about the servants?

LITTLE DOT: Oh, that's just so folks will know they can afford to keep them.

"The doctor would like to see you inside," said the maid to the caller in the reception-room.

"Not much!" said the startled patient; "he can't try any X-ray on me."

SHOPWALKER: She complains that you didn't show her common civility.

ASSISTANT: I showed her everything in my department, sir.

FLICK: Call him a musician! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a nocturne and a symphony.

FLACK: You don't mean it.

And they hurry to get away from each other. Each is terribly afraid that the other will ask: "By the way, what is the difference?"

FIRST FRIEND: So he married in haste! Did he repent at leisure?

SECOND FRIEND: No; he repented in haste, too!

"HAWKINS is very fond of his horse, isn't he."

"Why, no; he hates him."

"That's queer. I saw him riding in the park the other day and he had his arms about the animal's neck."

OLD LADY: Didn't I tell you never to come here again?

UP-TO-DATE TRAMP: I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it's the fault of my secretary; he has neglected to strike your name from my visiting list.

FOND MAMMA: I think I shall send Eunice abroad to have her voice cultivated.

FOND PAPA: Very well, my dear. As long as the cultivation is done abroad I shan't object.

HE: Darling, I wanted to take you to the theatre to-night, but I felt that I couldn't afford it.

SHE: Never mind, dear. We can go to-morrow night.

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TAR AND FEATHER SERIES: THE CAT.

A Skit by H. Graham.

WHAT true sportsman does not feel a thrill as he hears the word "cat," and knows that before long another First of April will come round, and the hunting of this noble animal begin again in earnest? The very thought of it bids the blood course quicker through his veins and sends his temperature up at least two degrees. And well it may, for there is no finer day's sport to be had than a good day's cat shooting. Every variety of shot is obtained, from the chance taken at an old Tom flitting beneath the cover of a suburban strawberry bed to the fairly long cross-shot aimed at

a cat darting across the open roof, polished by the wanderings of generations of his ancestors, or the quick snap, taken ere the soap dish is raised high enough to give its flight deadly effect, at a covey settling among the chimney pots. Even the slow, steady pot-shot with a bootjack at a cat stealing slowly over the cucumber frame, not thirty yards away, is not always a certainty to the most experienced shootist.

It is impossible to deal at any length with the natural history of the cat within the short limits of an article of this sort, and in any case the subject is already too well known to bear repetition.

He is born at the customary age, though he generally chooses an extremely inconvenient place—such as the front stairs during a dinner-party—in which to make his first appearance. When very young he is called a kitten. Why he is called a kitten we have been unable to discover, but there it is, take it or leave it.

The cat, during the early stages of his career, is merely a fluffy ball with two large green eyes—you can't see them, but they're there all the same—a leg at each corner, and a tail, though this latter appendage is not a necessity, and has been laid aside by some of the species. As the cat grows up he adopts different abodes and employs various means for his own maintenance and sustenance. Consulting old records will show us that the cat is not a very fastidious feeder. He dotes on fish, is extremely fond of flesh, and is not above fowl. His tastes, however, are frugal, and he does not worry because there is no sauce with his salmon, though he generally prefers to take milk with his mice. He is very fond of the dark, is the cat, partly because he can see quite well in it, but chiefly because he knows you can't, and a cat loves to have two to four the best of you. After he has fixed upon any house or garden as his abode, he will take great trouble to search out all the darkest portions therein. These he selects as suitable spots in which to sit and think, and do his family washing and sleep, and he never leaves any of these temporary resting-places until you have tripped up over him several times and nearly broken your neck. He loves to hear you swear. Bad language is like a day in the country to an ordinary cat; it braces him up and does him no end of good. No other living creature except a woman or a house fly spends so much time over its toilet as the cat; but that is, of course, a fault on the right side. When left alone he is a most harmless creature, and but few deaths can be laid at his door. On the contrary, he generally lays the death at your door, either in the shape of a rat which he has found in the gutter, or of your best friend, who has fallen over his slumbering form and fractured his skull against the kerb. Occasionally, if you are short-sighted, the death is your own, and then it is extremely unpleasant, but has to be put up with.

Ambrose Powell, writing in 1760, says "Ye catte"—I don't know why he spells it like that, but there appears to have been a sort of epidemic of that sort of spelling prevalent at that time; and, after all, if it amused the poor man and didn't do any harm, I don't know why *we* should object. "Ye catte," he writes, "is a gentle beaste, but when roused he becometh noisome and pestilent." Of course the moral of this is, don't rouse ye catte, but that is too desperate a remedy for any sportsman to adopt.

There are two kinds of cats which are most prevalent in England at the present time. First of all there is the common or garden cat, who makes his home upon the common or within the garden. He is generally thin and melancholy. He has eaten something that has disagreed with him, and he must needs sing about it all night.

He is apt to look at the dark side of things, such as lumps of coal or other "souvenirs" which are handed to him during the course of the evening from surrounding windows, and from these he gathers that the world is harsh and cold and unsympathetic. This type of cat eats but little, and

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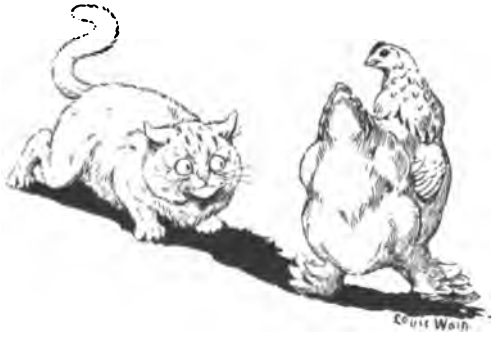
this for many reasons, the chief one being that he can't get any more. We should be considerate with the poor beast and remember what he has to suffer. Even when his yowlings are more than human flesh and blood can bear, we should politely request him to desist, and, if he refuses, content ourselves with heaping coals of fire and knobs of chairs and things on his head. He is not worth losing our temper over or breaking the crockery.

We next come to the indoor or preserved cat. Of course, by this we do not mean that the animal is preserved in the way that jam is preserved, though it is rumoured that when tinned he makes an excellent substitute for rabbit. We refer, naturally enough, to the home-reared, home-fed cat, who takes up a temporary abode in whatever room a meal happens to be going on at the moment. He is sleek, well-to-do, and sociable. He rubs himself up against your trousers in an engaging way, and leaves them covered with short black hairs. He invites you to tickle his head, and then scratches you all down the arm when he wishes to make it clear to you that "he has had enough, thanks." He goes to sleep in the arm-chair into which you motion your only rich uncle, and claws him enthusiastically in the back when he sits down. He plays silly games with the knitting of your wealthy maiden aunt, and gets it into such an appalling tangle that you have to take it guiltily out into the garden and bury it before the poor old lady finds out. He poaches all night in your neighbour's hen roost, and slays the favourite Cochin China fowl which your neighbour's



wife has cherished and tended ever since it was an egg. He is left in the house when the family goes out of town, and the caretaker, whose bit of Sunday pork has mysteriously disappeared, turns him out into the street and slams the door in his face. He then joins the tribe of common or garden cats, and nightly vows vengeance against mankind from every housetop in a loud, clear voice and with great unanimity, if not perfect harmony.

In shooting cats the sportsman must keep his ears and eyes open, and always have his lethal weapon at hand, be it air-gun, catapult, sling, or merely the more homely half brick or lump of coal. Cats standing on the roof at night are hard to see, and, rushing in and out amid the encircling chimney pots, they are hard to hit. If obliged to take them running past windows or over glass houses, it is better to chance breaking a pane or two than to let them reach the open flower beds and so escape. Air-guns are perhaps the most fatal form of death-dealing implements for cat shooting, but in densely inhabited districts they are rather too dangerous to be popular. In fact, we ourselves have known the mere report of a gun in a suburban

street to create an almost universal panic. Every window in the place flew open, and the inhabitants gave vent to unpleasantly shrill screams, and, with one voice, made loud remarks on the subject of Fire, Police, Help, Thieves, Battle, Murder and Lingering Death. The most awful consequences might have ensued had it not been for the presence of mind of an adjacent police constable, who rose like one man and assured the affrighted populace that there was no cause for immediate alarm.

Catapults are also very effective against cats, and will occasionally bring them down at a distance of forty yards and more. Blow tubes, on the other hand, though deadly at short ranges, have no staying power, and their curved trajectory renders them untrustworthy for distances over twenty yards. A bootjack gripped firmly by the broader end makes a very useful missile, and nice nobbly bits of coal are also handy. We should not recommend the use of candlesticks or bedroom crockery, as the results gained are not in equal proportion to the amount of expense incurred.

The cat has many foes, but among his natural enemies there are two which stand out most prominently. The chief of these is the dog. No right-minded, self-respecting dog can see a cat without experiencing a wild desire to run after him. There is something fascinating about the sight of a cat's tail to the average dog, and he can seldom resist it. When the pursued cat turns round, however, the dog generally stops. He seems to wish to give the poor cat every chance. In fact, he almost looks as though he were longing to avoid an encounter. An expression of anxious yearning comes over his face which says quite plainly, "Let me get out and walk." But still, take him all round, the dog is brave enough when there is any pursuing to be done, and will give chase with great vigour till he has brought his quarry to bay.

The small boy is another of the cat's natural foes. We refer to the genus small boy which walks along the street backwards or sideways, carrying something on his head and whistling in a shrill and offensive manner. When a youth of this type views a cat, his worst passions are at once roused. He becomes frantically excited,

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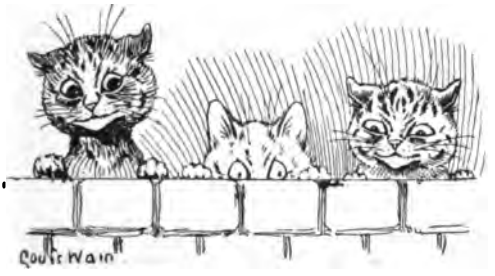
hisses violently, and makes other oppressive noises with his mouth, and pursues the unfortunate animal, with whatever he happens to have in hand, to the shelter of the nearest area. If the dog and the small boy both combine to annoy the cat, the position of the latter is sometimes startlingly painful and his existence inordinately brief.

A clear, moonlight night is the best time for a cat drive. Good weather is almost indispensable to the sport, as otherwise the animals will not lie out, and, if under cover, they keep close and are very difficult to put up. The easiest time to find cats, if you are without a dog, is in the early spring. It is then that you can often hear them calling to one another across the roofs, and so make sure of their position before attempting to stalk them. At other seasons they are apt to pack together in large coveys, and, if you fire at one of them and miss, he is very likely to give the alarm to the whole garden, and then you will have little chance of getting a second shot.

I shall never forget the day I bagged my first cat. I was staying in a small house just outside London at the time. It was in '87, the year when cats were so plentiful and strong on the leg. I happened to be looking out of my window one clear, starlit night, when I suddenly saw a fine old black



Tom settle on the roof of the conservatory just below me. I couldn't get a shot at him there for fear of breaking the glass, but I bethought me of a plan for moving him to more open country. I had plenty of ammunition by me, and loaded up with a bootjack in my right hand and a soap dish in my left. Then I gently threw a sponge half full of water in such a way that it dropped just about an inch in front of the monarch's snout. As he rose I let fly at him. Heavens! I missed with my right, the shot going short and ploughing up the mignonette bed at his feet; but I took a deliberate aim with my left, and, by a lucky chance, brought him down just as he was getting away. I remember a policeman helped me to bury him in the back garden, and afterwards drank my health in the kitchen several times. Ah, how it all comes back to me! I can see the whole scene in my memory as though it were only yesterday. But, alas, I am old now and too rheumatic to do much in the way of cat shooting. All the same, I can still enjoy an occasional day's driving on the roofs with the youngest, though I am not strong enough to walk them up as I used, or catapult them over dogs.

This, perhaps, would be a good opportunity for a few hints to beginners and those to whom cat shooting is as yet an unknown joy. My young friends, the first and most important rule to remember is never to point your catapult or other weapon at anybody, no matter whether it be loaded or not. Nasty accidents have often occurred through neglect of this simple precaution. It is to your own advantage to be careful, as your host is extremely unlikely to ask you to help him shoot his preserves next year if you have just succeeded in embedding a large stone in his cranium. When crossing a garden wall or a slippery bit of pavement, all missiles should be stowed away in the pocket, and not held in the hand. This may seem a simple thing, but we have known cases where even experienced cat-shots have done themselves serious injury through neglecting to comply with this rule. A lump of coal when carried in the hand across a bad piece of ground may easily slip, and, if it happens by chance to fall heavily on to the toe of the sportsman, it will cause him a good deal of pain and perhaps necessitate his remaining on the sick list during some of the best days of the season.

When cat shooting, you should remember always to aim well forward. If this rule is observed there will be no more cases of wounded cats escaping, no more maimed animals creeping away to die in the local water company's reservoirs, and consequently no unpleasantness caused to those of the inhabitants who happen to be teetotallers. Aiming forward does not necessarily mean firing too soon, and beginners will find it a useful plan to see which way the cat jumps before firing at all.

With these words we will, for the present, close our short dissertation upon the cat, absorbing though it be. Not so much because we have exhausted the subject as because we feel that we have said sufficient and that you must be getting tired.

Enough, gentle reader, and again I say enough. Which makes twice. And twice is as good as a feast.

Two little brothers, aged respectively four and six years old, fell in with a stray kitten, which, suffering by the hands of some cruel person, had of its tail scarcely half an inch remaining. "Poor little kitten!" said the younger one; "who has cut off its tail? I wonder if it will grow again?" To which the elder gravely remarked, "Of course it will! Don't you see the root is there?"

"YES, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

A MAN went into a hardware shop in Greenock the other day and inquired, "How much do you ask for a bath-tub for a child?"

"Ten-and-six," was the reply.

"W-h-e-w!" whistled the customer. "We'll have to go on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle till the prices come down."

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MR. ISAACS: I sells you dat coat at a grad sacrifice.

CUSTOMER: But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?

MR. ISAACS: Mein frient, I makes a small profit on de paper and string.

"IT was a rather expensive ocean trip that Splasher took."

"What happened."

"A frightful storm came up, and the captain threw Splasher's oil paintings overboard to calm the waves."

MISS LAURA: Oh, Auntie! You remember Mr. Meeker, who went from here as a missionary? I have just heard that those awful cannibals ate him.

AUNT SOPHRONIA: Dear me! I do hope they cooked him with turnips. The poor dear man was so fond of turnips, you know.

HE: What is the use of putting all that trimming on the back of your hat? Do you suppose any man can see the back of your hat when he meets you?

SHE: No; but every woman will when she passes me.

HARGREAVES: You have heard of giving your coat to the man who takes your cloak?

FERRY: I have; what of it?

HARGREAVES: That seems to be the system my tailor is going on. He sent me a suit a year or two ago, and now he has brought another one.

"HERE, you've been telling me all along," said the bright-faced young wife, "what a wonderful cook your mother was; and now your Aunt Jane has just told me that your father was a chronic dyspeptic."

"Well, you see," the young husband murmured, with a deep sigh, "mother learned by practising on father."

INTERPRETER: Chief Wangho wants no more beads and brass wire; he says you cannot cross his country unless you agree to pay his price.

AFRICAN EXPLORER: What does he want?

INTERPRETER: Two-thirds of the royalties on your next book.

"No, I never take the newspapers home; I've a family of grown-up daughters, you know."

"Papers too full of crime, eh?"

"No, too full of bargain sales."

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THE KING OF THE FOXES.*

By A. Conan Doyle.

Illustrated by G. H. Jalland.

T was after a hunting dinner, and there were as many scarlet coats as black ones round the table. The conversation over the cigars had turned, therefore, in the direction of horses and horsemen, with reminiscences of phenomenal runs where foxes had led the pack from end to end of a county, and been overtaken at last by two or three limping hounds and a huntsman on foot, while every rider in the field had been pounded. As the port circulated the runs became longer and more apocryphal, until we had the whips inquiring their way and failing to understand the dialect of the people who answered them. The foxes, too, became more eccentric, and we had foxes up pollard willows, foxes which were dragged by the tail out of horses' mangers, and foxes which had raced through an open front door and gone to ground in a lady's bonnet box. The master had told one or two tall reminiscences, and when he cleared his throat for another we were all curious, for he was a bit of an artist in his way and produced his effects in a *crescendo* fashion. His face wore the earnest, practical, severely accurate expression which heralded some of his finest efforts.

"It was before I was master," said he. "Sir Charles Adair had the hounds at that time, and then afterwards they passed to old Lathom, and then to me. It may possibly have been just after Lathom took them over, but my strong impression is that it was in Adair's time. That would be early in the seventies—about seventy-two, I should say.

"The man I mean has moved to another part of the country, but I daresay that some of you can remember him. Danbury was the name—Walter Danbury, or Wat Danbury, as the people used to call him. He was the son of old Joe Danbury, of High Ascombe, and when his father died he came into a very good thing, for his only brother was drowned when the *Magna Charta* foundered, so he inherited the whole estate. It was only a few hundred acres, but it was good arable land, and those were the great days of farming. Besides, it was freehold, and a yeoman farmer without a mortgage was a warmish man before the great fall in wheat came. Foreign wheat and barbed wire—those are the two curses of this country; for the one spoils the farmer's work and the other spoils his play.

"This young Wat Danbury was a very fine fellow, a keen rider, and thorough sportsman, but his head was a little turned at having come, when so young, into a comfortable fortune, and he went the pace for a year or two. The lad had no vice in him, but there was a hard drinking set in the neighbourhood at that time, and Danbury got drawn in among them; and, being an amiable fellow who liked to do what his friends were doing, he very soon took to drinking a great deal more than was good for him. As a rule, a man who takes his exercise may drink as much as he likes in the evening and do himself no very great harm if he will leave it alone during the day. Danbury had too many friends for that, however, and it really looked as if the poor chap was going to the bad, when a very curious thing happened which pulled him up with such a sudden jerk that he never put his hand upon the neck of a whiskey bottle again.

"He had a peculiarity which I have noticed in a good many other men, that though he was always playing tricks with his own health, he was none the less very anxious about it, and was extremely fidgety if ever he had any trivial symptom. Being a tough open-air fellow, who was always as hard as a nail, it was seldom that there was anything amiss with him; but at last the drink began to tell, and he woke one morning with his hands shaking and all his nerves tingling like overstretched fiddle strings. He had been dining at some very wet house the night before, and the wine had perhaps been more plentiful than choice; at any rate, there he was, with a tongue like a bath towel and a head that ticked like an eight-day clock. He was very alarmed at his own condition and he sent for Doctor Middleton,

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of Ascombe, the father of the man who practises there now.

"Middleton had been a great friend of old Danbury's, and he was very sorry to see his son going to the devil, so he improved the occasion by taking his case very seriously and lecturing him upon the danger of his ways. He shook his head and talked about the possibility of *delirium tremens*, or even of mania, if he continued to lead such a life. Wat Danbury was horribly frightened.

"'Do you think I am going to get anything of the sort?' he wailed.

"'Well, really, I don't know,' said the doctor gravely. 'I cannot undertake to say that you are out of danger. Your system is very much out of order. At any time during the day you might have those grave symptoms of which I warn you.'

"'Do you think I am going to get anything of the sort?'"

"'You think I shall be safe by evening?'

"'If you drink nothing during the day, and have no nervous symptoms before evening, I think you may consider yourself safe,' the doctor answered. A little fright would, he thought, do his patient good, so he made the most of the matter.

"'What symptoms may I expect?' asked Danbury.

"'It generally takes the form of optical delusions.'

"'I see specks floating all about.'

"'That is mere biliousness,' said the doctor soothingly, for he saw that the lad was highly strung and he did not wish to overdo it. 'I daresay that you will have no symptoms of the kind, but when they do come they usually take the shape of insects, or reptiles, or curious animals.'

"'And if I see anything of the kind?'

"'If you do, you will at once send for me'; and so, with a promise of medicine, the doctor departed.

"Young Wat Danbury rose and dressed and moped about the room feeling very miserable and unstrung, with a vision of the County Asylum for ever in his mind. He had the doctor's word for it that if he could get through to evening in safety he would be all right, but it is not very exhilarating to be waiting for symptoms, and to keep on glancing at your bootjack to see whether it is still a bootjack or whether it has begun to develop antennæ and legs. At last he could stand it no longer, and an overpowering longing for the fresh air and the green grass came over him. Why should he stay indoors when the Ascombe Hunt was meeting within half a mile of him? If he was going to have these delusions which the doctor talked of, he would not have them the sooner nor the worse because he was on horseback in the open. He was sure, too, it would ease his aching head. And so it came about that in ten minutes he was in his hunting kit, and in ten more he was riding out of his stable yard with his roan mare Matilda between his knees. He was a little unsteady in his saddle just at first, but the further he went the better he felt, until by the time he reached the meet his head was almost clear, and there was nothing troubling him except those haunting words of the doctor's about the possibility of delusions any time before nightfall.

"But soon he forgot that also, for as he came up the hounds were thrown off and they drew the Gravel Hanger and afterwards the Hickory Copse. It was just the morning for a scent—no wind to blow it away, no water to wash it out, and just damp enough to make it cling. There was a field of forty, all keen men and good riders, so when they came to the Black Hanger they knew that there would be some sport, for that's a cover which never draws blank. The woods were thicker in those days than now, and the foxes were thicker also, and that great dark oak grove was swarming with them. The only difficulty was to make them break, for it is, as you know, a very close country, and you must coax them out into the open before you can hope for a run.

"When they came to the Black Hanger the field took their positions along the cover-side wherever they thought that they were most likely to get a good start. Some went in with the hounds, some clustered at the ends of the drives, and some kept outside

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in the hope of the fox breaking in that direction. Young Wat Danbury knew the country like the palm of his hand, so he made for a place where several drives intersected and there he waited. He had a feeling that the faster and the further he galloped the better he should be, and so he was chafing to be off. His mare, too, was in the height of fettle and one of the fastest goers in the county. Wat was a splendid light-weight rider—under ten stone with his saddle—and the mare was a powerful creature, all quarters and shoulders, fit to carry a lifeguardsman, and so it was no wonder that there was

"As he came up the hounds were thrown off."

hardly a man in the field who could hope to stay with him. There he waited and listened to the shouting of the huntsman and the whips, catching a glimpse now and then in the darkness of the wood of a whisking tail, or the gleam of a white-and-tan side amongst the underwood. It was a well-trained pack, and there was not so much as a whine to tell you that forty hounds were working all round you.

"And then suddenly there came one long-drawn yell from one of them, and it was taken up by another, and another, until within a few seconds the whole pack was giving tongue together and running on a hot scent. Danbury saw them stream across one of the drives and disappear upon the other side, and an instant later the three red coats of the hunt servants flashed after them upon the same line. He might have made a shorter cut down one of the other drives, but he was afraid of heading the fox, so he followed the lead of the huntsman. Right through the wood they went in a bee line, galloping with their faces brushed by their horses' manes as they stooped under the branches. It's ugly going, as you know, with the roots all wriggling about in the darkness, but you can take a risk when you catch an occasional glimpse of the pack running with a breast-high scent; so in and out they dodged, until the wood began to thin at the edges and they found themselves in the long bottom where the river runs. It is clear going there upon grassland, and the hounds were running very strong about two hundred yards ahead, keeping parallel with the stream. The field, who had come round the wood instead of going through, were coming hard over the fields upon the left, but Danbury with the hunt servants had a clear lead and they never lost it. Two of the field got on terms with them, Parson Geddes on the big seventeen-hand

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bay which he used to ride in those days, and Squire Foley, who rode as a feather-weight and made his hunters out of cast thoroughbreds from the Newmarket sales; but the others never had a look in from start to finish, for there was no check and no pulling, and it was clear cross-country racing from start to finish. If you had drawn a line right across the map with a pencil you wouldn't go straighter than that fox ran, heading for the South Downs and the sea; and the hounds ran as surely as if they were running to view, and yet from the beginning no one ever saw the fox, and there was never a hallo forrard to tell them that he had been spied. This, however, is not so surprising, for if you've been over that line of country you will know that there are not very many people about.

"There were six of them then in the front row, Parson Geddes, Squire Foley, the huntsman, two whips, and Wat Danbury, who had forgotten all about his head and the doctor by this time, and had not a thought for anything but the run. All six were galloping just as hard as they could lay hoofs to the ground. One of the whips dropped back, however, as some of the hounds were tailing off, and that brought them down to five. Then Foley's thoroughbred strained herself, as these slim-legged, dainty-fetlocked thoroughbreds will do when the going is rough, and he had to take a back seat. But the other four were still going strong, and they did four or five miles down the river flat at a rasping pace. It had been a wet winter and the waters had been out a little time before, so there was a deal of sliding and splashing, but by the time they came to the bridge the whole field was out of sight and these four had the hunt to themselves.

PARSON GEDDES AND SQUIRE FOLEY.

"The fox had crossed the bridge—for foxes do not care to swim a chilly river any more than humans do—and from that point he had streaked away southward as hard as he could tear. It is broken country, rolling heaths, down one slope and up another, and it's hard to say whether the up or the down is the more trying for the horses. This sort of switchback work is all right for a cobby, short-backed, short-legged little horse, but it is killing work for a big long-striding hunter such as one wants in the Midlands. Anyhow, it was too much for Parson Geddes' seventeen-hand bay, and though he tried the Irish trick—for he was a rare keen sportsman—of running up the hills by his horse's head, it was all to no use, and he had to give it up. So then there was only the huntsman, the whip, and Wat Danbury—all going strong.

"But the country got worse and worse, and the hills were steeper and more thickly covered in heather and bracken. The horses were over their hocks all the time, and the place was pitted with rabbit holes, but the hounds were still streaming along, and the riders could not afford to pick their steps. As they raced down one slope, the hounds were always flowing up the opposite one, until it looked like that game where the one figure in falling makes the other one rise. But never a glimpse did they get of the fox, although they knew very well that he must be only a very short way ahead for the scent to lie so strong. And then Wat Danbury heard a crash and a thud at his elbow, and looking round he saw a pair of white cords and top-boots kicking out of a tussock of brambles. The whip's horse had stumbled, and the whip was out of the running. Danbury and the huntsman eased down for an instant, and then, seeing the man staggering to his feet all right, they turned and settled into their saddles once more.

"Joe Clarke, the huntsman, was a famous old rider, known for five counties round;

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but he reckoned upon his second horse, and the second horses had all been left many miles behind. However, the one he was riding was good enough for anything with such a horseman upon his back, and he was going as well as when he started. As to Wat Danbury, he was going better. With every stride his own feelings improved, and the mind of the rider has its influence upon the mind of the horse. The stout little roan was gathering its muscular limbs under it and stretching to the gallop as if it were steel and whalebone instead of flesh and blood. Wat had never come to the end of its powers yet, and to-day he had such a chance of testing them as he had never had before.

"There was a pasture country beyond the heather slopes, and for several miles the two riders were either losing ground as they fumbled with their crop-handles at the bars of gates, or gaining it again as they galloped over the fields. Those were the days before this accursed wire came into the country, and you could generally break a hedge where you could not fly it, so they did not trouble the gates more than they could help. Then they were down in a hard lane, where they had to slacken their pace, and through a farm where a man came shouting excitedly after them; but they had no time to stop and listen to him, for the hounds were on some ploughland only two fields ahead. It was sloping upwards, that ploughland, and the horses were over their fetlocks in the red soft soil. When they reached the top they were blowing badly, but a grand valley sloped before them, leading up to the open country of the South Downs. Between, there lay a belt of pinewoods, into which the hounds were streaming, running now in a long, straggling line and shedding one here and one there as they ran. You could see the white-and-tan dots here and there where the limpers were tailing away. But half the pack were still going well, though the pace and distance had both been tremendous—two clear hours now without a check.

"There was a drive through the pinewood—one of those green, slightly-rutted drives where a horse can get the last yard out of itself, for the ground is hard enough to give him clean going and yet springy enough to help him. Wat Danbury got alongside of the huntsman and they galloped together with their stirrup-irons touching, and the hounds within a hundred yards of them.

"'We have it all to ourselves,' said he.

"'Yes, sir, we've shook off the lot of 'em this time,' said old Joe Clarke. 'If we get this fox it's worth while 'aving 'im skinned an' stuffed, for 'e's a curiosity 'e is.'

"Going strong."

"'It's the fastest run I ever had in my life,' cried Danbury.

"'And the fastest that ever I 'ad, an' that means more,' said the old huntsman. 'But what licks me is that we've never 'ad a look at the beast. 'E must leave an amazin' scent be'ind 'im when these 'ounds can follow 'm like this, and yet none of us

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have seen 'im when we've 'ad a clear 'alf mile view in front of us.'

"'I expect we'll have a view of him presently,' said Danbury, and in his mind he added, 'at least, I shall,' for the huntsman's horse was gasping as it ran, and the white foam was pouring down it like the side of a washing tub.

"They had followed the hounds on to one of the side tracks which led out of the main drive, and that divided into a smaller track still, where the branches switched across their faces as they went and there was barely room for one horse at a time. Wat Danbury took the lead, and he heard the huntsman's horse clumping along heavily behind him, while his own mare was going with less spring than herself, and was over. Wat had hardly got back into his saddle when there was a clatter behind him like the fall of a woodstack, and there was the top bar in splinters, the horse on its belly, and the huntsman on hands and knees half a dozen yards in front of him. Wat pulled up for an instant, for the fall was a smasher; but he saw old Joe spring to his feet and get to his horse's bridle. The horse staggered up, but the moment it put one foot in front of the other Wat saw that it was hopelessly lame—a slipped shoulder and a six weeks' job. There was nothing he could do, and Joe was shouting to him not to lose the hounds, so off he went again, the one solitary survivor of the whole hunt. When a man finds himself there, he can

"The whip's horse had stumbled."

when she had started. She answered to a touch of his crop or spur, however, and he felt that there was something still left to draw upon. And then he looked up, and there was a heavy wooden stile at the end of the narrow track, with a lane of stiff young saplings leading down to it which was far too thick to break through. The hounds were running clear upon the grassland on the other side, and you were bound either to get over that stile or lose sight of them, for the pace was too hot to let you go round.

"Well, Wat Danbury was not the lad to flinch, and at it he went full split, like a man who means what he is doing. She rose gallantly to it, rapped it hard with her front hoof, shook him on to her withers, recovered

retire from fox-hunting, for he has tasted the highest which it has to offer. I remember once when I was out with the Royal Surrey—but I'll tell you that story afterwards.

"The pack, or what was left of them, had got a bit ahead during this time; but he had a clear view of them on the downland, and the mare seemed full of pride at being the only one left, for she was stepping out rarely and tossing her head as she went. There were two miles over the green shoulder of a hill, a rattle down a stony, deep-rutted country lane, where the mare stumbled and nearly came down, a jump over a five-foot brook, a cut through a hazel copse, another dose of heavy ploughland, a couple of gates to open, and then the green unbroken Downs

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beyond. 'Well,' said Wat Danbury to himself, 'I'll see this fox run into or I shall see it drowned, for it's all clear going now between this and the chalk cliffs which line the sea.'

"But he was wrong in that, as he speedily discovered. In all the little hollows of the Downs at that part there are plantations of fir-woods, some of which have grown to a good size. You do not see them until you come upon the edge of the valleys in which they lie. Danbury was galloping hard over the short, springy turf when he came over the lip of one of these depressions, and there was the dark clump of wood lying in front of and beneath him. There were only a dozen hounds still running, and they were just disappearing among the trees. The sunlight was shining straight upon the long olive green slopes which curved down towards this wood, and Danbury, who had the eyes of a hawk, swept them over this great expanse; but there was nothing moving upon it. A few sheep were grazing far up on the right, but there was no other sight of any living creature. He was certain then that he was very near to the end, for either the fox must have gone to ground in the wood or the hounds' noses must be at his very brush. The mare seemed to know also what that great empty sweep of countryside meant, for she quickened her stride, and a few minutes afterwards Danbury was galloping into the fir-wood.

"A man came shouting excitedly after them."

"He had come from bright sunshine, but the wood was very closely planted and so dim that he could hardly see to right or to left out of the narrow path down which he was riding. You know what a solemn, churchyardy sort of place a fir-wood is. I suppose it is the absence of any undergrowth and the fact that the trees never move at all. At any rate a kind of chill suddenly struck through Wat Danbury, and it flashed through his mind that there had been some very singular points about this run — its length and its straightness, and the fact that from the first find no one had ever caught a glimpse of the creature. Some silly talk which had been going round the country about the king of the foxes—a sort of demon fox, so fast that it could outrun any pack, and so fierce that they could do nothing with it if they overtook it—suddenly came back into his mind, and it did not seem so laughable now in the dim fir-wood as it had done when the story had been told over the wine and cigars. The nervousness which had been on him in the morning, and which he had hoped that he had shaken off, swept over him again in an overpowering wave. He had been so proud of being alone, and yet he would have given ten pounds now to have had Joe Clarke's homely face beside him. And then, just at that moment, there broke out from the thickest part of the wood the most frantic hullaballoo that ever he had heard in his life. The hounds had run into their fox.

"Well, you know, or you ought to know, what your duty is in such a case. You have to be whip, huntsman, and everything else if you are the first man up. You get in among the hounds, lash them off, and keep the brush and pads from being destroyed. Of course, Wat Danbury knew all about that, and he tried to force his mare through the trees to the place where all this hideous screaming and howling came from, but the wood was so thick that it was impossible to

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ride it. He sprang off, therefore, left the mare standing, and broke his way through as best he could with his hunting lash ready over his shoulder. But as he ran forward he felt his flesh go cold and creepy all over. He had heard hounds run into foxes many times before, but he had never heard such sounds as these. They were not the cries of triumph, but of fear. Every now and then came a shrill yelp of mortal agony. Holding his breath, he ran on until he broke through the interlacing branches and found himself in a little clearing with the hounds all crowding round a patch of tangled bramble at the further end.

"When he first caught sight of them the hounds were standing in a half-circle round this bramble patch with their backs bristling and their jaws gaping. In front of the brambles lay one of them with his throat torn out, all crimson and white and tan. Wat came running out into the clearing, and at the sight of him the hounds took heart again and one of them sprang with a growl into the bushes. At the same instant, a creature the size of a donkey jumped on to its feet, a huge grey head, with monstrous glistening fangs and tapering fox jaws, shot out from among the branches, and the hound was thrown several feet into the air and fell howling among the cover. Then there was a clashing snap like a rat-trap closing, and the howls sharpened into a scream and then were still.

"She rapped it hard."

"Danbury had been on the look-out for symptoms all day, and now he had found them. He looked once more at the thicket, saw a pair of savage red eyes fixed upon him, and fairly took to his heels. It might only be a passing delusion, or it might be the permanent mania of which the doctor had spoken, but, anyhow, the thing to do was to get back to bed and to quiet, and to hope for the best. He forgot the hounds, the hunt, and everything else in his desperate fears for his own reason. He sprang upon his mare, galloped her madly over the downs, and only stopped when he found himself at a country station. There he left his mare at the inn and made back for home as quickly as steam would take him. It was evening before he got there, shivering with apprehension and seeing those red eyes and savage teeth at every turn. He went straight to bed and sent for Dr. Middleton.

"'I've got 'em, doctor,' said he. 'It came about exactly as you said—strange creatures, optical delusions, and everything. All I ask you now is to save my reason.'

"The doctor listened to his story and was shocked as he heard it.

"'It appears to be a very clear case,' said he. 'This must be a lesson to you for life.'

"'Never a drop again if I only come safely through this,' cried Wat Danbury.

"'Well, my dear boy, if you will stick to that it may prove a blessing in disguise. But the difficulty in this case is to know where fact ends and fancy begins. You see, it is not as if there was only one delusion. There have been several. The dead dogs, for example, must have been one as well as the creature in the bush.'

"'I saw it all as clearly as I see you.'

"'One of the characteristics of this form of delirium is that what you see is even clearer than reality. I was wondering whether the whole run was not a delusion also.'

"Wat Danbury pointed to his hunting boots still lying upon the floor, flecked with the splashings of two counties.

"'Hum, that looks very real, certainly. No doubt in your weak state you overexerted yourself and so brought this attack upon yourself. Well, whatever the cause, our treatment is clear. You will take the soothing mixture which I will send to you, and we shall put two leeches upon your temples to-night to relieve any congestion of the brain.'

"So Wat Danbury spent the night in tossing about and reflecting what a sensitive

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"A creature shot out from among the branches."

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thing this machinery of ours is, and how very foolish it is to play tricks with what is so easily put out of gear and so difficult to mend. And so he repeated and repeated his oath that this first lesson should be his last, and that from that time forward he would be a sober, hard-working yeoman as his father

"He galloped madly over the downs."

had been before him. So he lay, tossing and still repentant, when his door flew open in the morning and in rushed the doctor with a newspaper crumpled up in his hand.

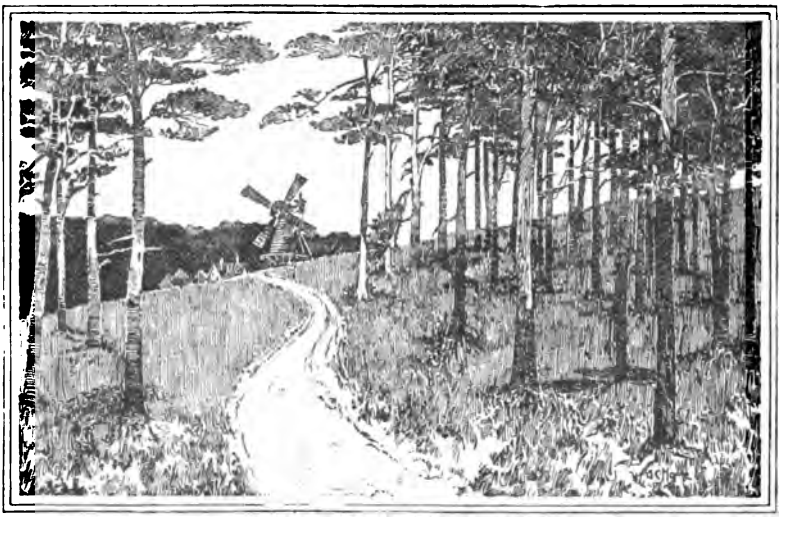
"'My dear boy,' he cried. 'I owe you a thousand apologies. You're the most ill-used lad and I the greatest numskull in the county. Listen to this!' And he sat down upon the side of the bed, flattened out his paper upon his knee, and began to read.

"The paragraph was headed, 'Disaster to the Ascombe Hounds,' and it went on to say that four of the hounds, shockingly torn and mangled, had been found in Winton Fir Wood upon the South Downs. The run had been so severe that half the pack were lamed; but the four found in the wood were actually dead, although the cause of their extraordinary injuries was still unknown. 'So you see,' said the doctor, looking up, 'that I was wrong when I put the dead hounds among the delusions.'

"'But the cause?' cried Wat.

"'Well, I think we may guess the cause from an item which has been inserted just as the paper went to press. "Late last night, Mr. Brown, of Smither's Farm, to the east of Hastings, perceived what he imagined to be an enormous dog worrying one of his sheep. He shot the creature, which proves to be a grey Siberian wolf of the variety known as *Lupus Giganticus*. It is supposed to have escaped from some travelling menagerie."'

"That's the story, gentlemen, and Wat Danbury stuck to his good resolutions, for the fright which he had, cured him of all wish to run such a risk again; and he never touches anything stronger than lime-juice—at least, he hadn't before he left this part of the country, five years ago next Lady Day."



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DON CARLOS.

By André de St. André and George Gale Thomas.

"WANTED—a King." Thus one of the London newspapers recently summed up the political situation in Spain, the full significance of which can only be seen in the light of past history.

No country in Europe has suffered more from internal dissensions, or has been engaged in more ghastly civil wars than those which have devastated the Iberian Peninsula. After having stood in the front rank of nations in the possession of the widest colonial empire, the classic land of Cervantes, Murillo and Velasquez has fallen on evil days. One by one her colonies have been lost, until at the present day, Spain is no more than the shadow of what she was during the glorious reigns of Isabella the First and Charles the Fifth.

The nineteenth century will, indeed, remain in the annals of the Peninsula as the age of misfortune and decadence. It is necessary to go back sixty years to seek the prime cause of the dissensions which have exhausted this unhappy country.

Barely recovered from the shock of the French Revolution and the throes of the succeeding struggle, caused by the attempt of Napoleon to found a kingdom for his brother Joseph, Spain had the misfortune in 1815 to come under the dominion of a monarch who, instead of healing her wounds and consolidating her strength on a secure basis, left her, by his last act, a fatal legacy of discord.

Desiring to leave the throne to his infant daughter—thus changing the order of the succession which, by the Salic law, could only run in the male line—this unfortunate Ferdinand VII. left a bone of contention which plunged his country into anarchy of the worst description, causing the Carlist Wars of 1833 to 1839, and 1872 to 1876, and the insurrections of 1845, 1849, and 1860, which have so impoverished Spain and lessened her prestige in the councils of Europe.

From a photo by [*Hirsbrunner, Lucerne.*

RECENT PORTRAIT OF DON CARLOS AND DON JAIME, THE LATTER IN RUSSIAN UNIFORM.

The *pronunciamientos* organised by ambitious military leaders, after having in turn placed on the throne and then driven from it Isabella II., Amadeus I., and Alfonso XII., have irremediably undermined the royal power; so much so, that, at the present time, in spite of the firmness and dignity of the Queen Regent Maria Christina, the country from one end to the other is asking, whether the only salvation is not to be found in the return of the present representative of the legitimate royal line which Ferdinand ousted from its rights in 1833.

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The horrible insurrections in Cuba and the Philippines, with the consequent complications in connection with America, came to the nation as the last straws in the load, and, although there was no reason to look further for their cause than the proverbial misgovernment of Spanish colonies, yet to the proud Spaniard they were only another proof of the incompetence of the Government, and an argument in favour of the return of the exiled king.

DON JUAN III.
(*Father of Don Carlos.*)

Don Carlos is, in fact, not only head of the illustrious House of Bourbon, but he is at the same time the rightful sovereign of Spain. A glance at the genealogy of his family is sufficient to bring conviction of the legitimacy of his claim in this behalf.

On the other hand, the theory of precedent advanced by the Christinos in 1833 and by the Alfonsists in 1875 is untenable. The ancient kingdoms of Castile, Arragon, and Navarre have, indeed, been ruled by women, but *only in default* of all male issue, and history shows that even in these most exceptional cases, the royal power has always been exercised by husband and wife conjointly.

Such, in brief, are Don Carlos's claims. Let us now turn to the man himself.

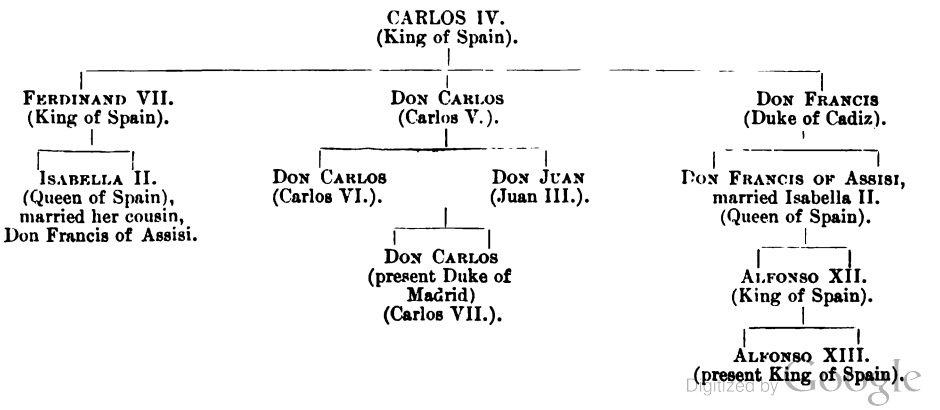
Certainly the prince who, on the 1st of November, 1888, wrote proudly to his faithful Valori the historic words, "Je tiens mon droit de mes aïeux et mon expérience de mes malheurs," is no ordinary man and he has lived no ordinary life. His very birth had a touch of the romantic.

In the spring of 1848 Prince Don Juan, his father, and the Archduchess Beatrice of Austria-Este, his mother, were travelling on their way to Vienna, when, as they approached Laibach, a small town in the Austrian province of Illyria, the princess was compelled to descend from the post-chaise to enter a village inn by the roadside. A short time after, in this chance shelter, the direct heir of Carlos V. came into the world, March 30th, 1848.

His parents settled themselves at Innsbruck, and he passed the first eighteen years of his life in Austria, going to Bologna at the age of nine to be confirmed by Pope Pius IX. His political life, however, did not commence until the year 1868. The young prince was now twenty years of age, and those twenty years had been eventful for his country.

Isabella II. was on the eve of being driven in disgrace from her throne, after a thirty-five years' reign, which will remain on record as the most dissolute and immoral reign

GENEALOGY OF DON CARLOS.



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which modern history has known. Carlos V., the hero of the first Carlist War, and his eldest son, Carlos VI., had both passed away, and Don Juan, the younger brother of the latter prince, after long consideration, had decided to abdicate his rights in favour of his eldest son, the present Don Carlos.

For the occasion a great council of the Carlist chiefs was convened in London. The day before the council the young Carlos, moved by the chivalrous instincts which characterised his nature, set out to visit Cabrera, the general who had fought so bravely in the cause of his grandfather, and who, loaded with years and honours, had, twenty years before, retired into private life at Wentworth.

A curious figure in history is this old Spaniard. The son of poor fisherfolk of Catalonia, he became renowned for his bravery in the first Carlist War; was created Count of Morella and Marquis del Ter, only to end his career by turning traitor to the cause for which he had shed his blood.

But this was still unwritten history when, on the 19th of July, 1868, the young prince had his historic interview with the old general of sixty-two.

In order to receive him whom he hypocritically called his king, the general played an unworthy comedy. He received him in bed, feigning illness. Hardly had the conversation commenced when he began to rail against the Carlists. Don Carlos, young as he was, showed then his nobility of character, and, repressing his righteous indignation, left the pretended invalid with these words—

"Cabrera, I thank you for your services to the cause of my grandfather and my uncle; but, if you wish to leave us, do it without railing, and, above all, remember that the hero who at the end of his life deserts his flag is a dishonoured man. If you leave me, it is to my great regret; but

Baron de Sangarren. Marquis de Valde-Espina. General Casero.
General Trariaguirae. Don Carlos. General Argonz.

DON CARLOS AT A COUNCIL OF WAR DURING THE WAR OF 1872-76.

(*After Kirchmayer's picture.*)

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God will raise up other heroes for my cause."

On the morrow the great council was held, and Don Carlos took the title of Duke of Madrid, and issued to the Court of St. James and all the foreign Courts his famous declaration, of which the official text is as follows—

Photo by] *[Noya, Venice.*

THE ROYAL CARLIST STANDARD.

(*Now hangs in the Loredan Palace, after going through the two Carlist campaigns.*)

"Si Dieu et les circonstances me placent sur le trône des Espagnes, je m'efforcerai de concilier loyalement les institutions utiles de notre époque avec les institutions indispensables du passé, laissant aux Cortes Générales, librement élues, la grande et difficile mission de doter ma chère patrie d'une Constitution qui, je l'espère, sera à la fois espagnole et définitive."

Had he then warned Spain against the victor of Morella, it is probable that at the present moment he would be King of Spain; for, just as the cause of Carlos V. was ruined by the traitor Maroto, so Carlos VII. failed because of the treason of Cabrera.

The Carlists of Spain saw in Cabrera the only general capable of placing the young prince on the throne of his ancestors. The prince was, however, young at the time, and dared not blazen abroad the unworthy conduct of the old general. It was, perhaps, the only occasion on which he did not sufficiently assert his mastery. Nor can one condemn a pretender of twenty years, who hesitates to abandon his faith in the man who has fought for the cause of his grandfather. Four precious years were lost in endeavouring to convince Cabrera of the futility of delaying in the cause of him whom he still continued to call his king. Resolved at length to take the field at all costs, the prince courageously entered Spain. The manner of it is sufficiently romantic to be worth relating.

On the night of May 1st, 1872, a little company of men were lying in the grass on the summit of the Pyrenees impatiently awaiting the dawn. They were Carlists, who with great difficulty had at length found the means of evading the cordon of French soldiers guarding the frontier and had crossed to the Spanish side.

As the hour of dawn approached, the night grew darker, as often happens in the South of France, where, after having shone in the clear heaven until nearly three o'clock, the stars seem suddenly to disappear, as if annoyed at having so soon to give place to the orb of day.

A young man, just awakened, felt the pressing necessity which always characterises the Spanish race—to light a cigarette—for a Spaniard can go without bread, but he cannot go without smoking!

Photo by] *[Vianelli, Venice.*

DON CARLOS AT THE END OF THE WAR IN 1876.

Having no match, he turned to his neighbour and in the still prevailing darkness asked for a light. Willingly his neighbour, who had not slept—as one can well imagine—struck a match. By the light of it the young man recognised Don Carlos.

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"Viva el Rey, Carlos VII.," he cried.

"Viva la España," joyfully replied the king.

When the day dawned the little company descended the mountain to a *borda*, one of the small Spanish farms in the Pyrenees. Here they expected to meet a hundred well-armed men, but instead they found eighteen men and one bayonet!

"No matter," said Don Carlos.

His followers wished him to recross the frontier, but he refused energetically. Then this handful of men went twenty-four hours without touching food, braving a thousand risks in trying to raise others to join them. A year later the eighteen men had given place to an army of one hundred thousand, and Don Carlos commanded in all the North of Spain. The details of the war thus romantically inaugurated are too well known to need repetition.

It was during this war that the Princess Maria de las Nieves of Braganza, the sister-in-law of Carlos, made herself famous by her military courage as well as her goodness of heart, and Carlos himself had an opportunity of showing his energy and decision.

On the night before the 3rd of February, 1875, his generals were assembled in a council of war to decide whether or not to attack the enemy on the morrow. They could come to no agreement. Then Don Carlos, only twenty-six years old, interposed and said decisively—

"We will attack Lacar at half-past four to-morrow morning. *I* am the king and the only chief responsible. Rejoin your troops and follow my instructions."

On the morrow, under his direction, the famous victory of Lacar was won, when the Carlists took three hundred prisoners, with a quantity of arms and artillery, and the king, Alfonso XII., himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner.

After the battle the generals insisted that the young leader should wear the Grand Cross of the celebrated Order of St. Ferdinand, a decoration which his modesty had hitherto prevented him from assuming. Later in the war, in order to strengthen the devotion of his soldiers, Don Carlos had his five-year-old son, Don Jaime, brought, and having drawn up his troops in order of battle, took the boy in his arms and presented him to the army with these words—

"I wish that you should make the acquaintance of the son whom God has given me, so that you may know that Spain has a 'Prince of Asturias.' I will bring him up in the love of the fatherland, and do my best to make him worthy of his birth and of the name I have given him. If I die, soldiers, do not forget that you have still a king after me."

All the efforts made, however, ended in failure. Cabrera, who had not wished to take part, threw away his mask, and by a letter dated from Paris on March 11th, 1875, informed the Carlists that he recognised Alfonso XII., the king whom the Republicans, at their wits' end to know what to do, had put on the throne two months before.

From a photo by] [*Spooner, Strand, W.C.*

THE ESCURIAL, MADRID.

This desertion entirely disorganised the Carlists, and twelve months afterwards Don Carlos abandoned the struggle and started on his travels round the world. He has wandered up and down the two hemispheres, from Africa to Mexico, from the Indies to South America, finding time to give new proofs of his bravery during the Russo-Turkish War, where he distinguished himself at Plevna under the flag of the Tsar Alexander II.

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Such is Don Carlos "the soldier," brave and energetic, ready to dare all to regain his crown. Don Carlos "the man" is not less merciful than he is brave. One of his servants had stolen the jewelled collar of the Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece, which his master had inherited from his great uncle, the Duke of Modena. It was of considerable value—some £2,000—and the diamonds of which it was formed had been taken from their settings and sold in Paris.

Don Carlos valued very highly this historic heirloom of his family, but none the less he pardoned the culprit, and was only brought to prosecute him later, when the delinquent pretended that he had merely sold the jewels under his order to provide him with some ready money.

But it is as Don Carlos "the king" that he is the most striking personality. Tall and good-looking, with a bearing full of dignity, those who have the honour of being presented to him feel themselves to be in the presence of a king indeed—one who unconsciously creates around himself a subtle atmosphere of kingly respect which is independent of the pomps and ceremonies of a court. At the same time, he has gained in an extraordinary degree the affection of all those who come into contact with him.

Photo by [*A. Beau.*

DON CARLOS.

After having lost his first wife, Princess Marguerite of Bourbon-Parma, he married, some four years ago, the Princess Bertha, of the illustrious House of Rohan, in the direct line of the ancient sovereigns of Brittany, and one of the oldest families in Europe, tracing their descent back to Boadicea of England.

* * * * *

In 1881 he was expelled from France under curious circumstances. On July 2nd a solemn ceremonial Mass, in honour of the Comte de Chambord, was held by the Legitimists in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the ancient parochial church of the kings of France. After the Mass, Don Carlos took his seat in a chair of state, and all the Legitimists, defiling before him, kissed his hand as though he were indeed a king. The Republicans, alarmed at this demonstration, and fearing that as heir of the Comte de Chambord he was about to set up a claim to the throne of France, promptly ordered his expulsion from the country.

For a long time he made his home in the charming Swiss town of Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, until he definitely took up his abode in one of the most beautiful of the princely palaces of Italy — the Loredan Palace at Venice.

In this Queen of the Adriatic, with its historic palaces, recalling the days of its once powerful Republic, there is, above all, one highway which gives a particular sensation of grandeur — the Grand Canal. Along its sides are scattered the splendid palaces of princely families, marvellous erections of marble with sculptured *loggias*. Here stands the Loredan Palace, given to Don Carlos by his mother, daughter of Francis, Duke of Modena. In front of the Palace rise four great poles, gaily painted in the Spanish colours, yellow and red, to which are moored two beautiful gondolas, manned by gondoliers in a livery of blue edged with red. At the top of one of the two great staircases at the entrance we arrive at the spacious state rooms of the Palace—three reception-rooms, the dining-room, the study, and the *salle d'honneur*.

Leaving on one side the study, through which have passed many of the sovereigns of Europe, we enter the *salle d'honneur*. This hall may fitly be called the temple of Carlism. The walls are covered with flags, sabres, swords, and historic weapons of every country, whilst in the midst is the celebrated royal flag of Carlos V., of velvet embroidered in silk and gold. This flag stands between two soldiers sculptured in life-size with such skill that they appear living. The fifty standards embroidered by the ladies of the Spanish aristocracy for the last Carlist war complete the decoration of this marvellous *salle d'honneur*.

It is in the midst of these precious trophies of the past and these souvenirs of his travels, that the exiled king loves to live over again past days and to hope for the

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future, when the time shall come for him to return to the "Escurial," the classic palace of his ancestors in Madrid, where are buried all the kings of Spain.

bodies of your uncle and grandfather. I shall not sleep in peace in a foreign land far from the tombs of my ancestors."

Quietly and uneventfully the days pass in

From a photo by] [*Naya, Venice.*

THE DUCHESS OF MADRID, WIFE OF DON CARLOS.

On his deathbed Don Juan gave to his son a solemn charge—

"My son, if you gain the throne of Spain and return to the Escurial, I charge you solemnly to carry there my body and the

the Loredan Palace. Every morning, accompanied by his devoted secretary, the Count of Melgar, or by a Spanish aide-de-camp, who has fought for him on the soil of Spain, Don Carlos proceeds to Mass at

St. Mark's, the beautiful cathedral of which he is so fond, with its precious marbles and its beautiful mosaics. He knows the history of all its legends, as, indeed, of many another classic relic in the city of his adoption; for when not occupied with affairs of State, or his amusement of hunting in the Tyrol, his chief interest is in archæology, and he could write an admirable history of Venice.

Returning one day from Mass with one of his faithful followers, he paused before a statuette in mosaic on the front of the cathedral facing the Adriatic, and said, "My dear friend, you see this Virgin, before which these two lighted lamps keep watch day and night. It was put there in expiation of an error of justice by the Senate in the time of the Republic of Venice. Let me tell you the tale. A young baker accused of a crime was hanged, and a little while after it came to light that the poor fellow was innocent. Then the Senate had this statuette placed here in commemoration; and every time that the Supreme Court of the Republic pronounced sentence of death on a criminal, a herald entered and said, 'Remember the baker,' and they commenced a new trial and gave judgment again. The Republic has passed away—the statuette remains."

On his return to the palace Don Carlos goes through the correspondence of the day—no small affair at the present moment—with his chamberlain, before taking *déjeuner* with his family. Often in the afternoon the luxurious gondola may be seen gliding along the Grand Canal as the Duke and Duchess of Madrid go to visit friends, occupants of neighbouring palaces, or the Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, the patriarch of Venice.

THE LOREDAN PALACE AT VENICE, THE RESIDENCE OF DON CARLOS.

So the exile passes his existence tranquilly day by day, keeping up constant relations with distant friends of all nationalities.

Every year on March 10th the Carlists of Spain meet together in secrecy to celebrate the day of the Carlist *fête*, and to take again oaths of allegiance to Carlos VII.

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PHAROS THE EGYPTIAN.

By Guy Boothby.

Illustrated by John H. Bacon.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

The Preface contains a letter from Sir W. Betford to George Trevelyan detailing the receipt, under peculiar circumstances, of a MS. and letter from their mutual friend, Cyril Forrester, a highly successful artist, and son of a famous Egyptologist. The letter closes with vague allusions to the writer's hopeless state of existence—practically a non-existence. In Chapter I. the recital of the MS. commences. It records the first meeting between Forrester and a most weird personage known as Pharos the Egyptian. Standing on the Embankment near midnight, Forrester hears a suicide's cry, and below on the steps, by Cleopatra's Needle, sees a hideous old man (Pharos) mocking the suicide's struggles. In Chapter II. Forrester takes to the Academy, friends anxious to see his famous picture, "Pharaoh receiving news of the death of his firstborn." Pharos arrives accompanied by a young lady surpassingly beautiful. The latter causes as much admiration as her companion's appearance excites repulsion. That evening, apprehensive and distrait, Forrester unexpectedly meets, at Lady Medenham's "at home," Pharos and his companion, Fräulein Valerie de Vocxqal, who creates unbounded enthusiasm by her superb violin playing. Forrester is introduced to her, and also to Pharos. The latter, in words of subtle meaning, tells Forrester he anticipates they will become better acquainted.

CHAPTER III.

TO infer that my introduction that evening to the beautiful violinist and her diabolical associate, Monsieur Pharos, produced no effect upon me, would be as idle as it would be misleading. On leaving Medenham House I was conscious of a variety of sensations, among which attraction for the woman, repugnance for the man, and curiosity as to the history and relationship of both, could be most easily distinguished. What was perhaps still more perplexing, considering the small, but none the less genuine, antagonism that existed between us, by the time I reached my own abode I had lost my first intense hatred for the man, and was beginning to look forward, with a degree of interest which a few hours before would have surprised me, to that next meeting which he had prophesied would so soon come to pass. Lightly as I proposed to myself to treat it, his extraordinary individuality must have taken a greater hold upon me than I imagined, for, as in the afternoon, I soon discovered that, try to divert my thoughts from it how I would, I could not dispel his sinister image from my mind. Every detail of the evening's entertainment was vividly photographed upon my brain, and, without even the formality of shutting my eyes, I could see the crowded room, the beautiful violinist standing, instrument in hand, beside the piano, and in the chair at her feet her strange companion, huddled up beneath his rug.

By the time I reached home it was considerably past midnight; I was not, however, the least tired, so, exchanging my dress coat for an old velvet painting jacket, for which I entertained a lasting affection, I lit a cigar and began to promenade the room. It had been a fancy of mine when I first took the studio, which, you must understand, was of more than the usual size, to have it decorated in the Egyptian fashion, and, after my meeting with Pharos, this seemed to have a singular appropriateness. It was as if the quaint images of the Gods, which decorated the walls, were watching me with almost human interest, and even the gilded countenance upon the mummy case, in the alcove at the further end, wore an expression I had never noticed on it before. It might have been saying, "Ah, my nineteenth century friend, your father stole me from the land of my birth, and from the resting-place the Gods decreed for me; but beware, for retribution is pursuing you and is even now close upon your heels."

Cigar in hand, I stopped in my walk and looked at it, thinking as I did so of the country from which it had hailed, and of the changes that had taken place in the world during the time it had lain in its Theban tomb, whence it had emerged in the middle of the nineteenth century, with colouring as fresh, and detail as perfect, as on the day when the hieroglyphs had first left the artist's hand. It was an unusually fine specimen—one of the most perfect, indeed, of its kind ever brought to England. Under the influence of the interest it now inspired in me, I went to an ancient cabinet on the other side of the room, and, opening a small drawer, took from it a bulky pocket-

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book, once the property of my father. He it was, as I have already said, who had discovered the mummy in question, and it was from him, at his death, in company with many other Egyptian treasures, that I received it.

As I turned the yellow, time-stained pages in search of the information I wanted, the clock of St. Jude's, in the street behind, struck one, solemnly and deliberately, as though it were conscious of the part it played in the passage of time into Eternity. To my surprise the reference was more difficult to find than I had anticipated. Entries there were in hundreds; records of distances travelled, of measurements taken, evidence as to the supposed whereabouts of tombs, translations of hieroglyphics, paintings, and inscriptions, memoranda of amounts paid to Arab sheiks, details of stores and equipments, but for some time no trace of the information for which I was searching. At last, however, it struck me to look in the pocket contained in the cover of the book. My diligence was immediately rewarded, for there, carefully folded and hidden away, was the small square of parchment upon which my father had written the name once borne by the dead man, with a complete translation of the record upon the *cartonnage* itself. According to the statement here set forth, the coffin contained the mortal remains of a certain Ptahmes, Chief of the King's Magicians—an individual who flourished during the reign of Merenptah (Amenepthes of the Greeks, but better known to the nineteenth century as the Pharaoh of the Exodus). For all I knew to the contrary, my silent property might have been one of that band of conjurors who pitted their wits against Moses, and by so doing had caused Pharaoh's heart to be hardened so that he would not let the Children go. Once more I stood looking at the stolid representation of a face before me, guessing at the history of the man within, and wondering whether his success in life had equalled his ambition, or was commensurate with his merits, and whether in that age, so long since dead, his heart had ever been thrilled by thoughts of love.

While wrapped in this brown study, my hearing, which on that particular occasion was for some reason abnormally acute, detected the sound of a soft footfall on the polished boards at the further end of the room. I wheeled sharply round, and a moment later almost fell back against the mummy-case under the influence of my surprise. (How he had got there I could not tell, for I was certain I had locked the door behind me when I entered the house.) It is sufficient, however, that, standing before me, scarcely a dozen feet away, breathing heavily as though he had been running, and with what struck me as a frightened look in his eyes, was no less a person than Monsieur Pharos, the man I had met at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle some weeks before, at the Academy that afternoon, and at Medenham House only a couple of hours since. Upwards of a minute must have elapsed before I could find sufficient voice to inquire the reason of his presence in my room.

"My dear Mr. Forrester," he said in a conciliatory tone, "while offering you ten thousand apologies for my intrusion, I must explain that it is quite by accident I am here. On reaching home this evening I pined for a breath of fresh air. Accordingly I went for a stroll, lost my way, and eventually found myself in this street, where, seeing an open door, I took the liberty of entering for the purpose of inquiring the way to my hotel. It was not until you turned round that I realised my good fortune in having chanced upon a friend. It is plain, however, that my presence is not so welcome as I could have desired."

From the way he spoke I gathered that for some purpose of his own he had taken, or was pretending to take, offence at my reception of him. Knowing, therefore, that if I desired to see anything further of his beautiful companion—an idea which I will confess had more than once occurred to me—I must exert myself to conciliate him, I hastened to apologise for the welcome I had given him, explaining that any momentary hesitation I might have shown was due more to my surprise than to any intended discourtesy towards himself.

"In that case let us agree to say no more about it," he answered politely, but with the same expression of cunning upon his face to which I have referred elsewhere. "You were quite within your rights. I should have remembered that in England an impromptu visit at one in the morning, on the part of an acquaintance of a few hours' standing, is scarcely likely to be well received."

"If you will carry your memory back a few weeks," I said, as I wheeled a chair up for him, "you will remember that our acquaintance is not of such a recent date."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," he replied, with a sharp glance at me as he seated himself. "Nevertheless, I must confess that

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"So distorted was his countenance that I instinctively recoiled from him in horror."

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I fail for the moment to remember where I had the pleasure of meeting you on that occasion. It is not a complimentary admission, I will admit; but, as you know, Age is proverbially forgetful, and my memory is far from being what it once was."

Could the man be pretending, or had the incident really escaped his memory? It was just possible, of course, that on that occasion my face had failed to impress itself upon his recollection; but after the hard things I had said to him on that memorable occasion, I had to confess it seemed unlikely. Then the remembrance of the drowning man's piteous cry for help, and the other's demoniacal conduct on the steps returned to me, and I resolved to show no mercy.

"The occasion to which I refer, Monsieur Pharos," I said, standing opposite him and speaking with a sternness that in the light of all that has transpired since seems almost ludicrous, "was an evening towards the end of March—a cold, wet night when you stood upon the steps below Cleopatra's Needle, and not only refused help to, but, in a most inhuman fashion, laughed at, a drowning man."

I half expected that he would offer a vehement denial, or would at least put forward the plea of forgetfulness. To my surprise, however, he did neither.

"I remember the incident perfectly," he answered, with the utmost composure. "At the same time, I assure you, you wrong me when you declare I laughed—on my word, you do! Let us suppose, however, that I *did* do so; and where is the harm? The man desired death; his own action confessed it, otherwise how came he there? It was proved at the inquest that he had repeatedly declared himself weary of life. He was starving; he was without hope. Had he lived over that night, death, under any circumstances, would have been only a matter of a few days with him. Would you, therefore, have had me, knowing all this, prolong such an existence? In the name of that humanity to which you referred just now, I ask you the question. You say I laughed. Would you have had me weep?"

"A specious argument," I replied; "but I own to you frankly I consider the incident a detestable one."

"There I will meet you most willingly," he continued. "From your point of view it certainly *was*. From mine—well, as I said just now, I confess I view it differently. However, I give you my assurance, your pity is undeserved. The man was a contemptible scoundrel in every way. He came of respectable stock, was reared under the happiest auspices. Had he chosen, he might have risen to anything in his own rank of life; but he would not choose. At fifteen he robbed his father's till to indulge in debauchery, and had broken his parents' hearts before he was five-and-twenty. He married a girl as good as he was bad, and as a result starved not only himself, but his wife and children. Though employment was repeatedly offered him, he refused it, not from any inability to work, but from sheer distaste of labour. He had not sufficient wit, courage, or energy to become a criminal; but throughout his life, wherever he went, and upon all with whom he came in contact, he brought misery and disgrace. Eventually he reached the end of his tether, and was cast off by everyone. The result you know."

The fluency and gusto with which he related these sordid details amazed me. I inquired how, since by his own confession he had been such a short time in London, he had become cognisant of the man's history. He hesitated before replying.

"Have I not told you once before to-night," he said, "that there are very few things in this world which are hidden from my knowledge? Were it necessary, I could tell you circumstances in your own life that you flatter yourself are known to no one. But do not let us talk of such things now. When I entered the room you were reading a paper. You hold it in your hand at this moment."

"It is a translation by my father of the inscription upon the mummy case over yonder," I replied, with an eagerness to change the subject that provoked a smile in Pharos. "At his death many of his Egyptian treasures came into my possession, this among them. For some reason or another I had never read the translation until to-night. I suppose it must have been my meeting with you that put the idea into my head."

"I am interested in such matters, as you know. May I, therefore, be permitted to look at it?"

With a parade of indifference that I could easily see was assumed, Pharos had extended his withered old hand and taken it from me before I realised what he was doing. Having obtained it, he leaned back in his chair, and stared at the paper as if he could not remove his eyes from it. For some moments not a word passed his lips. Then, muttering something to himself in a language I did not

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recognise, he sprang to his feet. The quickness of the action was so different to his usual enfeebled movements that I did not fail to notice it.

"The mummy!" he cried. "Show me the mummy!"

Before I could answer or comply with his request, he had discovered it for himself, had crossed to it, and was devouring it with his eyes.

Upwards of three minutes must have elapsed before he turned to me again. When he did so, I scarcely recognised the man. So distorted was his countenance that I instinctively recoiled from him in horror.

"Thy father, was it, wretched man," he cried, shaking his skeleton fist at me, while his body trembled like a leaf in the whirlwind of his passion, "who stole this body from its resting-place? Thy father, was it, who broke the seals the Gods had placed upon the tombs of those who were their servants? If that be so, then may the punishment decreed against the sin of sacrilege be visited on thee and thine for evermore!" Then, turning to the mummy, he continued, as if partly to it and partly to himself, "Oh, mighty Egypt! hast thou fallen so far from thy high estate, that even the bodies of thy kings and priests may no longer rest within their tombs, but are ravished from thee to be gaped at in alien lands? But, by Osiris, a time of punishment is coming. It is decreed, and none shall stay the sword!"

If I had been surprised at the excitement he had shown on reading the paper, it was nothing to the astonishment I felt now. For the first time since I had known him, a suspicion of his sanity crossed my mind, and my first inclination was to draw away from him. Then the fit, as I deemed it, passed, and his expression changed completely. He uttered a queer little laugh, that might have been one of shame or annoyance.

"Once more I must crave your forgiveness,

"He sprang forward at my throat."

Mr. Forrester," he said, as he sank exhausted into a chair. "Believe me, I had not the least intention of offending you. Your father was, I know, an ardent Egyptologist, one of that intrepid band who penetrated to every corner of our sacred land, digging, delving, and bringing to light such tombs, temples, and monuments as have for centuries lain hidden from the sight of man. For my own

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part, as you may have gathered from my tirade just now, my sympathies do not lie in that direction. I am one who reverences the past, and would fain have others do so."

"At the same time, I scarcely see that that justifies such language towards myself as you used a few moments since," I replied, with a fair amount of warmth, which I think it will be conceded I had every right to feel.

"It does not justify it in the least," he answered, with ready condescension. "The only way I can hope to do so is on the plea of the exuberance of my emotion. My dear Mr. Forrester, I beg you will not misunderstand me. I would not quarrel with you for the wealth of England. Though you are not aware of it, there is a bond between us that is stronger than chains of steel. You are required for a certain work, and for that reason alone I dare not offend you or excite your anger, even if I otherwise desired to do so. In this matter I am not my own master."

"A bond between us, Monsieur Pharos? A work for which I am required? I am afraid I do not understand what you mean."

"And it is not in my power to enlighten you. Remain assured of this, however, when the time is ripe you will be informed."

As he said this the same light that I have described before came into his eyes, causing them to shine with an unnatural brilliance. To use a fishing simile, it made me think of the gleam that comes into the eyes of a hungry pike as he darts towards his helpless prey. Taken in conjunction with the extraordinary language he had used towards me, I felt more than ever convinced of his insanity. The thought was by no means a cheerful one. Here was I, alone with a dangerous lunatic, in the middle of the night, and not a soul within call. How I was to rid myself of him I could not see. Under the circumstances, therefore, I knew that I must humour him until I could hit upon a scheme. I accordingly tried to frame a conciliatory speech, but before I could do so he had turned to me again.

"Your thoughts are easily read," he began, with a repetition of that queer little laugh which I have described before; and as he uttered it he leaned a little closer to me, till I was sick and faint with the mere horror of his presence. "You think me mad, and it will require more than my assurance to make you believe that I am not. How slight is your knowledge of me! But there, let us put that aside for to-night. There is something of much greater importance to be arranged between us. In the first place, it is necessary both for your sake—your safety, if you like—and for mine, that yonder mummy should pass into my possession."

"Impossible!" I answered. "I could not dream of such a thing! It was one of my poor father's greatest treasures, and for that reason alone no consideration would induce me to part with it. Besides, despite your assertion that it is for our mutual safety, I cannot see by what right you ask such a favour of me."

"If you only knew how important it is," he repeated, "that that particular mummy should become my property, you would not know a single minute's peace until you had seen the last of it. You may not believe me when I say that I have been searching for it without intermission for nearly fifteen years, and it was only yesterday I learnt you were the owner of it. And yet it is the truth."

If I had not had sufficient proof already, here was enough to convince me of his madness. By his own confession, until that evening he had had no notion of my identity, much less of the things I possessed. How, therefore, could he have become aware that I was the owner of the remains of Ptahmes, the King's Magician? Under the influence of the momentary irritation caused by his persistence, my intention of humouring him quite slipped my memory, and I answered sharply that it was no use his bothering me further about the matter, as I had made up my mind and was not to be moved from it.

He took my refusal with apparent coolness; but the light which still lingered in his eyes warned me, before it was too late, not to rely too much upon this. I knew that in his heart he was raging against me, and that any moment might see his passion taking active shape.

"You must excuse my saying so, Monsieur Pharos," I said, rising from my chair and moving towards the door, "but I think it would perhaps be better for both of us to terminate this most unpleasant interview. It is getting late and I am tired. With your permission, I will open the door for you."

Seeing that I was determined he should go, and realising, I suppose, that it was no use his staying longer, he also rose, and a more evil-looking figure than he presented as he did so, Victor Hugo himself could scarcely have imagined. The light of the quaint old Venetian hanging-lamp in the middle of the room fell full and fair upon his face, showing me the deep-set gleaming eyes, the wrinkled, nut-cracker face, and the extra-

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ordinary development of shoulder to which I have already directed attention. Old man as he was, a braver man than myself might have been excused had he declined the task of tackling him, and I had the additional spur of knowing that if he got the better of me he would show no mercy. For this reason alone I watched his every movement.

"Come, come, my foolish young friend," he said at length, "in spite of my warning, here we are at a deadlock again! You really must not take things so seriously. Had I had any idea that you were so determined not to let me have the thing, I would not have dreamed of asking for it. It was for your own good as well as mine that I did so. Now, since you desire to turn me out, I will not force my presence upon you. But let us part friends."

As he said this he advanced towards me with extended hand, leaning heavily upon his stick, according to his custom, and to all intents and purposes as pathetic an example of senile decrepitude as a man could wish to see. If he were going off like this, I flattered myself I was escaping from my horrible predicament in an easier manner than I had expected. Nevertheless, I was fully determined, if I could but once get him on the other side of the street door, no earthly consideration should induce me ever to admit him to my dwelling again. His hand was deathly cold —so cold, in fact, that even in my excitement I could not help noticing it. I had scarcely done so, however, before a tremor ran through his figure, and, with a guttural noise that could scarcely be described as a cry, he dropped my hand and sprang forward at my throat.

If I live to be a hundred I shall not forget the absolute, the unspeakable, the indescribable terror of that moment. Till then I had never regarded myself in the light of a coward; on the contrary, I had on several occasions had good reason to congratulate myself upon what is popularly termed my "nerve." Now, however, it was all different. Possibly the feeling of repulsion, I might almost say of fear, I had hitherto entertained for him had something to do with it. It may have been the mesmeric power, which I afterwards had good reason to know he possessed, that did it. At any rate, from the moment he pounced upon me I found myself incapable of resistance. It was as if all my will power was being slowly extracted from me by the mere contact of those skeleton fingers which, when they had once touched my flesh, seemed to lose their icy coldness and to burn like red-hot iron. In a dim and misty fashion, somewhat as one sees people in a fog, I was conscious of the devilish ferocity of the countenance that was looking into mine. Then a strange feeling of numbness took possession of me, an entire lack of interest in everything, even in life itself. Gradually and easily I sank into the chair behind me, the room swam before my eyes, an intense craving for sleep overcame me, and little by little, still without any attempt at resistance, my head fell back and I lost consciousness.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I came to myself again it was already morning. In the small square behind the studio the sparrows were discussing the prospects of breakfast, though as yet that earliest of all birds, the milkman, had not begun to make his presence known in the streets. Of all the hours of the day there is not one, to my thinking, so lonely and so full of dreariness as that which immediately precedes and ushers in the dawn; while, of all the experiences of our human life, there is, perhaps, not one more unpleasant than to awake from sleep at such an hour to find that one has passed the entire night in one's clothes and seated in a most uncomfortable armchair. That was my lot on this occasion. On opening my eyes I looked around me with a puzzled air. For the life of me I could not understand why I was not in my bed. It was the first time I had ever gone to sleep in my chair, and the knowledge that I had done so disquieted me strangely. I studied the room, but, to all intents and purposes, everything there was just as when I had closed my eyes. I only was changed. My brain was as heavy as lead, and, though I did my best to recall the events of the previous evening, I found that, while I could recollect the "at home" at Medenham House, and my return to my studio afterwards, I could remember nothing that followed later. I was still pursuing this train of thought when I became aware of a loud knocking at the street door. I immediately hastened to it and drew the bolts. My feeling of bewilderment was increased rather than diminished on discovering an Inspector of Police upon the threshold, with a constable behind him.

"Mr. Forrester, I believe?" he began; and as soon as I had answered in the affirmative, continued, "You must excuse my disturbing you, sir, at this early hour, but the reason is

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imperative. I should be glad if you would permit me the honour of five minutes' conversation with you, alone."

"With pleasure," I answered, and immediately invited him to enter.

Having shut the door behind him, I led the way to the studio, where I signed him to a chair, taking up a position myself on the hearthrug before him. The constable remained in the passage outside.

"It is, as you say, rather an early hour for a call," I remarked, making a mental note as I spoke of the man's character as I read it in his large, honest eyes, well-shaped nose, and square, determined-looking chin. "What can I do for you?"

"I believe you are in a position to furnish me with some important information," he replied. "To begin with, I might inform you that a diabolical murder was committed at the old curiosity shop at the corner of the next street, either late last night or during the early hours of this morning, most probably between midnight and one o'clock. It is altogether a most remarkable affair, and, from the evidence we have before us, though no cries were heard, the struggle must have been a desperate one. From the fact that the front door was still locked and bolted when we forced our way in, it is plain that the murderer must have effected his escape by the back. Indeed, a man *was* seen entering the alley behind the house between one and two o'clock, though this circumstance excited no suspicion at the time. The witness who saw him reports that he came along on this side of the street, in the shadow, and, though he is not at all certain on this point, believes that he entered one of the houses hereabouts. That on your right is empty, and the doors and windows are securely fastened. He could not, therefore, have gone in there. That on the left is a boarding-house. I have called upon the landlady, who asserts most positively that her front door was not opened to anyone after ten o'clock last night. She informs me, however, that a light was burning in your studio all night, and I see for myself that you have not been to bed. May I ask, therefore, if you saw anything of such a man, or whether you can furnish me with such particulars as will be likely to help us in our search for him?"

Like lightning, while he was talking, the memory of everything connected with the visit Pharos had paid me flashed across my mind. I glanced involuntarily towards that part of the room where the mummy had hitherto stood. To my amazement—I might almost say to my consternation—it was no longer there. What had become of it? Could Pharos, after disposing of me as he had done, have stolen it and transported it away? It seemed impossible, and yet I had the best of evidence before me that it was no longer there. And then another question: Had Pharos had any connection with the murder? The time at which it was supposed to have been committed, between midnight and one o'clock, was precisely that at which he had made his appearance before me. And yet what reason had I, but my own terrible suspicions, to lead me to the conclusion that he was the author of this fiendish bit of work? I saw, however, that my continued silence was impressing the Inspector unfavourably.

God knows, if I had been my own master I should have instantly loosed my tongue and revealed all I knew. I should have told him under what terrible circumstances I had met Pharos on the Embankment that wet night towards the end of March, and have commented upon his inhuman conduct on that occasion. I should have informed him of the appearance the other had made in my studio early that morning, not only with a frightened look in his eyes, but breathing heavily as though he had been running, a thing which would have seemed impossible in a man of his years. Then I should have gone on to tell how he had attempted to induce me to part with something upon which I placed considerable value, and, being disappointed, had hypnotised me and made off with the article in question. All this, as I say, I should have narrated had I been my own master. But God knows I was not. An irresistible force was at work within me, compelling me, even against my will, to screen him, and to tell the first deliberate lie to which, I think, I had ever given utterance in my life.

It is a poor excuse to offer, and I am aware that a world so censorious as our own will not, in all probability, believe this statement, but upon my hopes of forgiveness at the Last Great Day, at that dread moment when the sins of all men shall be judged and punishment awarded, I declare it to be true in every single particular; and, what is more, I further say that, even if my life depended on it, I could not have done otherwise.

Though it has taken some time to place these thoughts on paper, the interval that elapsed between the Inspector's last question and my answer, which seemed to me so halting and suspicious—to the effect that I

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had neither seen nor heard anything of the man he wanted—was scarcely more than a few seconds.

Having received my assurance, the officer apologised for troubling me and withdrew, and I was left alone with my thoughts. Deep down in my heart there was the desire to hasten after him and to tell him that not only had I lied to him, but that it was possible for me to make amends by putting him on the track of the man who, I felt morally certain, was the criminal. The wish, however, was scarcely born before it was dragged down and stifled by that same irresistible force I have described a few lines since. It seemed to me I was bound hand and foot, powerless to help myself, and incapable of doing aught save to carry out the will of the remorseless being into whose power I had fallen so completely. But had I really so fallen? Could it be possible that such power was permitted to a human being? No, no—a thousand times no! If he had that influence he must be an agent of the Evil One whose mission it was to draw to perdition the souls of helpless men. Filled with shame, I sank into a chair and covered my face with my hands, as if by so doing I could shut out the horrible thoughts that filled my brain. Could it be true that I, who had always regarded a liar as the most despicable of men, had sunk so low as to become one myself? God help me! God pity me! Of all the bitter hours my life has known, I think that moment was the worst.

For some time after the Inspector had taken his departure I sat, as I have said, my face covered with my hands, trying to think coherently. Twenty-four hours before I had been one of the happiest men in England. Nothing had troubled me. I had lived *for* my art and *in* my art, and I believe I can confidently say that I had not an enemy in the world. Now, in a single hour, my whole life was changed. I had been drawn into the toils of a fiend in human shape, and I was paying the awful penalty.

Hour after hour went by. My servant arrived and presently brought in my breakfast, but I put it aside; I had too much upon my mind to be able to eat. It was in vain I tried to force myself. My food stuck in my throat and defied me. And all the time I was oppressed by the diabolical picture of that murder. The shop in which it had occurred was one with which I was familiar. In my mind's eye I saw the whole scene as clearly as if I had been present at the time. I saw the shop, filled to overflowing with bric-a-brac, the light of the single gas lamp reflected in a hundred varieties of brass and pottery work. At a desk in the corner sat the dealer himself, and before him, holding him in earnest conversation, the extraordinary figure of Pharos the Assassin. How he came to be there at such an hour I could not tell, but from what I knew of him I was convinced it was with no good purpose. I could imagine how off his guard and totally unprepared for attack the other would be; and, even if he had entertained any suspicions, it is extremely doubtful whether he would have credited this deformed atom with the possession, either of such malignity, or of such giant strength. Then that same cruel light that had exercised such an influence upon me a few hours before began to glisten in the murderer's eyes. Little by little he moved his right hand behind him until it touched an Oriental dagger lying on a table beside which he stood. Then, with that cat-like spring which I had good reason to remember, he leapt upon his opponent and seized him by the throat, driving the blade deep in below the shoulder. His victim, paralysed with surprise, at first offered no resistance. Then, with the instinct of self-preservation, he began to struggle with his devilish opponent, only to discover the strength that seemingly attenuated form possessed. Little by little his power departed from him, and at last, with a crash, he fell back upon the floor. I pictured Pharos stooping over him to see if he were dead, chuckling with delight at the success he had achieved. When he had convinced himself on this head, he abstracted a key from the dead man's pocket and approached a safe, built into the wall. The handle turned and the door swung open. A moment later he had taken a ring set with a scarabæus from a drawer and dropped it into his pocket. After that he paused while he considered in which direction it would be safest for him to make his escape. A policeman's step sounded on the pavement outside, and as he heard it he looked up, and his thin lips drew back, showing the wolfish teeth behind. His horrible cunning pointed out to him the danger he would incur in leaving by the front. Accordingly, he made his way through the sitting-room behind the shop and passed out by the gate in the yard beyond. A few seconds later he was in my presence, but whether by accident or design was more than I could say.

So vivid was the picture I had conjured

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up that I could not help believing it must be something more than mere conjecture on my part. If so, what course should I pursue? I had been robbed. I had given a murderer shelter at the very moment when he stood most in need of it, and, when the law was close upon his heels, I had pledged my word for his innocence and perjured myself to ensure his salvation. His presence had been repulsive to me ever since I had first set eyes on him. I hated the man as I had hitherto deemed it impossible I could hate anyone. Yet, despite all this, by some power—how real I cannot expect anyone to believe—he was compelling me to shield and behave towards him as if he had been my brother, or at least my dearest friend. I can feel the shame of that moment even now, the agonising knowledge of the gulf that separated me from the man I was yesterday, or even an hour before.

I rose from the table, leaving my breakfast untouched, and stood at the window looking out upon the dismal square beyond. The sunshine of the earlier morning had given place to a cloudy sky, and, as I watched, a heavy shower began to fall. It was as if Nature were weeping tears of shame to see a Child of Man brought so low. I went to the place where, until a few hours before, the mummy had stood—that wretched mummy which had been the cause of all the trouble. As I had good reason to know, it weighed a considerable amount more, indeed, than I should have imagined an old man like Pharos could have lifted, much less carried. I examined the floor, to see if the case had been dragged across it, but, highly polished as the boards were, I could detect no sign of such a thing having taken place. The wainscoting of the hall next received my attention, but with a similar result. And it was at this juncture that another curious point in the evening's story struck me. When I had admitted the Inspector of Police, I had unlocked and unchained the door. I was also the sole occupant of the building. How, therefore, had Pharos conveyed his burden outside, and locked, chained, and bolted the door behind him? Under the influence of this discovery I returned with all speed to the studio. Perhaps he had not gone out by the front door at all, but had made his escape by the windows at the back. These I carefully examined, only to find them safely bolted as usual. The riddle was beyond me. I had to confess myself beaten. Was it possible I could have dreamed the whole thing? Had I fallen asleep in my chair and imagined a meeting with Pharos which had really never taken place? Oh, if only it could be true, what a difference it would make in my happiness! And yet, staring me in the face, was the damning fact that the mummy was gone. When I rose from my chair my mind was made up. I would seek Pharos out, accuse him not only of the theft, but of the murder, and make him understand, with all the earnestness of which I was master, that justice should be done, and that I would no longer shield him from the consequences of his villainy. It was only then I remembered that I had no knowledge of the man's whereabouts. I considered for a moment how I could best overcome this difficulty. Lady Medenham was, of course, the one person of all others to help me. Since she had invited the man to her house, it was almost certain that she would be able to furnish me with his address. I would go to her without further waste of time. Accordingly I made the necessary changes in my toilet and left the studio. It was a pleasant morning again, for the shower had ceased, but so urgent did my business seem that I felt I could not even spare the time for exercise. Hailing a hansom, I bade the man drive me with all possible speed to Eaton Square. To my delight Lady Medenham was at home, and I was shown forthwith to her boudoir. A few moments elapsed before she joined me there, and then her first remark was one of astonishment.

"Why, Mr. Forrester, what is the matter with you?" she cried. "I have never seen you look so ill."

"It is nothing," I answered, with a forced laugh. "I have had some bad news this morning, and it has upset me. Lady Medenham, I have come to beg a favour at your hands."

"If it is within my power, you know it is already granted," she said kindly. "Won't you sit down and tell me what it is?"

"I want you to furnish me with the address of that singular old gentleman who was at your 'at home' last evening," I replied, as I seated myself opposite her.

"London would say that there were many singular old gentlemen at my 'at home,'" she answered with a smile; "but my instinct tells me you mean Monsieur Pharos."

"That, I believe, is his name," I said, and then, as if to excuse the question, I added, "he is, as I think you heard him say, an ardent Egyptologist."

"I do not know anything about his attainments in that direction," Lady Medenham

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replied, "but he is certainly a most extraordinary person. Were it not for his beautiful ward, whose case I must confess excites my pity, I should not care if I never saw him again."

"She is his ward, then?" I said, with an eagerness that I could see was not lost upon my companion. "I had made up my mind she was his grand-daughter."

"Indeed, no," Lady Medenham replied. "The poor girl's story is a very strange and sad one. Her father was a Hungarian noble, a brilliant man in his way, I believe, but a confirmed spendthrift. Her mother died when she was but six years old. From a very early age she gave signs of possessing extraordinary musical talent, and this her father, perhaps with some strange prevision of the future, fostered with every care. When she was barely fifteen he was killed in a duel. It was then discovered that his money was exhausted, and that the home was mortgaged beyond all redemption to the Jews. Thus the daughter, now without relations or friends of any sort or description, was thrown upon the world to sink or swim just as Fate should decree. For any girl the position would have been sufficiently unhappy, but for her, who had seen nothing of life, and who was of an extremely sensitive disposition, it was well nigh insupportable. What her existence must have been like for the next five years one scarcely likes to think. But it served its purpose. With a bravery that excites one's admiration she supported herself almost entirely by her music; gaining in breadth, power, and knowledge of technique with every year. Then—where, or in what manner I have never been able to discover, for she is peculiarly sensitive upon this point—she became acquainted with the old gentleman you saw last night, Monsieur Pharos. He was rich, eccentric, and—perhaps what most attracted her—passionately fond of music. His extreme age obviated any scandal, even had there been anyone to raise it, so that when he proposed to adopt the friendless but beautiful girl, and to enable her to perfect her musical education under the best masters, no one came forward to protest against it. She has, I believe, been with him upwards of seven years now."

"'May God help you if you have fallen into that man's power!'"

I shuddered when I heard this. Knowing what I did of Pharos, I could not find it in

my heart to credit him with the possession of so much kindly feeling. But if it were not so, what could be the bond between them?

"What you tell me is extremely interesting," I remarked, "and only adds to my desire to see the old gentleman once more. If you could let me have his address I should be more grateful than I can say."

"I am very much afraid it is not in my power," she replied. "It is one of Monsieur Pharos's many peculiarities to take extraordinary precautions to prevent his whereabouts becoming known; but I think I can tell you of someone who may be of more service to you. You know Sir George Legrath, do you not?"

"The Director of the Egyptian Museum?" I said. "Yes, I know him very well indeed. He was an old friend of my father's."

"To be sure he was," she answered. "Well, then, go and see him. Monsieur Pharos is an acquaintance of his, and it was to Sir George's care that I sent the invitation to my 'at home' last night."

"I cannot thank you enough for your kindness, Lady Medenham," I replied, as I rose from my chair. "I will go and see Sir George at once."

"Before you go, Mr. Forrester, let me give you a piece of advice. You should really consult a doctor without delay. We shall hear of your being seriously ill if you do not take more care of yourself."

I laughed uneasily. I knew my ailment was not of the body, but of the mind, and beyond the reach of any doctor's science. Once more I thanked Lady Medenham for her kindness, and made my way back to the cab.

"To the Egyptian Museum," I cried to the driver, "as quickly as you can go!"

The man whipped up his horse, and in less than ten minutes from the time the butler closed the front door upon me at Medenham House, I was entering the stately portico of the world-famous Museum. For some years I had been a constant visitor there, and was well-known to most of the officials. I inquired whether I should find Sir George in his office.

"I am not quite certain, sir," the porter replied. "It's only just gone half past ten. However, if you will be kind enough, sir, to step this way, I'll very soon find out."

So saying he led me along the corridor, past huge monuments and blocks of statuary, to a smaller passage on the extreme left of the building. At the further end of this was a door, upon which he knocked. The handle of the door was sharply turned, and the man I sought was before me.

"My dear Cyril," he cried, advancing towards me with outstretched hand, "this is indeed a pleasure! It is now some weeks since I last saw you, but I have heard of you. The fame of your picture is in everyone's mouth."

"Everyone is very kind," I replied, "but I am afraid in this instance the public says rather more than it means."

"Not a bit of it," answered my friend. "That reminds me—there is a point in the picture about which I want to talk to you."

"At any other time I shall be delighted," I replied, "but to-day, Sir George, I have something else to say to you. I have come to you because I am very much worried."

"Now that I look at you I can see you are not quite the thing," he said. "Tell me about it, for you know if I can help you I shall be only too glad to do so."

"I have come to seek your advice in a strange matter," I replied, "and before I begin I must ask that everything I say shall remain in the strictest confidence between us."

"I will give you that promise willingly," he said, "and I think you know I shall keep it."

"In the first place I want you to tell me all you know of an extraordinary individual who has been seen a good deal in London society of late. I refer to a man named Pharos."

While I had been speaking Sir George had seated himself in the chair before his writing-table. On hearing my question, however, he sprang to his feet with an exclamation that was as startling as it was unexpected. It did not exactly indicate surprise, nor did it express annoyance or curiosity; yet it seemed to partake of all three. It was his face, however, that betrayed the greatest change. A moment before it had exhibited the ruddiness of perfect health, now it was ashen pale.

"Pharos?" he cried. Then, recovering his composure a little, he added, "My dear Forrester, what can you possibly want with him?"

"I want to know all you can tell me about him," I replied gravely. "It is the greatest favour I have ever asked of you, and I hope you will not disappoint me."

For some moments he paced the room as if in anxious thought. Then he returned to his seat at the writing-table. The long hand of the clock upon the mantelpiece had made a perceptible movement when he spoke

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again. So changed was his voice, however, that I scarcely recognised it.

"Cyril," he said, "you have asked me a question to which I can return you but one answer, and that is—may God help you if you have fallen into that man's power! What he has done or how he has treated you I do not know, but I tell you this, that he is as cruel and as remorseless as Satan himself. You are my friend, and I tell you I would far rather see you dead than in his clutches. I do not fear many men, but Pharos the Egyptian is to me an incarnate terror."

"You say Pharos the Egyptian. What do you mean by that?"

"What I say. The man is an Egyptian, and claims, I believe, to be able to trace his descent back at least three thousand years."

"And you know no more of him?"

As I put this question I looked at Sir George's hand, and noticed that it was shaking as if with the palsy.

Once more a pause ensued.

"What I know must remain shut up in my own brain," he answered slowly and as if he were weighing every word before he uttered it; "and it will go down to my grave with me. Dear lad, fond as I am of you, you must not ask any more of me, for I cannot satisfy your curiosity."

"But, Sir George, this is a matter of life and death to me," I replied. "You can have no notion what it means. My honour, my good name—nay, my very existence itself—depends upon it."

As if in answer to my importunity, my friend rose from his chair and picked up the newspaper which the attendant had placed on the table beside me. He handed it to me. I mechanically glanced at the item pointed out. It was an account of the murder of the unfortunate curiosity dealer, but, so far as I could see, my name was not mentioned. I looked up at Sir George for an explanation.

"Well?" I said, but the word stuck in my throat.

"Though you will scarcely credit it, I think I understand everything," he replied. "The murdered man's shop was within a short distance of your abode. A witness states that he saw someone leave the victim's house about the time the deed must have been committed, and that he made his way into your street. As I said, when you first asked me about him, may God help you, Cyril Forrester, if this is your trouble!"

"But what makes you connect Pharos with the murder described here?" I asked, feigning a surprise I was far from feeling.

"That I cannot tell you," he replied. "To do so would bring upon me——but no, my lips are sealed, hopelessly sealed."

"But surely you are in a position to give me the man's address? Lady Medenham told me you were aware of it."

"It is true I was, but I am afraid you have come too late."

"Too late! What do you mean? Oh, Sir George, for Heaven's sake do not trifle with me!"

"I am not trifling with you, Forrester," he replied seriously. "I mean that it is impossible for you to find him in London, for the simple reason that he left England with his companion early this morning."

On hearing this I must have looked so miserable that Sir George came over to where I sat and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

"Dear lad," he said, "you don't know how it pains me to be unable to help you. If it were possible, you have every reason to know that I would do so. In this case, however, I am powerless, how powerless you cannot imagine. But you must not give way like this. The man is gone, and in all human probability you will never see his face again. Try to forget him."

"It is impossible. I assure you, upon my word of honour, that I shall know neither peace nor happiness until I have seen him and spoken to him face to face. If I wish ever to be able to look upon myself as an honourable man I *must* do so. Is there no way in which I can find him?"

"I fear none; but stay, now I come to think of it, there is a chance, but a very remote one. I will make inquiries about it and let you know within an hour."

"God bless you! I will remain in my studio until your messenger arrives."

I bade him good-bye and left the Museum. That he did not forget his promise was proved by the fact that within an hour a cab drove up to my door and one of the attendants from the Museum alighted. I took in the note he brought with him at the door, and, when I had returned to the studio, tore open the envelope and drew forth a plain visiting card. On it was written—

"Inquire for the man you seek from
CARLO ANGELOTTI.
Public Letter-writer,
In the arches of the Theatre San Carlo,
Naples."

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CHAPTER V.

If there is one place more than another for which I entertain a dislike that is akin to hatred, it is Naples in the summer time—that wretched period when everyone one knows is absent, all the large houses are closed, the roads are knee-deep in dust, and even the noise of the waves breaking upon the walls of the Castello del' Ovo seem unable to alleviate the impression of heat and dryness which pervades everything. It is the season when the hotels, usually so cool—one might say almost frigid—have had time to grow hot throughout, and are in consequence well-nigh unbearable; when the particular waiter who has attended to your wants during each preceding visit, and who has come to know your customs, and to have survived his original impression that each successive act on your part is only a more glaring proof of your insular barbarity, is visiting his friends in the country, or whatever it is that waiters do during the dull season when the tourists have departed and their employers have no further use for them. It was at this miserable period of the year that I descended upon Naples in search of Monsieur Pharos.

Owing to a breakdown on the line between Spezia and Pisa, it was close upon midnight before I reached my destination, and almost one o'clock before I had transported my luggage from the railway station to my hotel. By this time, as will be readily understood by all those who have made the overland journey, I was in a condition bordering upon madness. Ever since I had called upon Sir George Legrath, and had obtained from him the address of the man from whom I hoped to learn the whereabouts of Pharos, I had been living in a kind of stupor. It took the form of a drowsiness that nothing would shake off, and yet, do what I would, I could not sleep. Times out of number during that long journey I had laid myself back in the railway carriage and closed my eyes in the hope of obtaining some rest; but it was in vain. However artfully I might woo the drowsy god, sleep would not visit my eyelids. The mocking face of the man I had come to consider my evil angel was always before me, and in the darkness of the night, when the train was rolling southward, I could hear his voice in my ears telling me that this hastily-conceived journey on my part had been all carefully thought out and arranged by him beforehand, and that in seeking him in Naples I was only advancing another step towards the fulfilment of my destiny.

On reaching my hotel I went straight to bed. Every bone in my body ached with fatigue. Indeed, so weary was I that I could eat nothing, and could scarcely think coherently. The proprietor of the hotel was an old friend, and for the reason that whenever I visited Naples I made it a rule to insist upon occupying the same room, I did not experience the same feeling of loneliness which usually assails one on retiring to rest in a strange place. In my own mind I was convinced that as soon as my head touched the pillow I should be asleep. But a bitter disappointment was in store for me. I laid myself down with a sigh of satisfaction and closed my eyes; but whether I missed the rocking of the train, or was overtired, I cannot say—at any rate I was soon convinced of one thing, and that was that the longer I lay there the more wakeful I became. I tried another position, but with the same result. I turned my pillow, only to make it the more uncomfortable. Every trick for the production of sleep of which I had ever heard I put into execution, but always with entire absence of success. At last, thoroughly awake and still more thoroughly exasperated, I rose from my couch, and, dressing myself, opened the window of my room and stepped out on to the balcony. It was a glorious night, such an one as is seldom, if ever, seen in England. Overhead the moon sailed in a cloudless sky, revealing with her exquisite light the city stretching away to right and left and the expanse of harbour lying directly before me; Vesuvius standing out black and awesome, and the dim outline of the hills towards Castellamare and Sorrento beyond. For some reason my thoughts no longer centred themselves on Pharos. I found the lovely face of his companion continually rising before my eyes. There was the same expression of hopelessness upon it that I remembered on the first occasion upon which I had seen her; but there was this difference, that in some vague, uncertain way she seemed now to be appealing to me to help her, to rescue her from the life she was leading and from the man who had got her, as he had done myself, so completely in his power. Her beauty affected me as no other had ever done. I could still hear the soft accents of her voice and the echo of her wild, weird music, as plainly as if I were still sitting listening to her in Lady Medenham's drawing-room; and, strange to relate, it soothed me to think that it was even possible we might be in the same town together.

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For upwards of an hour I remained in the balcony looking down at the moonlit city and thinking of the change the last few days had brought about in my life. When I once more sought my couch, scarcely five minutes elapsed before I was wrapped in a heavy, dreamless sleep from which I did not wake until well nigh nine o'clock. Much refreshed, I dressed myself, and having swallowed a hasty breakfast, to which I brought a better appetite than I had known for some days past, donned my hat and left the hotel in search of Signor Angelotti, who, as the card informed me, carried on his profession of a public letter-writer under the arches of the San Carlo Theatre.

"He gazed at me in amazement."

In all the years which have elapsed since Don Pedro de Toledo laid the foundation of the magnificent thoroughfare which to-day bears his name, I very much doubt if a man has made his way along it on a more curious errand than I did that day. To begin with, I had yet to discover what connection Angelotti could have with Monsieur Pharos, and then to find out how far it was in his power to help me. Would he forsake his business and lead me direct to the Egyptian's abode, or would he deny any knowledge of the person in question and send me unsatisfied away? Upon these points I resolved to satisfy myself without delay.

Of all the characteristic spots of Naples, surely the point at which the Via Roma joins the Piazza San Ferdinando, in which is situated the theatre for which I was making, is the most remarkable. Here one is permitted an opportunity of studying the life of the city under the most favourable auspices. My mind, however, on this occasion was too much occupied, wondering what the upshot of my errand would be, to have any time to spare for the busy scene around me. Reaching the theatre I took the card from my pocket and once more examined it. It was plain and straightforward, like Sir George Legrath's own life, and, as I have already said, warned me that I must look for this mysterious Angelotti, who carried on the trade of a public letter-writer, under the arches of the famous theatre. As I glanced at the words "Public Letter-writer" another scene rose before my mind's eye.

Several years before, I had visited Naples with a number of friends, among whom was a young American lady whose vivacity and capacity for fun made her the life and soul of the party. On one occasion nothing would please her but to stop in the street and engage one of these public scribes to indite a letter for her to an acquaintance in New York. I can see the old man's amusement now, and the pretty, bright face of the girl as she endeavoured to make him understand, in broken Italian, what she desired him to say. That afternoon, I remember, we went to Capri and were late in reaching home, for which we should in all probability have received a wigging from the elder members of the party, who had remained behind, but for the fact that two important engagements, long hoped for, were

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announced as resulting from the excursion. I could not help contrasting the enjoyment with which I had made a bet of gloves with the young American, that she would not employ the letter-writer as narrated above, with my feelings as I searched for Angelotti now. Approaching the first table I inquired of the man behind it whether he could inform me where I should be most likely to find the individual I wanted.

"Angelotti, did you say, signore?" the fellow replied, shaking his head. "I know no one of that name among the writers here." Then, turning to a man seated a little distance from him, he questioned him, with the same result.

It began to look as if Legrath must have made some mistake, and that the individual in whose custody reposed the secret of Pharos's address was as difficult to find as his master himself. But, unsuccessful as my first inquiry had been, I was not destined to be disappointed in the end. A tall, swarthy youth, of the true Neapolitan loafer type, who had been leaning against a wall close by smoking a cigarette and taking a mild interest in our conversation, now removed his back from its resting-place and approached us.

"Ten thousand pardons, Excellenza," he said, "but you mentioned the name of one Angelotti, a public letter-writer. I am acquainted with him, and with the signore's permission will conduct him to that person."

"You are sure you know him?" I replied, turning upon him sharply, for I had had dealings with Neapolitan loafers before, and I did not altogether like the look of this fellow.

"Since he is my uncle, Excellenza, it may be supposed that I do," he answered.

Having said this he inhaled a considerable quantity of smoke and blew it slowly out again, watching me all the time. I do not know any being in the world who can be so servile, and at the same time so insolent at a moment's notice, as a youth of the Neapolitan lower classes. This fellow was an excellent specimen of his tribe.

"Since you know Angelotti, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me his address?" I said at last. "I have no doubt I shall then be able to find him for myself."

Seeing the advantage he held, and scenting employment of not too severe a kind, the young man made a gesture with his hands as if to signify that while he was perfectly willing to oblige me in so small a matter, business was business, and he must profit by his opportunity. He would be perfectly willing, he said, to act as my guide; but it must be remembered that it would occupy some considerable portion of his valuable time, and this would have to be paid for at a corresponding rate.

When I had agreed to his terms he bade me follow him, and leaving the precincts of the theatre struck out in the direction of the Strada di Chiaia. Whatever his other deficiencies may have been, he was certainly a good walker, and I very soon found that it took me all my time to keep up with him. Reaching the end of the street he turned sharply to the right, crossed the road, and a few seconds later dived into an alley. Of all the filthy places of Naples, that in which I now found myself was undoubtedly the dirtiest. As usual, the houses were many storeys high; but the road was so narrow, and the balconies projected so far from the windows, that an active man might have leapt from side to side with perfect safety. For the most part the houses consisted of small shops, though here and there the heavily-barred lower windows and carved doorways proclaimed them private residences. Halfway down this objectionable thoroughfare a still smaller and dirtier one led off to the right, and into this my guide turned, bidding me follow him. Just as I was beginning to wonder whether I should ever find my way out alive, the youth came to a standstill before a small shop, in which a number of second-hand musical instruments were displayed for sale.

"This, Excellenza, is the residence of the most illustrious Angelotti," he said, with a wave of his hand towards the shop in question.

"But I understood that he was a letter-writer," I answered, believing for the moment that the youth had tricked me.

"And it was quite true," he replied. "Until a month ago the Signor Angelotti had his table at the theatre; but his cousin is dead, and now he sells the most beautiful violins in all Italy."

As he said this the young man lifted his hand and gently waved it in the air, as if it were impossible for him to find words sufficiently expressive to describe the excellence of the wares I should find within. It is probable he considered me an intending purchaser, and I do not doubt he had made up his mind, in the event of business ensuing, to return a little later in order to demand from his avuncular relative a commission upon the transaction. Rewarding him for

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the trouble he had taken, I bade him be off about his business and entered the shop. It was a dismal little place and filthy to an indescribable degree. The walls were hung with musical instruments, the ceiling with rows of dried herbs, and in a corner, seated at a table busily engaged upon some literary composition, a little old man, with sharp, twinkling eyes and snow-white hair. On seeing me he rose from his chair and came forward to greet me, pen in hand.

"I am looking for the Signor Angelotti," I said, by way of introducing myself, "whom I was told I should find among the public letter-writers at the Theatre San Carlo."

"Angelotti is my name," he answered, "and for many years I received my clients at the place you mention; but my cousin died, and though I would willingly have gone on writing my little letters—for I may tell you, Excellenza, that writing letters for other people is a pleasurable employment—business is business, however, and here was this shop to be attended to. So away went letter-writing, and now, as you see, I sell violins and mandolins, of which I can show you the very best assortment in all Naples."

As he said this he put his little sparrow-like head on one side and looked at me in such a comical fashion that I could scarcely refrain from laughing. I had no desire, however, to offend the little man, for I did not know how useful he might prove himself to me.

"Doubtless you miss your old employment," I said, "particularly as it seems to have afforded you so much interest. It was not in connection with your talents in that direction, however, that I have called upon you. I have come all the way from England to ask you a question."

On hearing this he nodded his head more vigorously than before.

"A great country," he answered with enthusiasm. "I have written many letters for my clients to relatives there. There is a place called Saffron Hill. Oh, Excellenza, you would scarcely believe what stories I could tell you about the letters I have written to people there. But I am interrupting you. I am an old man, and I have seen very many things, so it is only natural I should like to talk about them."

"Very natural, indeed," I answered; "but in this instance all I have come to ask of you is an address. I want you to find a person for me who left England a few days since."

"And came to Naples? A countryman, perhaps?"

"No, he is no countryman of mine, nor do I even know that he came to Naples; but I was told by someone in England, from whom I made inquiries, that if I came here and asked for one Angelotti, a public letter-writer, I should, in all probability, be able to learn his whereabouts."

As if convinced of the importance of the part he was to play in the affair, the old man laid his pen carefully down upon the table, and then stood before me with his hands placed together, finger tip to finger tip.

"If your Excellency would condescend to mention the individual's name," he said softly, "it is just possible I might be able to give you the information you seek."

"The name of the person I want to find is Pharos," I replied. "He is sometimes called Pharos the Egyptian."

Had I stated that I was in search of the Author of all Evil, the placid Angelotti could scarcely have betrayed more surprise. He took a step from me and for a moment gazed at me in amazement. Then the expression gradually faded from his face, leaving it as devoid of emotion as before.

"Pharos?" he repeated. "For the moment it does not strike me that I know the individual."

I should have believed that he really had not the power to help me had I not noticed the look which had come into his face when I mentioned that fatal name.

"You do not know him?" I said. "Surely you must be making some mistake. Think again, Signor Angelotti. See, here is the card of which I spoke. It has your name and address upon it, and it was given me by Sir George Legrath, the head of the Egyptian Museum in London, of whom I think you must at least have heard."

He shook his head after he had examined the card.

"It is my name, sure enough," he said, handing it back to me, "but I cannot understand why you should have supposed that I know anything of the person you are seeking. However, if you will write your name and address upon the card, and will leave it with me, I will make inquiries, and, should I discover anything, will at once communicate with your Excellency. I can do no more."

I saw then that my suppositions were correct, and that the old fellow was not so ignorant as he desired me to believe. I accordingly wrote my name, with that of the hotel at which I was staying, at the top of the card, and handed it to him, and then, seeing that there was nothing further to be

done, bade him good-morning, and left the shop. Fortunately the road home was easier to find than I had expected it would be, and it was not very long before I was once more in the Piazza S. Ferdinando.

I was still thinking of the curious interview through which I had just passed, when, as I crossed the road, I was suddenly recalled to the reality of the moment by a loud voice adjuring me, in scarcely complimentary terms, to get out of the way, unless I desired to be run over. I turned my head in time to see a handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, coming swiftly towards me. With a spring I gained the pavement, and then turned to take stock of it. It was not, however, at the carriage I gazed, but at its occupant. For, lying back upon her cushions, and looking even more beautiful than when I had seen her last, was Pharos's companion, the Fräulein Valerie de Vocxqal. That she saw and recognised me was shown by the expression on her face and the way in which she threw up her right hand. I almost fancied I could hear the cry of amazement that escaped her lips. Then the carriage disappeared in the crowd of traffic and she was gone again. For some moments I stood on the pavement looking after her as if rooted to the spot. It was only when I had recovered myself sufficiently to resume my walk that I could put two and two together, and understand what significance this meeting had for me. If she were in Naples, it was well nigh certain that Pharos must be there too; and if he were there, then I hoped it would be in my power to find him and acquaint him with the determination I had arrived at concerning him. That he desired to avoid me I could well understand, and the very fact that his companion showed so much astonishment at seeing me seemed to point to the same conclusion. Poor blind worm that I was, I hugged this conceit to my heart, and the more I did so the more resolved I became in my own mind that, when I *did* meet him, I would show no mercy. Debating with myself in this fashion, I made my way along the Strada S. Carlo and thence by a short cut to my hotel.

As I have already remarked, there is nothing drearier in the world than a foreign hotel out of the season. In this particular instance I seemed to have the entire building to myself. The long corridors were innocent of the step of a stranger foot, and when I sat down to lunch in the great dining-hall, I had not only the room, but the entire staff, or what was left of it, to wait upon me.

I had just finished my meal, and was wondering in what manner I could spend the afternoon, when a waiter approached and placed a note beside my plate. Had I never seen the writer, I should have been able to guess his profession by his penmanship. The caligraphy displayed upon the envelope was too perfect not to be professional, and, as I looked at it, it seemed to me I could see the queer, sparrow-like head of the writer bending over it and smell the odour of the dried herbs and the still drier violins hanging up in that quaint old shop to which I had paid a visit that morning. On the top was my name and address in my own writing, and below it the direction furnished to me by Sir George Legrath. Seeing that there was nothing new on that side, I took it to the window, and, turning it over, read as follows—

"If Mr. Forrester desires to meet the person of whom he spoke this morning, he should be in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeii this afternoon at four o'clock. Provided he brings no one with him, he will be permitted the interview he seeks."

There was no signature, and nothing but the penmanship to show from whom it emanated; that it was genuine, however, I did not for a moment doubt. I looked at my watch, and finding that as yet it was scarcely half past one, tried to make up my mind whether I should go by train or drive. The afternoon would be hot, I was very well aware, and so would be a long drive in an open carriage; but the train would be hotter still. Eventually I decided for the road and immediately despatched a waiter in search of a conveyance. Of the carriage and horses there is nothing to be said, and, save the view, which is always beautiful, but little in favour of the drive. It was a quarter to four when I alighted at the entrance to the ruins, and by that time I was covered from head to foot with a coating of that indescribable dust so peculiar to Naples.

Informing the cabman that I should return to the city by train, I paid the admission fee and, declining the services of a guide, entered the grounds, keeping my eyes wide open, as you may suppose, for the man I had come to meet. Entering the ruins proper by the Marine Gate, I made my way direct to the *rendezvous* named upon the card, and, surely, never in the history of that ancient place had a man passed along its

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streets on a stranger mission. I need not have hurried, however, for on reaching the Forum, whence a full view of the Temple can be obtained, I found that I had the place to myself. Having satisfied myself on this point, I sat down on a block of stone and collected my thoughts in preparation for the coming interview. Times out of number I consulted my watch; and when the hands pointed to four o'clock I felt as if the quarter of an hour I had spent there had in reality been an hour. It was a breathless afternoon; beyond the city the blue hills seemed to float and quiver in mid-air. A lark was trilling in the sky above me, and so still was it that the rumbling of a wagon on the white road half a mile or so away could be distinctly heard.

"My dear Mr. Forrester, allow me to wish you a very good afternoon; I need scarcely say how delighted I am to meet you!" said a voice behind me; and, turning, I found myself face to face with Pharos.

"Fräulein Valerie de Vocxqal."

CHAPTER VI.

ANXIOUS as I had been to see him, and eagerly as I had sought his presence, now that Pharos stood before me I was as frightened of him as I had been on the night I had first set eyes upon him at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle. I stood looking at his queer, ungainly figure for some seconds, trying to make up my mind how I should enter upon what I had to say to him. That he was aware of my embarrassment I could see, and from the way his lips curled I guessed that he was deriving considerable satisfaction from it. His face was as crafty and his eyes as wicked as ever I had seen them; but I noticed that on this occasion he leant more heavily upon his stick than usual.

"I presume it is to my kind friend, Sir George Legrath, that I am indebted for the pleasure of this interview," he said, after the short pause that followed his introductory speech; "for I need not flatter myself you will believe me when I say that I was fully aware, even before I met you in Lady Medenham's house the other day, that we should be talking together in this Temple within a week."

The palpable absurdity of this speech gave me just the opportunity for which I was waiting.

"Monsieur Pharos," I said, with as much sternness as I could manage to throw into my voice, "successful as you have hitherto been in deceiving me, it is not the least use your attempting to do so on the present occasion. I am quite willing to state that it was my friend Sir George Legrath who put me in the way of communicating with you. I called upon him on Tuesday morning and obtained your address from him.

He nodded his head. "You will pardon me, I hope, if I seat myself," he said. "It seems that this interview is likely to be a protracted one, and as I am no longer young I doubt if I can go through it standing."

With this apology he seated himself on a block of stone at the foot of one of the graceful columns which in bygone days had supported the entrance to the Temple, and, resting his chin on his hands, which again leant on the carved handle of his stick, he turned to me and in a mocking voice said, "This air of mystery is no doubt very appropriate, my friend; but since you have taken such trouble to find me, perhaps you will be good enough to furnish me with your reason?"

I scratched in the dust with the point of my stick before I replied. Prepared as I was with what I had to say to him, and justified as I felt in pursuing the course I

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had determined to adopt, for the first time since I had arrived in Naples a doubt as to the probability, or even the sanity, of my case entered my head.

"I can quite understand your embarrassment, my dear Mr. Forrester," he said, with a little laugh, when he saw that I did not begin. "I am afraid you have formed a totally wrong impression of me. By some mischance a train of circumstances has arisen which has filled your mind with suspicion of me. As a result, instead of classing me among your warmest and most admiring friends, as I had hoped you would do, you distrust me and have nothing but unpleasant thoughts in your mind concerning me. Pray let me hear the charges you bring against me, and I feel sure—nay, I am certain—I shall be able to refute them. The matter of what occurred at Cleopatra's Needle has already been disposed of, and I do not think we need refer to it again. What else have you to urge?"

His voice had entirely changed. It had lost its old sharpness, and was softer, more musical, and infinitely more agreeable than I had ever known it before. He rose from his seat and moved a step towards me. Placing his hand upon my arm, and looking me full and fair in the face, he said—

"Mr. Forrester, I am an old man—how old you can have no idea—and it is too late in my life for me to begin making enemies. Fate, in one of her cruel moments, has cursed me with an unpleasing exterior. Nay, do not pretend that you think otherwise, for I know it to be true. Those whom I would fain conciliate are offended by it. You, however, I should have thought would have seen below the surface. Why should we quarrel? To quote your own Shakespeare, 'I would be friends with you and have your love.' I am rich, I have influence, I have seen a great deal of the world, and have studied mankind as few others have done. If, therefore, we joined forces, what is there we might not do together?"

Incredible as it may seem after all I had suffered on his account, such was the influence he exerted over me that I now began to find myself wishing it were not necessary for me to utter the things I had come to say. But I had no intention of allowing him to suppose I could be moved as easily as he seemed to imagine.

"Before there can be any talk of friendship or even of association between us, Monsieur Pharos," I said, "it will be necessary for me to have a complete understanding with you. If I have wronged you, I will endeavour to make amends for it. Are you aware that on the night of Lady Medenham's 'at home' a diabolical murder was committed at the old curiosity shop at the corner of the street adjoining that in which my studio is situated?"

"One could hardly read the English papers without being aware of it," he answered gravely; "but I scarcely see in what way that effects me."

Here he stopped and gazed at me for a moment in silence as if he were anxious to read what was passing in my mind. Then he began again—

"Surely you do not mean to tell me, Mr. Forrester, that your dislike to me is so great as to induce you to believe that I was the perpetrator of that ghastly deed?"

"Since you are aware that a murder *was* committed," I said, without appearing to notice his interruption, "perhaps you also know that the deed was supposed to have been done between the hours of midnight and one o'clock. You may also have read that an individual was seen leaving the house by the back entrance almost on the stroke of one, and that he was believed to have taken refuge in my studio."

"Now that you recall the circumstance, I confess I did see something of the sort in the paper," he answered; "and I remember reading also that you informed the inspector of police, who called upon you to make inquiries, that to the best of your knowledge no such man *had* entered your house. What then?"

"Well, Monsieur Pharos, it was a few moments after the hour mentioned that you made your appearance before me, breathing heavily as though you had been running. Upon my questioning you, you offered the paltry excuse that you had been for a walk after Lady Medenham's 'at home,' and that you had missed your way and come quite by chance to my studio."

"As I shall prove to your satisfaction when you have finished, that was exactly what happened."

"But you have not heard all," I replied. "While in my rooms you became desirous of possessing the mummy of the Egyptian Magician, Ptahmes. You expressed a wish that I should present it to you, and, when I declined to do so, you hypnotised me and took it without either my leave or my license—a very questionable proceeding if viewed in the light of the friendship you profess to entertain for me. How the law of the land

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would regard it, doubtless you know as well as I do."

As I said this I watched his face closely, but if I hoped to find any expression of shame there I was destined to be disappointed.

"My dear Forrester," he said, "it is very plain indeed that you have developed an intense dislike to me. Otherwise you would scarcely be so ready to believe evil of me. How will you feel when I convince you that all the ill you think of me is undeserved? Answer me that!"

"If only you can do so," I cried, clutching eagerly at the hope he held out. "If you can prove that I have wronged you, I will only too gladly make you any amends in my power. You cannot imagine what these last few days have been to me. I have perjured myself to save you. I have risked my good name, I have——"

"And I thank you," he answered. "I don't think you will find me ungrateful. But before I accept your services I must prove to you that I am not so bad as you think me. Let us for a moment consider the matter. We will deal with the case of the mummy first, that being, as you will allow, of the least importance as far as you, individually, are concerned. Before I unburden myself, however, I must make you understand the disadvantage under which I am labouring. To place my meaning more clearly before you, it would be necessary for me to make an assertion which I have the best of reasons for knowing you would not believe. Perhaps I made a mistake on that particular evening to which we are referring, when I induced you to believe that it was by accident I visited your studio. I am prepared now to confess that it was not so. I was aware that you had that mummy in your possession. I had known it for some considerable time, but I had not been able to get in touch with you. That night an opportunity offered, and I seized it with avidity. I could not wait until the next day, but called upon you within a few hours of meeting you at Lady Medenham's 'at home.' I endeavoured to induce you to part with the mummy, but in vain. My entreaties would not move you. I exerted all my eloquence, argued and pleaded as I have seldom, if ever, done to a man before. Then, seeing that it was useless, I put into force a power of which I am possessed, and determined that, come what might, you should do as I desired. I do not deny that in so doing I was to blame; but I think, if the magnitude of the temptation were brought home to you, you would understand how difficult it would be not to fall. Let me make my meaning clearer to you, if possible."

"It would, perhaps, be as well," I answered, with a touch of sarcasm, "for at present I am far from being convinced."

"You have been informed already by our mutual friend, Sir George Legrath, that I am of Egyptian descent. Perhaps you do not understand that, while the ancient families of your country are proud of being able to trace their pedigrees back to the time of the Norman Conquest, a beggarly eight hundred years or thereabouts, I, Pharos, can trace mine, with scarcely a break, back to the nineteenth dynasty of Egyptian history, a period of over three thousand years. It was that very Ptahmes, the man whose mummy your father stole from its ancient resting-place, who was the founder of our house. For some strange reason—what I cannot tell—I have always entertained the belief that my existence upon this earth, and such success as I shall meet with, depend upon my finding that mummy and returning it to the tomb from which sacrilegious hands had taken it. At first this was only a mere desire; since then it has become a fixed determination, which has grown in strength and intensity until it has become more than a determination, a craving in which the happiness of my whole existence is involved. For many years, with a feverish longing which I cannot expect or hope to make you understand, I searched Europe from end to end, visiting all the great museums and private collections of Egyptian antiquities, but without success. Then, quite by chance and in a most circuitous fashion, I discovered that it was your father who had found it, and that at his death it had passed on to you. I visited England immediately, obtained an introduction to you, and the rest you know."

"And where is the mummy now?" I inquired.

"In Naples," he replied. "To-morrow I start with it for Egypt, to return it to the place whence your father took it."

"But allow me to remark that it is not your property, Monsieur Pharos," I replied; "and even taking into consideration the circumstances you relate, you must see yourself that you have no right to act as you propose doing."

"And pray by what right did your father rifle the dead man's tomb?" said Pharos quietly. "And since you are such a stickler

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for what is equitable, perhaps you will show me his justification for carrying away the body from the country in which it had been laid to rest, and conveying it to England to be stared at in the light of a curiosity. No, Mr. Forrester, your argument is a poor one, and I should combat it to the last. I am prepared, however, to make a bargain with you."

"And what is that bargain?" I inquired.

"It is as follows," he replied. "Our interest in the dead man shall be equal. Since it was your father who stole the mummy from its resting-place, let it be the descendant of the dead Ptahmes who restores it. As you will see yourself, and as I think you must in common honesty admit, what I am doing in this matter can in no way advance my own personal interests. If I have taken from you a possession which you valued so highly, set your own figure upon it, and double what you ask I will pay. Can I say anything fairer?"

I did not know what answer to make. If the man were the veritable descendant of the King's Magician, then it was only natural he should sacrifice anything to obtain possession of the body of his three thousand years old ancestor. My objection was purely sentimental. The mummy had been my father's, and beyond that my interest in the matter ended.

"So much for the mummy incident," I said. "What you have to do now is to clear yourself of the more serious suspicion that exists against you. I refer to the murder of the curiosity dealer."

"But surely, Mr. Forrester," he said, "you cannot be serious when you say you believe I had anything to do with that dreadful affair?"

"You know very well what I do and what I do not believe," I answered. "I await your reply."

"Since you press me for it, I will give it," he continued. "But, remember this, if I have to convince you of my innocence, your only chance will be gone, for I shall never feel the same towards you again."

As he said this, the old fierce light came into his eyes and for a moment he looked as dangerous as on that evening in the studio.

"I repeat, I ask you to convince me," I said firmly.

"Then I will do so," he replied, and dived his hand into his coat pocket and produced a crumpled copy of a newspaper. He smoothed it out upon his knee, and handed it to me.

"If you look at the third column from the left, you will see a heading entitled, 'The mysterious murder in Bonwell Street.' Pray read it."

I took the paper and read as follows—

"THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN BONWELL STREET.

"EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION AND SUICIDE.

"Shortly before nine o'clock this morning, a tall, middle-aged man, giving the name of Johann Schmidt, a German, and evidently in a weak state of health, entered the precincts of Bow Street Police Station, and informed the officer in charge that he desired to give himself up to justice as the murderer of Herman Clausand, the curiosity dealer of Bonwell Street, the victim of the shocking tragedy announced in our issue of Tuesday last. Schmidt, who spoke with considerable earnestness and seemed desirous of being believed, stated that several years before he had been in the deceased's employ, and since his dismissal had nursed feelings of revenge. On the day preceding the murder he had called at Bonwell Street, and, after informing Clausand that he was out of employment and starving, asked to be again taken into his service; the other, however, refused to entertain his request, whereupon Schmidt very reluctantly left the shop. For the remainder of the day he wandered about London, endeavouring to obtain work, but about midnight, having been unsuccessful, he returned to Bonwell Street and rang the bell. The door was opened by Clausand himself, who, as we stated in our first account of the murder, lived alone. Schmidt entered, and once more demanded employment, or at least money sufficient to enable him to find shelter for the night. Again Clausand refused, whereupon the man picked up a dagger from a stand near by and stabbed him to the heart. Frightened at what he had done, he did not stay to rob the body, but made his way through the house and out by the back door. Passing into Murbrook Street, he saw a policeman coming towards him, but by stepping into a doorway managed to avoid him. Since that time, up to the moment of surrendering himself, he had been wandering about London, and it was only when he found starvation staring him in the face that he determined to give himself up. Having told his story, the man was about to be searched prior to being conducted to a cell, when he drew from his pocket a revolver and placed the muzzle to his forehead.

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Before the bystanders could stop him he had pulled the trigger; there was a loud report, and a moment later the wretched man fell dead at the officer's feet. The divisional surgeon was immediately summoned, but on his arrival found that life was extinct. Inquiries were at once made with a view to ascertaining whether the story he had told had any foundation in fact. We have since learned that the description he gave of himself was a true one, that he had once been in Clausand's employ, and that on the day preceding the murder he had openly asserted in a public-house in the neighbourhood of Soho his intention of being revenged upon the dead man.

"The coroner has been informed, and an inquest will be held to-morrow morning."

After I had read it, I stood for some moments looking at the paper in my hand. Then I turned to Pharos, who was still seated on the block of stone watching me intently. Since this miserable wretch had confessed to the crime, it was plain that I had wronged him in supposing he had committed it. A weight was undoubtedly lifted from my mind, but for some reason or another the satisfaction I derived from this was by no means as great as I had expected it would be. At the back of my mind there was still a vague impression that I was being deceived, and, do what I would, I could not rid myself of it.

"That, I think, should convince you, Mr. Forrester," said Pharos, rising and coming towards me, "how very unwise it is ever to permit one's feelings to outweigh one's judgment. You made up your mind that you disliked me, and for the simple reason that I had the misfortune to lose my way on that particular evening, and to reach your studio about the same time that that terrible murder was committed, you were ready at a moment's notice to believe me guilty of the crime."

"What you say is quite true," I answered humbly. "I acted very foolishly, I admit. I have done you a great wrong, and you have behaved very generously about it."

"In that case we will say no more about it," he replied. "It is an unpleasant subject; let us forget it and never refer to it again. As I asked you to believe when last I saw you, my only desire is that you should think well of me and that we should be friends. As another proof of my kindly feeling towards yourself, I will go further than I originally intended and say that I am willing to restore the mummy I took from you. It is here in Naples, but, if you wish, it shall be at once returned to your house in London."

"I took the paper and read."

This was more than I had expected from him, and it impressed me accordingly.

"I could not dream of such a thing," I replied. "Since you have been so generous, let me follow your example. I have wronged you, and, as some small return, I ask you to keep the King's Magician, and do with him as you please."

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"I accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made," he replied. "Now, perhaps, we had better be going. If you have nothing better to do this evening I should be glad if you would dine with me. I think I can promise you a better dinner than you will get at your own hotel, and afterwards, I have no doubt, we shall be able to induce my ward to give us some music. You had better say 'Yes,' for, I assure you, we shall both be disappointed if you refuse."

"You are really very kind," I began, "but——"

"With your permission we will have no 'buts,'" he replied, with a wave of his hand. "The matter is settled, and I shall look forward to a pleasant evening. My carriage is at the gate, and if you will drive back with me I shall be doubly honoured."

If there had been any way of getting out of it, I think I should have taken advantage of it; but as I could not discover one, I was perforce compelled to accept his invitation.

"I wonder if this city has the same fascination for you, Mr. Forrester, that it has for me?" said Pharos, after I had given my consent to the arrangement he proposed. "For my own part, I never come to Naples without paying it a visit; but how very few are there of the numbers who visit it weekly that really understand it! What tales I could tell you of it, if only they interested you! How vividly I could bring back to you the life of the people who once spoke in this forum, bathed in yonder baths, and applauded in the theatre nineteen hundred years ago! Let us follow this street which leads towards the Temple of Isis, that Temple in which the Egyptian goddess was worshipped by such as pretended to believe in her mysterious powers. I say *pretended*, because it was the fashion then to consult her oracles, a fashion as insulting as it was popular."

By this time we had passed out of the Temple of Mercury and were making our way along the time-worn pavement towards the building of which he spoke. The sun was sinking in the west, and already long shadows were drawing across the silent streets, intensifying the ghostliness of the long-deserted city. Reaching the Temple, we entered and looked about us.

"See how its grandeur has departed from it," said Pharos, with a note of sadness in his voice that made me turn and gaze at him in surprise. "Time was when this was the most beautiful temple in the city, when every day her courts were thronged with worshippers, when her oracles boasted a reputation that reached even to mighty Rome. On this spot stood the statue of the goddess herself. There, that of her son, the god Horus. Here was the purgatorium, and there the bronze figure of the bull god Apis. Can you not picture the crowd of eager faces beyond the rails, the white-robed priests, and the sacrifice being offered up on yonder altar amid the perfumes of frankincense and myrrh? Where, Mr. Forrester, are these priests now? The crowd of worshippers, the statues? Gone—gone—dust and ashes, these nineteen hundred years. Come, we have lingered here long enough, let us go further."

Leaving the Temple we made our way into the Stabian Street, passed the Temple of Æsculapius, and did not stop until we had reached the house of Tullus Agrippa. Into this Pharos led me.

"O Tullus Agrippa!" he cried, as if apostrophising the dead man, "across the sea of time, I, Pharos the Egyptian, salute thee! Great was thy wealth and endless thy resources. Greedy of honour and praise wast thou, and this house was the apex of thy vanity. Here is that same triclinium where thy guests were wont to assemble when thou didst invite them to thy banquets. In those days little didst thou dream that nineteen centuries later would find thy house roofless, dug up from the bowels of the earth, and thy cherished rooms a show to be gaped at by all who cared to pay a miserable fee. Least of all didst thou think then that Pharos the Egyptian would be standing in the room where once thou didst rule so absolute, telling thy faults and follies to a man of a race that in thy day was well-nigh unknown."

He stopped for a moment, and then, turning to me again, recommenced with fresh energy.

"The owner of this house, Tullus Agrippa, was avaricious, cruel, vain and sensual. He gave of his wealth only when he was assured of a large return. Hated on every hand, what did his wealth avail him when the streets were filled with flying citizens, and none knew which way to turn for safety? The catastrophe found him tossing on a bed of sickness and scarcely able to stand alone. With the first shock of the earthquake he called imperiously for his favourite slave, but no answer came. The walls of his house trembled and shook as he staggered out into the fast darkening street, calling upon the

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PHAROS IN THE HOUSE OF TULLAS AGRIPPA.

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names of his gods as he went, and offering every sestertia in his possession to the person who would conduct him to a place of safety. A man brushed against him. He looked up and recognised the gladiator, Tymon, the man whose richest patron he had been. He offered gifts innumerable if he would only carry him as far as the Marine Gate. But the gladiator cast him off. The old man stumbled against the wall, clutched at it for support, and at length fell senseless upon the ground. The shower of ashes and scoria quickly covered him, and nineteen hundred years later the workmen, excavating the ruins, discovered his body at the base of yonder wall. Such was the fate of the noble Tullus Agrippa, citizen of Rome, and once the owner of this house."

Before I could ask how he had become familiar with these details, he had made his way outside and was in the road once more. I followed him, and we returned to the Porta Marina, and down the path towards the entrance to the ruins. My companion was evidently well known to the officials, for they treated him with obsequious respect, bowing before him and inquiring if he had seen certain new excavations, as if the success of the latter depended entirely on his good opinion of them. In the road outside a carriage was standing, to which was attached a magnificent pair of black horses. A coachman, dressed in a neat but unpretentious black livery, sat upon the box, while a footman stood beside the carriage door. The whole turn-out was in excellent taste, and would have made a creditable appearance in the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park. Into this elegant equipage Pharos invited me to step, and as soon as I had seated myself he took his place beside me. Hot though the night was, a heavy fur rug was wrapped round his knees, and, when this had been done, he laid himself back upon the cushions with a sigh of relief, as if the exertion of the afternoon had been too much for him.

"So much for Pompeii," he said, as the horses sprang forward. "Now for Naples and the most beautiful creature it contains at present—my ward, the Fräulein Valerie De Vocxqal."

(*To be continued.*)

The opening chapters of "Pharos the Egyptian" will be found in our June Number.

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"SERVICE!"

LAWN TENNIS.*

By H. W. W. Wilberforce.

IT is now just twenty-one years since the first Lawn Tennis Championship was held at the All England Club, and although the game, for obvious reasons, never had and never can have any hold upon public schools, still it may fairly by this time be said to have become the recognised pastime of a large number of the game-playing classes. There are many amusements of a similar nature which have passed or are passing through the period of craze; some survive—not quite in their pristine vigour, but still with a permanent though more limited *clientèle;* some die out altogether, and some drag out a lingering existence barely maintained by the support of a faithful few. Archery, croquet, rinking, golf, bicycling, and, the latest comer, indoor skating, are instances of this proposition; and all of these have found or will find their level sooner or later. Lawn tennis is to be placed, I think, in the first of these classes; from the palmy days when cricket trembled for its very life, to the time when golf threatened its almost entire extinction, its career has been a chequered and an exciting one. Now it may well consider itself comfortably established in a comparatively humble but useful sphere. And its possessions are by no means despicable: there are championships in nearly all the countries of the New World, as well as the Old; there are treatises on the theory and practice of the game in English, French, German, Danish and American; there is a lawn tennis parliament in the shape of an Association—an indispensable adjunct nowadays to every pastime—which has a jurisdiction ranging from the laws of the game to the morals of the players; and last, but not least, it has an organ in the press—*Lawn Tennis*—exclusively devoted to chronicling its doings. The game is, no doubt, one mainly for young men; but to say that it is merely an exercise, as Mr. Arthur Balfour in his enthusiasm for golf has said, is to overshoot the mark. There is just this amount of truth in the statement, that activity and staying power are essential to a first class player. Such qualities are not, of course, as a rule found in mankind much after thirty-five; yet, so long as anybody retains his eyesight and a sufficient amount of strength to toddle about on the grass, so long can he enjoy, not perhaps a punishing single, but a not unexciting double in which craft and delicacy of touch may prove a match for agility and endurance. Indeed, I have seen a man of seventy playing away vigorously, doing his share of the work, though not jealously, and have myself found

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him a very decent and useful partner. I daresay he was something rather exceptional in the way of a veteran, but there is many a man of not quite such advanced years who, though not so slim as he used to be, and perhaps a little short in the wind, comes back from his business to play with great keenness for his hour or so before dinner, and who will be as pleased as Punch if he and his old friend Jones manage to take the shine out of those two youngsters who fancy themselves so tremendously. The social aspects of the game, too, are a strong point in its favour in the country; the ordinary young man—the hostess's desideratum—does not fight so shy of a garden party if he thinks he will have a chance of scoring off that conceited fellow Brown, who is really not half so good as he imagines, or, as the case may be, of being the partner of the fascinating Miss Snooks, even if it is only for one set. Such a party, nevertheless, requires some management; the cracks and the crocks must not be huddled indiscriminately together, and you will get into sad disgrace if you pair off last year's local champion with the young lady who "never can take those horrid twists."

Such matters as these, however, are mere trifling to the ardent and serious lover of the game; what he cares for, whether as a player or spectator, are tournaments; and I must confess for myself that at times I have found a match almost too exciting to look on at with unmixed pleasure. Two instances in particular I recall, one in 1883 and the other in 1889, both at the championship meeting. In the first match Mr. Ernest Renshaw beat Mr. Lawford after the games had been called five-love against him in the fifth set. Everybody thought it was all over, and Mr. Renshaw won several games before anyone realised at all that perhaps it was not such an entire certainty. Then with each stroke the interest became more intense, and when the end came the scene was quite indescribable; the gravest and most respectable people leaped from their seats and shouted

G. W. Hillyard. Pim. Stokes. Reynolds.
Miss C. Cooper. Miss Dod. Mrs. Hillyard. Miss Cooper.
H. Baddeley. W. Baddeley. Allen. Ball-Greene. Allen.

A GROUP OF FAMOUS PLAYERS.

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themselves hoarse, to such a pitch had their nerves become strung. The other match was, if possible, more exciting still; it was between Mr. W. Renshaw and Mr. Barlow, and was one of the longest matches I ever was at. I will not dwell on more than this one incident of the fight out of many: Mr. Barlow had won the first two sets and was within one stroke of the match; he returned a ball high over his opponent's head; the latter, in turning sharply to run back, slipped and fell, and a groan went round the ground; he recovered himself in an instant, however, just managed to reach the ball, got it over, won the stroke and ultimately the match.

It may seem childish to some people to remember, and much more to prose about, ancient performances like these; but to me, and I believe to many others, the memory of them is as fresh as if they had only happened a few weeks ago. And if one were in a moralising mood, doubtless many instructive lessons might be derived thereout.

Since the game was first introduced there have been changes, as might have been expected, of some importance in the laws of the game and the computation of handicap odds, in the *personnel* of the players, and in the standard and style of play, many of them of more interest to the expert than to the general public, but some deserving of a little notice.

At first the laws were to a great extent tentative; drawn as they were from various sources—from rackets, from real tennis, and elsewhere—it had to be left to experience to determine whether they were adapted to the requirements of the conditions under which play would take place. In the result the shape of the court was materially altered almost at once, and its new dimensions have stood the test of criticism and trial sufficiently long to justify a belief in their finality.

The scoring was originally the same as that at rackets; the real tennis method seemed likely to give more satisfaction, and was accordingly adopted, and the various experiments of playing a large number of

From a photo by] [*R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

THE BROTHERS DOHERTY.

points, say 100 up, have not met with any very extensive approval—in fact, they have pretty well been abandoned. The height of the net was a matter upon which there was some diversity of opinion for a time; I imagine, however, that the rule now in force will never be substantially departed from unless some unforeseen development takes place which would give undue prominence to some particular stroke or style of play.

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From time to time suggestions have been made that only one service should be allowed, and the preliminary fault abolished, on account of the supposed advantage accruing

THE BADDELEYS *v.* THE ALLENS.

to the server under the present plan. It is very doubtful whether such advantage exists to any large extent, and it is pretty well recognised that the proposed change would put the server in a far worse position than anybody could say his opponent now occupies. Handicap odds admit of endless argument and adjustment; he would be a bold man who would deny the possibility of any further improvement; but the present tables are not, I think, in any immediate danger. For my own part I must say I am inclined to be rather conservative in these matters; to use a political simile, it seems to me that constant changes, except in the case of admitted grievances, tend to drive capital out of the country—that is, to disgust people with the game; and I am glad therefore to think that no cloud of legislation is to be discerned upon the lawn tennis horizon.

Since I first entered the lawn tennis arena, which I am sorry to say is as long ago as fifteen years, the cast of leading players has been entirely altered at least twice; not a single name remains now on the list of the mighty men of my early days. The Renshaws, H. F. Lawford, R. T. Richardson, J. T. Hartley, E. Browne, E. Chatterton, D. Stewart, E. Williams, C. W. Grinstead, and I daresay many more, are never seen among the aspirants to championship honours, and hardly one of them plays in public at all. Others there are who took their places, to be in turn elbowed out by the inevitable march of time—W. J. Hamilton, H. Grove, E. Lewis, J. Pim, E. G. Meers, H. S. Barlow, and P. B. Lyon. Now at the top of the tree we have H. S. Mahony, the Baddeley brothers, the Riseley brothers, the Doherty brothers (it is curious how many good pairs of brothers there are and have been), H. A. Nisbet, W. J. Eaves, C. H. Cazalet, and perhaps one or two more whose names escape me for the moment.

Whether with the constant influx of new blood into the game has come an improvement in the quality of the play, or not, is a moot point amongst those best qualified to judge, and I give my own view simply for what it is worth. The high-water mark, I believe, was reached in 1886; it may be that the tide returned in 1893 and 1894, when Mr. Pim was champion, but I am pretty confident it has never been quite so high at any other time. I mean by this that,

From a photo by] [*Brigham, Scarboro'.*

THE ALLEN BROTHERS.

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From a photo by] [*Gibson, Seacombe.*

Miss Pickstal. F. O. Stoker. T. G. Hill. W. Baddeley. H. O. Jones. Pim. H. Baddeley. A. Dod.
Miss Martin. Miss Dod.
Miss Jackson. Stoker. H. S. Barlow. W. Renshaw.

COMPETITORS IN THE NORTHERN TOURNAMENT, JUNE, 1892, LIVERPOOL CRICKET GROUND, AIGBURTH.

From a photo by] [*Gibson, Seacombe.*

THE WIND-UP OF THE NORTHERN LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, 1896.

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From a photo by [*Jerrard.*

MR. W. J. EAVES.

with the possible exception mentioned, I put Mr. W. Renshaw as the finest player I have ever seen, and I put Mr. Lawford second. It is only a guess, at the best, but there it is. Nevertheless, I have no doubt in my own mind that the general standard of play has distinctly risen; there are far more men who play a low first class game or a high second class one than there used to be. Moreover, double play is certainly better than it was. This latter fact is due to a great extent to the very marked difference between the style of the most modern play to that which preceded it. Everybody has heard of the great contest which raged so long between back play and volleying. The Messrs. Renshaw, who first reduced volleying to a science, prophesied its universal practice and the utter downfall of back play. Mr. Lawford, on the other hand, showed us to what a pitch of perfection back play could be brought, and was in his turn confident that it would be the most important factor in the play of the future. While he took part in tournaments the results certainly seemed in favour of his theory, and it was only because Mr. W. Renshaw had a great mastery of the stroke which he at one time seemed to disparage, that he retained his supremacy for such an extraordinary period of time. Some players belonged to one school and some to the other, but it was remarked that although when volleyers played against one another they could and did run up after the second service—which is the recognised test of the volleying game—they prudently abstained when encountering one of the rival camp. Without going too much into technical details, it became an axiom that anyone pretending to the first class must have a good stroke from the back of the court; and equally on the other hand that ability to volley decisively was indispensable. The effect on the play was to give it a charm and variety which it otherwise would have lacked. During the

MESSRS. HILLYARD AND CAZALET *v.* THE BADDELEYS.

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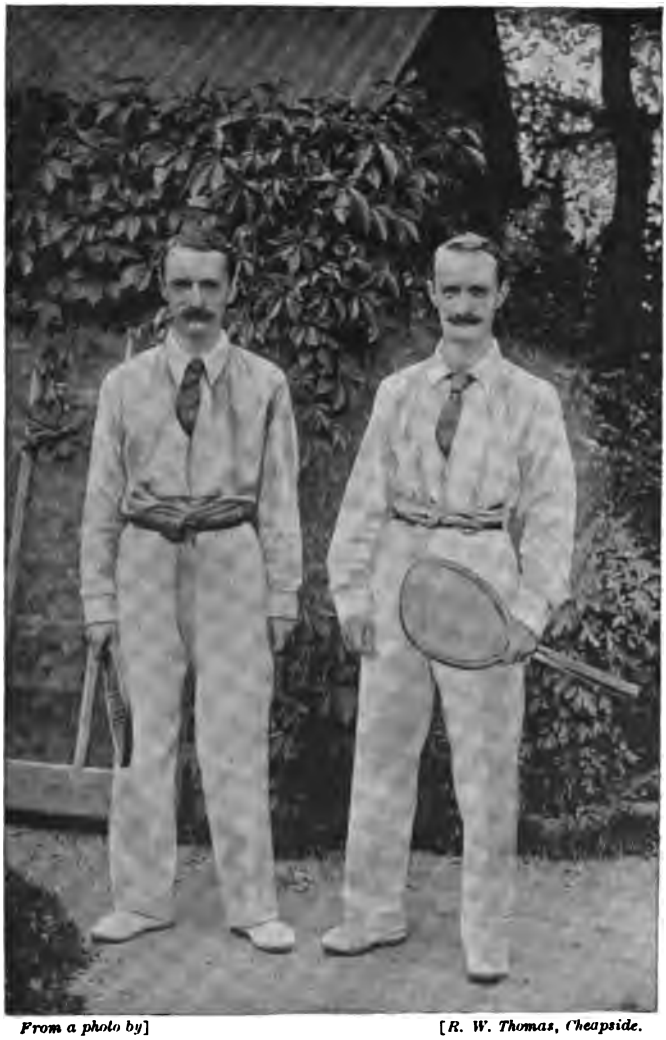
past year or so, however, conditions have altered. For some cause or other—whether it is the undoubted difficulty of acquiring a hard off-the-ground stroke or for some more recondite reason—there seems to have grown up a kind of tacit agreement among the better players to give up back play almost entirely. It was the subject of general comment at Wimbledon in 1896 (when we had, I must say, the weakest championship play I have ever witnessed) that running up after the second service was practically universal. Most persons interested in the welfare of the game regret this; and, as usual, there are those who cry out for an alteration in the laws to remedy the evil. Such a demand is certainly premature, and perhaps somewhat unreasonable. I have indicated what the experience of a past time has been when, as now, some people derided the threatened despotism of the volleyer, and it may well be that we are now passing through a similar phase, due to the superiority of particular individuals, which, with the advent of new players with different characteristics, will disappear.



From a photo by] [*R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

THE BROTHERS BADDELEY.

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Playtime.

As with a flower, some idle afternoon,
One teases butterflies, and to and fro
The hammock swinging, draws it backward soon,
When they have learnt their fragrant loss to know:
Her wayward innocence may lightly cheat
Those weaker hearts, which, fluttering, draw near.
Stands Love with folded pinions at her feet;
Then in a moment shall her soul shine clear.

G. F. L.

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JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST.*

By Cottrel Hoe.

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.

NUMBER VII.—THE MODERN WIZARD IN HIS MAGIC ATTIC.

WHEN Jennie entered the carriage in which her friend was waiting, the other cried, "Well, have you seen him?" apparently meaning the Director of Police.

"No, I did not see him, but I talked with him over the telephone. I wish you could have heard our conversation; it was the funniest interview that I ever took part in. Two or three times I had to shut off the instrument, fearing the Director would hear me laugh. I am afraid that before this business is ended you will be very sorry I am a guest at your house. I know I shall end by getting myself into an Austrian prison. Just think of it! Here have I been 'holding up' the Chief of Police in this Imperial city as if I were a wild western brigand. I have been terrorising the man, brow-beating him, threatening him, and he the person who has the liberty of all Vienna in his hands; who can have me dragged off to a dungeon-cell any time he likes to give the order."

"Jennie entered the carriage."

"Not from the Palace Steinheimer," said the Princess, with decision.

"Well, he might hesitate about that; yet, nevertheless, it is too funny to think that a mere newspaper woman, coming into a city which contains only one or two of her friends, should dare to talk to the Chief of Police as I have done to-night, and force him actually to beg that I shall remain in the city and continue to assist him."

"Tell me what you said," asked the Princess eagerly; and Jennie related all that had passed between them over the telephone.

"And do you mean to tell me that you are going to give that man the right to use all the information you have acquired, and allow him to accept complacently all the *kudos* that such a discovery entitles you to?"

"Why, certainly," replied Jennie. "What good is the *kudos* to me? All the credit I desire I get in the office of the *Daily Bugle* in London."

"But, you silly girl, holding such a secret as you held, you could have made your fortune," insisted the practical Princess, for the principles which had been instilled into her during a youth spent in Chicago had not been eradicated by her residence in Vienna. "If you had gone to the Government and said, 'How much will you give me if I restore to you the missing gold?' just imagine what their answer would be."

"Yes, I suppose there was money in the scheme if it had been really a secret. But you forget that to-morrow morning the Chief of Police would have known as much as he knows to-night. Of course, if I had gone alone to the Treasury vault and kept my discovery to myself, I might, perhaps, have 'held up' the Government of Austria-Hungary as successfully as I 'held up' the

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Chief of Police to-night. But with the Director watching everything I did, and going with me to the chemist, there was no possibility of keeping the matter a secret."

"Well, Jennie, all I can say is that you are a very foolish girl. Here you are, working hard, as you said in one of your letters, merely to make a living, and now, with the greatest nonchalance, you allow a fortune to slip through your fingers. Now, I am simply not going to allow this. I shall tell my husband all that has happened, and he shall make the Government treat you honestly, if not generously. I assure you, Jennie, that Lord Donal—no, I won't mention his name, since you protest so strenuously—but the future young man, whoever he is, will not think the less of you because you come to him with a handsome dowry. But here we are, at home; and I won't say another word on the subject if it annoys you."

When Jennie reached her delightful apartments—which looked even more luxuriantly comfortable bathed in the soft light that now flooded them from quiet-toned shaded lamps than they did in the more garish light of day—she walked up and down her sitting-room in deep meditation. She was in a quandary—whether or not to risk sending a coded telegram to her paper was the question that presented itself to her. If she were sure that no one else would learn the news, she would prefer to wait until she had further particulars of the Treasury catastrophe. A good deal would depend on whether the Director of Police took anyone into his confidence that night or not. If he did not, then he would be aware that only he and the girl possessed that important piece of news. If a full account of the discovery appeared in the next morning's *Daily Bugle*, then, when that paper arrived in Vienna, or even before, if a synopsis were telegraphed to the Government, as it was morally certain to be, the Director would know at once that she was the correspondent of the newspaper whom he was so anxious to frighten out of Vienna. On the other hand, her friendship with the Princess von Steinheimer gave her such influence with the Chief's superior, that, after the lesson she had taught him, he might hesitate to make any move against her. Then, again, the news that to-night belonged to two persons might on the morrow come to the knowledge of all the correspondents in Vienna, and her efforts, as far as the *Bugle* was concerned, would have been in vain. This consideration decided the girl, and, casting off all sign of hesitation, she sat down at her writing table and began the first chapter of the solution of the Vienna mystery. Her opening sentence was exceedingly diplomatic: "The Chief of Police of Vienna has made a most startling discovery." Beginning thus, she went on to details of the discovery she had that day made. When her account was finished and codified, she went down to her hostess and said—

"Princess, I want a trustworthy man, who will take a long telegram to the central telegraph office, pay for it, and come away quickly before anyone can ask him inconvenient questions."

"Would it not be better to call a Dienstmanner?"

"A Dienstmanner? That is your commissionaire, or telegraph messenger? No, I think not. They are all numbered and can be traced."

"Oh, I know!" cried the Princess; "I will send our coachman. He will be out of his livery now, and he is a most reliable man; he will not answer inconvenient questions, or any others, even if they are asked."

To her telegram for publication Jennie had added a private despatch to the editor that it would be rather inconvenient for her if he published the account next morning, but she left the decision entirely with him. Here was the news, and if he thought it worth the risk, he might hold it over; if not, he was to print it regardless of consequences.

As a matter of fact, the editor, with fear and trembling, held the news for a day, so that he might not embarrass his fair representative, but so anxious was he that he sat up all night until the other papers were out, and he heaved a sigh of relief when, on glancing over them, he found that not one of them contained an inkling of the information locked up in his desk. And so he dropped off to sleep when the day was breaking. Next night he had nearly as much anxiety, for, although the *Bugle* would contain the news, other papers might have it as well, and so for the second time he waited in his office until the other sheets, wet from the press, were brought to him. Again fortune favoured him, and the triumph belonged to the *Bugle* alone.

The morning after her interview with the Director of Police, Jennie, taking a small hand-satchel, in which she placed the various bottles containing the different dusts which the chemist had separated, went abroad alone, and hailing a fiacre, gave the driver the address of Professor Carl Seigfried. The carriage of the Princess was always at the

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disposal of the girl, but on this occasion she did not wish to be embarrassed with so pretentious an equipage. The cab took her into a street lined with tall edifices and left her at the number she had given the driver. The building seemed to be one let out in flats and tenements; she mounted stair after stair, and only at the very top did she see the Professor's name painted on a door. Here she rapped several times without any attention being paid to her summons, but at last the door was opened partially by a man whom she took, quite accurately, to be the Professor himself. His head was white, and his face deeply wrinkled. He glared at her through his glasses, and said to her, "Young lady, you have made a mistake; these are the rooms of Professor Carl Seigfried."

"It is Professor Carl Seigfried that I wish to see," said the girl hurriedly, as the old man was preparing to shut the door.

"What do you want from him?"

"I want some information from him about explosives. I have been told that he knows more about explosives than any other man living."

"Quite right—he does. What then?"

"An explosion has taken place producing the most remarkable results. They say that neither dynamite nor any other known force could have had such an effect on metals and minerals as this power has had."

"Ah, dynamite is a toy for children!" cried the old man, opening the door a little further and exhibiting an interest which had up to that moment been absent from his manner. "Well, where did this explosion take place? Do you wish me to go and see it?"

"Perhaps, later on. At present I wish to show you some of its effects, but I don't propose to do so here in the passage-way."

"Quite right—quite right," hastily ejaculated the old scientist, throwing the door wide open. "Of course, I am not accustomed to visits from fashionable young ladies, and I thought at first there had been a mistake; but if you have any real scientific problem, I shall be delighted to give my attention to it. What may appear very extraordinary to the lay mind will doubtless prove fully explainable by scientists. Come in, come in."

The old man shut the door behind her, and led her along a dark passage, into a large apartment, whose ceiling was the roof of the building. At first sight it seemed in amazing disorder. Huge as it was, it was cluttered with curious-shaped machines and instruments. A twisted conglomeration of glass tubing, bent into fantastic tangles, stood on a central table, and had evidently been occupying the Professor's attention at the time he was interrupted. The place was lined with shelving, where the walls were not occupied with cupboards, and every shelf was burdened with bottles and apparatus of different kinds. Whatever care Professor Seigfried took of his apparatus, he seemed to have little for his furniture. There was

"She rapped several times."

hardly a decent chair in the place, except one deep arm-chair, covered with a tiger's skin, in which the Professor evidently took his ease while meditating or watching the progress of an experiment. This chair he did not offer to the young lady; in fact, he did not offer her a chair at all, but sank down on the tiger's skin himself, placed the tips of his fingers together, and glared at her through his glittering glasses.

"Now, young woman," he said sharply,

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"what have you brought for me? Don't begin to chatter now, for my time is valuable. Show me what you have brought, and I will tell you all about it; and most likely a very simple thing it is."

Jennie, interested in so rude a man, smiled, drew up the least decrepit chair she could find, and sat down, in spite of the angry mutterings of her irritated host. Then she opened her satchel, took out the small bottle of gold, and handed it to him without a

"The vial crashed into a thousand pieces."

word. The old man took it somewhat contemptuously, shook it backward and forward without taking out the cork, adjusted his glasses, then suddenly seemed to take a nervous interest in the material presented to him. He rose and went nearer the light. Drawing out the cork with trembling hands, he poured some of the contents into his open palm. The result was startling enough. The old man flung up his hands, letting the vial crash into a thousand pieces on the floor. He staggered forward, shrieking, "Ah, mein Gott—mein Gott!"

Then, to the consternation of Jennie, who had already risen in terror from her chair, the old man plunged forward on his face. Jennie had difficulty in repressing a shriek. She looked round hurriedly for a bell to ring, but there evidently was none. She tried to open the door and cry for help, but in her excitement could find neither handle nor latch. It seemed to be locked, and the key, doubtless, was in the Professor's pocket. She thought at first that he had dropped dead, but the continuing moans as he lay on the floor convinced her of her error. She bent over him anxiously and cried, "What can I do to help you?"

With a struggle he muttered, "The bottle—the bottle—in the cupboard behind you."

She hurriedly flung open the doors of the cupboard indicated, and found a bottle of brandy, and a glass, which she partly filled. The old man had with an effort struggled into a sitting posture, and she held the glass of fiery liquid to his pallid lips. He gulped down the brandy, and gasped, "I feel better now. Help me to my chair."

Assisting him to his feet, she supported him to his arm-chair, when he shook himself free, crying angrily, "Let me alone! Don't you see I am all right again?"

The girl stood aside, and the Professor dropped into his chair, his nervous hands vibrating on his knees. For a long interval nothing was said by either, and the girl at last seated herself in the chair she had formerly occupied. The first words the old man spoke were, "Who sent you here?"

"No one; I came of my own accord. I wished to meet someone who had a large knowledge of explosives, and Herr Feltz, the chemist, gave me your address."

"Herr Feltz! Herr Feltz!" he repeated. "So he sent you here?"

"No one sent me here," insisted the girl.

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"It is as I tell you. Herr Feltz merely gave me your address."

"Where did you get that powdered gold?"

"It came from the *débris* of an explosion."

"I know; you said that before. Where was the explosion? Who caused it?"

"That I don't know."

"Don't you know where the explosion was?"

"Yes, I know where the explosion was, but I don't know who caused it."

"Who sent you here?"

"I tell you no one sent me here."

"That is not true; the man who caused the explosion sent you here. You are his minion. What do you expect to find out from me?"

"I expect to learn what explosive was used to produce the result that seemed to have such a remarkable effect on you."

"Why do you say that? It had no effect on me. My heart is weak. I am subject to such attacks, and I ward them off with brandy. Some day they will kill me. Then you won't learn any secrets from a dead man, will you?"

"I hope, Professor Seigfried, that you have many years yet to live, and I must further add that I did not expect such a reception as I have received from a man of science, as I was told you were. If you have no information to give to me—very well, that ends it; all you have to do is to say so."

"Who sent you here?"

"No one, as I have repeated once or twice. If anyone had, I would give him my opinion of him when I got back. You refuse to tell me anything about the explosive that powdered that gold?"

"The Professor ambled round to the door and placed his back against it."

"Refuse? Of course I refuse! What did you expect? I suppose the man who sent you here thought, because you were an engaging young woman and I an old dotard, I would gabble to you the results of a life's work. Oh, no, no, no; but I am not an old dotard. I have many years to live yet."

"I hope so. Well, I must bid you good morning. I shall go to someone else."

The old man showed his teeth in a forbidding grin.

"It is useless. Your bottle is broken, and the material it contained is dissipated. Not a trace of it is left."

He waved his thin, emaciated hand in the air as he spoke.

"Oh, that doesn't matter in the least," said Jennie. "I have several other bottles here in my satchel."

The Professor placed his hands on the arms of his chair, and slowly raised himself to his feet.

"You have others," he cried, "other bottles? Let me see them—let me see them!"

"No," replied Jennie, "I won't."

With a speed which, after his recent collapse, Jennie had not expected, the Professor ambled round to the door and placed his back against it. The glasses over his eyes seemed to sparkle as if with fire. His talon-like fingers crooked rigidly. He breathed rapidly, and was evidently labouring under tense excitement.

"Who knows you came up to see me?" he whispered hoarsely, glaring at her.

Jennie, having arisen, stood there, smoothing down her perfectly fitting glove, and answered with a calmness she was far from feeling.

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"Who knows I am here? No one but the Director of Police."

"Oh, the Director of Police!" echoed the Professor, quite evidently abashed by the information. The rigidity of his attitude relaxed, and he became once more the old man he had appeared as he sat in a heap in his chair. "You will excuse me," he muttered, edging round towards his chair again; "I was excited."

"I noticed that you were, Professor. But before you sit down again, please unlock that door."

"Why?" he asked, pausing on his way to the chair.

"Because I wish it open."

"And I," he said in a higher tone, "wish it to remain locked until we have come to some understanding. I can't let you go out now; but I shall permit you to go unmolested as soon as you have made some explanation to me."

"If you do not unlock the door immediately, I shall take this machine and fling it through the front window out on the street. The crashing glass on the pavement will soon bring someone to my rescue, Professor, and, as I have a voice of my own and small hesitation about shouting, I shall have little difficulty in directing the strangers where to come."

As Jennie spoke she moved swiftly towards the table on which stood the strange aggregation of reflectors and bent glass tubing.

"No, no, no!" screamed the Professor, springing between her and the table. "Touch anything but that—anything but that. Do not disturb it an inch—there is danger—death not only to you and me, but perhaps to the whole city. Keep away from it!"

"Very well, then," said Jennie, stepping back in spite of her endeavour to sustain her self-control; "open the door. Open both doors and leave them so. After that, if you remain seated in your chair, I shall not touch the machine, nor shall I leave until I make the explanations you require, and you have answered some questions that I shall ask. But I must have a clear way to the stair, in case you should become excited again."

"I'll unlock the doors; I'll unlock both doors," replied the old man tremulously, fumbling about in his pockets for his keys. "But keep away from that machine, unless you want to bring swift destruction on us all."

With an eagerness that retarded his speed, the Professor, constantly looking over his shoulder at his visitor, unlocked the first door, then hastily he flung open the second, and tottered back to his chair, where he collapsed on the tiger skin, trembling and exhausted.

"We may be overheard," he whined. "One can never tell who may sneak quietly up the stair. I am surrounded by spies trying to find out what I am doing."

"Wait a moment," said Jennie.

She went quickly to the outer door, found that it closed with a spring latch, opened and shut it two or three times until she was perfectly familiar with its workings, then she closed it, drew the inner door nearly shut, and sat down.

"There," she said, "we are quite safe from interruption, Professor Seigfried; but I must request you not to move from your chair."

"I have no intention of doing so," murmured the old man. "Who sent you? You said you would tell me. I think you owe me an explanation."

"I think you owe me one," replied the girl. "As I told you before, no one sent me. I came here entirely of my own accord, and I shall endeavour to make clear to you exactly why I came. Some time ago there occurred in this city a terrific explosion——"

"Where? When?" exclaimed the old man, placing his hands on the arms of his chair, as if he would rise to his feet.

"Sit where you are," said Jennie firmly, "and I shall tell you all I can about it. The Government, for reasons of its own, desires to keep the fact of this explosion a secret, and so very few people outside of official circles know anything about it. I am trying to discover the cause of that disaster."

"Are you—are you working on behalf of the Government?" asked the old man eagerly, a tremor of fear in his quavering voice.

"No. I am conducting my investigations quite independently of the Government."

"But why? But why? That is what I don't understand."

"I would very much rather not answer that question."

"But that question—everything is involved in that question. I must know why you are here. If you are not in the employ of the Government, in whose employ are you?"

"If I tell you," said Jennie with some hesitation, "will you keep what I say a secret?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the scientist impatiently.

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"Well, I am in the service of a London daily newspaper."

"I see, I see; and they have sent you here to publish broadcast over the world all you can find out of my doings. I knew you were a spy the moment I saw you. I should never have let you in."

"My dear sir, the London paper is not aware of your existence even. They have not sent me to you at all. They have sent me to learn, if possible, the cause of the explosion I spoke of. I took some of the *débris* to Herr Feltz to analyse it, and he said he had never seen gold, iron, feldspar, and all that, reduced to such fine, impalpable grains as was the case with the sample I left with him. I then asked him who in Vienna knew most about explosives, and he gave me your address. That is why I am here."

"But the explosion—you have not told me when and where it occurred!"

"That, as I have said, is a Government secret."

"But you stated you are not in the Government employ, therefore it can be no breach of confidence if you let me have full particulars."

"I suppose not. Very well, then, the explosion occurred after midnight on the seventeenth in the vault of the Treasury."

The old man, in spite of the prohibition, rose uncertainly to his feet.

Jennie sprang up and said menacingly, "Stay where you are!"

"I am not going to touch you. If you are so suspicious of every move I make, then go yourself and bring me what I want. There is a map of Vienna pinned against the wall yonder. Bring it to me."

Jennie proceeded in the direction indicated. It was an ordinary map of the city of Vienna, and as Jennie took it down she noticed that across the southern part of the city a semi-circular line in pencil had been drawn, and, examining it more closely, saw that the stationary part of the compass had been placed on the spot where stood the building which contained the Professor's studio. She paid closer attention to the pencil mark and observed that it passed through the Treasury building.

"'Don't look at that map!' shrieked the Professor."

"Don't look at that map!" shrieked the Professor, beating the air with his hands. "I asked you to bring it to me. Can't you do a simple action like that without spying about?"

Jennie rapidly unfastened the paper from the wall and brought it to him. The scientist scrutinised it closely, adjusting his glasses the better to see. Then he deliber-

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ately tore the map into fragments, numerous and minute. He rose—and this time Jennie made no protest—went to the window, opened it, flung the fluttering bits of paper out into the air, the strong wind carrying them far over the roofs of Vienna. Closing the casement, he came back to his chair.

"Was—was anyone hurt at this explosion?" he asked presently.

"Yes, four men were killed instantly, a dozen were seriously injured and are now in hospital."

"Oh, my God—my God!" cried the old man, covering his face with his hands, swaying from side to side in his chair like a man tortured with agony and remorse. At last he lifted a face that had grown more pinched and yellow within the last few minutes.

"I can tell you nothing," he said, moistening his parched lips.

"You mean that you *will* tell me nothing, for I see plainly that you know everything."

"I knew nothing of any explosion until you spoke of it. What have I to do with the Treasury or the Government?"

"That is just what I want to know."

"It is absurd. I am no conspirator, but a scientist."

"Then you have nothing to fear, Herr Seigfried. If you are innocent, why are you so loth to give me any assistance in this matter?"

"It has nothing to do with me. I am a scientist—I am a scientist. All I wish is to be left alone with my studies. I have nothing to do with governments or newspapers, or anything belonging to them."

Jennie sat tracing a pattern on the dusty floor with the point of her parasol. She spoke very quietly:

"The pencilled line which you drew on the map of Vienna passed through the Treasury building; the centre of the circle was this garret. Why did you draw that pencilled semi-circle? Why were you anxious that I should not see you had done so? Why did you destroy the map?"

Professor Seigfried sat there looking at her with dropped jaw, but he made no reply.

"If you will excuse my saying so," the girl went on, "you are acting very childishly. It is evident to me that you are no criminal, yet if the Director of Police had been in my place he would have arrested you long ago, and that merely because of your own foolish actions."

"The map proved nothing," he said at last, haltingly, "and besides both you and the Director will now have some difficulty in finding it."

"That is further proof of your folly. The Director doesn't need to find it. I am here to testify that I saw the map, saw the curved line passing through the Treasury, and saw you destroy what you thought was an incriminating piece of evidence. It would be much better if you would deal as frankly with me as I have done with you. Then I shall give you the best advice I can—if my advice will be of any assistance to you."

"Yes, and publish it to all the world!"

"It will have to be published to all the world in any case, for, if I leave here without full knowledge, I will simply go to the police office and there tell all I know!"

"And if I do speak, you will still go to the Director of the Police and tell him what you have discovered!"

"No, I give you my word that I will not!"

"What guarantee have I of that?" asked the old man suspiciously.

"No guarantee at all except my word!"

"Will you promise not to print in your paper what I tell you?"

"No, I cannot promise that!"

"Still, the newspaper doesn't matter," continued the scientist. "The story would be valueless to you, because no one would believe it. There is little use in printing a story in a newspaper that will be laughed at, is there? However, I think you are honest, otherwise you would have promised not to print a line of what I tell you, and then I should have known you were lying. It was as easy to promise that as to say you would not tell the Director of Police. I thought at first some scientist had sent you here to play the spy on me, and learn what I was doing. I assure you I heard nothing about the explosion you speak of, yet I was certain it had occurred somewhere along that line which I drew on the map. I had hoped it was not serious, and begun to believe it was not. The anxiety of the last month has nearly driven me insane, and, as you say quite truly, my actions have been childish."

The old man in his excitement had risen from his chair and was now pacing up and down the room, running his fingers distractedly through his long white hair, and talking more to himself than to his auditor.

Jennie had edged her chair nearer to the door, and had made no protest against his rising, fearing to interrupt his flow of talk and again arouse his suspicions.

"I have no wish to protect my inven-

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tions. I have never taken out a patent in my life. What I discover I give freely to the world, but I will not be robbed of my reputation as a scientist. I want my name to go down to posterity among those of the great discoverers. You talked just now of going to the police and telling them what you knew. Foolish creature! You could no more have gone to the central police office without my permission, or against my will, than you could go to the window and whistle back those bits of paper I scattered to the winds. Before you reached the bottom of the stairs I could have laid Vienna in a mass of ruins. Yes, I could in all probability have blown up the entire Empire of Austria. The truth is, that I do not know the limit of my power, nor dare I test it."

"Oh, this is a madman!" thought Jennie, as she edged still nearer to the door. The old man paused in his walk and turned fiercely upon her.

"You don't believe me?" he said.

"No, I do not," she answered, the colour leaving her cheeks.

The aged scientist gave utterance to a hideous chuckle. He took from one of his numerous shelves a hammer head without the handle, and for a moment Jennie thought he was going to attack her; but he merely handed the metal to her and said—

"Break that in two. Place it between your palms and grind it to powder."

"You know that is absurd; I cannot do it."

"Why can't you do it?"

"Because it is of steel."

"That is no reason. Why can't you do it?"

He glared at her fiercely over his glasses, and she saw in his wild eye all the enthusiasm of an instructor enlightening a pupil.

"I'll tell you why you can't do it; because every minute particle of it is held together by an enormous force. It may be heated red-hot and beaten into this shape and that, but still the force hangs on as tenaciously as the grip of a giant. Now suppose I had some substance, a drop of which, placed on that piece of iron, would release the force which holds the particles together—what would happen?"

"I don't know," replied Jennie.

"Oh, yes, you do!" cried the Professor impatiently; "but you are like every other woman — you won't take the trouble to think. What would happen would be this. The force that held the particles together would be released, and the hammer would fall to powder like that gold you showed me, and there would be an explosion, caused by the sudden release of the power, which would probably wreck this room and extinguish both our lives. You understand that, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, here is something you won't understand, and probably won't believe when you hear it. There is but one force in this world and but one particle of matter. There is only one element, which is the basis of everything. All the different shapes and conditions of things that we see are caused by a mere variation of that force in conjunction with numbers of that particle. Am I getting beyond your depth?"

"I am afraid you are, Professor."

"Of course; I know what feeble brains the average woman is possessed of; still, try and keep that in your mind. Now listen to this. I have discovered how to disunite that force and that particle. I can, with a touch, fling loose upon this earth a giant whose strength is irresistible and immeasurable."

"Then why object to making your discovery public?"

"In the first place, because there are still a thousand things and more to be learned along this line of investigation. The moment a man announces his discoveries, he is first ridiculed, then, when the truth of what he affirms is proven, there rise in all parts of the world other men who say they knew all about it ten years ago, and will prove it too—at least, far enough to delude a gullible world; in the second place, because I am a humane man, I hesitate to spread broadcast a knowledge that would enable any fool to blow up the universe. Then there is a third reason. There is another who, I believe, has discovered how to make this force loosen its grip on the particle—that is Keely, of Philadelphia, in the United States——"

"What! You don't mean the Keely motor man?" cried Jennie, laughing. "That arrant humbug! Why, all the papers in the world have exposed his ridiculous pretensions; he has done nothing but spend other people's money."

"Yes, the newspapers have ridiculed him. Human beings have, since the beginning of the world, stoned their prophets. Nevertheless, he has liberated a force that no gauge made by man can measure. He has been boastful, if you like, and has said that with a teacupful of water he would drive a

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"'Try to sip this brandy,' she said."

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steamship over the ocean. I have been silent, working away with my eye on him, and he has been working away with his eye on me, for each knows what the other is doing. If either of us discovers how to control this force, then that man's name will go down to posterity for ever. He has not yet been able to do it; neither have I. There is still another difference between us. He appears to be able to loosen that force in his own presence; I can only do it at a distance. All my experiments lately have been in the direction of making modifications with this machine, so as to liberate the force within the compass, say, of this room; but the problem has baffled me. The invisible rays which this machine sends out, and which will penetrate stone, iron, wood, or any other substance, must unite at a focus, and I have not been able to bring that focus nearer me than something over half a mile. Last summer I went to an uninhabited part of Switzerland and there continued my experiments. I blew up at will rocks and boulders on the mountain sides, the distances varying from a mile to half a mile. I examined the results of the disintegration, and when you came in and showed me the gold, I recognised at once that someone had discovered the secret I have been trying to fathom for the last ten years. I thought that perhaps you had come from Keely. I am now convinced that the explosion you speak of in the Treasury was caused by myself. This machine, which you so recklessly threatened to throw out of the window, accidentally slipped from its support when I was working here some time after midnight on the seventeenth. I placed it immediately as you see it now, where it throws its rays into mid-air, and is consequently harmless; but I knew an explosion must have taken place in Vienna somewhere within the radius of half a mile. I drew the pencil semi-circle that you saw on the map of Vienna, for in my excitement in placing the machine upright I had not noticed exactly where it had pointed, but I knew along the line I had drawn an explosion must have occurred, and could only hope that it had not been a serious one, which it seems it was. I waited and waited, hardly daring to leave my attic; but hearing no news of any disaster, I was torn between the anxiety that would naturally come to any humane man in my position—who did not wish to destroy life—and the fear that, if nothing had occurred, I had not actually made the discovery I thought I had made. You spoke of my actions being childish; but when I realised that I had myself been the cause of the explosion, a fear of criminal prosecution came over me. Not that I should object to imprisonment if they would allow me to continue my experiments; but that, doubtless, they would not do, for the authorities know nothing of science, and care less."

In spite of her initial scepticism, Jennie found herself gradually coming to believe in the efficiency of the harmless-looking mechanism of glass and iron that she saw on the table before her, and a sensation of horror held her spell-bound as she gazed at it. Its awful possibilities began slowly to develop in her mind, and she asked breathlessly—

"What would happen if you were to turn that machine and point it towards the centre of the earth?"

"I told you what would happen. Vienna would lie in ruins, and possibly the whole Austrian Empire, and perhaps some adjoining countries would become a mass of impalpable dust. It may be that the world itself would dissolve. I cannot tell what the magnitude of the result might be, for I have not dared to risk the experiment."

"Oh, this is too frightful to think about," she cried. "You must destroy the machine, Professor, and you must never make another."

"What! And give up the hope that my name will descend to posterity?"

"Professor Seigfried, when once this machine becomes known to the world, there will be no posterity for your name to descend to. With the present hatred of nation against nation, with different countries full of those unimprisoned maniacs whom we call Jingoes—men preaching the hatred of one people against another—how long do you think the world will last when once such knowledge is abroad in it?"

The Professor looked longingly at the machine he had so slowly and painfully constructed.

"It would be of such use to humanity if it were but benevolently employed. With the coal-fields everywhere diminishing, it would supply a motive force for the universe that would last through the ages."

"Professor Seigfried," exclaimed Jennie earnestly, "when the Lord permits a knowledge of that machine to become common property, it is His will that the end of the world shall come."

The Professor said nothing, but stood with deeply wrinkled brow, gazing earnestly at the

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mechanism. In his hand was the hammer-head which he had previously given to the girl; his arm went up and down as if he were estimating its weight; then suddenly, without a word of warning, he raised it and sent it crashing through the machine, whose splintering glass fell with a musical tinkle on the floor.

Jennie gave a startled cry, and with a low moan the Professor struggled to his chair and fell rather than sat down in it. A ghastly pallor overspread his face, and the girl in alarm ran again to the cupboard, poured out some brandy and offered it to him, then tried to pour it down his throat, but his tightly set teeth resisted her efforts. She chafed his rigid hands, and once he opened his eyes and slowly shook his head.

"Try to sip this brandy," she said, seeing his jaws relax.

"It is useless," he murmured with difficulty. "My life was in the instrument, as brittle as the glass. I have——"

He could say no more. Jennie went swiftly downstairs to the office of a physician, on the first floor, which she had noticed as she came up.

The medical man, who knew of the scientist, but was not personally acquainted with him, for the Professor had few friends, went up the steps three at a time, and Jennie followed him more slowly. He met the girl at the door of the attic.

"It is useless," he said. "Professor Seigfried is dead; and it is my belief that in his taking away Austria has lost her greatest scientist."

"I am sure of it," answered the girl, with trembling voice; "but perhaps after all it is for the best."

"I doubt that," said the doctor. "I never feel so like quarrelling with Providence as when some noted man is removed right in the midst of his usefulness."

"I am afraid," replied Jennie solemnly, "that we have hardly reached a state of development that would justify us in criticising the wisdom of Providence. In my own short life I have seen several instances where it seemed that Providence intervened for the protection of His creatures; and even the sudden death of Professor Seigfried does not shake my belief that Providence knows best."

She turned quickly away and went down the stairs in some haste. At the outer door she heard the doctor call down, "I must have your name and address, please."

But Jennie did not pause to answer. She had no wish to undergo cross-examination at an inquest, knowing that if she told the truth she would not be believed, while if she attempted to hide it, unexpected personal inconvenience might arise from such a course. She ran rapidly to the street corner, hailed a *fiacre* and drove to a distant part of the city; then she went to a main thoroughfare, took a tramcar to the centre of the town, and another cab to the Palace.

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HASLEMERE AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

By Charles T. Bateman.

HASLEMERE possesses a history of its own. For years it ranked as a rotten borough, claiming in the eighteenth century General Oglethorpe, the friend of Johnson, as one of its members. The house where the general lived still stands in the High Street, and is now tenanted by Mr. Whymper the engraver, whose sons, Edward the mountaineer, and Charles the artist, are so well known. Many stories are still told concerning the old election fights, with their wholesale bribery and corruption. But two generations have passed away since the town was disenfranchised. To-day Haslemere boasts of long and honoured connection with the names of Tennyson, George Eliot, Tyndall, and Frederic Harrison. The first three have passed to the "unseen land," and we are distinctly poorer by their loss, but the literary and artistic colony shows no diminution in point of numbers.

As long as the English tongue holds sway, Haslemere will be a literary Mecca for pilgrims both from the old and the new countries. There, on the heights, above the sleepy old town and about three miles distant, stands Tennyson's home, nestling under the crest of a Surrey hill, but with its face to Sussex and the sea.

Green Sussex fading into blue
With one grey glimpse of sea.

From 1867 to the time of his death the Poet Laureate here spent a large part of every year—coming in May and leaving in October. But for Lady Tennyson's health, his stay would have been extended. Writing to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, he pleasantly described his Isle of Wight home, "close to the ridge of a noble down." With the exception of the sea, "tumbling a breaker on chalk and sand," the natural surroundings of Aldworth far surpass those in the Island. The poet loved Aldworth, and there death met him at last in the room overlooking one of the fairest scenes in England.

From a photo by [*H. H. H. Cameron.*

THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.

The house was designed by Mr. Jas. Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, and possesses an air of dignified comfort rather than importance. From the public highway only the roofs and chimneys are visible. Shut in by trees, and defended by a length of private road, it admirably suited the requirements of "the splendid spirit imperiously shy." The Welsh motto, "Y Gwir yn erbyn y byd" (The truth against the world), on the tesselated pavement of the hall gives us in a sentence an estimate

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of its late owner's life and character. His favourite sanctum stood on the upper floor. Here he indulged his love of the weed. His favourite pipe was an Irish clay, and those who have shared the pleasure of a smoke with the poet say that he generally kept a basket containing two hundred clays in the room. He smoked the tobacco in its dry state, giving as his reason that Sir Walter Raleigh always recommended its use in that condition.

From a photo by] *[Poulton, Lee.*

ALDWORTH, LORD TENNYSON'S HOME AT HASLEMERE.

A stretch of gorse and heather covers two sides of Blackdown, and across its crest and down the Haslemere Lane — locally termed Tennyson's Lane — afforded the poet his favourite ramble. In fine weather he delighted in long tramps round the neighbourhood, and even when past fourscore years walked his four miles a day. On these occasions he was accompanied by his son, the present lord, or a favourite wolf-hound given to him by a Russian noble who greatly admired his works. His local medical attendant, the late Dr. Whiting, often shared these walks. The poet shunned strangers, and whenever possible retreated into a convenient thicket if he saw them in the distance. In further evidence of this feeling it may be mentioned that he would not consent to let his eighteenth century house, at the foot of the hill on the Lurgashall side. The place is associated locally with tales of highwaymen who formerly frequented the well-known Portsmouth Road and robbed the mail coaches.

So many stories have gained currency concerning surreptitious visits to Aldworth by strangers anxious to see Tennyson, that considerable doubt must be attached to their accuracy. The following may be vouched for on the authority of Dr. Whiting, to whom it was told with much humour by the poet himself. One Sunday Lord and Lady Tennyson were resting in the drawing-room, when they were alarmed to see a pair of legs suddenly dangling from an acacia tree on the lawn. The explanation of this unceremonious visit was, on inquiry, quickly forthcoming. The possessor of the limbs in question had climbed up the tree to catch a sight of the poet!

Tennyson thoroughly entered into the spirit of personal incidents similar to the foregoing, and took pleasure in relating them to his friends. One concerning the Prince of Wales and the page boy much amused him. It first appeared several years ago in an evening paper, but is now retold from the version supplied by a frequent visitor to

From a photo by] *[Shawcross, Guildford.*

A BIT OF TENNYSON'S "CARELESS ORDERED GARDEN" AT ALDWORTH.

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Aldworth. With characteristic kindness the poet once engaged a lad from some charity school as page boy. One day the Prince of Wales called and this youth answered the door. "Is Mr. Tennyson in?" the Prince inquired. "S'pose he is, and s'pose he isn't?" the urchin replied. "Well, I want to know," good-humouredly replied H.R.H.; "tell him the Prince of Wales wishes to see him." The garb of an English gentleman did not accord with the youth's notions of royalty. Putting his thumb to his nose and spreading out his fingers, he said, "You don't take me for a Johnny Green, do you?" The Prince, with his usual *bonhomie*, thoroughly enjoyed the boy's blunder.

Amongst the local friends of the "great man of song" were Professor Tyndall, of whom more is said in the following pages, and the late Lord Selborne, who frequently drove to Blackdown from Wolmer. In later years several distinguished associates of former times visited him on his birthday. Amongst these may be mentioned the late Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, and Dean Bradley. On one of these natal celebrations H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany came with royal greetings. As characteristic of the man, it is interesting to note that but an hour before her arrival he was seen sitting on a wayside bank on Blackdown, attired in homely grey, neither too new nor too stylish in fit, and wearing the large black felt hat so pronounced a feature of Mrs. Cameron's pictures. To give a list of the visitors at Aldworth would practically catalogue the best known names in art, literature, the drama, or politics. General Gordon was also credited with being one of the number. Some six or seven years since, Sir Edwin Arnold related in the *Forum* the conversation which the hero of Khartoum and the poet exchanged at their parting on Blackdown. Gordon begged Tennyson to promote the interest of his Boys' Home, exclaiming, "You in all England are the man to do it." It is a most probable story, and it seems a pity to spoil it, but, unfortunately, the incident did not occur, for Gordon was never at Aldworth.

Perhaps it is hardly surprising that Tennyson's sensitive nature shrank from the personal element so characteristic of the Press of to-day. To journalists this trait—carried, as they sometimes thought, too far—proved most embarrassing. During his illnesses at Blackdown, when the whole civilised world waited at his bedside, their difficulties were almost inconceivable. On one of these occasions an editor of a London daily attempted to fee the butler. At the time he was ill in bed, and asked Mr. Hallam Tennyson, the present baron, to read his correspondence to him. One can imagine without description the keen delight of the poet's son in nipping in the bud a tempting proposal.

From a photo by [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

A CORNER OF BLACKDOWN.

"Oh, that Press will get hold of me now!" Tennyson said to his son at the last. The words reveal a depth of feeling almost inexplicable; but the following incident will probably account for them. Two nights before he died, four journalists, representing the Press services and the leading London dailies, drove to Aldworth House an hour and a half after midnight, to obtain, if possible, the latest bulletin. They rang the kitchen bell, in the hope of seeing a servant, and making little or no disturbance. Though gently pulled several times, no one answered. At length they decided, after some hesitation, to ring the hall bell. With terrible distinctness it clanged through the night air, over

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the gardens. In the sick room itself—nearly over the porch—the noise must have been most distressing. Someone opened a window and angrily upbraided the belated journalists standing in the rain, but, though apologies and explanations were proffered, refused them the slightest information. The next morning the entrance gate was securely roped against all callers. Most people will acquit the journalists of any intention to cause unnecessary pain, and sympathise with them in a harassing dilemma; but the circumstances of the visit were, to say the least, deplorable. Poor Tennyson! his dying words undoubtedly suggest that he was haunted by the newsgatherers.

At 1.35 a.m., on October 6th, "Lord Tennyson passed away quite peacefully." So ran the simple but pathetic message, written on a sheet of notepaper, signed by Sir Andrew Clark and Dr. Dabbs, and attached to the gate at the entrance to the grounds. At eight o'clock the "beloved physician" drove down to the post-office with a batch of telegrams to the Queen and members of the Royal Family. Near the office door he was asked how the poet died. With hardly a moment's hesitation Sir Andrew gave the following description, which, though impromptu, has certainly never been equalled:

From a photo by [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

BLACKDOWN COTTAGE, FOR SEVERAL YEARS A SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

"It was a glorious moonlit night, and the moon's beams penetrated the chamber and suffused it with a beautiful soft light. There on the bed lay the great poet, the flickering rays playing on his massive head, with its finely carved features. In contrast with the deathly pallor of his face were the wreaths of raven-black hair of which the poet was so proud. His face seemed surrounded by a halo, and reminded one of those beautiful pictures by Rembrandt, in which he has delineated the light and shade with so masterly a hand. It was a scene full of beauty, poetry, and pathos."

Photo by [*Russell.*

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

But half an hour's walk from Aldworth, keeping in a south-westerly direction, stands Blackdown Cottage. It is just the homely, picturesque, and unpretentious shelter for the busy literary man, who desires to possess his soul amidst the seclusion of delightful surroundings, and away from the turmoil of towns. The locomotive, bringing its shoals of visitors to spoil Haslemere and Hindhead, shrieks four miles off. Only a thin puff of smoke on a fine day marks the progress of the iron horse through Sussex. For nine summers up to 1897 Frederic Harrison stayed at the cottage. Here he did some of his best work and received his literary friends, included amongst the number being the late Lord Tennyson and Mr. John Morley.

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Passing along the garden paths and the old-fashioned sun-dial, one is directed to the summer-house, built on a knoll, and yet

From a photo by] [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

THE SUMMER HOUSE, WHERE MR. FREDERIC HARRISON DID HIS LITERARY WORK.

partly hidden by yew, holly, and beech. This was Mr. Harrison's sanctum, and afforded him precisely the conditions he required in preparing his books. Two windows directed southwards commanded the Weald and his own homestead, lying peacefully sheltered in the hollow. To the right Blackdown rises to a considerable height, and from the summit Frederic Harrison delighted to obtain an uninterrupted view of the Downs and the sea beyond. Not a great distance from the cottage is Blackdown House, peculiarly interesting to the author who has made the life of Cromwell a study. The Protector used to visit the place, and local legend, up to a few years since, even pointed out the bedstead on which he slept.

Taking the high road to Shottermill, let us visit "Brookbank." It is not so secluded as Frederic Harrison's house, but it has lost none of its charm since the time it enchanted George Eliot. For its size, possibly no residence has welcomed so many celebrities. Mrs. Gilchrist lived here in the early sixties, after her husband's death, and finished his "Life of Blake," which earned Carlyle's praise. Of "Brookbank" itself Mrs. Gilchrist once wrote to Mr. Wm. Rossetti, "This place is a *bonâ fide* cottage, and would stand comfortably in your drawing-room. . . . The scenery is of surpassing loveliness."

George Eliot took possession in 1871, and here wrote "Middlemarch." The wild, romantic scenery of hills and valleys, clad with gorse and heather, simply inspired her and made her love the little world around Shottermill. Much of her writing was done in the morning, seated near the window opening on to the verandah. Sometimes, when the weather appeared particularly balmy, she ventured to write in the garden. As we know, she suffered much from the cold. One day a friend found her in the tropical weather sitting outdoors with only a deodara to shade her head. "Oh, I like it," she said, in reply to the protest. "To-day is the first time I have felt warm this summer." Her nervousness when out for a drive was another

From a photo by] [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

"BROOKBANK," WHERE GEORGE ELIOT RESIDED.

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phase of her character. The story is told that her driver at Haslemere once remarked, "Withal her being such a mighty clever body, she were very nervous in a carriage—allays wanted to go on a smooth road, and seemed dreadful feared of being thrown out." At the present time there are residents in the neighbourhood who still remember her peculiarities. She varied her retirement by occasionally calling upon, and receiving visits from, Tennyson, with whom she delighted to carry on weighty arguments. Coming again into Surrey in 1876, she stayed at the Heights, Witley, but a few miles distant, where "Daniel Deronda" was completed.

From a photo by [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

"UNDERSHAW," THE NEW HOME OF DR. CONAN DOYLE.

At the summit of Hindhead, and immediately below the Portsmouth road, one of the younger forces in literature has erected his home. A few months since Dr. Conan Doyle settled here, and already his services have been claimed by his neighbours on behalf of the literary society. With Grant Allen in the chair, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" adopted Dickens' plan, and read selections from his own books. "Undershaw," so named by Dr. Doyle, faces almost due south; it possesses a pretty hall, built in baronial style, illuminated by a window containing the owner's arms. From this cosy corner one can look straight away through the south entrance down the valley — rich in broom—to the South Downs in the distance. The billiard-room is a pleasant apartment, opening from the hall, and here it seems quite natural to find originals of the sketches illustrating the adventures of the clever Holmes. The youthful branches of the family are here, there, and everywhere. First we see them in the hall, then with a rush they race down the valley; but for a minute we get them quiet, and here they are in our picture.

Grant Allen, novelist, journalist, and literary guide-book maker, is, as everybody knows, a "hill-topper." His house, "The Croft," stands above the deep hollow nick-

From a photo by [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

THE ENTRANCE HALL OF "UNDERSHAW."

named "The Devil's Punchbowl," and bears as its inscription, "G & N. A. Sibi et amicis. 1893." For some years his neighbour and

friend was Mr. Biscombe Gardiner, the well-known engraver, who delights to portray the characteristics of Surrey scenery. Like Dr. Conan Doyle, Grant Allen takes his share of work in the local institute; but when he accepted the presidency two or three years ago, the clerical supporters left almost *en masse*, as a protest against "The Woman Who Did."

Photo by] [*Russell.*

MR. GRANT ALLEN.

Professor Tyndall came to Hindhead in 1887. So delighted were both he and his wife with the surroundings, and so anxious to fly from the noise of the London streets, that they decided to live in a temporary iron structure on the grounds while Hindhead House was in course of erection. Without servants, and with only occasional help, Mrs. Tyndall attended to the household requirements. Yet, with only two rooms, as the professor once gleefully observed, they were never happier. In memory of those pleasant makeshift days, the shanty, now covered with ivy and creeper, still stands in the grounds.

From a photo by] [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

"THE CROFT," THE HOME OF MR. GRANT ALLEN.

Practically speaking, Professor Tyndall pioneered civilisation at Hindhead. At one time it possessed an unenviable notoriety for highway and mail coach robberies. The murdered sailor's stone which "Nicholas Nickleby" turned to see reminds us that even more terrible crimes were committed in the locality. When Tyndall settled here there were but few cottages, and the glorious expanse of heather had not been disfigured by smart villas and barbed wire fences. Now the land speculator and the builder are rapidly turning a tract of wild and diversified beauty into roads dotted with huge boarding houses and laundries. In 1866 Tennyson was offered ninety acres of this land for £1,400. In reply he said, "What is the use of a number of acres if they will not grow anything?" At the present time similar property could not be exchanged for £200 an acre. To his credit be it said, Tyndall exercised much thoughtful care to prevent any "discord in the landscape" by choosing bricks and tiles for his house which rapidly toned to the natural beauty around.

The scientist settled here with the hope of completing what he termed "the work of his life." For years before his death he was engaged in collecting and assorting materials for an autobiography. Illness much delayed the task, and then, later on, death found it uncompleted. To his devoted wife falls the duty of presenting to the public her husband's busy and unselfish life. His friendship with Tennyson, Carlyle,

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and other celebrities should promise a rich store of literary anecdote. For the poet he

From a photo by] [*Mora, New York.*

THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

cherished a warm regard, evidenced by the fact that he placed a window in his house to catch a glimpse of Tennyson's chimneys on the opposite hill. He delighted to recall memories of the poet reciting in full, rich voice some of his own works in the drawing-room at Freshwater.

Tyndall's relationship with the inhabitants proved of a most cordial description. If the institute wanted a lantern, he provided the money; or if lectures were required, he generously offered his services. If a dangerous bit of road required levelling, and the authorities would not move in the matter, though he never kept a carriage, his donation bulked larger than many wealthy neighbours. Not by common acceptance a rich man, he gave freely to stimulate the intellectual and social life of the district.

No photograph did Tyndall full justice. The one now reproduced, kindly lent by Mrs. Tyndall, is considered good, but even this cannot portray the flashing eyes, the leonine proportions of the head, or the lithe activity of the Alpine climber.

Every year, with rare exceptions, Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall spent the summer at their *châlet* on the Alp Lusgen. This annual visit always proved a keen delight to Tyndall, and he sorely missed the mountains when illness kept him in England. He has himself expressed his feelings in the following lines:—

> Ye splendours of the Alps! Can earth elsewhere
> Bring forth a rival? Not the Indian chain,
> Though shouldered higher o'er the standard sea,
> Can front the eye with more majestic forms.

It was always a pleasure to him to meet any of his countrymen there, and give them the benefit of an almost unrivalled experience of mountaineering. One year he came across Archbishop Benson and his family. To both ecclesiastic and professor the holiday afforded a charming interchange of speech and kindly deeds. During a stiff climb together Tyndall was able to render a simple service to one of the archbishop's daughters, whose foot had become chafed in the ascent. On his return home he, perhaps not unnaturally, but in perfectly good taste, contrasted the situation with the strong disapproval his famous Belfast address once occasioned amongst clericals.

Like his friend Carlyle, the professor suffered much from insomnia. It is an old story how the latter assisted the "Sage of Chelsea" to deliver his famous rectorial

From a photo by] [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

THE HUT IN WHICH PROFESSOR AND MRS. TYNDALL LIVED FOR THREE YEARS.

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address at Edinburgh; but, unfortunately, he could not cure himself, even though the air of Hindhead is undoubtedly pure and invigorating. During his latter days he had several illnesses, but invariably maintained a characteristic buoyant spirit, even though verging on seventy. This is evidenced in a letter received in 1891. The professor wrote: "The slowness of my recovery is a measure of the severity of my attack. Long lying in bed has reduced my muscles to a state of atrophy, from which they are now very gradually emerging. I walk about a little with a stick, I drive out when the afternoons are fine, while during the day I try to occupy with some congenial work a brain which cannot bear inaction. Throughout my illness the brain has shown no sign of deterioration; judged by *feeling*, it is as strong and young to-day as ever it was. What I require now is to supplement strength of head by strength of limb."

Prior to one of these attacks the professor, with much energy, had condemned Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. In strong, picturesque language, with the fervour of the northern Irishman, he spoke and wrote against the measure and its author. Illness supervened, and the professor's condition became so critical that his friends despaired of recovery. During those anxious times Mrs. Tyndall received an exceedingly kind letter from Mr. Gladstone. Speaking of its receipt to the writer months afterwards, the professor said: "I was touched beyond measure by his kindness. He sent me a delightful letter in my illness, full of sympathy and good wishes for my recovery." Mr. Gladstone's note will appear in due course in the "Life of Tyndall."

From a photo by] [*Shawcross, Guildford.*

"HINDHEAD HOUSE," THE HOME OF THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

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THE STOLEN EMPEROR.

By Carlton Dawe.

Illustrated by Lester Ralph.

REGARD the adventure of the Stolen Emperor as the real turning point of my career. The result of this particular enterprise was that I gained the personal friendship of an emperor, and I may well mark it as one of the events of a not uneventful life.

For some days I had noticed a certain mysterious reserve about sundry of the great officials connected with the Tsung-li-Yamen. This was particularly to be noted in the case of Prince Chung, the President of the Board of Ceremonies, a relative of the Emperor, and one of his most devoted subjects. At that time Chung had the Imperial ear entirely to himself, and men hinted that the real governor of the country was the President of the Board of Ceremonies. If that were so, I could see that such a vast responsibility had brought with it innumerable cares. In a week Chung had aged a good ten years.

"'Doctor, I have come for that medicine.'"

It was, therefore, painfully evident that something unusual had happened, and when I at length suggested that he was not looking well, he started and eyed me suspiciously, and answered nervously that he was very well indeed. Now, unless he was really ill, there was some reason for his nervousness, and I saw by the look in his face that he knew I read him correctly. Then he somewhat reluctantly admitted that he was worried; that the pressure of business had been great of late; that—that—and a dozen other thats, none of which was sufficiently explanatory.

"Well," said I, "you know where to come when you want medicine."

He passed on, shaking his head.

"Not where I can get the medicine that will cure this complaint."

"It is very serious?"

"Very."

Nevertheless, as I sat alone in my office that night, immersed in work, who should enter but the worthy Chung. His nervousness had increased tenfold since the afternoon. As he entered the room he cast a suspicious glance back over his shoulder and shut the door in anything but an honest fashion. Next he honoured me and my office with a stare which I could not regard as complimentary. Still, he was a privileged person, and as such enjoyed an immunity from criticism. I arose and offered him a seat, professing myself to be honoured beyond all measure by his illustrious condescension. He nodded, as much as to say, "Thanks—another time. I've something else to think of now." Then he seated himself with dignified deliberation and turned his eyes about the room, looking everywhere but in my direction. From this pitiable exhibition of irresolution I did not draw a flattering deduction of Chung. Indeed, I fear I almost showed my contempt.

But at last his eyes focussed me, and I was subjected to a long, quizzing scrutiny. I, with true oriental phlegm, remained impassive under the operation. After several false beginnings he spoke.

"Doctor, I have come for that medicine."

"You are sure I keep it?"

"If you do not, there is no man in Peking who does."

"Well, the symptoms?"

"You can keep a secret?"

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"If you cannot trust me, why do me the honour of calling?"

"I do trust you, my dear doctor," he replied hastily; "but something terrible has happened."

"Indeed." It was apparently a matter of the utmost indifference to me.

"Something that, if known, might cause a revolution."

"My dear prince," I said, "that sounds extremely interesting. Are you sure it would be wise of you to tell me?"

"I am not sure," he answered frankly, "but I have the permission of the Council."

"I am highly honoured."

"I think so," was his grave reply. "It is undoubtedly an exalted recognition of your abilities that you should have been singled out as the one man in the Empire to share this secret with the Council."

"I assure you, my dear prince, that the illustrious condescension of the Council shows an overwhelming regard for my contemptible abilities."

Chung knitted his brows, as though trying to see through my words, but he said nothing. A Chinaman would see nothing ridiculous or humorous in this self-abasement. This extravagance is the custom of the country. When a Chinese editor rejects a manuscript, his politeness will not permit him to use the semi-civilised excuse of "unsuitable." He declares that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to publish the illustrious work; but he fears that if he did so he would raise the standard of style to such an exalted height that no one would any longer respect Confucius, Mencius, and the other classics. And thus he avoids making enemies.

After a further period of silence Chung spoke.

"We are quite alone?" he said, gazing suspiciously round the room.

"Quite. You may speak without restraint."

But even then he got up from his seat and came closer to me and whispered in my ear, "The Emperor is missing!"

"Missing! What do you mean?"

"A week ago I attended him personally in his own apartments. At five o'clock I left him, promising to return with a certain report by ten the next morning. When I arrived at the palace I was admitted without delay, but certain whispers reached my ears which made me curious. I questioned many people, but all had the same tale to tell. The Emperor had not been seen that day, and as he had not summoned his attendants no one dared go near to waken him. So I sat down until midday and waited patiently, and still no message from him. Two hours later I was pacing the long gallery with frantic footsteps. And yet I dared not intrude upon his illustrious privacy with my profane presence. For another half hour I watched, and then, at the imminent risk of losing my head, I entered his private apartments. But though I wandered from room to room I discovered no trace of him.

"The extent of my terror you may easily imagine. I called to him, I probed every secret recess, and at last, convinced that he was nowhere in the palace, I immediately conjectured that the secret societies had at last compassed his destruction.

"And now how to keep this disappearance secret was the next most serious thing. I knew that a breath of it would spread through the palace like lightning, and that within a few hours the wind would blow it into every alley and crevice of the city. What would be the result? Probably a revolution—who could say? What the rudder is to the ship, so is the Emperor to the State. I was fearful, and I hit upon a plan accordingly.

"As you know, the season approaches when the illustrious Son of Heaven, that paragon of filial piety, goes forth to worship at the tombs of his ancestors. It is a sacred and most auspicious occasion, the safety of the dynasty depending upon the extent of his devotion. Then what more natural than that he should prepare for that illustrious occasion by fasting and prayer? So I went out and told the expectant people that the Emperor, who put the welfare of his people before every other consideration, was seeking for wisdom through prayer, and that on no account was he to be disturbed.

"Knowing that my orders would not be disobeyed, I made all haste to summon the Council. Naturally we were at our wits' end, and the police were called in. Under one pretence or another, the palace and its precincts were subjected to a thorough examination, but without result. The Emperor has been missing for six days, and so far we have been able to hide the truth; but the day of his pilgrimage to the tombs draws near, when we shall no longer be able to keep up the deception."

"And what will happen then?"

"Heaven knows. You see, he is not dead—at least, not officially. We cannot appoint a successor. Yet the people will expect to know one thing or the other."

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"You have searched thoroughly—have dragged the lakes?"

"We have done everything that human ingenuity can devise."

"And you have discovered nothing?"

"Nothing at all."

"You should have come to me a week ago. The scent is cold now. By the way, just now you mentioned the secret societies. Were you thinking of any particular one at the moment?"

"We have lately heard that the Society of Illustrious Doubt was beginning an active propaganda."

"It is a literary society?"

"Ostensibly, but of an inferior class, with a revolutionary tendency."

"Indeed! From your knowledge of it I should imagine it is positively harmless?"

He smiled meaningly as he replied, "Positively."

And yet I thought I knew something more of this Society of Illustrious Doubt than Chung or any of his fellow councillors; and I had heard enough to warrant the belief that it numbered among its members some extremely daring characters.

"Yet I wish you had called me earlier. While the scent was warm something might have been possible. You say you have discovered absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. Unless you can call this something."

He put his hand in his breast pocket and drew forth a carpenter's rule. It was not the primitive makeshift used by the ordinary Chinese artisan, but a compact and ingenious little instrument of European manufacture.

"Where was this found?"

"Near the eastern wall of the Forbidden City."

"Have there been any men at work there lately?"

"None."

"I may see the place?"

"Certainly. Now, if you like."

"It would be useless. We must wait for the daylight. In the meantime, may I take charge of this rule?" He nodded affirmatively. "You will call for me early?"

"If I am not mad—or dead."

"Courage. Things may not be serious. The Emperor may be only in hiding. His women——"

"Know nothing. So far as I can judge, he was not seen after I had left him."

"And three days hence begins the grand pilgrimage to the tombs?"

"Precisely. Extensive preparations have been in progress for some time now."

"Then, prince, we have three days before us."

After he had gone I returned to my study, lit a cheroot, and began to think. I usually thought best in the half-dreamy state which a cigar and the night inspired. I did and said some remarkable things in my dreams, and constructed some of the most ingenious edifices that ever entered the mind of an imaginative architect. But, luckily for me, I possessed a destructive as well as a constructive force. My wishes built the edifice, but my reason as quickly undermined it. Thinking in this way I often arrived at a probable issue. Thinking in this way I took up the rule from the table and began carefully to examine it.

It was, as I have said, an instrument of undoubted European manufacture. A two-foot rule hinged so as to go into a compact body some six inches in length. It was the sort of thing that in an ordinary way would attract no attention whatever; but what was it doing in the private grounds of the Emperor? If any workmen had been in the vicinity, the find would have been void of consequence; but Chung had decidedly stated that no workmen had been there. Yet no one but a carpenter would carry such an instrument. Who was the carpenter?

Again I looked closely. There were many scratches on it, the result, no doubt, of wear and tear. But looking still more closely, I discovered on one of the brass bound ends some scratches which were not without design. Indeed, when I subjected them to the magnifying glass, I distinctly saw the rough outline of a heart with two lines running through it. I felt my pulses throb a a beat quicker. The heart with two daggers running through it was the symbol of the Society of Illustrious Doubt.

Early the next morning Chung came, looking as though he had not slept a wink all night, and together we made our way to the spot where the rule had been discovered. Thinking he might have been mistaken in saying that no workmen had been near the place, I carefully examined the pathway on each side of us, and I am bound to confess that he was right. I saw nothing which could lead me to suspect that any repairs had lately been attempted.

We walked on for some time in silence, until we came to a big tree whose branches spread athwart the high wall. Then Chung stopped and, pointing to a shrub which grew

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between the wall and the pathway, explained that it was there the rule was found. I searched carefully, but the ground was hard and showed not the slightest trace of footsteps. I looked up into the tree and a thought occurred to me.

Bidding Chung remain where he was, I dashed off in search of a ladder, and finding one of sufficient length, instantly returned with it. This I rested on the wall where the foliage of the tree was thickest, and to Chung's wondering query as to what I was about, I merely smiled and murmured that I was going to have a "look see." He laughed and asked me if I expected to find the Son of Heaven up the tree. I replied, "Very probably, since the Son of Heaven is already up a tree," a colloquialism the humour of which he failed utterly to comprehend.

So up the ladder I went, carefully scrutinising the wall for any little mark which might confirm the thought that was running in my mind; but it was not until I reached the top that I breathed freely. Then I saw certain signs which could not be misconstrued. Someone had been here with a rope. I distinctly saw the smooth place which the rope had worn in the plaster.

"I called to Chung to go out on the path."

Just here the leaves were thickest, and as I sat upon the wall I called to Chung to go out on the path. When there I asked him if he could see me. His reply was in the negative. Then he walked one way, then another, and though he at length discovered me, I had little doubt that a man whose presence was unsuspected might have sat there with impunity in the broad daylight. A further examination of the outside of the wall disclosed the fact that a series of holes had been bored in the plaster by which the man or men, using pegs of wood or iron, had mounted to their perch.

Fully satisfied with my observations, I descended the ladder and met the anxious face of Chung.

"Well," said he, "what is the result of your investigations?"

"It is fairly evident," I answered, "that the Emperor has been stolen."

"Stolen?" he gasped.

"Yes, stolen—kidnapped—carried off."

"How?"

"Over this wall."

His yellow face blanched at the awful thought. The Emperor kidnapped, the Son of Heaven forced in ignominious fashion over his own contemptible wall—it was beyond the bounds of belief. The heavens would have fallen first, the sea would have run dry. If the Emperor had wished to surmount the wall he would have called to his aid the Imperial five-clawed dragon. It was impossible. My theory, though ingenious (this as a sop), was entirely wrong. Moreover, there was no man in the Empire who would dare lay sacrilegious hands upon the Corner-stone of Wisdom.

Well, I had my own doubts about that, but I knew it would be futile to express them in such company; so, being something of a courtier, I acquiesced with him in his stupidity and proceeded to remove the ladder. This done, I took out the pocket rule once more, and I saw as with a clearer light the symbol of the Society of Illustrious Doubt.

"You will let me keep this?" I said.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Find its owner."

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He looked at me in amazement. Then an incredulous smile flitted painfully across his ugly face.

"You have the reputation of being an exceedingly clever man," he said, and his tone was not free of a certain unpleasant ring; "but may I ask how you expect to benefit the Emperor by finding the owner of this rule?"

"Your excellency shall know when I have found him."

With that we separated, he to go and brood and moan, I to think and work. I was not in the least angry with him for doubting my ability to find the owner of the rule. It was, to use a well-known Chinese proverb, like feeling for a pin at the bottom of the ocean; yet probably one would know whereabouts the pin had dropped. So was it in this case. I might not find the owner, but I knew who used such instruments.

Therefore I dressed myself as a coolie, purchased some chisels, planes, saws, hammers, etc., and forthwith began to hawk them about to the various carpenters. I need scarcely add that the little rule did not occupy an unimportant place, and though I had many offers for it, the price I asked was ridiculously above its value.

My method was to show the rule, and, while the prospective purchaser was examining it, duly to scrutinise him; but not once did I see those signs for which I longed. Some thought it a little curious, others would not even take the trouble to look at it, while those who would have bought were obviously not the people I wanted.

In this way I passed the rest of the day. As a consequence, my interview with Chung that night was not a pleasant one. All I could say was that, though I had no information to give, I had not abandoned hope. At this his ugly mouth curled disdainfully, and though he said nothing very unpleasant, he looked decidedly disagreeable. Yet my failure was no worse than his, so I looked him squarely in the face. So far we were all in the same boat. That was the gist of the whole thing, and I put it to him pretty plainly.

"But this absence—how are we to account for it?" he asked pitifully.

"There is only one way. You must still give out that by prayer and fasting the Son of Heaven is purifying himself for the great ceremonial of Thursday."

"And suppose we have not found him by then?"

"His Majesty, not being assured of his purity, has postponed the ceremony for a week. In the meantime he enjoins the Court to respect his motives and his privacy."

Chung sighed wearily, but the inevitable stared him in the face and he had to bow to it. Before he left me he was pleased to admit that, notwithstanding his fears, I inspired confidence; after which compliment, which was literally wrung from him, I went to bed and slept soundly.

I was up at daybreak next morning, which was a Tuesday. Only two clear days were left. Two days! Yet with luck much might be done in that time. Yesterday I had visited the superior carpenters and joiners, not forgetting the honourable coffin-makers; to-day I would enter the slums of the town and see what fortune had in store for me. So, as soon as the streets began to stir, I was out in them, beating my little alarm and crying the names of my wares. But the sun had sailed to his meridian and had steered his course more than half-way down the western sky before my labours met with any success.

For some hours now I had been traversing the vilest alleys of the city, and at length, footsore and spiritless, I entered a small, forbidding-looking shop, which evidently carried on a trade with the very poorest of the people. A small boy greeted me with that discourtesy which seems to be bred in all shop boys. He wanted nothing of me, not even a glimpse of my face. I very gently reproved him for his lack of taste and manners, and then inquired for his master. The master was out. When would he be back? He could not say. Not to be beaten, I expressed my regret at such an untoward calamity, declaring that I had some honourable tools which would be sure to strike the exalted fancy of his illustrious master—and as I spoke I exposed, among other things, the rule.

The boy's eyes fastened on it at once and I saw by the look in his face that he immediately recognised it.

"Where did you get that?" he said, pointing at it.

"Ah, that is my secret. Will you buy?"

"You stole it, thief!" he cried.

I ought to have been very angry; but I only said, "What makes you think so?"

"Because I know the owner."

"Certainly. I am he."

"You rascal!" he shrieked at me in a shrill falsetto. "This belongs to my master, and you have stolen it."

"Steady, my lad," I said, seizing him by

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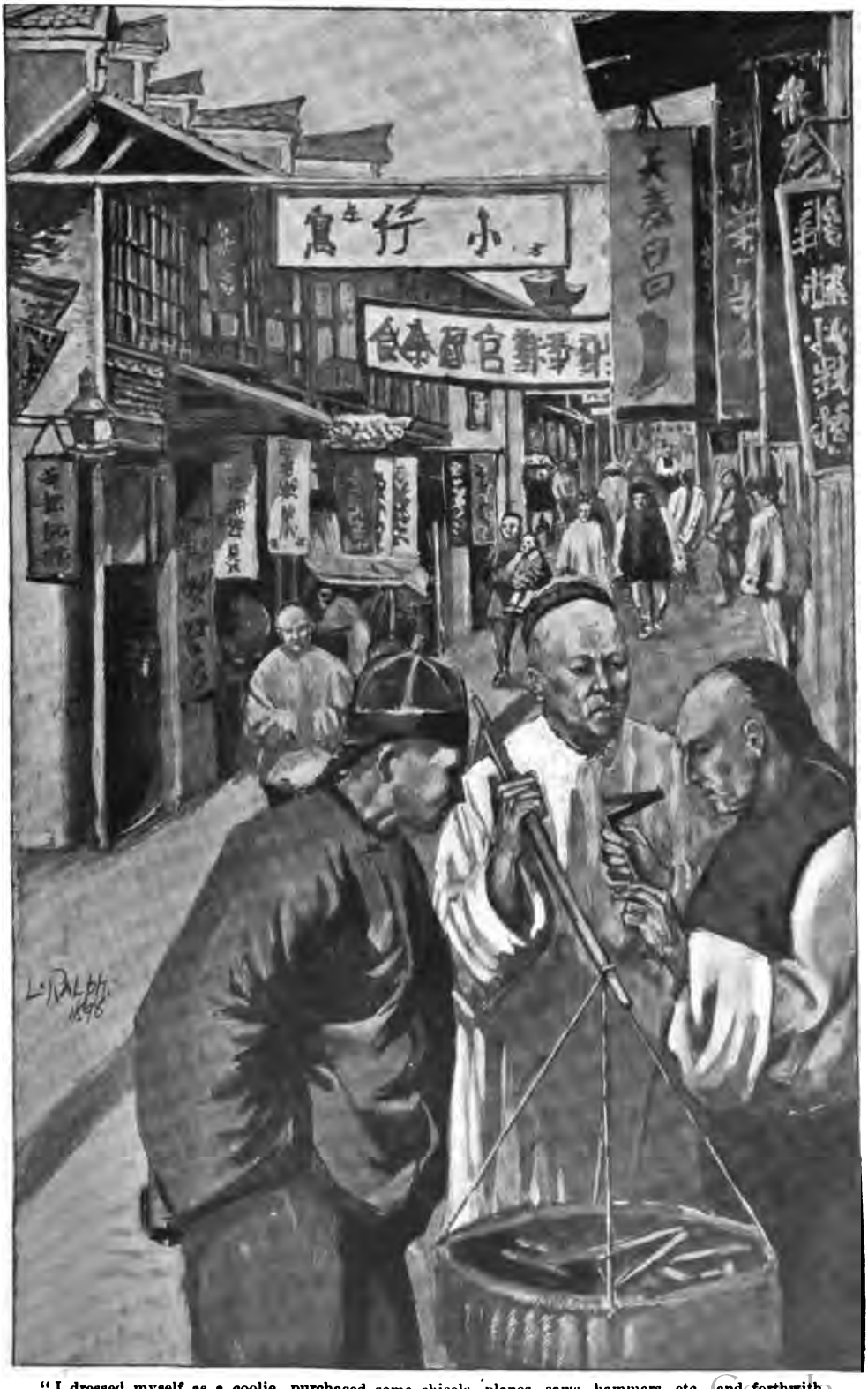

"I dressed myself as a coolie, purchased some chisels, planes, saws, hammers, etc., and forthwith began to hawk them."

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the neck, for I was afraid the young fool would bring all the vermin in the alley swarming round. "This may be your master's, as you say, but that is no proof that I stole it. There are many rules like this. How can you tell one from the other?"

He pointed to the brass-bound end.

"I saw him scratch that with a chisel."

It was the symbol of the Society of Illustrious Doubt.

Just then a man of the coolie class, barefooted and bareheaded, noiselessly entered the shop. He was a tall, dark, sinewy-looking man, with heavy eyebrows and eyes that were deep-sunken and piercing. He looked suspiciously from me to the boy, and the lad, who was evidently in terror of him, immediately began to apologise.

"It is your excellency's rule," he said, "the one that was lost. This coolie——" But he stopped short, for the newcomer began to scowl in a manner which was most unprepossessing. The boy at once slunk away into one of the dark corners, while the master began carefully to examine the rule. Then he returned it to me with a shake of the head.

"The boy is mistaken. It is not mine."

"It is a good instrument. The best European make. You will buy?"

"Nothing," and he pointed to the street.

Not wishing to arouse his suspicions, I at once made off, whining out the cant phrases about the difficulty of earning a living; but all the time my heart was beating and my pulses were throbbing. Notwithstanding his denial, I had no doubt whatever that I had discovered the owner of the rule.

There were now two courses open to me—one, to lay my suspicions before Chung, which would mean the immediate arrest and subsequent torture of the man if he did not confess; the other, to see this adventure to the end on my own initiative. I shrank from the one, though the other fairly bristled with difficulties. Though I am not particularly weak-stomached, I could not condemn a man to the torture. Once in the grasp of the authorities, it would make no difference whether he was guilty or innocent. His protestations of innocence would be scouted, his confession of guilt would subject him to a penalty befitting such a crime.

I therefore decided to play the game in my own fashion, and with this end in view I entered a low-class eating-house some dozen paces farther on. Glancing over my shoulder as I passed through the door, I saw that the coolie carpenter was watching me, though my action betrayed no knowledge of it. This, in a way, was highly satisfactory. To him I was evidently a person of some importance.

I ordered a meal by way of a pretext for entering the house, and then made inquiries about a room for the night. Fortunately, there was one overlooking the street, for the use of which I immediately paid, thus easing the landlord's mind. Then I once more went below, and so out into the street, where I shouldered my bamboo and trotted off. The coolie carpenter, who was lounging at his door, saw me go swinging up the alley.

In the next street I pawned my outfit, selecting from the stock nothing but two well-tempered chisels and the rule. Then I stole quietly back to my lodging and passed in unobserved.

Beside the little window that looked out upon the street I took my stand, thus having an oblique view of the carpenter's shop. It was a long and wearisome vigil; but by slow degrees the night began to fall and one by one the feeble lights made their appearance in the shop windows—in all the windows, it seemed, except the carpenter's. That remained studiously in the gloom, and I was beginning to find the light something more than difficult to penetrate, when I saw the boy glide out into the darkness and pass away. An hour longer I watched, and then I beheld a taller shadow slip out and disappear in an exactly similar manner. And still I waited until the street grew quieter and one by one the lights began to disappear. Then the watchman, springing his rattle as he came along, passed slowly through the street. I waited five, ten minutes. By this time every light was out. Now and again a phantom-like figure flitted through the night; but for the most part the evil birds of the alley had gone to roost.

Then I crept quietly downstairs, opened the door, and passed out into the street. A rapid look up and down assured me of my absolute solitude, and, stealthily moving in the shadow of the houses, I stopped at the carpenter's door. Needless to say it was locked. But for such a state I had come prepared, and after another glance up and down the alley, I drew a chisel from my pocket and began noiselessly to work upon the door. Fortunately it proved no great obstacle. Indeed, it offered but a feeble resistance to my onslaught, and soon I stood once more within the shop. Then I fastened the door as best I could and lit the candle which I had brought with me.

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At the back of the shop a ladder-like staircase led to a loft above—a crazy thing which creaked horribly when I stepped upon it. The loft was evidently used as a bedroom by my friend the carpenter, whom I feared might soon return to it. Therefore, after a sharp look round, I descended the crazy ladder once more, wondering where next I should turn.

At the back of the shop was a smaller room, and as at first I had only glanced into it, I now subjected it to a closer scrutiny. I went round and round the room, tapping here, peering there, and as I was about to leave in despair, I tripped over something on the floor. Upon lowering the candle I saw that it was a padlock which secured a trap-door. Instantly my ear was down to the crevice, but though I listened intently I could hear nothing. Then I knocked loudly upon the door. No reply. I knocked again, and this time I distinctly heard a human groan.

"I closed with him, and a fearful struggle ensued."

Well, I had that padlock forced in no time, and as I lifted the door the pitiful cries came moaning up through the darkness. I knelt over the abyss and held the candle low, but the foul, black air came up in a cloud and almost extinguished the light.

"Who is there?" I said. "Speak! Who are you?"

"I am known by many names," replied the voice in a feeble whisper. "Help me out of this and thou shalt be made happy for the rest of thy days."

"I seek one who is known by many names. But his real name is——"

"Kwang-Hsu, the Emperor of the Middle Kingdom."

Great Heaven! I had found him at last!

As I have said, I could not see the bottom of this cellar, and there were no steps leading down into it. Here was a predicament. I cursed myself for a fool. Why had I not brought a rope? Then I bethought me of the crazy ladder, and in less than two minutes I had torn it away from the side of the wall. I carried it to the cellar and found to my relief that it touched the bottom with some six inches to spare. The light flickered and for the moment I thought it was going out; but it was only a false alarm. Suddenly it burnt up and I saw that I was in a particularly damp and dirty cellar, the walls and floor of which glistened with dampness. On a dirty bundle of straw in one corner lay a man, and, changed and hideous as he looked, I knew it was the Emperor Kwang, the Son of Heaven, the Corner-stone of Wisdom, the absolute master of four hundred millions of people. He did not ask any questions, but in a dazed, peevish tone called to me to save him. He was in fetters, but fortunately not bound to the wall, so I flung him across my shoulder and carried him up into the shop. Here I quickly freed him of his fetters, and was about to lead him forth when the door was pushed open and the coolie entered.

As soon as he saw us he gave a cry like an enraged beast and sprang furiously at the Emperor, a knife gleaming in his hand. The Son of Heaven uttered a terrified shriek and cowered on the floor, his face in his hands; but before the carpenter could strike I closed with him, having no time to draw my revolver, and a fearful struggle ensued.

Well, yes, it all ended satisfactorily. The Emperor was strong enough to undertake the great ordeal of worshipping the ashes of his royal ancestors, and no one but the Council and myself were any the wiser for what had happened.

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Highland Cattle.

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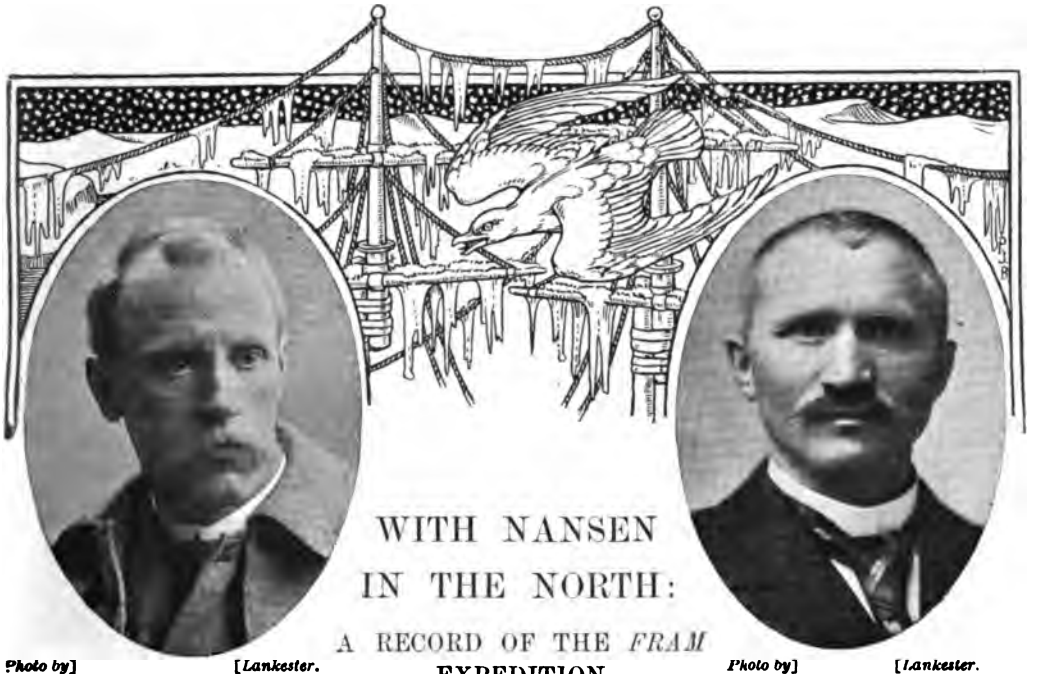

Photo by] [Lankester.
DR. NANSEN.

WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH:

A RECORD OF THE *FRAM* EXPEDITION.

Photo by] [Lankester.
LIEUT. JOHANSEN.

By Lieut. Hjalmar Johansen.

CHAPTER V.

Open water—Unwelcome guests—Fast in the ice—Warping—The Northern Lights.

TO-DAY, the 19th of September, we are in 76° north latitude, and are now steering due north in open water with a fair wind and with full steam. Everyone on board is in the best of spirits at such progress in waters through which no one has ever sailed before. We are eagerly discussing how far we will get before we are laid up in the ice.

A bottle, with a piece of paper on which the longitude, latitude, and the words "All well" have been written in Norwegian and English, has to-day been thrown into the sea.

On the 20th of September we reached 77° 44′ north latitude. In the evening we came into conflict with the ice, and had to alter our course; but, at any rate, it is some satisfaction to know that this is in a northerly direction. The fog came on thickly from time to time.

There is a regular mania amongst us on board for letting our beards assume the most fantastic shapes. Scott-Hansen is exactly like Olsen, the master carpenter who built the *Fram*; Nordahl is the picture of Victor Emmanuel, and Bentsen of Napoleon III. The last-named is indignant, however, at the idea of his resemblance.

We have seen some birds, both snipes and sea-gulls. Possibly there may be land to the north. On the 21st we sailed north until we were stopped by the ice. The fog is again troubling us from time to time. During the night we proceed, as usual, at half speed. We threw overboard six bottles with letters in Norwegian and English.

To-day we have made an unpleasant discovery. We find that we have some nasty vermin on board, and every man has to undergo a thorough examination. To-morrow we are going to have a thorough boiling of all the clothes infested by the vermin. We blame the Samoyedes from Khabarova for having introduced these unpleasant visitors to us.

September 22.—A grand massacre! We took our clothes, put them in a cask, and sent the steam right into it direct from the boiler through a hose. We almost thought we could hear our enemies singing their death-song. But they got the better of us, after all, as it turned out afterwards. I was busy steaming the bed-clothes, when

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the cask, not being strong enough to resist the force of the steam, suddenly exploded, and the deck was covered with clothes enveloped in clouds of steam.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we moored the ship to an ice-floe. Our little community is now in 78° 54′ north latitude, in the midst of the polar ice, far away from civilisation. The weather is splendid and the view around us is magnificent. The ice-floes are of different thicknesses; they are high and low, with open channels

SCOTT-HANSEN TAKING OBSERVATIONS

between as far as the eye can reach, while beyond, on the horizon, the sky, the ice and the water are blended together in all manner of colours. The dogs alone interrupt the solemn silence that reigns around us. Perhaps they scent a bear or some other animal, and then they give an occasional bark.

Saturday, September 23. — At seven o'clock all hands were ordered to help in shifting the coals. The work goes on merrily. This coal-shifting is a kind of connecting-link between us, for we are all at work at the same time. Of course we become as black as niggers, and at night, even after we have washed, it must not be supposed that we are altogether clean. The eyes especially have a Southern look about them, and we are quite agreed that belladonna does not have anything like such a beautifying effect upon them as coal-shifting.

We are beginning to make up our minds that we are shut in, and that these will be our quarters for the winter, with almost the same surroundings as now. The temperature has been from 17 to 19 degrees of frost. Observations for determining our position are taken as often as the fog or the overcast sky permits. The slush ice between the floes is now frozen, and it seems almost as if the ship is beginning to be exposed a bit to the pressure of the ice.

The weather is fine and bright, with 17 to 19 degrees of frost. We have begun cleaning up the place where the dogs are kept, and stowing away in the hold and in the bow some of the deck cargo of planks and beams, including the windmill, which has been lying on the after-deck. We have thus got the deck clear and ample space for taking exercise.

One day we discovered a big bear behind a hummock, not far away from the ship. Nansen and Sverdrup started off there and then, only filling the magazines of their guns with cartridges. All hands went up into the rigging to get a good view of this rare sport; but the bear would not have anything to do with them; it turned right round and bolted off in a north-westerly direction and then disappeared. It was impossible to get within range of it, although three of the dogs were let loose after it.

We can now get to our stores in the main hold through the dynamo-room and the passage leading up to the half-deck near the entrance to the saloon on the port side, so that we have now access to the stores without going on deck. All the coal dust and rubbish has been swept away and the carpenter's bench has been put up in the hold,

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so that the deck is now clean and tidy. The cabins have been washed and cleaned out, and one day all hands had a grand washing day in the main hold. On this occasion we weighed ourselves for the second time on board. It afforded us a good deal of amusement, as the weighing-machine, through some defect or other, gave our weights, as far as most of us were concerned, altogether in excess of the actual increase during a month's time. Captain Sverdrup is now, as before, the lightest man on board, and Juell the heaviest.

Blessing has begun for the second time to examine our blood. The water required for washing ourselves and for use in the cabins was heated in the following manner. We took the kerosene oil, which we could no longer use under the boiler, and poured it over some bricks, which then burnt on being ignited. This method was satisfactory enough, but we found that the jet apparatus for distributing the oil in the form of spray was better.

On the 28th of September we moved all the dogs out upon the ice alongside the ship. They were immensely delighted as they were let loose one by one and were allowed to scamper over the ice during their short span of liberty, until they were again tied up. One of them, called "Billettören" (ticket collector), set off at once straight for the Pole. He evidently wanted to get there in time to collect the tickets, as one of us remarked. We have tied the dogs to long boards, which we weighted with blocks of ice, so that they should not be able to get away from us. Nansen is busy during the day catching amphipodæ and other small animals under the ice.

The 29th of September was Blessing's birthday, in honour of which the following dinner was served :—

Soupe à la Julienne, avec macaroni pâtés.
Potage de poisson.
Hanche de renne, avec pommes de terre.
Pouding à la Nordahl.
Glace de Groenland.
Bière.

During dinner we had plenty of music, the organ playing its most appropriate pieces. A festive spirit prevailed, and all of us enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Everyone apparently over-ate himself; at least, no one would have any supper !

There is a good deal to attend to in the engine-room, where Amundsen and Petterson are constantly at work. Bentsen and Peder are cleaning walrus and seal skins, and stretching them on the ship's side to dry. The dogs seem to thrive well on the ice. They are very fond of company, and are mad with joy when any of us come to see them. Mogstad is now going to look after them.

September 30.—We are still busy clearing and tidying up in preparation for the winter, and have in consequence plenty to do. To-day we have had snow-shovelling on a grand scale. This afternoon we have begun a laborious but useful task. We have to warp the ship backwards in the slush ice, which is now frozen. Our position is not quite satisfactory, as we run the risk of being exposed to severe ice-pressure here. The great ice-floe which we have on our port side may fall in upon our deck at any moment if the squeezing should begin. Moving the ship is not quick work. We have fixed two ice-anchors in the ice some distance aft the ship, and by means of the capstan, wire ropes, twofold purchase straps, etc., we manage to heave her inch by inch through the frozen slush ice, which, however, has first to be broken up.

Now and then some of us fall through this deceitful slush. I remember Peder falling plump into it, but he managed to turn himself round on his back. He knew he could not get out of it without help, so he remained quietly with outstretched arms and legs and shouted out to Sverdrup, who was close at hand, "Come and catch hold of me, captain." Then Sverdrup came and helped Peder up on to a solid ice-floe.

We have now a fine display of the Northern Lights in the evenings. They quiver across the mid-heavens in ever-changing spirals and tongues of fire. At times, too, we see the grand sight of a shooting star exploding like a rocket, as it is suddenly stopped on its long, curved trajectory. Cards have now begun to make their appearance in the evenings.

CHAPTER VI.

First day of rest—Surprised by bears—The dogs are let loose—Ice pressure—A hunt in the dark.

SUNDAY, the 1st of October, was the first Sunday we had as a real day of rest on board. Otherwise the Sundays had been very much like any other day, so we were glad of a day on which we could have a complete rest. In the forenoon we had

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some sacred music on the organ, and read books from our well-stocked library; in the afternoon we had a nap, and after that we settled down for a quiet evening.

Next day at noon we stopped warping the ship, and her final position for the winter was settled. The *Fram* is now lying with her bow to the south; she turned herself southwards at the time when we got fixed in the ice, and afterwards drifted stern forwards.

Scott-Hansen, Blessing, and I were engaged in erecting a tent for magnetic observations, sufficiently distant from the ship to prevent the iron on board from having any influence upon the instruments. Just as we were busily engaged in levelling the ice where the tent was to be pitched, I happened to catch sight of a bear about fifty paces off, coming straight towards us. "There's a bear," I shouted. Our first thought was not to defend ourselves, but quietly to signal to the ship, so that the bear should not be frightened away like the first one we saw here. We decided that Blessing should run and fetch the guns from the ship. But the bear seemed to have made up its mind; there was no need for us to be anxious about frightening it away, for it came straight at us. It was evidently in want of a meal. The situation was becoming serious. When Blessing set off to go on board, the bear altered its course, a manœuvre which told us, as plainly as if the beast had opened its mouth and said, "Here, my bold fellow, just keep where you are; you have no business on board; none of your nonsense." We then began gesticulating energetically and to shout and scream with all our might, but all of no avail. The bear was now close upon us, and Scott-Hansen took an ice-staff and I an axe, the only weapons of defence we had. Blessing came back to us and we put ourselves in position to receive the bear. Fortunately, it first walked up to the tent and sniffed at it, and then we began beating a retreat; but it came on in pursuit of us. Just at this moment those on board suddenly became alive to our situation, and Nansen and Sverdrup jumped out on the ice with their guns. Nansen raised his gun to his shoulder and we saw our pursuer fall down. One more shot through the head and all was over.

Johansen. Sverdrup.

HUNTING THE BEAR.

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It was a fine he-bear. No trace of food could be found in its stomach, so it must have been famished with hunger. The only thing we found in the stomach was a piece of brown paper, which it must have swallowed just before, as we could plainly distinguish the name of a Norwegian firm, "Lütken & Moe," stamped on the paper. This was a lesson to us for the future always to take arms with us whenever we left the ship, even if only for a short distance. The bear was photographed by Nansen as it lay on the ice in the last throes of death.

On the 4th of October we took soundings and found a fine, bluish clay at the bottom, at a depth of 800 fathoms. On the same day the ice cracked suddenly astern of the ship, and the clear water that appeared looked like a long ribbon stretching from east to west. We notice that the ice is beginning to pack. A strange feeling comes over one when pacing the deck at night during one's watch; one hears the distant roar and the weird sound made by the heavy ice-floes as they are ground against one another by wind and current. There is nothing to be seen except thirty-three dark bodies lying on the floe close alongside the ship. These are our dogs, which now and then give a sign of life by a bark or a movement which makes their chains rattle.

Next morning a bear was seen approaching the *Fram*. Nansen and Hendriksen went off towards it, moving cautiously from hummock to hummock, but it scented them and trotted off. Nansen, however, succeeded in shooting it down with two bullets at quite a long distance. For dinner we had the great pleasure of eating cutlets from the very bear which had evidently intended making a meal of us. The cutlets tasted excellent. The observations show that we are now in 78° 47·5′ north latitude. The rudder has been hoisted up out of its well and put on the deck. Another unpleasant discovery has been made: the vermin have not yet been completely exterminated on board. When they can stand such an overhauling as that which we gave them, one is almost compelled to believe that they are immortal. Some of us will now have to go through another overhauling.

The windmill is to be put up on the port side, close to the half-deck, and the "Grand" has, in consequence, been moved forward, with its bow resting on the forecastle. The dogs have been let loose. They made a terrible row and at once began quarrelling and fighting; it took several of us with rope-ends in our hands to quieten them and get them in order; it seemed as if they had suddenly become wild and imagined themselves back on the Siberian steppes again. When two begin to fight, the entire pack rushes at one of the combatants, and, strange to say, it is always the weaker one that they all go for. It would seem, too, that the fighting is growing worse and worse. All the dogs are going about in a more or less wounded condition, but they seem greatly to enjoy their frequent fights all the same. Some day they will no doubt find out which is the strongest, and then, perhaps, they may quieten down. These dogs are very curious animals; they are a constant topic of conversation and the object of various kinds of observations. We have given them all characteristic names. Thus we have one called "Job." This dog is remarkably quiet and timid; he has long, upright, donkey ears of a yellowish colour, and is of a low, longish build. He keeps himself to himself, goes all alone on long excursions, renounces everything, and has never once growled or snarled at any of us. Then we have "Billettören," with his inquisitive "ticket-collector's" face. He generally stands near the companion leading to the engine-room and barks at us as we put our heads up through the hatchway. Then we have "Barabbas" and "Pan," which have been fighting each other up till now to see which is the stronger. And then there is "Narrifas," a small and active animal with black hair, bright black eyes, and shining white teeth, which he is always showing. "Ulinka" is dark-spotted and smooth-haired, with a pointed head, and is very affectionate. This cannot be said about "Sultan," a brown and white, strongly built creature, with brown eyes and the reputation of being a great fighter. "Caiaphas" has a thick, whitish, woollen coat and a hoarse bark; he seems to suffer from a chronic cold. And, above all, I must not forget the most important of the pack—the one representative of the fair sex—"Kvik," who is brown-spotted and smooth-haired, with a black nose and strongly built frame.

Altogether there are three different races represented among our thirty-three dogs. It generally took some time before all of us could make out how many there were, as long as they were kept on deck, and this frequently gave rise to a little wagering, more than one bet being made regarding the number.

We have now finally disposed of the vermin that have been troubling us. The last five of us who were still infested with

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them had to take off every stitch of clothing and deliver up all the old clothes in the cabins and put on brand new ones, while the old things were thrown out on to the ice. The clothes specially made for the expedition have now been handed out to us. They are made of grey Norwegian tweed; knee-breeches with leggings, and Greenland anoraks for the upper body, with fur-bordered hoods, and Laplanders' boots made of sealskin for our feet. Scott-Hansen and I have, in addition, received a wolfskin suit each, for use while taking observations, when they are much needed. We are now using sleeping-bags in both the four-men cabins. They are simply grand to sleep in.

A "FRAM" GROUP AFTER THE FIRST ARCTIC NIGHT.
(*Photographed March 5, 1894.*)

October 9.—The rigging-up of the windmill has turned out to be a long job, as so many preparations and rearrangements have had to be made on deck. The ice is beginning to press in earnest. We are drifting in a southerly and westerly direction. Some days ago the soundings showed a depth of water of 800 fathoms; now we have 150 fathoms.

Last night all hands had to go on deck, as there was a great movement in the ice. It pressed with great force against us and cracked in several places, so that we were obliged to fasten several ice-anchors to the ice to prevent the floe with the dogs and the one with the observation tent from drifting away from us. On my night watch, between four and five, the pressure was terrible. The *Fram* trembled in her timbers, but she bore the strain well. The pressure against the bow was so great that a thick wire rope, which was fixed to one of the ice-anchors, snapped as if it had been a sewing-thread. I had just stepped on to the forecastle, and, seeing the great strain on the rope, I jumped quickly down on to the deck, and had no sooner got hold of the rope in my hand to let it go, than it snapped with a shower of sparks. Fortunately this did not happen at the moment when I was just above the rope.

To-day, the 10th of October, is Nansen's birthday. No preparations for celebrating it have been made, as Nansen is not well. He has been feverish for several days, and is not yet quite himself. There will not be much difficulty about getting something to do every day during the winter. As yet we have not taken down the running-rigging, stored the sails, nor fixed the awning over the ship; nor have we begun to restow the pro-

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visions, sew boat and other sails, nor made any of the necessary preparations for suddenly leaving the ship. There is, in short, a good deal of work to be done besides the daily observations. After eleven o'clock at night we have each an hour's watch in turn. Nansen, Sverdrup, Scott-Hansen, and the cook for the time being are exempt from these watches. Juell is, by rights, storekeeper and cook, but Mogstad and Nordahl have hitherto attended to the kitchen department in turn. Just now it is my turn to be cook, and I find it is as much as one can do to cook and serve up food for thirteen men. We use petroleum lamps when cooking, but they have an obstinate way of their own of getting out of order. One day I was going to boil some corned beef for dinner, and the meat, as was our custom, had been hung in a bag under the ice to soak. But it had been taken out of the water too soon and put on the deck, where it of course froze into a solid mass. As it happened, the lamps were just then giving me a lot of trouble. Nansen had to come to my assistance with the "Primus," but it was six o'clock in the evening before dinner came to table. There was, of course, no necessity for getting any supper ready that evening, and I have not been called upon to cook since.

On the 11th of October we experienced a good deal of ice pressure. We had to turn out and heave or slacken on the four ropes with which we were moored to the different ice-floes.

To-day poor "Job" departed this life. His comrades have made an end of this unobtrusive and remarkably shy animal, which never did any harm to man or beast. It appears that all the other dogs attacked him and tore him to pieces while we were having our dinner.

Nansen continues his researches regarding the sea-water at different depths, and has caught a great number of crustaceans and other marine animals. We have prepared a thermometer house, and placed it on top of the hummocks on the "dog floe." Blessing has been occupied during the last few days in unpacking and arranging in order all our books. He has arranged the library in the room by the companion on the starboard side, and we have now about six hundred volumes in all.

October 13.—The ice has been troublesome to-day. All of a sudden it begins pressing with such a force that one would think the *Fram* would be ground to pieces; then the next moment we have clear water round the ship. This morning, at five o'clock, the pressure was tremendous. The biggest floe in our neighbourhood, the "dog floe," split in two, and the floes pressed together from all sides. All hands had to set to work. An ice-anchor was lost by being buried under a mass of broken blocks of pack-ice. Shortly after being thus blockaded the ice slackened again, and we now discovered that five or six floes were drifting off with the dogs, all howling and barking. A wild chase ensued to get them on board, and with the aid of our light larchwood pram we finally succeeded in recovering them.

Amundsen and Petterson are busy putting the engine together again. There may be an opportunity of pushing on further north, as the ice seems likely to slacken. It is in a state of unrest both night and day. Scott-Hansen and I had been to the observation tent and taken a magnetic observation, and on our way back to the ship the ice was packing and cracking in all directions round about us, even under our very feet as we jumped from floe to floe.

When evening came we settled down to cards. All at once we heard the dogs beginning to bark furiously. One of us—I think it was Peder—ran on deck to see what was the matter. He came down and said he thought he could distinguish a bear behind a small hummock not far from the ship. We all rushed on deck in the dark, lightly dressed as we were, notwithstanding the 36° of frost. Peder, Scott-Hansen and myself were the first to get hold of our guns, which hung in readiness, the magazines filled. We ranged ourselves along the railing, eagerly looking out over the ice and among the scattered barking pack of dogs. And, sure enough, away among the hummocks, one, if not two massive forms are seen moving parallel with the ship. And so we look along the barrels of our guns and fire away, taking aim as best we can, and loading as rapidly as we can.

A muffled roar is heard, and a form is seen sinking to the ground close to one of the hummocks. The ice presses and creaks; ice-floes are being tilted up and set on end. The dogs are roving about from floe to floe, barking all the time in one particular direction. From the railing of the *Fram* flash follows upon flash. The shots are resounding through the stillness of the night, while the men run to and fro, most of them only half dressed. We refill the magazines of our guns, and then set out over the ice,

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one after the other, in the darkness. With our finger on the trigger, feeling our way with our feet, gazing all around us into the night, we steal along, and at last perceive a shapeless form on the ice. It is the bear. We fire a shot at it to assure ourselves that it is dead. Yes, it is as dead as a herring.

Hush! What is that? We hear a pitiable groan further out on the ice. So there must have been two of them, after all. Is the other one wounded? Is it far off? Is it coming back? We get hold of a rope and a lantern, which, however, goes out, and we make a running noose round the beast's head and drag it on board. It is a young one, so it must have been the mother which was moaning out on the ice. The cub has only been hit by two or three bullets, but that is not bad shooting, seeing that it is so dark. Later in the evening we are busy mooring the ship.

ICE HUMMOCKS NEAR THE "FRAM," AS SEEN BY MOONLIGHT.

Next day, Sunday, the 15th of October, the dogs were taken on board and chained up in their old places. Another of them, little "Belki," has now died. Two have disappeared; whether they have been lost during the ice pressure, or have been caught by the bear, we know not. They were "Fox" and "Narrifas." On examination to-day we found that not only had there been a second bear near the ship last night, of which we had felt sure, but we also discovered traces of a third. Nansen, Sverdrup, Blessing, Jacobsen, Bentsen and Mogstad—perhaps more of them—set out on the ice, while Scott-Hansen and I cast longing eyes after them as we stood over by the observation tent, which we were about to take down and bring on board. The sportsmen discovered a young bear with a broken back dragging itself over the ice by the help of its fore-body, while the hind part of it appeared to be disabled. It was put out of its misery by a bullet and dragged on board. Nothing was seen of the mother. This result of a bear hunt in the dark—two tender young bear cubs, one a year and the other two years old—could not be called bad.

CHAPTER VII.

More bears—The power of baking powder—"Johansen's friend"—Electric light—Shooting competition.

JUST now Scott-Hansen is engaged upon magnetic observations. Every other day, weather permitting, we determine our position for the time being.

Nansen is occupied in ascertaining the saltness of the water at different depths. Scott-Hansen and I were one day on the ice, determining the deflection with the magnetic apparatus, when the ice began pressing and compelled us to pack up in post haste and hurry-scurry on board. The daily meteorological observations consist in investigating the direction of the wind and its strength, the clouds and their drift, in reading the different thermometers, barometers, and the barograph (a self-registering aneroid barometer), the thermographs, and the hygrometers. This is done every fourth hour, day and night. Later, it was done every other hour.

One morning, while I was busy with these observations, I heard the dogs, which we have had on board since the ice has been packing so much, beginning to howl and whine. I especially noticed "Caiaphas," which stood with its paws on the deck-rail staring intently at something down upon the ice, and barking all the time with its hoarse bark. I looked cautiously over the rail and saw the back of a fine, white bear close to the ship's side. I stole across to the saloon door for a loaded gun. The bear, however, advanced along the side of the ship with a suppressed growl, and would very likely have come on board to us if it had not got my bullet in its shoulder. It gave a roar, jumped a few steps, and fell down. I put two more shots into it. The others were down in the saloon at their breakfast, but came rushing on deck as soon as they heard the shots.

An hour later Scott-Hansen and I were

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busy with some observations on the floe, not far from the ship, when we suddenly discovered a large bear trudging towards us; but as soon as it noticed the blood of the bear which we had just skinned on the ice, it bent its steps in that direction. Scott-Hansen seized the revolver, our constant companion when on the ice. But just then we caught sight of Peder on the after-deck of the *Fram* with his Krag-Jörgensen gun. He took aim, pulled the trigger, cocked the gun again, aimed and fired, but the gun would not go off. Peder began cursing the gun. "The confounded thing won't fire!" he growled. He had, as usual, been too free with the vaseline. At last the gun went off, and the bear, which in the meantime had got close to the ship, set up a terrible roar, raised itself on its hind legs and bent its head to tear the place where it was wounded, beating the air with its paws. It then wheeled round and set off among the hummocks. Scott-Hansen ran after it with his revolver, and sent two bullets into its head as it lay on the ice. We afterwards discovered that Peder's shot had gone right through its heart. That was not a bad catch so early in the morning. It seems likely that we shall keep ourselves going with fresh meat for some time.

Nansen is busy sledge-driving with the dogs. They go excellently when all pull in one direction, but they are not always inclined to do this. On the way back to the ship, however, they pull well together, and go at first-rate speed.

Sverdrup has made up his mind to make some kind of a trap for catching bears. He is speculating on a steel trap, but there has also been some talk about a bear-pit. "So long as we don't catch dogs instead of bears," is Nansen's remark. The dogs are always breaking loose, and if one gets away on to the ice the others at once begin barking. They seem to envy each other the pleasure of getting free.

The temperature is now $-12°$ to $-13°$. In the saloon it is between $42°$ and $53°$ above zero. We are beginning to be troubled with dampness in the cabins. We have had to make thin wooden frames to put between the sleeping bags and the walls in order to preserve them. Jacobsen has invented a very complicated arrangement, with cotton wicks and tin boxes, which will absorb the damp in the cabins.

One day Juell was going to make a cake, which, by the by, is not an uncommon occurrence, and for this he had used a kind of baking powder with the raising properties of which he was not quite familiar. Before long we noticed a somewhat suspicious smell coming from the galley. Suddenly Bentsen appeared at the saloon door, crying out, "The cake is coming after me, boys!" It appeared that Juell had painted "FRAM" in big letters on the top of the cake, and Bentsen meant to imply that these letters were crawling out through the galley door, the one after the other. "The 'F' and 'R' and the 'A' are outside already," he continued, "and now there is only the 'M' left, and that is so big that it covers the whole cake."

We are not using any heating apparatus in the saloon; we only keep a lamp burning there. Blessing has been engaged in examining the proportion of carbonic acid in the air in the saloon and in the open. On the 23rd of October the *Fram* again lay in open water; the ice had slackened and a big lane had been formed in the ice to the north and the south of the ship. The next day the ice closed in upon us again and began to pack. We had a net for catching marine animals hanging in the water, which was only saved in the nick of time; we found a big catch in it this time.

We have a black and white dog on board which has taken a decided objection to me; as soon as he sees me or hears that I am on deck he begins to bark and growl continuously. Even when I go up into the crow's nest to read the thermometers which we have up there, and he sees the light from the lantern which I carry on my breast while climbing up the rigging, the dog knows it is I, even if he is far away on the ice, and will then begin to bark and growl. The dog, I suppose, must have been frightened the first time Scott-Hansen and I put on our wolf-skin clothes. The dog has no other name than that of "Johansen's friend."

On the 25th of October the windmill, which drove the dynamo for our electric light, was tried for the first time. The result was more successful than we expected after the trials we had made while lying at the wharf of the Akers Engineering Works. We sat down to our dinner in the best of spirits, the saloon being brilliantly illuminated by the electric light. Mr. Oscar Dickson, who had presented us with the electric light installation, was gratefully remembered, and his health was drunk in Norwegian Lager beer. Our supply of beer lasted up to the first Christmas in the ice, after which we restricted ourselves to a mixture of lime juice, sugar, and water.

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The electric light was a source of great usefulness and enjoyment to us. When the wind was blowing 4–5 metres in the second, it was sufficiently strong to drive the windmill, and we always called that kind of wind "mill-breeze."

On the 12th of October there were great festivities on board and on the ice. The first birthday of the *Fram* was celebrated in a worthy manner. We inaugurated the day's proceedings with a splendid breakfast, French rolls and apple cakes being the great attraction. Scott-Hansen, Blessing and I set about at once arranging a shooting competition in honour of the day. We quite felt the greatness of the occasion as we assembled on the ground with our guns. Two flags were hoisted on the spot where the competitors took up their position, and the *Fram*, the hero of the day, had also flags flying. The range was 100 yards long, and each competitor had five shots. It was the last day on which we saw the sun before it left us altogether. It set blood red as it disappeared before our eyes, not to return again until the next year. The moon, however, was in the sky day and night, shining bright and clear.

The result of the competition was as follows:

First prize . . .	Jacobsen.
Second prize . . .	Johansen.
Third prize . . .	Scott-Hansen.
Fourth prize . . .	Sverdrup.
Fifth prize . . .	Blessing.
Sixth prize . . .	Hendriksen.
Seventh prize. . .	Bentsen.
Eighth prize . . .	Petterson.
Ninth prize . . .	Nansen.
Tenth prize . . .	Nordahl.
Eleventh prize . .	Juell.
Twelfth prize. . .	Mogstad.

The thirteenth prize was awarded to Amundsen, although he did not take part in the competition.

The committee had collected a few nicknacks for prizes, each of which was accompanied by suitable mottoes in verse. The presentation of the prizes was to take place in the evening with great ceremony. Scott-Hansen had prepared as the first prize a handsome star, made of birchwood, decorated with a piece of lace, which he had procured from goodness knows where. This was awarded to Jacobsen, the champion marksman. The second prize, a nightcap, was presented to me. The other prizes consisted of a pipe made out of a reindeer-horn, a needlecase, cigars, a roll of tobacco, a memorandum book, etc., etc.

We spent the rest of the evening pleasantly and merrily round a bowl of punch, to which we have given the name of "Fram-punch." It is made of lime juice, sugar, and water, and is flavoured with strawberry or cloudberry jam.

On the 27th of October we again took the rudder out of its well, where it had frozen fast in the ice. While engaged in this work a sharp, bright, bluish light fell suddenly over the ship and the ice around us. It came from a fireball of unusual size and splendour. It left behind it a long double trail of burning particles which was visible for quite a long while.

Blessing still continues his monthly examination of our blood. Instead of decreasing, the number of blood corpuscules has in most cases increased.

Nansen has for the first time been dredging, and has brought up from the bottom of the ocean a wonderful collection of plants and animals. It appears that there is plenty of life here under the polar ice, both animal and vegetable.

The 31st of October was the birthday of Sverdrup, our commander, which, as a matter of course, was kept up with great festivity. We fared grandly on the very best things to be found on the ship. The elements were friendly enough to contribute towards the celebration. There blew such a fine "mill-breeze" that we could use all the electric lamps in the saloon. The arc-lamp sent its powerful rays through the skylight and illuminated the half-deck, where the dogs were lying, just as if it were broad daylight. The light shone far out over the ice, and must have surprised any animals that were out there. We had a revolver competition in honour of the day, and on this occasion Scott-Hansen turned out to be the champion.

Mogstad and Blessing have challenged each other to a revolver match, and a number of bets have been made on the event. The match took place amid great excitement. In the end Blessing won with twenty-five points, while Mogstad scored twenty-one. Loud cheers for the victor resounded over the ice.

CHAPTER VIII.

Foot-races on the ice—More about the dogs—The Northern Lights—Adulterated beer—Ice pressure—Peder attacked by a bear.

We have now 54° of frost. Notwithstanding this low temperature, we have still no heating apparatus in the saloon. We

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have now received our supply of underclothing for the winter. With the exception of the stockings, which have been made by Norwegian peasants, all the rest of the hosiery is of English manufacture.

Sverdrup has invented an excellent footgear, which consists of wooden clogs with long canvas leggings. Many of us have followed his example and made ourselves similar boots. They are very roomy in the foot, so we can put on plenty of socks. To Scott-Hansen and myself, who have often to remain motionless for hours on the ice during the magnetic observations, they are simply invaluable.

For Sunday, the 5th of November, we had arranged some foot-races on the ice. A long lane which had frozen between the floes formed a splendid course, which was measured and got ready for the occasion. Juell had prepared thirteen prizes, which all turned out to be cakes. The first prize was a great big one and the thirteenth quite a tiny one. But when the day arrived, the course had cracked right across. The gap, however, was not very wide, and we could easily have jumped over it and continued our course on the other side. When, however, the time came, we were too lazy and out of trim for running, and the races did not come off. We were not, in the meantime, to be cheated out of the prizes. It was decided that they should be apportioned by lot, a method which we all agreed was far more easy and comfortable than having all the trouble and bother of running for our prizes.

The next day there were several openings in the ice owing to the strong south-westerly wind that had been blowing for some time. This is the wind we like, for it takes us further to the north, nearer to the goal we are longing for. Here we were only in sixty fathoms of water. On the following day the temperature rose suddenly to 21° and the barometer fell steadily down to 734 mm., when the temperature again fell.

The dogs have again killed one of their comrades. This time it is "Ulabrand" who is the victim. He was attacked in the stomach, and his blood had been sucked from him in the same way as poor "Job's" was. There are two more of the dogs which the rest have got their eyes on. One is a brother of "Job," and the other is a small white dog. But since these savage beasts seem unable to make a right use of their liberty, they must just suffer confinement, and we have therefore had to chain them up again on board.

We are now in 77° 43′ north latitude and 138° east longitude. We have thus been drifting to the south and the east, but we could not, of course, expect to drift due north from the very outset.

We have been considering how best we could make use of the kerosene oil, which we cannot use for firing under the boiler, but up to the present we have not been able to come to any decision. The lamps which we use for cooking require a great quantity of the large, round, woven wicks, and we are afraid that our supply of them will run short. Sverdrup, who understands everything, has begun making a weaving loom.

It is not an easy matter to find snow which is entirely free from salt, even in the crow's nest, for the "earthdrift"—as we call the snow which the wind whirls up from the ice—penetrates right up there. The ice is cracking round the *Fram*, and the pressure is becoming violent. They are indeed magnificent trials of strength which we see before our eyes, when the floes collide with one another and are ground to pieces, forming ridges and hummocks all around us.

We have begun making harness of canvas for the dogs, so that it may be ready for use whenever it may be wanted. These dogs are really very curious animals. It now seems as if the whole pack have got their eyes on "Sultan," and as if they have agreed amongst themselves upon his fate, which obviously means death. No sooner do they see their opportunity than the whole pack, with "Pan" as the leader, rush at the doomed one and attempt to strangle him. It was in this way that they killed "Ulabrand" and "Job." And the doomed dog is perfectly aware of what is in store for him. He looks depressed, crestfallen and frightened, and sneaks about by himself. At the present moment it is "Barabbas," "Sultan," and a little white dog which are doomed. We dare not let them loose on the ice during the day together with the others, but always keep them fastened up on board.

November 15.—When we have a "millbreeze," and the dynamo is going, one might take this for a factory, or something of the sort, particularly as one goes below through the half-deck into the main hold, where we have our carpenter's shop and many strange things, and hears the noise and whizzing of the machinery and the belting.

This illusion, however, soon comes to an end when we come on deck, where the cutting wind makes us feel the cold twice as

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much as we otherwise would, penetrating, as it does, to our very bones and marrow, while the eye only faintly discerns in the darkness the interminable ice-fields, where our little community represents the only visible life.

At times the Northern Lights give the sky the appearance of the whole heavens being on fire. From the zenith the light spreads itself out in fiery flames over the vault of the heavens; the arch with its tongues of fire stretches downwards and is met by draperies and bands of light, while fanlike rays are suddenly ignited and gradually merge into soft waving streamers, which assume all the colours of the rainbow, while close to the horizon the luminous haze of the Northern Lights forms a long, hazy belt of mystic iridescence. We are becoming so accustomed to displays of the Northern Lights that we scarcely take any notice of them, unless they are exceptionally magnificent.

The darkness and the cold have the effect of making all our work slow and tedious. Whenever we have any work in hand, be it ever so slight, we have always to carry lights with us. This, together with the heavy clothes which we are obliged to wear, encumbers us in all our occupations, so that we find our work gives us quite enough to do.

Scott-Hansen shows an exceptional perseverance and patience in his difficult work in connection with the magnetic observations. Hour after hour he will remain on the ice with his instruments, in the severe cold and darkness, observing the deflection and oscillation of the magnetic needle and reading the fine gradations with a magnifying glass, while holding his breath, lest the cold should cover everything with frost. It was a wonder his hands and feet did not get frost-bitten oftener than they did.

The first winter, when I assisted him in the magnetic observations, he was obliged to take these on the bare ice, as it was of no use erecting any tent owing to the pressure of the ice. We afterwards built a snow-hut, where we were very comfortable. We used, therefore, the first winter, to set out on the ice in the darkness with our boxes and tripod stands; and when we had been standing still for some time, we would take a run, walk on our hands, turn some somersaults, or dance to some national tune. Our hands fared the worst, for we were now and then obliged to uncover them during the observations. It was a great treat when we got on board again and settled down in our cosy saloon with a cup of warm tea before us.

On the 17th of November we were in 78° 27′ north latitude and 139° east longitude. We have thus been making good progress towards the north.

Bentsen came one day and asked Amundsen if he had heard that a brother-in-law of Blessing was living on the New Siberian Islands, where he carried on the business of a trader, and was a kind of governor over some thousands of Poles, who had been exiled thither. We began a rather amusing discussion as to whether we ought not to pay a visit to Blessing's brother-in-law, as he was not so very far off after all.

One Sunday evening, just as Scott-Hansen, Blessing, Sverdrup and I were in the middle of a pleasant game of *mariage*, the two first suggested that we should have some beer. They had both for some time been saving up their share—or at least part—of their dinner beer. Some practical joker or other—most probably Bentsen—had evidently got the idea that some fun might be obtained from this mania for saving up the beer; without letting anyone know of it, he mixed some coffee and water with the beer in one of the bottles. As it happened, this very bottle of "bock-beer" was brought in, and Sverdrup and I were invited to partake of the precious beverage; but no one cared to drink first—we all seemed to have our suspicions about that beer. I shall never forget the expression of Scott-Hansen's face when he took a draught, nor that of Blessing when he was going to taste it, in order to decide what kind of stuff it was. A roar of laughter drowned the imprecations hurled by the victims at the culprit's head. They tried hard to discover the guilty one, but all in vain; this only tended to increase the fun. We tried to make as much as we could of this incident, and the discovery of the coffee adulterator became the burning question of the day on board; but he was never found out.

On the 21st of November we took soundings, and reached the bottom at a depth of not quite 50 fathoms. Nansen has been busy photographing by electric and magnesium light.

After each meal we generally got hold of our pipes and took refuge in the cook's galley, which we made our smoking-room, as we were not at first allowed to smoke in the saloon. In the galley we would stand packed like herrings in a barrel, smoking away till we could hardly see one another, and listening to stories and yarns of all sorts, at which Bentsen and Sverdrup were the

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best hands. Now and then the cook would grumble and wish us far away, and no wonder, for there was not too much room for washing up.

The dogs, with no roof over their heads, have not been having a very good time. We have now made kennels for them round the skylight, with shavings for them to lie on. In the mornings they are let loose to get some exercise, when one of us, for a week at a time, has to look after them. They do not seem to like leaving their quarters, although these can be anything but warm.

On the 23rd of November there was a ring round the moon, with two mock-moons. The thermometer stands at 22° below zero.

For some time we have suffered from damp in the cabins, and we have the greatest difficulty in preventing our sleeping-bags from being damaged. In both the four-berth cabins we have made an awning of canvas above the berths, and greased it well with tallow, so that the drops roll off and fall into a receiver.

On the 25th of November we were in 78° 38′ north latitude. We are now drifting along quite satisfactorily. In order to control our four chronometers we now and then observe the time when Jupiter is being passed by his satellites. We have an excellent astronomical telescope, and in clear weather we get brilliant observations.

DR. NANSEN AMONG THE PACK-ICE NEAR THE "FRAM."

November 29.—The dogs have again killed one of their comrades. This time "Fox" was the victim.

When we cut our hair we use a clipper; some of us have had it cropped quite close to the head. There is, consequently, not much to protect our heads from the cold, but then we always wear our catskin caps. Scott-Hansen, when cropping us, left, unknown to us, a small tuft of hair on the nape of our necks, very much like a Chinaman's pigtail, which caused great merriment among the others whose hair had not been cut.

Friday, December 8. — To-day, while dozing in the saloon after dinner, we suddenly heard a heavy crash on the deck, accompanied by several smaller falls and a rattling noise, as if the whole of the rigging had fallen upon the deck. All hands rushed on deck in an instant. It was the ice, which was in a perfect uproar, making a rumbling noise like an infuriated man who cannot control his temper. This morning masses of ice have pressed up against both sides of the stern in great piles. Suddenly, and without our having been warned by any previous sound, these piles of ice must have fallen down over the stern as the floes receded from the ship.

It was a tremendous crack, but the *Fram* withstood it. We all agreed that no other ship could have stood the pressure we have experienced up to the present time. The ice breaks up into pieces, which, as a rule, are forced in under the ship, which, in consequence, is gradually lifted up. The pressure went on for some time during the afternoon. At six o'clock it began again, this time accompanied by a thundering noise and uproar. We were having our supper, but some of us went on deck to have a look at the turmoil around us, while those who remained behind in the saloon had to shout at the top of their voices in order to be heard. Nansen, who forgot nothing in connection with the equipment of the expedition, had been thinking of taking a phonograph with him, but it came to nothing after all. It would, however, have

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been most interesting to have been able to bring home with us the voice of this generally silent desert of ice, groaning in anger, as it seemed, because mankind had ventured to force their way into it to lay bare its hidden secrets.

The *Fram* was screwed 4° over to the port side.

Blessing and Nordahl have been unlucky at cards of late, and have lost their rations of French rolls and cakes for the whole of the next month. Poor fellows, they will now have to be content with the hard rye biscuits.

On the 10th of December appeared the first number of our paper, the *Framsjaa.** It is as yet, of course, only an infant; time will show if we can rear it and bring it up to anything here among the ice. It has begun well, in any case, and goes in for all sorts of subjects; Blessing is the responsible editor.

December 13.—This has been a day full of events in our usually quiet life in the ice. Last night all the dogs suddenly began to bark and make a terrible row. We ran on deck and found that they were all out of their kennels, and those who were near to the railing had jumped up on it, while all were barking in the same direction. They were, however, all tied up. We could not, of course, see anything in the darkness, but Mogstad and I thought we could hear something like the screech of foxes out on the ice among the hummocks. The dogs did not become any quieter during the night; they seemed to be afraid to settle down and go to sleep. Each watch had the same report to make about their uneasiness, especially of those which had their kennels at the foot of the half-deck on the starboard side close to the gangway, which stood open for passing to and from the ice. Three of the dogs, which were fastened close to the gangway, disappeared in the course of the evening. We thought it was because these three had torn themselves loose, and got out on the ice, that the others were whining and making a noise, which they generally did on such occasions.

Next day Hendriksen and Mogstad went to fetch ice for the galley some distance away from the ship. They had not taken any weapons with them. When they had gone some way on the ice they caught a glimpse of a bear coming in their direction, fighting with the dogs, which were close round it. The bear was making straight for them, and they had to make all haste on board to avoid getting the bear's claws into them. Mogstad, who knew his way about better in the darkness than Hendriksen, having been minding the dogs earlier in the day between the hummocks on this part of the ice, succeeded in getting on board, but it had fared almost fatally with Peder, as he was anything but light-footed with his big, heavy foot gear. When he had run some distance, and believed that the bear was not following him, he turned round and cast the light round about him with the small lantern he was carrying; but before he was aware of it the bear was right upon him, and struck him in the side. Peder, believing his last hour had come, uttered a fearful roar, then, quick as lightning, he struck the beast over the head with the lantern, which then went spinning over the ice. The bear let go its hold and sat up on its hind legs, staring in great surprise at Peder, who at once took to his heels. The bear, however, was not going to let off an enemy so easily—one who had treated him so uncivilly—and set off after Peder, when a delivering angel, in the shape of one of our dogs, appeared upon the scene and attracted the bear's attention, so that Peder this time escaped his clutches. The dogs, which had been barking furiously the whole time, now surrounded the nimble and agile bear, which set off straight as an arrow for the ship, from which shots were now being fired in the darkness. It was Mogstad, who had got on board and had got hold of Scott-Hansen's carbine, which hung near the saloon door. At this moment Peder, quite out of breath, but luckily unwounded, got on board. The first shot missed its mark, and so did the second, and then the gun got out of order. Peder came clattering down the companion in his heavy boots, crying out, "A bear has bitten me in the side! Cartridges! cartridges! Shoot him! shoot him!" Scott-Hansen, Jacobsen and Nansen seized their guns and turned out; but, as bad luck would have it, the guns were not quite ready for use, the barrels being stopped up at both ends with wadding. It was no easy matter to put the guns in order in the dark. There they were, standing with their guns, while the bear had now got close up to the side of the ship and had just struck down a dog and was standing over it. In the meantime Peder was rummaging about in his drawer and calling out for cartridges. Blessing and I now came on deck; I had my gun in perfect order, and Jacobsen, who had been running about looking for a walrus-spear with which to stick the bear, cried out,

* *Fram's Outlook.*

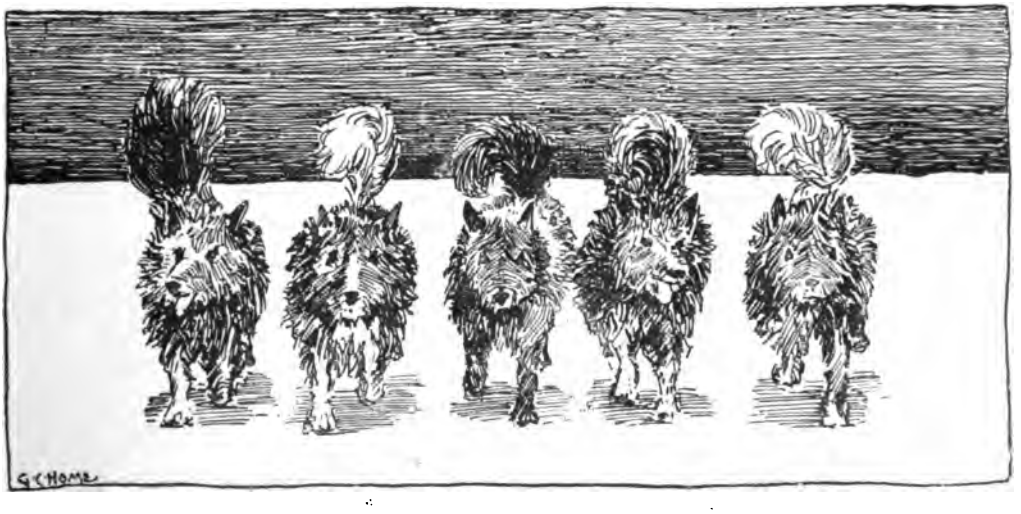
"Shoot! shoot! he is just down there! He is killing the dogs!"

I caught a glimpse of something down on the ice and fired three shots one after the other; we could hear the blood trickling from the bear on to the ice. "Give him another!" cried Jacobsen, which I did. As the beast lay on the ice in the agonies of death, Nansen, who now had his gun in order, sent one more bullet into it. At my first shot one of the dogs jumped up from under the bear, happy and quite unwounded.

We now saw that the chains of three of the dogs were broken; the bear had simply gone in through the gangway, seized the dogs, torn them from their chains and carried them off over the ice. On searching among the hummocks we found the bodies of two of the dogs; they were "Johansen's friend" and the brother of "Suggen," two of our best dogs. I could now approach "my friend" without being snarled at; poor creature, there he lay with his back all torn to pieces, a flat, misshapen mass. I felt great satisfaction at having avenged his death by killing his murderer. The other dog had been bitten right across the snout, and it was no doubt this one which had been screeching like a fox. We could see that the bear had been lying right across him while eating away at the other.

It was lucky for Peder that things happened as they did. Fortunately we were now able to see the incident, with all its accompanying disturbance and noise, in a comical light. The bear was not even fully grown, but it was a smart one for all that. But if we have lost some dogs to-day, we have also got some in return. To-day, which is the 13th of the month, "Kvik" has given birth to thirteen puppies, one for each of us thirteen on board. The much talked-of number thirteen has on several occasions proved quite a lucky number for the expedition. We killed five of the puppies, as "Kvik" could not very well manage all of them in this cold climate.

(*To be continued.*)



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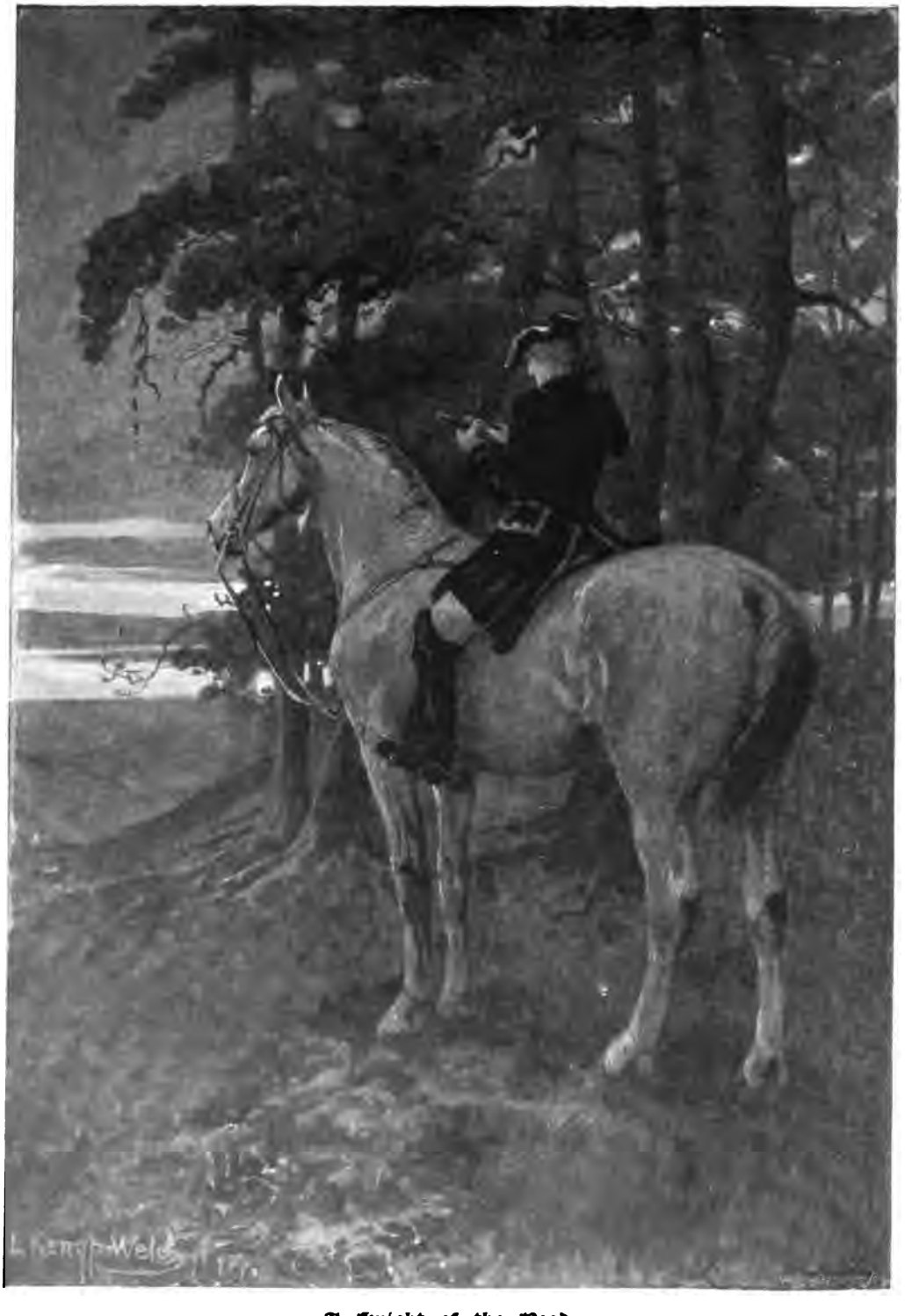

A Knight of the Road.

A Drawing by Lucy E. Kemp-Welch.

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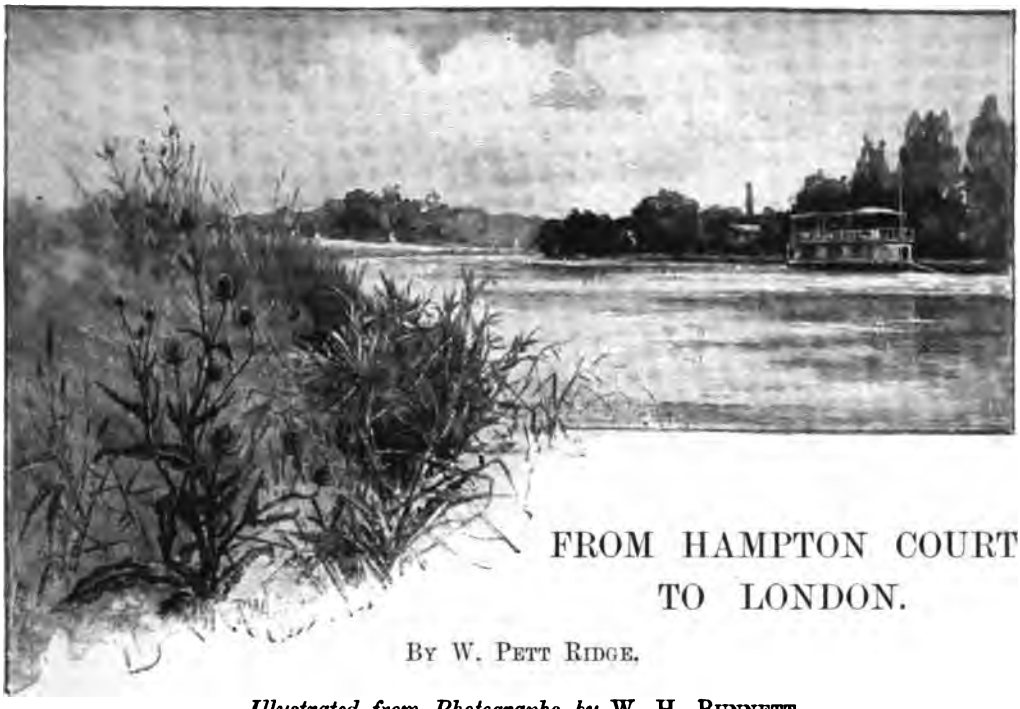

FROM HAMPTON COURT TO LONDON.

By W. Pett Ridge.

Illustrated from Photographs by W. H. Bunnett.

THE crowd near Teddington Lock cheered us just now and waved its hats ecstatically, and one or two Teddington infants, in their excited enthusiasm, went so far as to throw a few pebbles at the straw hats of passengers. There was no special reason for these compliments, but we are touched by them; the steamer seems encouraged and goes north on its sinuous journey to London with great show of energy; the band of violins and throbbing harps and masterful cornet aft begins a swift and entirely new set of quadrilles. There is no singing on board yet, because the sun is still well up in the west, and amateurs prefer dusk to come before they offer vocal offerings, showing in this a wise discretion, because in the case of failure it is useful to be able to hide.

The steamer left the Old Swan Pier at about ten this morning, and it has taken us to Hampton Court and left us there for a few hours, and is now taking back nearly as many passengers as it brought, but not the entire number, because with some the appetite for

TEDDINGTON BRIDGE.

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an adventurous life has been satisfied by the journey up, and they have decided to return to town by railway. Having known each other for several hours, several mature ladies on board have exchanged autobiographies, and one, whose sister years ago so far forgot herself and what was due to the family as to marry a mere journeyman painter, and to live at Kingsland, has communicated this information to nearly everyone on board. A friendly scent of tea comes up from the saloons below to the crowded deck, and cups are brought up by anxious slaves to composed, languid young ladies seated under the awning, and are by them sipped with an air of gentility that countesses fail to catch. It is the high ambition of the youths to convey to their fair companions that the Thames has for them no secrets, and that the riverside is to them as an open book.

"That's 'Am over there."

"'Am what?"

"Just 'Am. That's the name of it. Spelt like 'am what you eat. Very old, historical sort of place, so I've been given to understand. Got some windows, ain't it? All sorts of foreign families, and what not, that have had to leave their country, have come over and settled down there. See?"

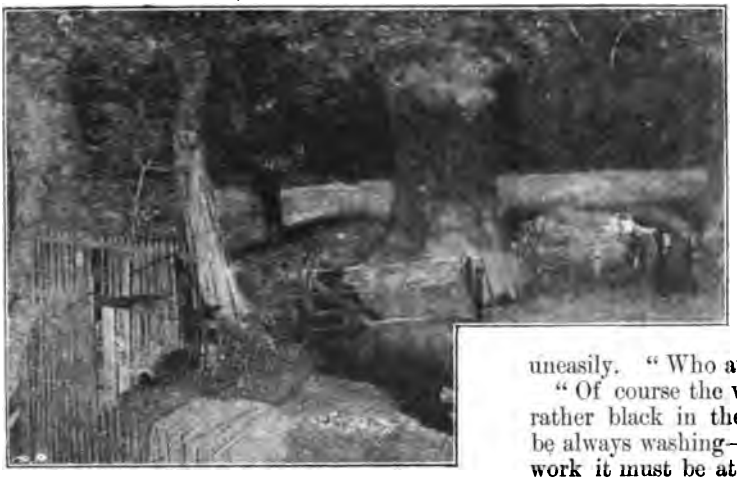
The young lady sipping her tea asks, with but a casual interest, why the place is called Ham, and the informative young man (who would much rather step overboard than confess ignorance) is for the moment taken aback.

"Well," he says slowly, "they're bound to call it something—ain't they, now?"

His companion agrees with this; but why, she asks, why call it Ham? It is not a pretty name, says the young lady, and it is not a foreign name, and she declares, with something of contempt, that there's no sense in it. The young man makes haste to leave a subject which has proved so perplexing, and looking around for a safe topic, remarks that it is a jolly good sunset; whereupon his companion remarks icily that she is tired of sunsets, and the youth, thus again extinguished, sighs and takes her empty cup down the gangway with a perplexed air. A breeze, cool, not to say impudent, steals under the awning and blows ladies' hats awry and disarranges their hair, causing them to exclaim, "Nuisance!" It catches, too, the large straw hat of a short gentleman, and with it plays a game of flying kites, bearing the short gentleman away swiftly to the other end of the steamer, where he providentially anchors himself to an automatic machine, and thus avoids being carried into mid air. To the left, the sun is going down slowly, and with so much gorgeousness, that those who do not share the languid young lady's objection have to shade their eyes as they watch its gradual

TEDDINGTON LOCK.

fall. The sun endeavours to win over even the languid young lady to the general body of its admirers, and sends, when it is



'TWIXT TEDDINGTON AND RICHMOND.

low enough, a brilliant glance at her under the awning, but the languid young lady only complains bitterly to her returned and anxious companion, and, turning her back to the sun, opens a yellow parasol to shield her from its warm attentions. A grimy-faced man looks out of the aperture over the engine-room. The passengers look at him wonderingly.

"Like to have as many sov'reigns——"

"Beg pawdon, mem?"

"I say," repeats a genial old lady to the grimy-faced man, "I say, I shouldn't mind having as many sov'reigns as times you've been up and down this river."

"Well," remarks the grimy-faced man, "it's like this. I——"

"You must get very tired of it," remarks the old lady's sister. "The meenotony, I mean."

"And the smell of the engines."

"And the feeling that so many lives depend upon you."

"And the going on all through the summer——"

"Morning, noon and night."

"Day after day, week after week."

"Year after year." The old ladies seem to enjoy their duet of sympathy very much.

"Growing old in the service of the company that you've served so faithful."

"And I only hope," says the first lady, "that they superannuate you and provide for your children. When a man's spent all the best years of his life slaving away like a nigger——"

"Look 'ere!" interrupts the grimy man uneasily. "Who are you calling names?"

"Of course the work naturally makes you rather black in the face, because you can't be always washing—can you, now? Trying work it must be at the best of times; and I don't wonder you can't keep yourself so neat and tidy as you might wish."

"If I was the company," chimes in the other lady in her turn, "I should feel that the least I could do with an old servant like you, that's been with 'em no doubt for the best part of a lifetime, was to see that your family didn't have to bear the expense of putting you away when——"

"I say," says the grimy-faced man, protesting, "give us a chawnce. You're reckoning me up at a fine old rate, you are. Why, I ain't been in this service not five minutes! This is my first trip."

AFTERNOON TEA ON EEL-PIE ISLAND.

"Then I *do* think," remarks the elder lady with dignity, "you might have mentioned it at first, my good man."

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"Lot o' chance to mention anything," grumbles the grimy-faced man, preparing to swing down to the engine-room, "when the fair sect begins to cackle."

LOOKING TOWARDS RICHMOND.

Richmond Park away to the right; the Terrace, high and stately; Kew Gardens not far off. Information to this effect being given by the crew of the *Queen Elizabeth*, the passengers throw off some of the reserve that has hitherto possessed them, and confidence arrives with the sense of being nearer to home. Singing comes from the fore-part of the steamer, and here, under the awning, a few shy tentative efforts are made in the same direction, but stolid middle-aged couples stare at the shy singers with so much of reproof, that the singers cough slightly and stop. Presently a lady in white gives way with correct reluctance to the persuasions of her friends, and, opening her parasol to protect her from the glare of the middle-aged couples, commences slowly and deliberately a song of sentiment. A square of cheerful youths come forward, and finding by the first verse that the song has no chorus, are for the moment disappointed; but they confer with each other, and, before the second verse is started, they have agreed upon a scheme, and it is speedily apparent that they have decided, by the substitution of a swift bass line, to give to the lady in white's decorous soprano song a rollicking and a nautical air.

Dear 'eart, I cannot say farewell!
(Cheerily, me lads, yo-ho!)
Thou'rt more to me than words can tell!
(Cheerily, me lads, yo-ho!)
I weep for thee by night by day;
The world is nort when thou'rt away:
Dear love, your Clara bids you stay.
(Cheerily, me lads, yo-ho!)

It is an ingenious thought of the square of

RICHMOND IN THE DISTANCE.
(*The "Cardinal Wolsey" steamboat en route.*)

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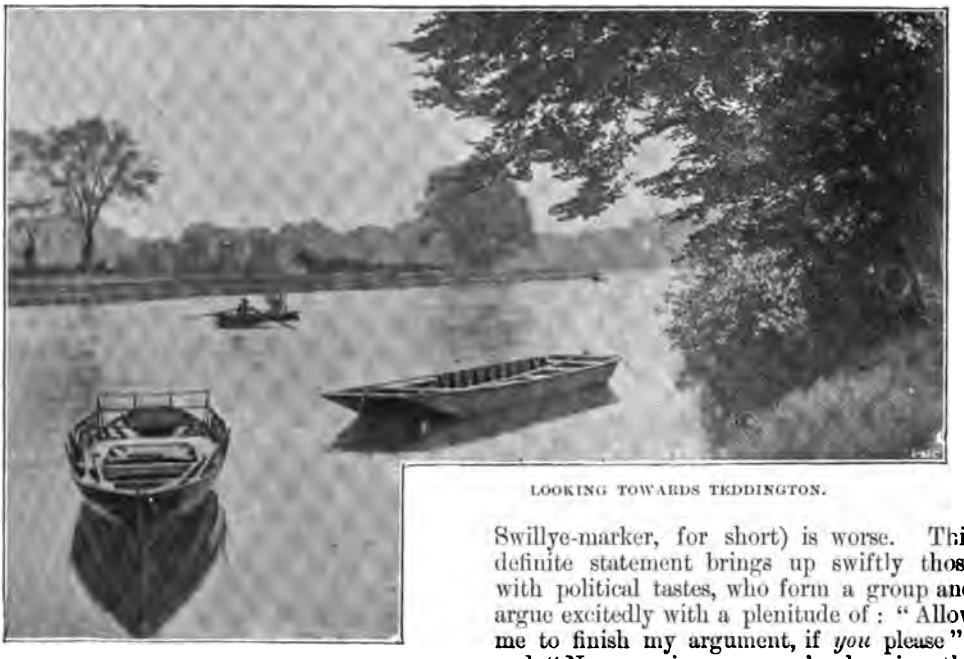

LOOKING TOWARDS TEDDINGTON.

joyous youths, well conceived and dexterously worked out, but when the lady in white is made aware of the existence of the chorus she stops instantly, and, shivering with annoyance, declares that she will not sing another verse for fifty thousand pounds. As there is no prospect of collecting even this amount, the lady in white reverses her parasol, and, declining to be comforted by her friends, remains behind it in ambush and refuses steadfastly to re-enter public life. A man, who brings with him the scent of the refreshment saloon, blunders through the people and offers to dance, and, as everybody shouts "No," does dance, but is presently snatched at by his wife and shaken. "Making a laughing-stock of yourself at your age!" says the wife bitterly. "Why don't you be'ave? More trouble than 'alf a dozen children, you are." Thus admonished, the bemused man stumbles on, and when the yellow funnel of the *Queen Elizabeth* has bowed for the third time to the Richmond bridges, forms a debating society near the same funnel by advancing the proposition that Salisbury's no good, and that Sir William Harcourt (whom he calls Swillye-marker, for short) is worse. This definite statement brings up swiftly those with political tastes, who form a group and argue excitedly with a plenitude of: "Allow me to finish my argument, if *you* please"; and "No, no, sir—*now* you're begging the question"; and, "Anybody but a bigoted fool would say the same as I do!" and one old fragment of Park oratory that it is always pleasant to meet: "I advise you, my good friend, to go 'ome and study John Stuart Mill."

The steamer hurries along by the side of Kew Gardens. Landsmen going our way shout badinage, which is replied to by the alert square of cheerful youths, who volun-

A CORNER NEAR MESSUM'S.

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teer for our defence, and do the work, considering all things, well; showing great adroitness in selecting from the remarks bawled from the riverside and from the rocking small boats only those which can be effectively answered, and ignoring those which present difficulties.

"Why don't you punt a bit, you there on the steamer, or else get out and push?"

"Steamer'll be all right," shout our defenders, "if you turn your face away. Sight of it interferes with the machinery!"

bridge more awake than ever. Lights appear in the saloon below, and faces on deck are indistinct excepting when a match is struck and features are for the moment illumined; the river is dark, and surges away thickly and mistily to the banks as the *Queen Elizabeth* cleaves it. A grey sky in front now, with clouds of a darker grey; a star looks through a slit in the clouds to see if there are any other stars out belonging to its set. The band is playing some lazy old Austrian waltz that comes to us only in intermittent

RICHMOND BRIDGE.

"You'll look well when you get 'ome, you will!"

"*You* won't!"

"Wouldn't be in *your* shoes for something, old man!"

"How could you, when you take 'levens?"

"That face of yours makes us tired. Pawn it 'fore you come down again!"

"Likely thing. You'd buy the ticket like a shot!"

Kew Bridge. A few of the passengers asleep; as compensation, captain on the bars, because the breeze takes much of it to the bank, and to the lighted houses, and to the sleeping barges. Under the awning the deck is quiet, for everyone is tired, and when a burst of laughter comes up from the saloon below, the deck passengers say reprovingly, "Hush!" And presently a lighter glare in the sky ahead, extending over a wide space, which means that the *Queen Elizabeth* is near to London—London, that big, dear, good-tempered town, which so many of us love as though in very deed it were our mother!

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A PEEP AT ALBANY, WEST AUSTRALIA.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

ALBANY is far from being a fair sample of Australian towns. It is known as "Sleepy Hollow," and bears out its name well, in spite of its increased importance owing to the recent mining boom in West Australia.

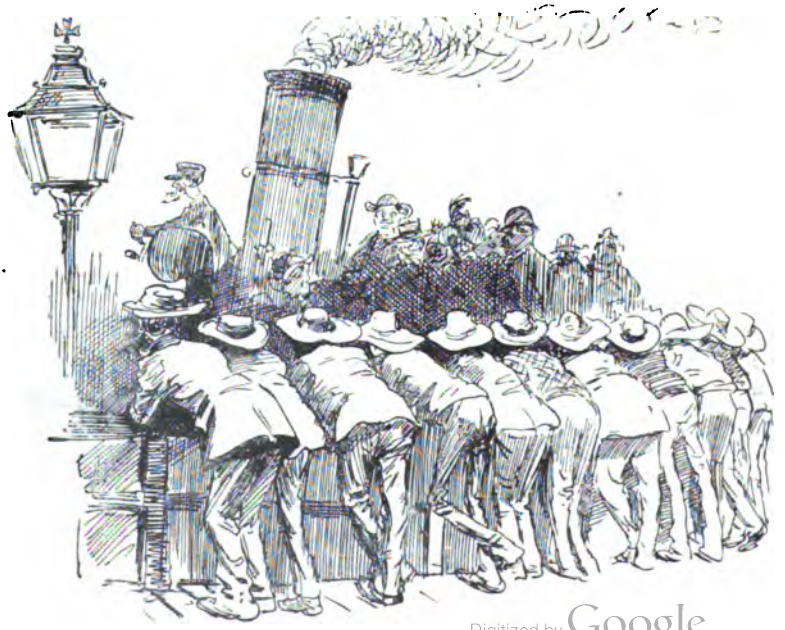
"CAB, SIR?"

I have shown the customary attitude of the Albanians, and it would appear that, presuming that there were some active members of this community once, they have flown to the goldfields, and only left behind the "dead-beats." The solitary case of activity I saw was that of a party of five boys, who had the only cab at the end of the pier, and were loudly soliciting the custom of the arriving travellers. The courage of our party did not rise to trusting our lives to a driver sub-divided into five morsels, so the vociferations of the youngsters were without reward.

A careful survey of the visible specimens of West Australian society leads one to the conclusion that Albany has given way at the knees. The lanky Cornstalk who met the tender was clearly afflicted that way. Then the Dutch-looking gentleman in the *pince-nez* had the same blemish. He was a carter, by the way—think of it, a carter wearing a *pince-nez!* The row of loafers that I sketched, watching the tender as it arrived—watching, it seemed, for the unwary "new chum"—were also gone at the knees, as must be obvious from my drawing.

Our first sight of "Sleepy Hollow" fully justified its name. On the Parade, every seat was occupied by sleepers in all stages of repose, from the deathlike slumber of the person who had evidently been making a night of it elsewhere, to the torpor of the rest-weary creature whose natural condition seemed to be an unvarying compromise betwixt waking and sleeping. Some of the weary ones had, however, sufficient energy to crawl across the Parade and watch some Indian jugglers performing outside the hotel.

The police trooper apparently shared the popular aversion to exercise, as, seated at ease on his noble charger, he chatted pleasantly with a kindred lazy citizen. Judging from



ALBANY INHABITANTS, AS SEEN FROM THE P. AND O. STEAMBOAT.

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THE CARMAN WITH THE PINCE NEZ.

the proportion of this trooper's anatomy which was utilised in feet, one would suppose that he must be of the mounted infantry order. His appearance recalled an old sketch by John Leech, in *Punch*, of "the footiest man on a horse that was ever seen."

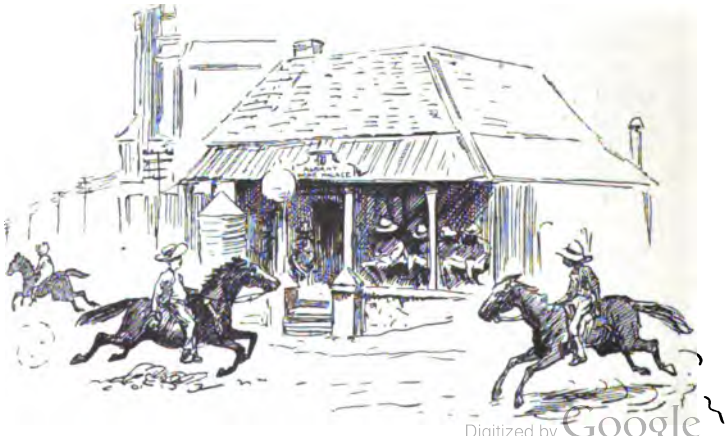
A feature of the visit to Albany is the shipping of gold for London. The gold is packed in wooden boxes and sealed, and an eagle-eyed official accompanies them and sees them securely locked in the bullion room. The mere sight of the outside of the boxes containing such precious freight produces some semblance of eager interest in the bystanders, and they crowd around to catch a glimpse as it comes along on the railway trucks. When the gold is placed on board the tender, we are allowed to go too, but not before. The look on the face of the man at the wheel denotes plainly that he has in his care a charge much more valuable than our poor lives. So stern is the glint in the eye of this son of the brine that it might well strike awe into the heart of the boldest gold-robber and forbid him from plying his trade here.

One poor mortal, who is seated gazing with hungry eyes at the gold, bears unmistakably in his countenance the crushed and beaten look of the stony-broke. I cannot help wondering whether he is one of those hopeful new arrivals, whom I sketched a few weeks ago, flying off to the goldfields. Perhaps he is one of the poor, overladen and harassed

THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOTEL.

millionaires of these parts. The dead-beat and the millionaire have, after all, much in common—particularly the millionaire.

The casual visitor quits Albany without gaining a glimpse of the glory of the Golden West. All the activity is in Perth, to which place all the intercolonial steamers go, as well as some of the vessels from other parts; and, but for the calling of the mail steamers, Albany, one would presume, would scarcely exist at all. The position is, however, one



SOME ALBANY HORSEMEN.

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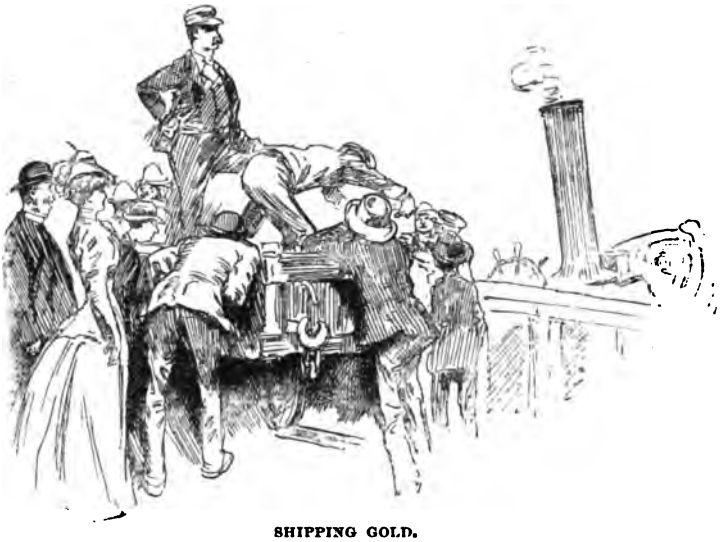
of much importance in a strategic sense, and King George's Sound is well defended.

It is well known that the Australians are very particular indeed about the quarantine laws, and great is the anxiety experienced amongst the passengers as the ship approaches St. George's Sound; for those who are desirous of landing at Albany, in order to rush off to seek their fortunes in the mines of Western Australia, are well aware that should there be the slightest symptoms of contagious disease on board, they will be doomed to a prolonged stay, possibly of several weeks' duration, on "Quarantine Island."

Except to those who are anxious to hurry to the mainland, and who consequently resent the delay, there is no very great hardship involved in this compulsory residence.

"Quarantine Island," which is in reality not an island at all, but a peninsula, is at the side of the Bay, and contains a building greatly resembling a small hospital, which is presided over by a Mr. Douglas and his wife, who ably fulfil an arduous position, for not only have they to cater for the stranded passengers, but they have to do their best to pacify and console those who chafe under the restrictions and rules which are necessarily enforced in order to make the isolation efficacious — the most stringent rule, of course, being that which prevents any of the passengers undergoing quarantine from visiting the mainland on any pretext whatever.



SHIPPING GOLD.

Provisions are brought to the "Island" daily in unstinted quantity and of excellent quality, and a safe means of communication exists in the use of the telephone, through which medium both the temporary and habitual residents can converse with their friends on the mainland without the slightest danger of spreading infection.

Students with a taste for natural history will find much to interest them on the "Island," for not only does it boast of the common or garden spider in considerable quantities, but also the tarantula, snakes, alligators, and black cockatoos—at least, so I am informed. I am also assured that, while fowls and game may be purchased daily from the mainland by those who wish to supplement the *menu* provided by the management, the true sportsman will have no difficulty in bagging a snipe for his breakfast, should he wish for a little sport in the early morning.

GAZING WITH HUNGRY EYES AT THE GOLD.

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THE MEMBER FOR DULLMINSTER.

By Spencer Leigh Hughes.

Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

THE famous by-election for the Dullminster division was over at last, and Mr. Henry Haik was standing at the bar of the House, at four o'clock on a fine summer afternoon about fifteen years ago, waiting for the Speaker to call him to the table. The election had attracted a good deal of attention throughout the country, and the electoral experts of the Press had been able to claim that their "prognostications," as they termed them, had been realised to the letter. This is not surprising, seeing that they had merely stated that if one candidate polled more votes than the other, he would be returned; whereas, if the other succeeded in bringing up the greater number of supporters on the day of the election, then the other would be the member for Dullminster. This view of the "situation," as the special correspondents of the London papers termed it, was justified by the event. Mr. Henry Haik had polled 2,307 votes, his opponent had only managed to get 1,996 supporters, and this accounted for the fact that Mr. Haik was standing, fidgeting nervously, at the bar of the House.

For the last three weeks he had lived in a whirl of noise and excitement. Every morning he had been consulting in stuffy committee rooms, listening to crazy suggestions, or calling on voters who, according to the wily election agents, "could be had." His evenings had been spent in addressing meeting after meeting, saying the same thing over and over again, until he was ashamed to hear his old arguments and his still older tales. Then had come the critical day of the poll itself, a day of driving from this place to that, of waving his hat almost continuously, until he heard with profound thankfulness the hour of eight chime out from the town hall clock in the chief town of the division. It was a small division, and the result, he knew, would be announced by about eleven o'clock the same night. He could neither eat, nor drink, nor sit still while his fate was in the balance. He paced feverishly up and down the room in which the counting went on, almost mad with anxiety, until at twenty minutes to eleven a friend came up and said, "You're all right now; it's a dead certainty." A few minutes later the result was announced. He had to face a roaring throng in front of the town hall, to propose a vote of thanks to the returning officer, to shake hands with his opponent, and to be carried, tumbled and bundled along to the local club of his party, to make yet another speech to the cheering, laughing, singing and drinking crowd.

He thought of all this as he stood there at the bar of the House, waiting for questions to be over. It seemed quite a twelvemonth, instead of only three weeks, since he had entered into the fight; and the House seemed so dull and quiet—yes, and so commonplace, now that he had reached it. There were only about two hundred members present. They strolled in and out, yawning and indifferent, pushing past him and his two supporters. He could hear men referring to himself as they passed. One member, a very great man belonging to his own party, said, evidently in reply to a question, "I suppose it's the Dullminster man; I forgot all about the election till I saw the result in the papers." And yet that right hon. gentleman had been down to the contest, and had assured the free and independent voters that "the eyes of England—aye, of Europe and of mankind—were fixed upon the men of Dullminster, and were awaiting their decision with no ordinary anxiety." Somehow or other Mr. Haik seemed to be rather disillusioned already.

Then his introducer did not reassure him. His hon. friend was rather a free and easy fellow, who had sat in the House for more than fifteen years, and regarded the whole place as a poor joke.

"Got the returning officer's writ all right, I suppose?" he said.

"Oh, yes, here it is," said Mr. Haik, who had dragged it out quite a dozen times to make sure it was there.

"That's all right," replied his friend, "'cos the Speaker will whistle you up in a minute; so pull yourself together. By the way, do you swear?"

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"No one has ever heard me do anything of the sort," replied Mr. Haik, with considerable dignity.

"No, no; I don't mean that," replied the trifler; "but are you a swearing man, or do you go in for the affirming business, don't-you-know?"

"I shall certainly take the oath in accordance with well-established precedent," said Mr. Haik, pulling himself up.

"All right, I don't mind," was the reply. "But it's just as well to make up your mind beforehand; and when the clerk holds out the book, don't try to shake hands with him, because that's not good form, and don't drop your hat, and don't put the wrong end of the quill in the ink. Hallo! here we are!"

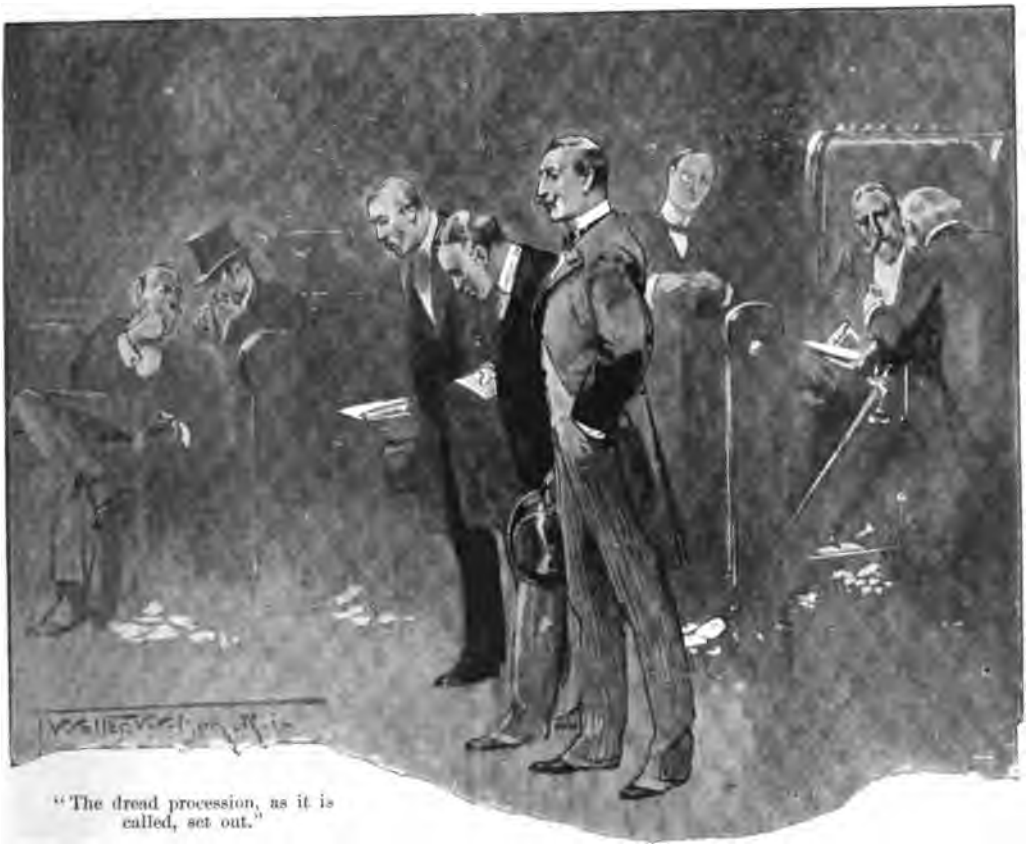
The last remark was occasioned by the solemn voice of the Speaker saying—

"Members desiring to take their seats will now come to the table."

The dread procession, as it is called, set out. As Mr. Haik walked between his two supporters, there was a roar of cheering from his party, the more hearty because he had captured a seat. He bowed when his supporters bowed, he kissed the book, signed his name, and was cheered again when shaking hands with the Speaker—and then it was all over.

He wandered somewhat aimlessly behind the Speaker's chair, and at last subsided into a back seat on his own side of the House. Members took but little notice of him, in spite of the fact that fifty newspapers that morning had explained that somehow or other he counted two on a division.

The fact is, poor Mr. Haik had begun to learn that lesson which so many other worthy gentlemen have learned—that a man may be a very great personage in his native town, and a complete nonentity in the House of Commons. Before a week was over he wished he had not been quite so emphatic in his declarations to his constituents about the questions he would force upon the attention of her Majesty's Government, recogni-



"The dread procession, as it is called, set out."

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clearly enough that he had no more chance of redeeming his pledges than of paying the National Debt.

But soon that feeling of indifference and indolence so peculiar to Westminster settled down upon him. The vast majority of members seemed to be doing nothing, and yet they, too, had made very handsome promises to their constituents. Why, then, should he trouble himself? He began to saunter about the Lobby with his hands in his pockets, he lolled on the Terrace, and he only laughed when men who cheered their leaders loudly in the House made fun of those

"'What do you think of that?'"

revered leaders in the Lobby. Nay, he even found himself sniggering in the smoke-room at his own constituents! In a word, Mr. Haik began to "play the game," as the expression is, and to regard those who talked about the desirability of an early appeal to the country as mischievous lunatics.

And so for more than two months the time slipped by pleasantly enough—but then he received a shock. One fine morning quite a dozen copies of the *Dullminster Tribune*, the journal of his opponents in the constituency, reached him from different correspondents. There was a terrific article, in all the pomp of leaded type, headed, "And where is Mr. Haik?" He recognised at a glance that this was the work of Joe Busslum, the redoubtable editor of the *Tribune*, and was a fine specimen of his strenuous style. Joe's enemies described him as a "bloodthirsty ruffian," his friends said he was a "good fighting man," and neither description was altogether incorrect. But what puzzled and appalled poor Mr. Haik was not the rhetoric of this attack, but the horrible accuracy of some of the details. There was set forth in the form of a diary exactly the amount of time he had spent in the House during the preceding fortnight. It was all there in black and white—the time he came in, how long he remained, how long he was away, every particular, down even to the fact that one afternoon he slept for half an hour. The explanation of this is simple enough. Joe Busslum in his young days had been in the Press Gallery of the House, and he still had old friends there. He asked one of these to "keep an eye on that scoundrel Haik and report progress"; and the merry journalist, who entered into the spirit of the thing, carried out his instructions with almost fiendish fidelity. The article ended in this way—

"Where is Mr. Haik? we ask again. Men of Dullminster, he was not sparing with promises when he wanted your votes; but what of his performances? He is a mere drone in the hive, and has not yet been heard in the Commons House of Parliament, unless, indeed, we take notice of his snores!"

Mr. Haik read all this over and over again, until he almost knew it off by heart, and by the time he reached the House he looked pale and anxious. He lost no time in consulting his mentor, Mr. Slade, the same free and easy member who had supported him when he took his seat. Poor Mr. Haik led his "guide, philosopher, and friend" away to a quiet corner in one of the corridors, and then, handing over a copy of the *Dullminster Tribune*, said—

"What do you think of that?"

As Mr. Slade read it, his face relaxed and he smiled broadly. At last he replied—

"What do I think of it? It's thundering well done, and it's not altogether incorrect, I suppose—eh?"

Mr. Haik replied hotly that though there might be a superficial resemblance of the truth, it was really a hateful and abominable slander from beginning to end.

"Oh, all right, don't get mad about it. I suppose you have a paper on your own side?"

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"Yes; there's the *Dullminster Patriot*," said Mr. Haik.

"Well," continued his friend, "you just send a private note to the editor of that paper, explaining that the most important work of this place is done upstairs in committees, where spies who keep diaries of their opponents' doings cannot follow them. Something of that sort ought to enable your man to make this fellow wish he hadn't spoken."

These suggestions were embodied in a private note to the editor of the *Dullminster Patriot*, and Mr. Haik added a postscript, saying, "Let them have it hot. You have a fine opportunity of giving Joe Busslum such a staggerer as to send him on the drunk for a fortnight—though, to be sure, it does not require much to do that." The *Dullminster Patriot* rose to the occasion. After beginning in a style of withering scorn about the base insinuations made against their worthy member from a quarter which need not be further particularised, it went on—

"We can understand these yelps of impotent rage. They are the outcome of the crushing defeat of last June. But, for the sake of any honest men who may have been misled by this uncalled-for attack, we may say that 'tis not the garrulous babbler, ever pining to hear his own voice, the wind-bag denounced by Carlyle of old, who does sound service to the State in Parliament. No; it is away in the quiet committee-rooms that the real work of Parliament is done; in places where the sneaking spy cannot poke his inquisitive nose. And when we are asked, 'Where is Mr. Haik?' we reply, In the committee-room at the post of duty, unostentatiously and without self-advertisement serving his country, like the true patriot that he is."

For a few days there was no reply from the enemy, and Mr. Slade chuckled more than once. "I thought that would bottle 'em up," he remarked to Mr. Haik. "I never knew that 'strong man on committee' legend to fail yet." But he was wrong this time, for the experienced journalist in the Gallery supplied Joe Busslum with the names of all the committees which had been sitting since Mr. Haik's return, the names of all the members constituting those committees, and all the witnesses; and, of course, Mr. Haik's name was not there. Joe "spread himself" in his reply. He complimented his contemporary on its erudition as evidenced in the allusion to Carlyle, and advised it when next it wished to indulge in fairy tales to address its observations to the nearest regiment of the Horse Marines. "Meanwhile," he concluded, "we ask again, 'Where is Mr. Haik?' and we pause for a reply!"

The wretched victim of this slashing attack was again in the depths of despair when he read it, and he sought out the friendly Mr. Slade. "Look at this," he said, with a groan. "What can I do? My agent writes that they're talking about a public meeting in Dullminster." Mr. Slade read the damaging reply, and then said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Well, it's evident that cock won't fight. You had better not reply. Treat it with silent contempt, you know, and begin to put a question or two down on the paper."

"But what shall I ask about?" inquired Mr. Haik, as he nervously rattled his keys in his pockets.

"It doesn't matter a straw," replied his hon. friend; "but let them be good long questions, and then when they're printed in your paper it will look as though you'd been making quite a speech. And, whatever the answer is, you must jump up and fire off a supplementary, beginning, 'Is the right hon. gentleman aware——?' and so on, and then folks will think you've been having a debate with the Front Bench. Try the Home Secretary, just to begin with."

The next day was a Saturday, and Mr. Haik spent the greater part of it thinking over his first question. At length he lighted upon some report of a poaching disturbance in his constituency, in connection with which charges were made against certain game-keepers. He, therefore, put down a question to the Home Secretary, beginning, "Has the right hon. gentleman's attention been drawn to the following facts reported in the *Dullminster Patriot?*"—then followed the greater part of the report, and Mr. Haik added the words, "And does the right hon. gentleman propose to take any action in the matter?" The question duly appeared on the paper on Tuesday, and Mr. Haik thought his chance had come at last. He was sorry, however, to notice that the name of the paper had been struck out, and the words "in the public press" substituted. However, he knew the *Dullminster Patriot* would take good care to put that right; and when his turn came he asked his question. The Home Secretary, rather a languid gentleman, raised himself about six inches from his seat and merely observed, "The answer is in the

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negative." There was some laughter, and up jumped Mr. Haik. With some heat he began, "Arising out of that reply, I should just like to tell the right hon. gentleman that I'm rather surprised to hear——"

"Order, order!" said the Speaker. "That is not a question arising out of the reply just given."

Down sat Mr. Haik, perspiring profusely. He knew he had not scored, and he felt sure that his enemies would not fail to improve the occasion. Nor did they, for the relentless Joe Busslum dwelt with almost pathetic dignity upon the disgrace which had come upon the whole constituency because of the fact that their member had so outraged the decencies of debate as to be publicly rebuked by the Speaker. "We all know the patience and courtesy of Mr. Speaker," said the *Dullminster Tribune*, "and it cannot have been a trifling offence which led him to administer so grave and so stinging a rebuke." It was all in vain that the wretched man sent down long explanations to his friends, for the poison had begun to work. His enemies were jubilant, the verdict of the indifferent was, "Haik's rather a duffer," and even his warmest supporters began to say privately that they were afraid he was not quite the man they had taken him to be. Only a week or two later it chanced that he had a question down on the paper concerning a matter in which his constituents were really interested, and he resolved to give the evil-disposed Joe Busslum no chance this time. He was a little late in entering the House that day, and his question, which was near the beginning of the paper, had been passed; but he felt that this did not matter, as the list is always gone through a second time for the sake of the late-comers. So, when his turn came again, Mr. Haik asked his question, and added the customary formula about apologising for being late—a formula heard a dozen times a day and of not the slightest significance. It happened that the answer he obtained was one of much importance, and he strolled about for the rest of the day filled with that feeling of good humour towards all the world which possesses the man who feels he has scored. More than once he chuckled as he thought how even the malevolent Busslum would at last seek in vain for some chance of attack; and his friend Slade confirmed this view by remarking, "You've got 'em on the hop this time, my boy!"

"The genial Busslum tipped his chair back as he rounded off this sentence."

His surprise and indignation were, therefore, boundless when he found in the next number of the *Dullminster Tribune* an article headed, "Dullminster's Deeper Degradation," in which the unscrupulous Busslum had utterly ignored the subject-matter of the question and answer, but, acting on a hint from the cheery journalist in the Gallery, had seized upon those few formal words of apology. The writer pointed out that, only a week or two before, their member had been rebuked by the Speaker. That was bad enough, but the unfortunate men of Dullminster were beginning to learn the truth of the Miltonic doctrine that even in the lowest deep there is a lower, for now their representative had been compelled to stand up in his place on the floor of the House of Commons and apologise for his conduct. The article concluded with these unflattering words—"We did not expect great things of Mr. Haik. We knew him to be a dull and

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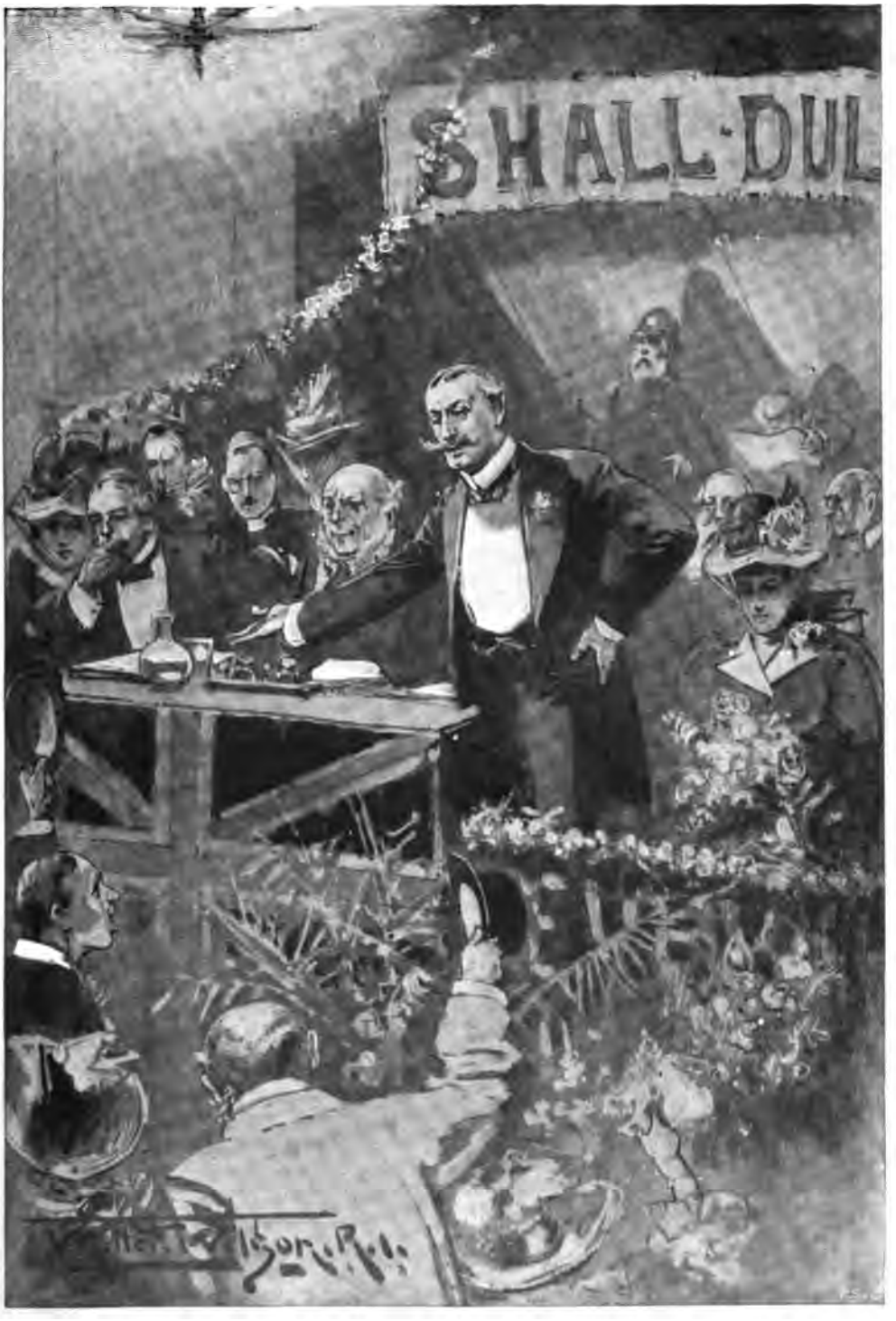

"'Who did that? My friend Haik!'"

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pompous creature, no more fitted for the floor of the Senate than for the throne of China, but we were not prepared for a deterioration so rapid, or a collapse so absolute and pitiable." The genial Busslum tipped his chair back as he rounded off this sentence, and, flinging down his pen, laughed with savage joy.

The humour of the situation was not so apparent to Mr. Haik, when, with a dejected air, he sought out his friend and counsellor, Mr. Slade. That gentleman read the article and burst into laughter.

"This fellow's a clinker," he said, "and there's only one thing you can do now."

"What's that?" asked poor Haik, with something like a groan.

"You must get him over on to your side, or he'll be too much for you."

"But how?" groaned Haik again.

"How? Why, buy him, of course," replied the easy-going Slade, who knew more of the racecourse than of journalism.

"No, no," said the member for Dullminster, shaking his head. "Joe Busslum's a hateful scoundrel, but he's not to be had that way. Why, Rothschild couldn't buy him."

The two friends stood looking at each other disconsolately for some time, until at last Slade said suddenly—

"I have it! Get up a meeting down at your place, and have me down to speak, and I'll put the whole thing right in half an hour."

"I thought you didn't go in for speaking?" said Haik in surprise.

"Never opened my mouth in this place, and don't suppose I ever shall," replied his hon. friend; "but put me on any platform you like, and if I don't make the audience give tongue in the first ten minutes, I'll eat my hat and the chairman's as well!"

* * * * *

They talk about that meeting in Dullminster to the present day. To say that it was a success would be miserably inadequate. It was an overwhelming and staggering triumph. Yet it began tamely. Half the audience had come prepared to hoot and jeer. The mayor, a dull man, presided and explained at great length the self-evident fact that he did not understand politics. Other local men fired off speeches which the audience had often heard before. But Slade saved the situation. He captured the ladies by one or two audacious compliments; he captivated the rest by some rattling tales about the inside life of Parliament, in which some very eminent men were discussed with the greatest freedom. Then he astounded and almost horrified Haik by a sudden burst of the wildest eulogy. He assured the meeting that their member was consulted by the members of both Front Benches. He ran through the achievements of the session, saying after each one, "Who did that? My friend Haik!" The meeting rose to the occasion, and as soon as Mr. Slade uttered the word "Who" they thundered back with tumultuous glee, "My friend Haik." In solemn tones the orator assured his hearers that there was only one man in the House of Commons, other than the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who knew just what would be in the forthcoming Budget, and it was—"My friend Haik," roared the frenzied crowd. Poor Haik began to feel upset, and he secretly hoped the Budget would not contain anything inimical to local industries.

When at last Mr. Haik's turn came, the men of Dullminster leaped to their feet and literally pranced about in their joy. The reporter of the *Dullminster Patriot* put it on record that the scene beggared description, while even the jaundiced representative of the *Tribune* had to own that Mr. Haik was well received. They wouldn't let him speak, which was a good thing, for he couldn't. He managed to stammer out, "My dear, good friends, I thank you from the bottom of my heart—I do, indeed," and then sat down honestly overcome, while the meeting sang and shouted itself into a delirium. A few minutes later the two members were dragged in their carriage round the town, the irrepressible Slade roaring "Tally ho" with infinite zest, and privately informing the almost fainting Haik that "it was as good as a beanfeast." Three men were run over, but, so far from being pitied, they were envied. And more significant than anything else was the fact that Mr. Joseph Busslum had to seek change of air and rest for three months. Mr. Haik has never been opposed since that day, and Slade often tells the tale to his cronies at his club, saying with a pardonable mixture of historical incident that "there was never anything like it since Alexander the Great burned his boats and crossed the Rubicon!"

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"WILLIE," said the visitor, "what is your ambition?"

"I'd like," said the boy, putting down his yellow-covered story of the plains, "to have people tremble like leaves at the mere mention of my name."

ARDENT LOVER: For you, darling, "I wad lay me doon and dee."

PRACTICAL MAIDEN: That sort of thing is quite out of date, Willie. What a girl wants nowadays is a man who is willing to get up and bustle around.

AN Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero.

"Oh, that ain't nothin'!" retorted the Yankee. "In the museum in Bosting they've got the very same lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals with as they went into the Ark!"

THERE was a certain beggar who presented himself regularly at a coffee-house, with a clarionet under his arm. "Will you allow me, gentlemen," said he, in a humble tone of voice, "to play a tune? I am only an amateur, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, I will spare you the annoyance of listening to me."

"I TOLD you," said the teacher, apologetically, to Tommy, "that I should whip you if you didn't tell your father you had run away from school, didn't I?"

"That's all right," responded Thomas. "I didn't tell him. One of your lickins is a picnic by the side of one of dad's."

A DISAPPOINTED fish pedlar was belabouring his slow but patient horse in a street in Barnstaple, North Devon, the other day, and calling out his wares at intervals as "Herrin', herrin', fresh herrin'."

A tender-hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly from an upper window, "Have you no mercy?"

"No, mum," was the reply, "nothin' but herrin'."

LITTLE HOMER'S SLATE.

By Eugene Field.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attic, we espied
What repaid our childish quest:
'Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart,
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art.
But what meant this legend, pray—
"Homer drew this yesterday"?

Mother recollected then
What the years were fain to hide:
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died.
Forty years, so mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through those years
Grandma kept from all apart,
Hallowed by her lonely tears
And the breaking of her heart;
While each year that sped away
Seemed to her but yesterday.

So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's fingers pressed,
To a memory consecrate,
Lieth in the oaken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it years ago.

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THE DAY THAT FLO PUT UP HER HAIR.

By Maud Wintfred Spence.

SHE was leaning against the mantelpiece and poking the small fire with the point of her shoe; she stopped suddenly and gave herself a little shake. The fire was bright enough for September, although it was chilly.

She sat on the hearthrug and watched the fire for a minute or two; at last she laughed aloud and looked down at the packet of letters on her knee. It was a large, bulky packet, tied with a blue ribbon, and the letters all showed the same handwriting, clear and bold, with great black down-strokes. She pulled out one of the letters and dropped it into the fire; as the fire did not seem eager to set it ablaze, she caught up the poker and pressed it into the dull, red coals.

"'What are you up to, Flo?'"

Quick, little, yellow flames sprung up, wrapping the letter in a close embrace; it seemed to stagger beneath it, blackened all over, and crumpled to nothing, leaving unburnt only one little tell-tale corner which bore the word "darling." She looked at it, lowered her arched eyebrows, thrust another letter on top of it, and another upon that.

Then cousin Jack put his head round the door.

"Are you very busy?" he asked. "May I come in?"

She flushed red all over and jumped up from the hearth.

"Yes, come in," she said. "I'm not doing anything important."

He came across the room and stood in front of the fire.

"What are you up to, Flo?"

He looked at the burnt paper. When he saw the packet of letters in her hand he gave a low whistle.

"I say, Flo——"

"Well, Jack?"

"Nothing of importance, eh?"

"Right you are."

He whistled again.

"Gerald Armstrong would think it a matter of importance."

"I don't care what Mr. Armstrong thinks."

He looked at her hard. "That's it, is it?"

"I don't understand," she said, poking the ashes with her foot.

"No more do I," he returned. "A lovers' quarrel doesn't generally run to the burning of the letters."

"There aren't any lovers in this case, and there isn't any quarrel."

"Then what's it all about?"

"I simply don't want to have anything more to do with him. He doesn't care for me any longer, that's plain enough; and I'm tired of him."

"Then you did care for him once?"

"Look if the rain has stopped, and let me get these things burnt."

He crossed over to the window and made believe he was studying the weather; but he was watching her, watching her intently.

She took out the letters one by one; it seemed to him that she lingered over each before she dropped it into the fire.

"It takes a mighty long time to burn a bundle of letters," he said at last. "Why not shove the whole lot in at once?"

"I want to be quite sure that they are all burnt away; if there are any scraps left Jane is sure to read them."

"I trust you won't be sorry for this some day."

"How silly you are, Jack. I tell you I don't

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ever want to see him again. It doesn't appear as if he were going to give me the chance, though."

"All this because my noble lord has been absent for eight whole months."

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Jack. You know there never was anything in it. It was only what they call a flirtation."

"Ah!" He sighed this to himself and came a step or two nearer to her.

"Why, Flo! you've got it up. You've got it up at last."

She looked up quickly, her eyes bright with mischief.

"So I suppose you've only just observed it. How like a man!"

"No, but I thought something was wrong; it's been bothering me all the time."

"Oh, it's a mere detail." She threw the last letter on to the smouldering heap in the grate.

He thrust his hands into his pockets and walked slowly round her as she knelt on the hearth.

"How fearfully and wonderfully it's done!"

"What? My hair?"

"Of course. Don't you know just at this moment all the world is your hair?"

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Well, all the gold of the world, then."

She felt the poker tremble in her hand and the warm colour mount to her cheek.

"Don't be silly, Jack. Fancy you paying me compliments."

"Why not me?" There was almost a ring of passion in his voice. "Oh, Flo! Flo! you look —you look quite——" He bit his lip and stopped.

"Quite what, Jack?"

"Quite grown up."

"Oh!" The poker dropped with a rattle.

He cast a glance at the smouldering letters, shrugged his shoulders, and turned to the window; then gave a shout.

"What's the matter?" asked Flo.

"Here's Armstrong coming up the path."

"Why are you looking like that at me?"

"Oh, nothing. Aren't you sorry you burnt 'em, though?"

"How do you know he's coming to see me?"

"Oh, most likely its me he's after, or the mater," he said carelessly. "I wonder what he'll say when he sees it up—eh?"

"Will you stop your nonsense, please? Here's Jane coming."

"Mr. Armstrong's in the drawing-room, and wants to see you, sir."

"Me?" exclaimed Jack.

"'E asked if Miss Florence's cousin was still staying 'ere; and when I said 'Yes,' 'e asked to see you, sir."

"Now we shan't be long," murmured Jack to himself as he left the room.

"What do you want with cousin Jack, Mr. Gerald Armstrong?" Flo said aloud as she stole to the open door.

Jack's deep voice was breaking the silence downstairs in a way most unusual.

"It's a beastly shame," she heard him say.

She shut the door and came back to the fire.

"I mustn't listen," she whispered to herself. "Be still, you stupid little thing," for she felt her heart beating wildly.

She turned to a little mirror on the wall and strained her neck to see how her hair looked at the back.

The rain had ceased and the room was all aglow with a sudden sunbeam. Its warm light caught the waves of her hair, throwing up their rich tints, and she laughed because it looked so pretty.

"All the gold of the world," she murmured; and then, "You silly, silly child, I'm surprised at you."

She tried to read, but her thoughts kept returning to the two downstairs. She threw down the book in disgust and began to teach the black kitten how to jump, but he was lazy and sleepy and scratched her hand, so she slapped him and told him he was a naughty boy. Then the front door was slammed. She ran to the window and peeped cautiously round the curtain. Gerald Armstrong was walking down the garden path.

"Here endeth the first lesson," she said, shaking her fist at him. "And here begin——"

She stopped, for cousin Jack had entered the room, and she saw how grave was his face; and there was a look in his eyes that made her turn away her head.

"So our royal guest has departed, Jack?"

He came close up to her and looked straight down into her eyes.

"Flo," his voice was low and steady, "is it true what you said about Armstrong? Don't you care for him any longer? Forgive me for asking you this; but, you know, though you two never were engaged, we all expected it."

"Why do you ask me this, Jack?"

"I know you will think it horrid of me, but I must know the truth, the whole truth, dear. Because—because it will make all the difference in what I shall have to tell you. Oh! I don't know how to tell you, Flo. We have all been deceived in Armstrong."

"All except me," she said, looking up quickly.

"Then it was the truth?" he said, glancing at the burnt letters.

"Of course it was. I don't care that for him," and she snapped her fingers. "Only I'm mad with him for making you look so unhappy. Oh! what am I saying——?"

"He came this afternoon," Jack began abruptly and looking away from her, "to launch upon the family a piece of news about himself which I consider was decidedly startling; and yet though I was so mad about it all, I couldn't help being half sorry for the fellow. I believe he's not so bad, after all. I suppose it was more or less good of him to come and tell us himself. It must have been mighty uncomfortable for him. He looked miserable enough, too. I always thought he was very fond of you at one time, Flo, and I still think so. But then his people always expected him to make a brilliant marriage; he was so handsome, and all the rest."

"Is he married, then?" she asked.

"No; engaged."

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"To whom?"

"Miss Millington."

"Oh! I've heard of her; an heiress, isn't she?"

"I believe so.

"I thought I cared for him at one time," she said, looking down as she spoke; "but I found I was mistaken some time ago. I ought to have known that a man like that wouldn't want a girl like me; but I was so young then."

"Of course you were—almost a child. Oh! I think the fellow's a beast, and when he mentioned your name just now I got quite boiling mad."

"What did you say, Jack?"

"I tried not to let the fellow see it. I said if he thought you cared for him he was quite mistaken; you didn't care a cent for him, and you'd burnt all the letters he wrote to you long ago."

"That was good of you, Jack," she said; "but do you think it was quite the truth—about the letters, I mean?"

A mischievous smile crept over his face.

"Quite. I remember seeing the last letter turn to ashes as I left the room, and we all reckon time after our own fashion."

She was leaning against the mantelpiece smiling up at him, and he raised his arm suddenly and unloosed the knot of her hair.

"Let it be as it used to be," he said, "just for this afternoon."

"Very well." And the curling hair, glad to be freed from its bonds, fell about her shoulders.

He took one of the wayward curls in his hand and kissed it. She drew away, but he came nearer and nearer to her and put his arm round her.

"Stay with me, Flo. Don't go away."

And she stayed.

"Do you remember that summer two years ago, dear?" he said softly.

"Oh, yes, when we all stayed at the lakes together. Why, I hardly knew you at all before then; you were always so much older."

"And we used to row about a lot together, didn't we?" he said.

"And you taught me how to row."

"Do you know, Flo, those were the happiest days of my life, quite the happiest. Then Armstrong came, and I saw nothing of you."

"Jack," she said, trying to tranquilise her voice, "as I said, I had hardly seen you at all until that summer; and then, when I got to know you, I kept thinking, 'How jolly cousin Jack is!' and 'I never knew cousin Jack was so nice.' Then Mr. Armstrong came, and he made such a fuss of me; and I was proud of his attention, because I was the youngest there, and all the other girls thought him so good-looking and clever; and I was so young, Jack, and no one had ever admired me like that before. I think he must have quite turned my silly little head; but it was two whole years ago. He was always telling me how pretty I was—quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen."

"And, my word! he was right, too."

"You never said I was pretty, Jack."

"No; but I thought it all the time."

"How nice of you!"

"Yes, Flo, and I loved you then, quite from the first, before Armstrong ever saw you. There! I have kept it from you, as best I could, for two whole years; and it is just the same, just the same as at first. Flo, I love you still. I shall always love you. Oh! you don't know what it was to have to give you up to him; and yet I felt it was only natural you should love him, he was such a fascinating fellow."

"But, Jack, Jack, I never really loved him at all. I thought I did once, but it was only imagination. I was flattered by his admiration, that was all; and then I kept being disappointed in him. He was always doing and saying things I didn't like; and I kept thinking, 'Cousin Jack wouldn't have done that.'"

"You darling! So you did think of poor old me sometimes."

"Oh, Jack! it was always you; I know it was, now. That—that thing was just a cloud that came and hid the real sun from me; but now it's gone and I see clearly."

"Oh, Flo! say it again."

"Don't, Jack, you're hurting me. Yes, it was always you, you, you, and nothing else but you, from the very beginning."

"Flo! Flo! Flo!"

"Jack!"

"My love! My love! My little love!"

"You dear, silly thing."

"Promise me you won't ever burn my letters in that heartless way."

"I only have two little notes from you."

"And where are they?"

"There's a ring at the front door. You pulled my hair down, sir. Aren't you going to put it up again?"

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Phenomenon.

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Almond Blossom.

By Henry Ryland.

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PHAROS THE EGYPTIAN.

By Guy Boothby.

Illustrated by John H. Bacon.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

The Preface contains a letter from Sir W. Betford to George Trevelyan detailing the receipt, under peculiar circumstances, of a MS. and letter from their mutual friend, Cyril Forrester, a highly successful artist, and son of a famous Egyptologist. The letter closes with vague allusions to the writer's hopeless state of existence—practically a non-existence. Chapter I. records an encounter between Forrester and a most weird and hideous personage known as Pharos the Egyptian. As the story progresses, Forrester unexpectedly meets, at Lady Medenham's "at home," Pharos and his ward, Fräulein Valerie de Vocxqal, who creates unbounded enthusiasm by her superb violin playing. Forrester is introduced to her, and also to Pharos. The latter, in words of subtle meaning, tells Forrester he anticipates they will become better acquainted. Pharos next appears most mysteriously in Forrester's studio at one o'clock in the morning, his purpose being to obtain a mummy which he has heard is in Forrester's possession. The artist declining to part with it, Pharos hypnotises him and disappears, taking the coveted treasure with him. With some difficulty Forrester at length tracks him to Naples, where he meets him face to face, and though he loathes the Egyptian, some strange power compels him to cease his hostile attitude and to accept his invitation to dinner.

CHAPTER VII.

IF anyone had told me on the night that I first met Pharos at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle that within a very short space of time I should be driving from Pompeii to Naples alone with him, I believe I should have laughed that person to scorn. And what is perhaps stranger, seeing how intense my dislike for him had been less than two hours before, I was not only paying attention to what he said to me, but was actually deriving a certain measure of enjoyment from his society. In my time I have met some of the cleverest talkers in Europe, men whose conversational powers are above the average, and to whom it is rightly enough considered a privilege to listen. Pharos, however, equalled, if he did not exceed them all. His range of topics was extraordinary, and his language as easy and graceful as it was free from the commonplace. Upon every conceivable subject he had some information to impart, and in the cases of events in the world's history, he did so with the same peculiar suggestion of being able to speak from the point of an eye-witness, or, at least, as one who had lived in the same period, that I had noticed when he conducted me through the ruins of Pompeii that afternoon. The topography of the country through which we were passing he also had at his fingers' ends. About every portion of the landscape he had some remark of interest to make, and when we had exhausted Italy and proceeded to more distant countries, I found that he was equally conversant with the cities they contained. How long the drive lasted I cannot say; but never in my experience of the high road between Naples and Pompeii had it seemed so short. Reaching the Castello del Carmine we turned sharply to our right, passed up the Corso Garibaldi for some considerable distance, and eventually branched off to the left. After that, I have no further knowledge of our route. We traversed street after street, some of them so narrow that there was barely room for our carriage to pass along, until at last we reached a thoroughfare that not only contained better houses than the rest, but was considerably wider. Before a large, old-fashioned residence the horses came to a standstill; a pair of exquisitely wrought iron gates guarding a noble archway were thrown open, and through them we passed into the courtyard beyond. Beautiful as many of the courtyards are in Naples, I think this one eclipsed them all. The house surrounded it on three sides; on the fourth, and opposite that by which we had entered, was the garden, with its fountains, vista of palm trees, through which a peep of the waters of the bay could be obtained, and its luxuriant orange groves. In the soft light of evening a more charming picture could not have been desired.

The footman, having descended from the box, opened the door of the carriage, and when he had withdrawn the rug from his master's knees, assisted him to alight. I followed, and we proceeded up the steps into the house. Prepared as I was by the fact that both Lady Medenham and Sir George Legrath had informed me of Pharos's wealth, I could scarcely contain my surprise when

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the beauty of the house to which I was now introduced was revealed to me. The hall in which we stood was filled from floor to ceiling with works of art, carvings, paintings, statues, tapestry, the value of which I could the better appreciate when I was permitted an opportunity of examining them more closely.

"I make you welcome to my abode, Mr. Forrester," said Pharos, as I crossed the threshold. "You are not the first English artist who has honoured me with a visit, and I think, if you will glance round these walls, you will admit that you are in good company. See, here is a Fra Angelico, here a Botticelli, here a Perugino, to your right a Giorgione—all your fellow guests. At the foot of the stairs is a Jan Steen, half-way up a Madonna by Signorelli; the monk above is, as doubtless you can see for yourself, an Andra del Sarto, who has found many admirers. But that is not all. If you will follow me, I think I can show you something which will have an equal interest for you, though perhaps in a somewhat different way."

Feeling as if I were walking in a dream, I followed him along the hall. Presently he stopped and pointed to a large canvas.

"Do you recognise it?" he inquired.

To my surprise it was neither more nor less than one of my own earlier works which had appeared in the Academy about three years before, and represented a fantastic subject. It had been purchased by a dealer, and after it had left my possession I had lost sight of it altogether. To find it here, in the home of the man who had come to play such an extraordinary part in my life, overwhelmed me with astonishment.

"You seem surprised at seeing it," said Pharos, as we stood before it. "If you will allow me I will relate to you the circumstances under which it came into my possession, and I think you will admit that they are highly interesting. It is now two years since the event occurred of which I am going to tell you. I was then in Baden. It was the height of the season, and the city was crowded, not only with interesting foreigners —if you will permit the unintentional sarcasm —but with a large proportion of your own English aristocracy. Among the latter was a certain nobleman to whom, happily, I was able to be of considerable service. He was one of life's failures. In his earlier youth he had a literary tendency which, had the Fates been propitious, might possibly have brought him some degree of fame; his accession to the title, however, and the wealth it carried with it, completely destroyed him. When I met him in Baden he was as nearly ruined as a man of his position could be. He had with him one daughter, a paralytic, to whom he was devotedly attached. Had it not been for her I am convinced he would have given up the struggle and have done, long before, what he afterwards did. In the hope of retrieving his fortune and of distracting his mind he sought the assistance of the gaming-tables; but having neither luck nor, what is equally necessary, sufficient courage, eventually found himself face to face with ruin. It was then that I appeared upon the scene and managed to extricate him from his dilemma. As a token of his gratitude he made me a present of this picture, which up to that time had been one of his most treasured possessions."

"And the man himself—what became of him?"

Pharos smiled an evil smile.

"Well, he was always unfortunate. On the selfsame night that he made me the present to which I refer, he experienced another run of ill-luck."

"And the result?"

"Can you not guess? He returned to his lodgings to find that his daughter was dead, whereupon he wrote me a note, thanking me for the assistance I had rendered him, and blew his brains out at the back of the Kursaal."

On hearing this I recoiled a step from the picture. While it flattered my vanity to hear that the wretched man who had lost fame, fortune, and everything else, should still have retained my work, I could not repress a feeling of horror at the thought that in so doing he had been bringing me, unconsciously, it is true, into connection with the very man who I had not the least doubt had brought about his ruin. As may be supposed, however, I said nothing to Pharos on this score. For the time being we were flying a flag of truce, and having had one exhibition of his powers, I had no desire to experience a second. Whether he read what was passing in my mind or not I cannot say. At any rate, he changed the subject abruptly and led me away from my own work to another at the further end of the hall. From this we passed into an anteroom, which, like the hall, was hung with pictures. It was a magnificent apartment in every way, but, as I soon discovered, was eclipsed by the larger room into which it opened. The latter could not have been less than eighty feet long by

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"The violinist, unable to control herself any longer, fled from the room."

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forty wide. The walls were decorated with exquisite pictures, and, if such a thing were possible, with still more exquisite china. All the appointments were in keeping. At the further end was a grand piano, and seated near this, slowly fanning herself with a large ostrich-feather fan, was the woman I had seen first at the Academy, then at Medenham House, and earlier that very day in the Piazza S. Ferdinando. Upon our entrance she rose, and once more I thought I observed a frightened look in her face. In a second, however, it had passed and she had once more recovered her equanimity.

"Valerie," said Monsieur Pharos, "I have been fortunate enough to meet Mr. Forrester, who arrived in Naples last night, and to induce him to dine with us this evening."

While he was speaking I had been watching the face of the beautiful woman whose affecting story Lady Medenham had told me, and had noticed how white it had suddenly become. The reason of this I have since discovered, but I know that at the time it puzzled me more than a little.

"I bid you welcome, sir," she said, in excellent English, but with no great degree of cordiality.

I made some suitable reply, and then Pharos departed from the room, leaving us together. My companion once more seated herself, and, making an effort, began a conversation that was doubtless of a very polite, but to me entirely unsatisfactory, nature. Presently she rose from her chair and went to the window, where she stood for some moments looking out into the fast darkening street. Then she turned to me, as she did so making a little gesture with her hands that was more expressive than any words.

"Mr. Forrester," she said, speaking rapidly in a low voice, but with great earnestness, "have you taken leave of your senses that you come here? Are you tired of your life that you thrust your head into the lion's den in this foolish fashion?"

Her words were so startling and her agitation so genuine that I could make neither head nor tail of it. I accordingly hastened to ask for an explanation.

"I can tell you nothing," she said, "except that this place is fatal to you. Oh, if I could only make you understand how fatal!"

Her beauty and the agitation under which she was labouring exercised a most powerful effect upon me, which was increased rather than diminished when I reflected that it was being exerted on my behalf.

"I scarcely understand you," I stammered, for I was quite carried away by her vehemence. "From what you say I gather that you believe me to be in a position of some danger, but I assure you such is not the case. I met Monsieur Pharos at Pompeii this afternoon and he was kind enough to ask me to dine with him this evening. Surely there can be nothing dangerous in that. If, however, my presence is in any way distasteful to you, I can easily make an excuse and take my departure."

"You know it is not that," she answered quickly and with a little stamp of her foot. "It is for your own sake I am imploring you to go. If you knew as much of this house as I do you would not remain in it another minute."

"My dear madam," I said, "if you would only be more explicit I should be the better able to understand you."

"I cannot be more explicit," she answered; "such a thing is out of my power. But remember, if anything happens, I have warned you and your fate will be upon your own head."

"But——" I cried, half rising from my seat.

"Hush!" she answered. "There is not time for more. He is coming."

A moment later Pharos entered the room. He had discarded his heavy fur coat and was now dressed as I had seen him at Medenham House—that is to say, he wore a tight-fitting black velvet coat buttoned high up round his throat and a skull cap of the same material. He had scarcely entered the room before dinner was announced.

"If you will take my ward," he said, "I will follow you."

I did as directed, and never while I live shall I forget the thrill that passed through me as I felt the pressure of her tiny hand upon my arm. Lovely as I had always thought her, I had never seen her look more beautiful than on this particular evening. As I watched her proud and graceful carriage, I could well believe, as Lady Medenham had said, that she traced her descent from one of the oldest families in Europe. There was something about her that I could not understand, though I tried repeatedly to analyse it—a vague, indescribable charm that made her different to all other women I had ever met.

The room in which we dined was a more sombre apartment than the others I had seen. The walls were hung with heavy tapestries, unrelieved by light or brilliant

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colour. The servants also struck me as remarkable. They were tall, elderly, dark-skinned, and, if the truth must be told, of somewhat saturnine appearance, and if I had been asked, I should have given my vote against their being Italians. They did their duty noiselessly and well, but their presence grated upon me, very much as Pharos's had done on the first three occasions that I had met him. Among other things, one singular circumstance arrested my attention. While the dinner was in every respect admirable, and would not have discredited the Maison Dorée, or the Café de la Paix, Pharos did not partake of it. At the commencement of the meal a dish of fruit and a plate of small flat cakes were placed before him. He touched nothing else, save, when we had finished, to fill a wineglass with water and to pour into it a spoonful of some white powder which he took from a small silver box standing before him. This he tossed off at one draught.

"You are evidently surprised," he said, turning towards me, "at the frugality of my fare, but I can assure you that in my case eating has been reduced almost to a vanishing point. Save a little fruit in the morning, and a glass of water in which I dissolve one of these powders, and a meal similar to that you now see me making in the evening, I take nothing else, and yet I am stronger than many men of half my age. If the matter interests you I will some day give you proof of that."

To this speech I made some reply and then glanced at the Fräulein Valerie. Her face was still deathly pale, and I could see, by the way her hands trembled above her plate, that the old fellow's words had in some manner been the cause of it. Had I known as much then as I do now I should no doubt have trembled myself. For the moment, however, I thought she must be ill, and should have said as much had my eyes not met hers and found them imploring me to take no notice of her agitation. I accordingly addressed myself to Pharos on the subject of the journey from Paris to Naples, and thus permitted her time to recover her self-possession. The meal at an end she rose and left the room, not, however, before she had thrown another look of entreaty at me, which, as I read it, seemed to say, "For pity's sake remember where you are and be careful what you say or do."

The door had scarcely closed behind her before another on the other side of the room opened, and a servant entered, carrying in his arms a monkey wrapped in a small rug, from which its evil-looking little face peered out at me as if it were wondering at my presence there. Pharos noticed my surprise.

"Let me make you acquainted with my second self," he said, and then, turning to the monkey, continued, "Pehtes, make your salutation."

The monkey, however, finding itself in its master's arms, snuggled down and paid no more attention to me, whereupon Pharos pushed the decanters, which the servant had placed before him, towards me and invited me to fill my glass.

I thanked him, but declined.

"If you will permit me to say so, I think you are foolish," he answered. "I have often been complimented on that wine, particularly by your countrymen."

"To have wasted a puff would have been a sacrilege."

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I wondered who the countrymen were who had sat at this table, and what the reason could have been that had induced them to accept his hospitality. Could Legrath have been among the number, and, if so, what was the terrible connection between them? For terrible I knew it must have been, otherwise it would scarcely have made Sir George, usually the most self-contained of men, betray such agitation when I inquired if he were acquainted with the name of Pharos.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind I stole a glance at the old fellow as he sat at the head of the table, propped up with cushions, and with the monkey's evil countenance peeping out from its hiding place under the other's coat. He was evidently in an expansive mood and as anxious as possible to make himself agreeable. The first horror of his presence had by this time left me, and, as I said at the commencement of this chapter, its place had been taken by a peculiar interest for which I found it well nigh impossible to account.

"If you will not take any wine, perhaps you will let me offer you a cigarette," he said, after I had declined his previous invitation. "I am not a smoker myself, but those who do enjoy the fragrant weed tell me the brand is excellent. It is grown on one of my own estates in Turkey, and can be obtained nowhere else in the world."

So saying, he produced a small silver case from his pocket and handed it to me. I took one of the cigarettes it contained, lit it, and for the next two or three minutes sat back in my chair silently smoking. The tobacco was excellent. To have wasted a puff of that precious smoke in conversation would have been a sacrilege that I was determined not to commit. Having finished one, I was easily persuaded to take another, and was compelled to declare the flavour to be even better than the first.

"I am delighted to see that you enjoy them," said Pharos.

"I have never smoked any tobacco like it," I replied. "It seems hard that you should not enjoy it yourself."

"I could not enjoy it in a happier way," he answered, "than through my friends. I am amply compensated when I see the pleasure it gives them."

After this philanthropic contribution to the conversation of the evening we were both silent again for some moments. My cigarette was half-finished, but the case, still nearly full, lay upon the table for me to help myself when I felt inclined. Little by little the subtle intoxication of the weed was permeating my whole being; a gentle languor was stealing over me, and as a result my brain had never before seemed so bright or my capacity of enjoyment so keen as it did then.

"If you will not take wine we might adjourn to the drawing-room," said Pharos at last. "It is possible we may be able to induce my ward to give us some music, and, as she is partial to the aroma of these cigarettes, I think I may assure you beforehand that she will give you permission, willingly, to smoke in her presence."

Accordingly we sought the drawing-room, the same in which the beautiful Hungarian had uttered her curious warning to me earlier in the evening. She was seated in the same chair as she had then occupied, and on entering, Pharos, still carrying the monkey in his arms, crossed and patted her hand in a grandfatherly fashion. Kindly, however, as the action appeared to be, I noticed that she trembled beneath it.

"I have assured Mr. Forrester, my dear Valerie," he said, "that the odour of tobacco is not distasteful to you and that you will permit him to smoke a cigarette in your presence. Was I not right?"

"Of course I will give permission," she answered, but never had I heard her voice so cold and monotonous. It was as if she were repeating something under compulsion. At any other time I should have declined to avail myself of what I could not help thinking was permission grudgingly given; but since Pharos insisted, and the Fräulein begged me to do so, I at length consented and made a further raid upon the case. As soon as he had seen the cigarette lighted and myself comfortably seated, Pharos installed himself in an armchair, while his ward wrapped the inevitable rug about his knees. Having done this she took her violin from its case, and, when she had tuned it, took up her position and commenced to play. I had still the same feeling, however, that she was doing it under compulsion, but how that force was being exerted, and for what reason, was more than I could tell. Once more the same gentle languor I had felt at the dinner-table began to steal over me, and again my senses became abnormally acute. Under the influence of the music, new ideas, new inspirations, new dreams of colour, crowded upon me thickly and fast. In the humour in which I was then, I felt that there was nothing I could not do, no achieve-

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ment of which I was not capable. What I had done in the past was as nothing compared with what I would do in the future. With this man's help I would probe the very heart of Wisdom and make myself conversant with her secrets. Through half-closed eyes I could see the violinist standing before me, and it was as if her white hands were beckoning me along the road of Fame. I turned from her to Pharos, and found him still seated in his chair with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon me. Then the cigarette came to an end, the music ceased, and with a choking sob the violinist, unable to control herself any longer, fled from the room. I sprang to my feet and hastened to open the door for her, but was too late. She was gone.

"Mr. Forrester," said Pharos, after we had been alone together for a few moments, "I am going to make a proposition to you, which I shall be very much honoured if you can see your way to accept."

"I shall be able to tell you better when I know what it is," I answered.

"It is eminently simple," he continued. "It is neither more nor less than this. I am the possessor of a steam-yacht—a comfortable craft, my friends tell me—and in her my ward and I start to-morrow for Port Said, *en route* for Cairo."

"For Cairo?" I cried in amazement.

"For Cairo," he answered, with a smile. "And why not? Cairo is a most delightful place, and I have important business in Egypt. Perhaps you can guess what that business is."

"The mummy?" I answered at a hazard.

"Exactly," he replied, nodding his head; "the mummy. It is my intention to restore it to the tomb from which your father sto— from which—shall we say?—your father removed it."

"And your proposition?"

"Is that you accompany us. The opportunity is one you should not let slip. You will have a chance of seeing the Land of the Pharaohs under the most favourable auspices, and the hints you would derive should be invaluable to you for future work. What do you say?"

To tell the truth, I did not know what answer to give. I had all through my life had a craving to visit that mysterious country, and, as I have said elsewhere, I had quite made up my mind to do so at the end of the year. Now an opportunity was afforded me of carrying out my intentions, and in a most luxurious fashion. I remembered the extraordinary interest Pharos had lent to the ruins of Pompeii that afternoon, and I felt sure that in Egypt, since it was his native country, he would be able to do much more. But it was not the prospect of what I should learn from him, so much as the knowledge that I should be for some weeks in the company of Valerie de Vocxqal, that tempted me. The thought that I should be with her on board the yacht, and that I should be able to enjoy her society uninterruptedly in the mystic land which had played such an important part in my career, thrilled me to the centre of my being. That her life was far from being a happy one I was quite convinced, and it was just possible, if I went with them, that I might be able to discover the seat of the trouble, and, perhaps, be in a position to assist her.

"What have you to say to my plan?" inquired Pharos. "Does not the idea tempt you?"

"It tempts me exceedingly," I answered; "but the fact of the matter is, I had no intention of being absent so long from England."

"England will be still there when you get back," he continued with a laugh. "Come, let it be decided that you will join us. I think I can promise that you will enjoy the trip."

"I do not wish to appear discourteous," I said, "but would it not be better for me to take till to-morrow morning to think it over?"

"It would be the most foolish policy possible," he answered, "for in that case I feel convinced you would find some reason for not accepting my invitation, and by so doing would deprive yourself of a chance, which, as I said just now, may never come again in your life. If Valerie were here I feel sure she would add her voice to mine."

The mention of his ward's name decided me, and, with a recklessness that forces a sigh from me now, I gave my promise to accompany them.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Pharos. "I think you have decided wisely. We shall sail to-morrow evening at ten o'clock. My servants will call for your luggage and will convey it, and you, on board. You need not trouble yourself in any way."

I thanked him, and then, finding that it was close upon eleven o'clock, took leave of him. That I was disappointed in not being permitted an opportunity of saying farewell to his ward I will not deny. I feared that she was offended with me for not having taken her advice earlier in the evening.

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I did not mention the matter, however, to Pharos, but bade him good-night, and, declining his offer to send me home in his carriage, made my way into the hall and presently left the house. Having crossed the courtyard, the ancient gatekeeper passed me out through a small door beside the gates. The night was exceedingly warm, and as I stepped into the street the moon was rising above the opposite housetops. Having made inquiries from Pharos, I had no doubt of being able to make my way back to my hotel. Accordingly, as soon as I had rewarded the *concierge*, and the gate had closed behind me, I set off down the pavement at a brisk pace. I had not gone very far, however, before a door opened in a garden wall, and a black figure stole forth and addressed me by my name. It was the Fräulein Valerie.

"Mr. Forrester," she said, "I have come at great risk to meet you. You would not listen to me this evening, but I implore you to do so now. If you do not heed me and take my warning it may be too late."

The moon shone full and fair upon her face, revealing her wonderful beauty and adding an ethereal charm to it which I had never noticed it possessed before.

"Of what is it you would warn me, my dear lady?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you," she answered, "for I do not know myself. But of this I am certain, since he has interested himself in you and has declared his desire for your friendship, it cannot be for your good. You do not know him as I do. You have no idea, it is impossible you should, of what he is. For your own sake, Mr. Forrester, draw back while you have time. Have no more to do with him. Shun his society, whatever it costs you. You smile! Ah, if you only knew! I tell you this—it would be better, far better, for you to die than to fall into his power."

I was touched by the earnestness with which she spoke, but more by the sadness of her face.

"Fräulein," I said, "you speak as if you had done that yourself."

"I have," she answered. "I am in his power, and, as a result, I am lost, body and soul. It is for that reason I would save you. Take warning by what I have said and leave Naples to-night. Never mind where you go—go to Russia, to America, bury yourself in the wilds of Siberia or Kamchatka—but get beyond his reach."

"It is too late," I answered. "The die is cast, for I have promised to sail with him to Egypt to-morrow."

On hearing this she uttered a little cry and took a step away from me.

"You have promised to visit Egypt with him?" she cried, as if she could scarcely believe she heard aright. "Oh! Mr. Forrester, of what can you be thinking? I tell you it is fatal, suicidal. If you have any regard for your own safety you will get away to-night, this very moment, and never return to Naples or see him again."

In her agitation she clutched at my arm and held it tightly. I could feel that she was trembling violently. Her touch, however, instead of effecting the purpose she had in view, decided me on a contrary course.

"Fräulein," I said in a voice that at any other time I should not have recognised as my own, "you tell me that this man has you in his power. You warn me of the dangers I run by permitting myself to associate with him, and, having risked so much for me, you expect me to go away and leave you to his mercy. I fear you must have a very poor opinion of me."

"I am only trying to save you," she answered. "The first day I saw you I read disaster in your face, and from that moment I desired to prevent it."

"But if you are so unhappy, why do you not attempt to save yourself?" I asked. "Come, I will make a bargain with you. If I am to fly from this man, you must do so too. Let us set off this moment. You are beyond the walls now. Will you trust yourself to me? There is a steamer in the harbour sailing at midnight. Let us board her and sail for Genoa, thence anywhere you please. I have money, and I give you my word of honour as a gentleman that I will leave nothing undone to promote your safety and your happiness. Let us start at once, and in half an hour we shall be rid of him for ever."

As I said this I took her arm and endeavoured to lead her down the pavement, but she would not move.

"No, no," she said in a frightened whisper. "You do not know what you are asking of me. Such a thing is impossible—hopelessly impossible. However much I may desire to do so I cannot escape. I am chained to him for life by a bond that is stronger than fetters of steel. I cannot leave him. Oh, God! I cannot leave him!"

She fell back against the wall and once more covered her face with her hands, while her slender frame shook with convulsive sobs.

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"So be it, then," I said; and as I did so I took off my hat. "If you will not leave him, I swear before God I will not go alone. It is settled, and I sail with him for Egypt to-morrow."

She did not attempt to dissuade me further, but, making her way to the door in the wall through which she had entered the street, opened it and disappeared within. I heard the bolts pushed to, and then I was in the street alone.

"The die is cast," I said to myself. "Whether for good or evil, I accompany her to-morrow, and, once with her, I will not leave her until I am certain that she no longer requires my help."

Then I resumed my walk to my hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE clocks of the city had struck ten on the following evening when I left the carriage which Pharos had sent to convey me to the harbour, and, escorted by his servant—the same who had sat beside the coachman on the occasion of our drive home from Pompeii on the previous evening—made my way down the landing-stage and took my place in the boat which was waiting to carry me to the yacht.

Throughout the day I had seen nothing either of Pharos or his ward, nor had I heard anything from the former save a message to the effect that he had made arrangements for my getting on board. But if I had not seen them I had at least thought about them—so much so, indeed, that I had scarcely closed my eyes all night. And the more attention I bestowed upon them the more difficult I found it to account for the curious warning I had received from the Fräulein Valerie. What the danger was which threatened me it was beyond my power to tell. I endeavoured to puzzle it out, but in vain. Had it not been for that scene on the Embankment, and his treatment of me in my own studio, to say nothing of the suspicions I had erroneously entertained against him in respect of the murder of the curiosity dealer, in all probability I should have attributed it to a mere womanly superstition which, although it appeared genuine enough to her, had no sort of foundation in fact. Knowing, however, what I did, I could see that it behoved me, if only for the sake of my own safety, to be more than cautious, and when I boarded the yacht I did so with a full determination to keep my eyes wide open,

"She fell back against the wall."

and to be prepared for trouble whenever, or in whatever shape, it might come.

On gaining the deck I was received by an elderly individual whom I afterwards discovered to be the captain. He informed me in French that both Monsieur Pharos and the Fräulein Valerie had already arrived on board and had retired to their cabins. The former had given intructions that everything possible was to be done to promote my comfort, and, having said this, the captain surrendered me to the charge of the servant

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who had escorted me on board, and, bowing reverentially to me, made some excuse about seeing the yacht under way and went forward.

My luggage had preceded me, and, as it was now close upon eleven o'clock, I determined to turn in and, if possible, get to sleep before the vessel started.

When I woke in the morning we were at sea. Brilliant sunshine streamed in through the port-hole and danced on the white and gold panelling of the cabin. Smart seas rattled against the hull and set the little craft rolling till I began to think it was as well I was a good sailor, otherwise I should scarcely have looked forward with such interest to the breakfast I could hear being prepared in the saloon outside.

As soon as I had dressed I made my way to the deck. It was a lovely morning, a bright blue sky overhead, with a few snow-white clouds away to the south-west to afford relief and to add to the beauty of the picture. A good sea was running, and more than once I had to make a bolt for the companion-ladder in order to escape the spray which came whistling over the bulwarks.

In the daylight the yacht looked bigger than she had done on the previous night. At a rough guess she scarcely could have been less than four hundred tons. Her captain, so I afterwards discovered, was a Greek, but of what nationality her crew were composed I was permitted no opportunity of judging. One thing is very certain—they were not English, nor did their behaviour realise my notion of the typical sailor. There was none of that good-humoured chaff or horseplay which is supposed to characterise the calling. These men, for the most part, were middle-aged, taciturn and gloomy fellows, who did their work with automaton-like regularity, but without interest or apparent goodwill. The officers, with the exception of the captain, I had not yet seen.

Punctually on the stroke of eight bells a steward emerged from the companion and came aft to inform me that breakfast was served. I inquired if my host and hostess were in the saloon, but was informed that Pharos made it a rule never to rise before midday, and that on this occasion the Fräulein Valerie intended taking the meal in her own cabin and begged me to excuse her. Accordingly I sat down alone, and when I had finished returned to the deck and lit a cigar. The sea by this time had moderated somewhat and the vessel in consequence was making better progress. For upwards of half an hour I tramped the deck religiously and then returned to my favourite position aft. Leaning my elbows on the rail, I stood gazing at the curdling wake, watching the beautiful blending of white and green created by the screw.

I was still occupied in this fashion when I heard my name spoken, and, turning, found the Fräulein Valerie standing before me. She was dressed in some dark material, which not only suited her complexion, but displayed the exquisite outline of her figure to perfection.

"Good morning, Mr. Forrester," she said, holding out her white hand to me. "I must apologise to you for my rudeness in not having joined you at breakfast; but I was tired and did not feel equal to getting up so early."

There was a troubled look in her eyes which told me that while she had not forgotten our interview of two nights before, she was determined not to refer to it in any way or even to permit me to suppose that she remembered it. I accordingly resolved to follow her example, though, if the truth must be confessed, there were certain questions I was more than desirous of putting to her.

"Since you are on deck the first morning out, I presume you are fond of the sea?" I said, in a matter-of-fact voice, after we had been standing together for some moments.

"I love it," she answered fervently; "and the more so because I am a good sailor. In the old days, when my father was alive, I was never happier than when we were at sea, away from land and all its attendant troubles."

She paused and I saw her eyes fill with tears. In a few moments, however, she recovered her composure and began to talk of the various countries with which we were mutually acquainted. As it soon transpired, she had visited almost every capital in Europe since she had been with Pharos, but for what purpose I could not discover. The most eastern side of Russia and the most western counties of England were equally well known to her. In an unguarded moment I asked her which city she preferred.

"Is it possible I could have any preference?" she asked, almost reproachfully. "If you were condemned to imprisonment for life, do you think it would matter to you what colour your captors painted your cell, or of what material the wall was composed upon which you looked through your barred windows? Such is my case. My freedom

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is gone and for that reason I take no sort of interest in the places to which my gaoler leads me."

To this speech I offered no reply, nor could I see that one was needed. We were standing upon dangerous ground and I hastened to get off it as soon as possible. I fear, however, I must have gone clumsily to work, for she noticed my endeavour and smiled a little bitterly, I thought. Then, making some excuse, she left me and returned below.

It was well past midday before Pharos put in an appearance. Whether at sea or ashore he made no difference in his costume. He wore the same heavy coat and curious cap that I remembered seeing that night at Cleopatra's Needle.

"I fear, my dear Forrester," he said, "you will think me a discourteous host for not having remained on deck last night to receive you. My age, however, must be my excuse. I trust you have been made comfortable?"

"The greatest Sybarite could scarcely desire to be more comfortable," I answered. "I congratulate you upon your vessel and her appointments."

"Yes," he answered, looking along the deck, "she is a good little craft, and, as you may suppose, exceedingly useful to me at times."

As he said this a curious expression came into his face. It was as if the memory of an occasion on which this vessel had carried him beyond the reach of pursuit had suddenly occurred to him. Exquisite, however, as the pleasure it afforded him seemed to be, I cannot say that it pleased me as much. It revived unpleasant memories, and just at the time when I was beginning to forget my first distrust of him.

After a few moments' further conversation he expressed a desire to show me the vessel, an invitation which, needless to say, I accepted with alacrity. We first visited the smoking-room on deck, then the bridge, after that the engine-room, and later on the men's quarters forward. Retracing our steps aft we descended to the saloon, upon the beauty of which I warmly congratulated him.

"I am rejoiced that it meets with your approval," he said gravely. "It is usually admired. And now, having seen all this, perhaps it would interest you to inspect the quarters of the owner."

This was exactly what I desired to do, for from a man's sleeping quarters it is often possible to obtain some clue as to his real character.

Bidding me follow him, he led me along the saloon to a cabin at the further end. With the remembrance of all I had seen in the other parts of the vessel still fresh in my mind, I was prepared to find the owner's berth replete with every luxury. My surprise may therefore be imagined when I discovered a tiny cabin, scarcely half the size of that occupied by myself, not only devoid of luxury, but lacking much of what is usually considered absolutely necessary. On the starboard side was the bunk, a plain wooden affair, in which were neatly folded several pairs of coarse woollen blankets. Against the bulwark was the wash-hand-stand, and under the port a settee, covered with a fur rug, on which was curled up the monkey Pehtes. That was all. Nay, I am wrong—it was not all. For in a corner, carefully secured so that the movement of the vessel should not cause it to fall, was no less a thing than the mummy Pharos had stolen from me, and which was the first and foremost cause of my being where I was. From what he had told me of his errand I had surmised it might be on board; but I confess I scarcely expected to find it in the owner's cabin. With the sight of it the recollection of my studio rose before my eyes, and not only of the studio, but of that terrible night when the old man now standing beside me had called upon me and had used such diabolical means to obtain possession of the thing he wanted. In reality it was scarcely a week since Lady Medenham's "at home"; but the gulf that separated the man I was then from the man I was now seemed one of centuries.

Accompanied by Pharos I returned to the deck, convinced that I was as far removed from an understanding of this strange individual's character as I was when first I met him. Of the Fräulein Valerie I saw nothing until late in the afternoon. She was suffering from a severe headache, so the steward informed Pharos, and was not equal to leaving her cabin.

That this news was not palatable to my companion I gathered from the way in which his face darkened. However, he pretended to feel only solicitude for her welfare, and, having instructed the steward to convey his sympathy to her, returned to his conversation with me.

In this fashion, reading, talking, and perambulating the deck, the remainder of the day passed away, and it was not until we sat down to dinner at night that our party in the saloon was united.

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When we rose from the table my host and hostess retired to their respective cabins, while I lit a cigar and went on deck. The sun was just disappearing below the horizon and a wonderful hush had fallen upon the sea. Seeing the captain near the entrance to the smoking-room, I made my way along the deck and accosted him, inquiring what he thought of the weather.

"I scarcely know what to think of it, monsieur," he answered in French. "The glass has fallen considerably since morning. My own opinion is that it is working up for a storm."

I agreed with him, and, after a few moments' more conversation, thanked him for his courtesy and returned aft.

Reaching the skylight, I seated myself upon it. The glasses were lifted and through the open space I could see into the saloon below. As far as I could see no one was present. I was about to rise and move away when a sound came from the Fräulein Valerie's cabin that caused me to remain where I was. Someone was speaking, and that person was a woman. Knowing there was no other of her sex on board, this puzzled me more than I can say. The voice was harsh, monotonous, unmusical, and grated strangely upon the ear. There was a pause, then another, which I instantly recognised as belonging to Pharos, commenced.

I had no desire to play the eavesdropper, but for some reason which I cannot explain I could not choose but listen.

"Come," Pharos was saying in German, "thou canst not disobey me. Hold my hand so, open thine eyes, and tell me what thou seest!"

There was a pause for a space in which I could have counted fifty. Then the woman's voice answered as slowly and monotonously as before.

"I see a sandy plain, which stretches as far as the eye can reach in all directions save one. On that side it is bordered by a range of hills. I see a collection of tents, and in the one nearest me a man tossing on a bed of sickness."

"Is it he? The man thou knowest?"

There was another pause, and when she answered, the woman's voice was even harsher than before.

"It is he."

"What dost thou see now?"

"I am in the dark, and see nothing."

"Hold my hand and wait, thou wilt see more plainly anon. Now that thine eyes are accustomed to the darkness, describe to me the place in which thou standest."

There was another interval. Then she began again.

"I am in a dark and gloomy cavern. The roof is supported by heavy pillars, and they are carved in a style I have never seen before. On the ceilings and walls are paintings, and lying on a slab of stone—a dead man."

Once more there was a long silence, until I began to think that I must have missed the next question and answer, and that this extraordinary catechism had terminated. Then the voice of Pharos recommenced.

"Place thy hand in mine and look once more."

This time the answer was even more bewildering than before.

"I see death," said the voice—"death on every hand. It continues night and day, and the world is full of wailing."

"It is well, I am satisfied," said Pharos. "Now lie down and sleep. In an hour thou wilt wake and wilt remember nought of what thou hast revealed to me."

Unable to make anything of what I had heard, I rose from the place where I had been sitting and began to pace the deck. The remembrance of the conversation to which I had listened irritated me beyond measure. Had I been permitted another insight into the devilry of Pharos, or what was the meaning of it? I was still thinking of this when I heard a step behind me, and turning, found the man himself approaching me. In the dim light of the deck the appearance he presented was not prepossessing, but when he approached me I discovered he was in the best of humours—in fact, in better spirits than I had ever yet seen him.

"I have been looking for you, Mr. Forrester," he said. "It is delightful on deck, and I am in just the humour for a chat."

I felt an inclination to tell him that I was not so ready, but before I could give him an answer he had noticed my preoccupation.

"You have something on your mind," he said. "I fear you are not so pleased with my hospitality as I could wish you to be. What is amiss? Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Nothing, I thank you," I answered a little stiffly. "I have a slight headache and am not much disposed for conversation this evening."

Though the excuse I made was virtually true, I did not tell him that I had only felt

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"'I see death,' said the voice—'death on every hand.'"

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it since I had overheard his conversation a few moments before.

"You must let me cure you," he answered. "I am vain enough to flatter myself I have some knowledge of medicine."

I was beginning to wonder if there were anything of which he was ignorant. At the same time I was so suspicious of him that I had no desire to permit him to practise his arts on me. I accordingly thanked him, but declined his services on the pretext that my indisposition was too trifling to call for so much trouble.

"As you will," he answered carelessly. "If you are not anxious to be cured, you must, of course, continue to suffer."

So saying, he changed the subject, and for upwards of half an hour we wandered in the realm of art, discussing the methods of painters past and present. We were still debating when a dark figure emerged from the companion and came along the deck towards us. Seeing that it was the Fräulein Valerie, I rose from my chair.

"How hot the night is, Mr. Forrester," she said, as she came up to us. "There is thunder in the air, I am sure, and if I am not mistaken we shall have a storm before morning."

"I think it more than likely," I answered. "It is extremely oppressive below."

"It is almost unbearable," she answered, as she took the seat I offered her. "Notwithstanding that fact, I believe I must have fallen asleep in my cabin, for I cannot remember what I have been doing since dinner."

Recalling the conversation I had overheard, and which had concluded with the instruction, "In an hour thou wilt wake and wilt remember nought of what thou hast revealed to me," I glanced at Pharos; but his face told me nothing.

"I fear you are not quite yourself, my dear," said the latter in a kindly tone, as he leant towards her and placed his skinny hand upon her arm. "As you say, it must be the thundery evening. Our friend Forrester here is complaining of a headache. Though he will not let me experiment upon him, I think I shall have to see what I can do for you. I will consult my medicine chest at once."

With this he rose from his seat and, bidding us farewell, went below.

Presently the Fräulein rose and side by side we walked aft to the taffrail. Though I did my best to rouse her from the lethargy into which she had fallen, I was unsuccessful. She stood with her slender hands clasping the rail before her and her great, dark eyes staring out across the waste of water. Never had she looked more beautiful and certainly never more sad. Her unhappiness touched me to the heart, and, under the influence of my emotion, I approached a little nearer to her.

"You are unhappy," I said. "Is there no way in which I can help you?"

"Not one," she answered bitterly, still gazing steadfastly out to sea. "I am beyond the reach of help. Can you realise what it means, Mr. Forrester, to be beyond the reach of help?"

The greatest tragedienne the world has seen could not have invested those terrible words with greater or more awful meaning.

"No, no," I said; "I cannot believe that. You are overwrought to-night. You are not yourself. You say things you do not mean."

This time she turned on me almost fiercely.

"Mr. Forrester," she said, "you try to console me; but, as I am beyond the reach of help, so I am also beyond the reach of comfort. If you could have but the slightest conception of what my life is, you would not wonder that I am so wretched."

"Will you not tell me about it?" I answered. "I think you know by this time that I may be trusted." Then, sinking my voice a little, I added a sentence that I could scarcely believe I had uttered when the words had passed my lips. "Valerie, if you do not already know it, let me tell you that, although we have not known each other a fortnight, I would give my life to serve you."

"And I believe you and thank you for it from the bottom of my heart," she answered with equal earnestness; "but I can tell you nothing." Then, after an interval of silence that must have lasted for some minutes, she declared her intention of going below.

I accompanied her as far as the saloon, where she once more gave me her hand and wished me good-night. As soon as her door had closed behind her I went to my own cabin, scarcely able to realise that I had said what I had.

I do not know whether it was the heat, or whether it was the excitement under which I was labouring. At any rate, I soon discovered that I could not sleep. Valerie's beautiful, sad face haunted me continually. At last I could bear the stifling cabin no longer, so, rising from my bunk, I dressed myself and sought the coolness of the deck. Treading softly, as if I feared my footsteps

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would wake the sleeping ship, I stepped out of the companion and was about to make my way aft when something I saw before me caused me to stop. Standing on the grating which extended the whole width of the stern behind the after wheel, was a man whom I had no difficulty in recognising as Pharos. His hands were lifted above his head as if he were invoking the assistance of the Goddess of the Night. His head was thrown back, and from the place where I stood I could distinctly see the expression upon it. Anything more fiendish could scarcely be imagined. It was not the face of a human being, but that of a ghoul, so repulsive and yet so fascinating was it. Try how I would, I could not withdraw my eyes; and while I watched he spread his arms apart and cried something aloud in a language I did not recognise. For upwards of a minute he remained in this attitude, then, descending from the grating, he made his way slowly along the deck and came towards the place where I stood.

Afraid of I know not what, I shrank back into the shadow of the hatch. Had he discovered my presence, I feel convinced, in the humour in which he then was, he would have done his best to kill me. Fortunately, however, my presence was unsuspected and he went below without seeing me. Then, wiping great beads of sweat from my forehead, I stumbled to the nearest skylight, and, seating myself upon it, endeavoured to regain my composure. Once more I asked myself the question, "Who and what was this man into whose power I had fallen?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE captain was not very far out in his reckoning when he prophesied that the unusual calm of the previous evening betokened the approach of a storm. When I opened my eyes on the morning following, the yacht was being pitched up and down, and to and fro, like a cork. A gale of wind was blowing overhead, while every timber sent forth an indignant protest against the barbarity to which it was being subjected. For upwards of an hour I remained in my bunk, thinking of the singular events of the night before and telling myself that were it not for the Fräulein Valerie I could find it in my heart to wish myself out of the yacht and back in my own comfortable studio once more. By seven o'clock my curiosity was so excited as to what was doing on deck that I could no longer remain inactive. I accordingly scrambled out of bed and dressed myself, a proceeding which, owing to the movement of the vessel, was attended with no small amount of difficulty, and then, clutching at everything that would permit of a grip, I passed out of the saloon and made my way up the companion-ladder. On glancing through the port-holes there, a scene of indescribable tumult met my eye. In place of the calm and almost monotonous stretch of blue water across which we had been sailing so peacefully less than twenty-

"Anything more fiendish could scarcely be imagined."

four hours before, I now saw a wild and angry sea, upon which dark, leaden clouds looked down. The gale was from the north-east and beat upon our port quarter with relentless fury.

My horizon being limited in the companion, I turned the handle and prepared to step on to the deck outside. It was only when I had done so that I realised how strong the wind was; it caught the door and dashed it from my hand as if it had been made of paper, while the cap I had upon my head was whisked off and carried away into the swirl of grey water astern before I had

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time to clap my hand to it. Undaunted, however, by this mishap, I shut the door, and, hanging on to the hand-rail, lest I, too, should be washed overboard, made my way forward and eventually reached the ladder leading to the bridge. By the time I put my foot upon the first step I was quite exhausted and had to pause in order to recover my breath.

The captain, sea-booted and clad in sou'-

"I clung to the rails."

wester and oilskins, came forward and dragged me to a place of safety as soon as he became aware of my presence. I saw his lips move, but, what with the shrieking of the wind in the shrouds and the pounding of the seas on the deck below, what he said was quite inaudible. Once in the corner to which he led me, I clung to the rails like a drowning man and regarded the world above my canvas screen in silent consternation.

For upwards of half an hour I remained where the captain had placed me, drenched by the spray, listening to the dull thud of the seas as they broke upon the deck below, and watching, with an interest that amounted almost to a pain, the streams of water that sluiced backwards and forwards across the bridge every time she rolled. Then, summoning all my courage, for I can assure you it was needed, I staggered towards the ladder and once more prepared to make my way below. I had not reached the deck, however, and fortunately my hands had not quitted the guide rails, when a wave, larger than any I had yet seen, mounted the bulwark and dashed aboard, carrying away a boat and twisting the davits, from which it had been suspended a moment before, like pieces of bent wire. Had I descended a moment earlier, nothing could have prevented me from being washed overboard. With a feeling of devout thankfulness in my heart for my escape, I remained where I was, clinging to the ladder long after the sea had passed and disappeared through the scuppers. Then I descended and, holding on to the rails as before, eventually reached the saloon entrance in safety.

To be inside, in that still, warm atmosphere, out of the pressure of the wind, was a relief beyond all telling, though what sort of object I must have looked, with my hair blown in all directions by the wind and my clothes soaked through and through by the spray that had dashed upon me on the bridge, is more than I can say. Thinking it advisable to change as soon as possible, I made my way to my own cabin, but, before I reached it, the door of that occupied by the Fräulein Valerie opened and she came out. That something unusual was the matter I saw at a glance.

"Mr. Forrester," she said, with a scorn in her voice that cut like a knife, "come here. I have something curious to show you."

I did as she wished, and forthwith she led me to her cabin. I was not prepared, however, for what I found there. Crouching in a corner, almost beside himself with fear, and with the frightened face of the monkey Pehtes peering out from beneath his coat, was no less a person than Pharos, the man I

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had hitherto supposed insensible to such an emotion. In the presence of that death, however, which we all believed to be so imminent, he showed himself a coward past all believing. Terror incarnate stared from his eyes and rendered him unconscious of our scorn. At every roll the vessel gave he shrank further into his corner, glaring at us meanwhile with a ferocity that was not very far removed from madness.

At any other time, and in any other person, such an exhibition might have been conducive of pity; in his case, however, it only added to the loathing I already felt for him. One thing was very certain: in his present condition he was no fit companion for the woman who stood clinging to the door behind me. I accordingly determined to get him either to his own cabin or to mine without delay.

"Come, come, Monsieur Pharos," I said, "you must not give way like this. I have been on deck and I can assure you there is no immediate danger."

"Terror incarnate stared from his eyes."

As I said this I stooped and placed my hand upon his shoulder. He threw it off with a snarl and a snap of his teeth that was more like the action of a mad dog than that of a man.

"You lie, you lie!" he cried in a paroxysm of rage and fear. "I am cursed and I shall never see land again. But I will not die—I will not die. There must be some way of keeping the yacht afloat. The captain must find one. If anyone is to be saved it must be I. Do you hear what I say? It must be I."

For the abominable selfishness of this remark I could have struck him.

"Are you a man that you can talk like this in the presence of a woman?" I cried. "For shame, sir, for shame! Get up and let me conduct you to your own cabin."

With this I lifted him to his feet and, whether he liked it or not, half led and half dragged him to his own quarters. The whole affair was so detestable that my gorge rose at it, and when I left him I returned to the saloon with a greater dislike of him in my heart than I had felt before. I found the Fräulein Valerie seated at the table.

"Fräulein," I said, seating myself beside her, "I am afraid you have been needlessly alarmed. I give you my word there is no immediate danger."

"I *am* frightened," she answered. "See how my hands are trembling. But it is not death I fear."

"You fear that man," I said, nodding my head in the direction of the cabin I had just left; "but I assure you, you need not do so, for to-day, at least, he is harmless."

"Ah! you do not know him as I do," she replied. "I have seen him like this before. As soon as the storm abates he will be himself again, and then he will hate us both the more for having been witnesses of his cowardice." Then, sinking her voice a little, she added, "I often wonder, Mr. Forrester, whether he can be human. If so, he must be the only one of his kind in the world, for Nature surely could not permit two such men to live."

(*To be continued.*)

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CAMPING OUT ON THE RIVER,

AND HOW TO ENJOY IT.

By Arthur H. Shaw.

Illustrated from Photographs by W. H. Bunnett.

WITHIN the last two or three years there has been a wonderful increase in the number of camps pitched on the banks or on the islands of the ever-charming summer Thames. There is hardly a frequented reach of the river that does not boast its canvas tent tucked away amidst sheltering trees and bushes, or else standing open and defiant upon the green meadow. Upon many a familiar lock island, too, show the tiny scraps of canvas that mark the pitches of the nomadic campers on their progress up or down river.

STREET OF CAMPS AT PENTON HOOK.

To the eyes of the average Saturday or Sunday rowing party or riverside cyclist, one camp is much like another. It is a mere matter of canvas and tent-poles. Poles and canvas are elementary essentials of a camp, certainly, but beyond those details the camps are as varied as the campers themselves. I am here almost tempted to claim that the true camper, like the "pote," is born, not made. It is the man or woman—for I know no reason why the fair sex should be left out in the cold in this connection—with just a strain of the blood of the world-wanderer or gipsy in the veins, with a contempt for bricks and mortar, and a love for the open air and green country, that makes your true camper. To the camper of this calibre nothing comes amiss. He is Bohemian enough, happily, to disregard the absence of feather-bed comforts, and to convert mishaps and difficulties straightway into fun and amusement. There is no obstacle that he will not tackle, and should he fail to get over it, he will promptly turn its flank and go round it. He is as full of rough resource as a tramp or a Klondyker; in fact, he is the embodiment of self-help and smiles. The fascinations of the flowing river and the free air are to him so vivid and alluring that he wonders why all the world is not camping; but on second thoughts he is glad it is not.

All campers are not as this, however. I have known renegades and backsliders who, covering their retreat with loud expressions as to their own perfect sanity and consequent inability to perform deeds of madness, have on a wet night deserted our canvas home for the four walls of an inn or hotel, and from that safe distance have announced that business of the most urgent and pressing nature has called them from the river back to town.

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There are many sorts of camps, as I have already hinted, but for the purpose of comparison they may be divided into two kinds

A MUSICAL PARTY.

—permanent camps and moving camps. The permanent camps are put up and maintained for the season, which with hardy campers runs from Easter to the end of October. Usually these camps are within reasonable walking or cycling distance of a railway station having a more or less efficient train service to London. For a camp of this kind is used as a regular week-end resting-place, and in not a few instances is the summer residence of the camper, who has to go to town daily to bank or office, as though from a more conventional suburban home. Accordingly, the chief permanent camps are to be found in Teddington Reach, at Thames Ditton, Sunbury, Shepperton, Penton Hook, and Staines, and further afield at Bray and Shiplake.

Generally speaking, the completely-equipped permanent camp is the development of several years' work and experience. The camper early learns to condemn the second-hand army bell-tents so freely advertised. These are rarely shower-proof, are like bake-ovens in a summer day's sun, and their very shape makes their conversion into comfortable living quarters impossible. Where the bell-tent is not discarded altogether, it is used merely as a kitchen or as a store for boat gear or cycles. The pattern of tent almost everywhere adopted for permanent camps is that known to the trade as the emigrant or squatter's tent. It is made in many sizes, ranging from the big tents that measure twenty-four feet long by twelve feet wide, and stand eight feet or nine feet high at the ridge pole, with three feet six inch side walls, downwards to the common size of tent, ten feet long by eight feet wide, standing seven feet six inches high, with three feet side

MODEL KITCHEN, BUILT BY ITS OWNERS.

walls. Without exception these tents are provided with wooden floors, and all of them are covered with huge fly-sheets that extend

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fore and aft of the tents and come down well to the ground on both sides. In some camps the fly-sheets are lashed down to ground-pegs with short lines, but the neatest job is made by putting up a strong wooden railing on either side of the tent at the right distance, and lacing the sheet to it with a length of stout cord. It is advisable to have the fly-sheet come forward several feet over the front of the tent, for it then gives the occupants a large, airy porch, proof against sun and rain. In large camps, where a number of campers have united on the co-operative principle, the big tent is ordinarily set apart as the dining hall and general room, while the smaller tents are used as the sleeping apartments. Sometimes a small marquee is put up as the dining and reception room, but it is not nearly so satisfactory as a big square tent; for it is not possible to rig a fly-sheet over it, and, consequently, in the event of rain its walls and roof are saturated, while under a strong sun the interior becomes insufferably close. The emigrant tent, provided with a large green rot-proof fly-sheet, on the other hand, is always comfortable. On a howling wet night—and that is the usual allowance at Easter time—the inner tent is dry and warm, while under blazing sunshine it remains comparatively cool.

AFTERNOON TEA IN A MODEL CAMP.

Several camps I know possess all the luxury of a first-class house-boat, without the drawback of the latter's necessarily cramped quarters. Take the camp at Penton Hook, which Mr. Bunnett has so successfully photographed. Three years ago the ground was a rough, marshy, rat-infested spot. To-day, it fronts the stream with a trim green lawn that might move to envy many owners of swell riparian mansions. The main or saloon tent here is lined with fantastically coloured cloths. A fine carpet conceals the wooden floor. Brass hanging lamps swing from the decorated ridge-pole, and a pianoforte constitutes a never-failing temptation to the formation of just such a musical party as our knight of the camera has snapped at.

The sleeping tents in this camp are bedraped and becarpeted, and have cosy corners set off in fitments of polished split bamboo, the whole effect of which is to convert your common tent into an artistic and sybaritic dwelling-place.

The kitchen is a model of propriety and neatness. It looks as though it had been taken bodily from a West-end flat, but it was built in every detail on the ground. The model kitchen stands behind the line of tents. Its construction is peculiar and ingenious. Open, it presents itself as a three-sided, white-painted, wooden hut, without a door. The missing front wall is stretched flat on the ground before the kitchen. This wall is hinged at the bottom to the hut floor, and when the kitchen has to be closed is raised to the perpendicular position and secured at the top by bolts and padlocks against all possible invaders. A pretty landing-place abuts on the river, where punts, skiffs, and canoes can all moor together. A profuse display of bunting by day, and of Chinese lanterns at night, make this camp-ground attractive to all who pass in boats. It is, in fact, a glorified camp, and it is the pride of the campers there, that all the work has been done with their own hands. Their enterprise even went so far as to fit up an electric bell connection with the "man's" tent, but that is no longer used, probably for the reason that a knobbly tent-peg was found to be the man's best awakener. The omen of the gods to the builders of this pretty camp was not particularly encouraging, for on the day of their arrival at the camp-ground, in bleak February, the punt containing the six bold campers over-

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REGATTA DAY.

By Alec Ball.

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turned, and threw them all into the cold, wet river.

All campers, however, have not this—shall I say?—gilded luxury. As the young lady remarks, "It is nice," but it is not necessary. The first season I ran a fixed camp, I had a nine feet by seven feet "A" tent, which I got with the original idea that it was just the right kind to pack away in my Canadian canoe for use on flying pitches. With the addition of a wood flooring it made all the permanent camp I wanted that year. I never had a more enjoyable camping time, and we often crowded three and occasionally four fellows to sleep in it. The steep slopes of the roof made it perfectly watertight and it stood the heaviest thunderstorms without shedding a tear inside. Next door, on the same pitch, were two camp-mates with a funny-looking cut-down bell-tent, got out in the first instance for camping on cycle tours. It leaked, certainly, in a heavy shower, but that never damped the spirits of the inmates.

ENCAMPING FOR THE NIGHT ON A FLYING PITCH.

THE HOME OF THE "SHUTTLECOCK," ABBEY RIVER.

When it is stated that one was an Irishman and the other a New Yorker, that circumstance may be somewhat explained.

I mention these personal experiences to show that a good time can be had in a fixed camp of the simplest and most inexpensive description. Where a couple of companions club together, all that is needed is a good squatter's tent measuring ten feet by eight feet, with a fly-sheet of Birkmyre's cloth or Willesden canvas projecting about five feet over the tent door, and reaching well out beyond the tent sides. A wooden floor should be fitted, of course, and there you have a dry and comfortable summer home.

The initial difficulty with most would-be campers is to find a suitable ground. The lock-keepers or boat-builders in the neighbourhood selected are usually able to supply the desired information as to likely spots and the landlords thereof. It is easier, however, to get a pitch now than it was a few years ago, for many riparian landowners have woke up to the fact that there is more money in letting a half-acre as a camping-ground than there is in using it for grazing.

Where it can be managed, the camper should endeavour to be near a town for the convenience of shopping and railway, but also sufficiently distant from any road—except the river—to be sure that the camp, when

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left unoccupied, is safe from any marauders in the shape of "weary Willies." An ideal camp in this respect is the camp on the Abbey River, which I have named the "Home of the *Shuttlecock*." One of our best known lady novelists, Miss Braddon, has certainly charmed recollections of the Abbey River, for there is more than a word descriptive of its beauties and the "Hook" in "Dead Sea Fruit." The Abbey River is a stream that runs out of the "Hook" and makes its way by tortuous windings to Chertsey. Though undoubtedly Thames water, it is claimed as a private river, and few go down it but adventurous voyagers, to whom the notice, "Private River; No Boats Allowed," is always a sufficient inducement for exploration. The camp of the *Shuttlecock* is pitched on a wooded bluff at the head of the stream. The big tent is almost entirely screened by the surrounding foliage, and a stairway of roughly cut steps leads up to it from the water's edge. The camp is wholly solitary; not a house is to be seen, and the campers might with little exercise of imagination fancy themselves miles away in the backwoods. The current round the "Hook" is always swift—in winter time it is a gushing rapid—and there are many shallows, so that the adopted boat of the campers, a punting canoe, is just the type required. It is named the *Shuttlecock*, but is given more than ordinary canoe stability by the addition of side keels.

A certain amount of cooking is part of the daily routine of camp life. Fortunate is the camp that possesses a good *chef*, but constant practice makes even the tyro proficient. The majority of campers get along very well with oil cooking ranges and wickless oil stoves, but a small coal stove, set up in a little wooden shelter, is to be preferred.

Compared with the fixed camp the moving camp is a very different institution. The camper on the move has forgotten all about railways and business. He needs towns and villages only for the opportunity they afford to replenish his stock of provisions. He is the free wanderer—barring the lock dues. All his household goods are in his boat; where he stops for the night is his camp.

AN AFTERNOON "AT HOME."

To make a camp he does not even need a tent; the canoe turned over on the level bank, or a tarpaulin thrown over the sculls leaning against the hedge, will often satisfy his requirements. *Al fresco* camping of this kind is seen in all its variety at Henley during the Regatta week. There are tents—big, little, new, and old. Campers sleeping out in skiffs, punts, and canoes moored along the banks and up the backwaters. Boatmen roosting under lean-tos against the hedges, and tramps, with only a newspaper for covering, prostrate under the trees. Here is your complete object lesson on the varieties of camping. All along the river, from Lechlade down to Sunbury, are these temporary camps scattered during the

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summer months. Sometimes the camp is fixed for two or three days, but more often it is pitched in a fresh spot every night.

Under the best circumstances the wandering camper has few of the comforts of the fixed camp. Not for him are fly-sheets, wood floors, camp-beds, carpets, and coal stoves. He has to restrict himself to absolute necessaries, for his accommodation is limited, not by the size of the camp-ground, but by the capacity of his boat. The camper's usual mistake on his first trip is to take too much in the way of equipment. The consequence is the craft is so laden with cargo that there is hardly room for the passengers. On the second trip that mistake is not repeated. The camper has discovered from painful experience that every single article in his pile has to be handled several times a day. It has to be taken out of the boat at night and packed away again the following morning. The larger the collection of odds and ends, the more time there is wasted in disembarking and embarking. In short, the camper soon learns that the less he carries in the way of gear, the better for his peace of mind and pace.

A SIESTA, FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S BENEFIT.

For a party of four or five men an "A" tent, ten feet long by eight feet wide, is about the best. It is easily and quickly pitched, and packs up in small compass. A crew of four would require a double-sculling skiff, while five would want a randan. The bow and stern of the boat should afford all the room required for the camp equipment if properly stowed. Boat-tents are used by many campers. As the name indicates, the boat itself is curtained in a low tent stretched over a ridge-rope raised on two short masts. The boat-tent has the advantage that the campers can moor alongside a suitable bank without landing. There is, consequently, no danger of a sudden onslaught from gamekeepers, farm-hands, and sheep-dogs just when the camp is snug for the night. This kind of tent, however, affords very cramped accommodation, and when four men have once tried to sleep in a double-sculler in this fashion, they are heroes if they repeat the performance. For this reason — to avoid a nocturnal Chinese puzzle of mingled bodies, arms, legs, pots, pans, and spirit stoves — most experienced campers prefer to pitch their tent on the ground. Inquiries made of the lock-keepers will generally result in direction to a suitable spot for the night's pitch. In many cases a small charge — half a crown or five shillings — is made by the landowner or his servants, but often permission to camp is given free, on the understanding, of course, that the camper does not abuse the privilege.

Although the majority of campers seem wedded to the double-sculling or randan skiffs, to my mind the best boat for river work is the canoe.

The fascinations and joys of camping are endless. "In fine weather!" some scoffer remarks. "True, O philosopher! Fine weather is good for the camper, but it is the variety of our climate that provides him with a large share of his humour." Lively comrades, a hand at cards, or songs and tales, can take the edge off any wet night, and in the morning there is the rush of pure cold air and the sweet smell of the country after the rain. And then a refreshing swim, a wholesome breakfast encountered with hearty appetites, a camp quickly struck, the canoes pushed out into the shining ripples of the river, and ahead for fresh scenes and Nature's beauties new! Paddle!

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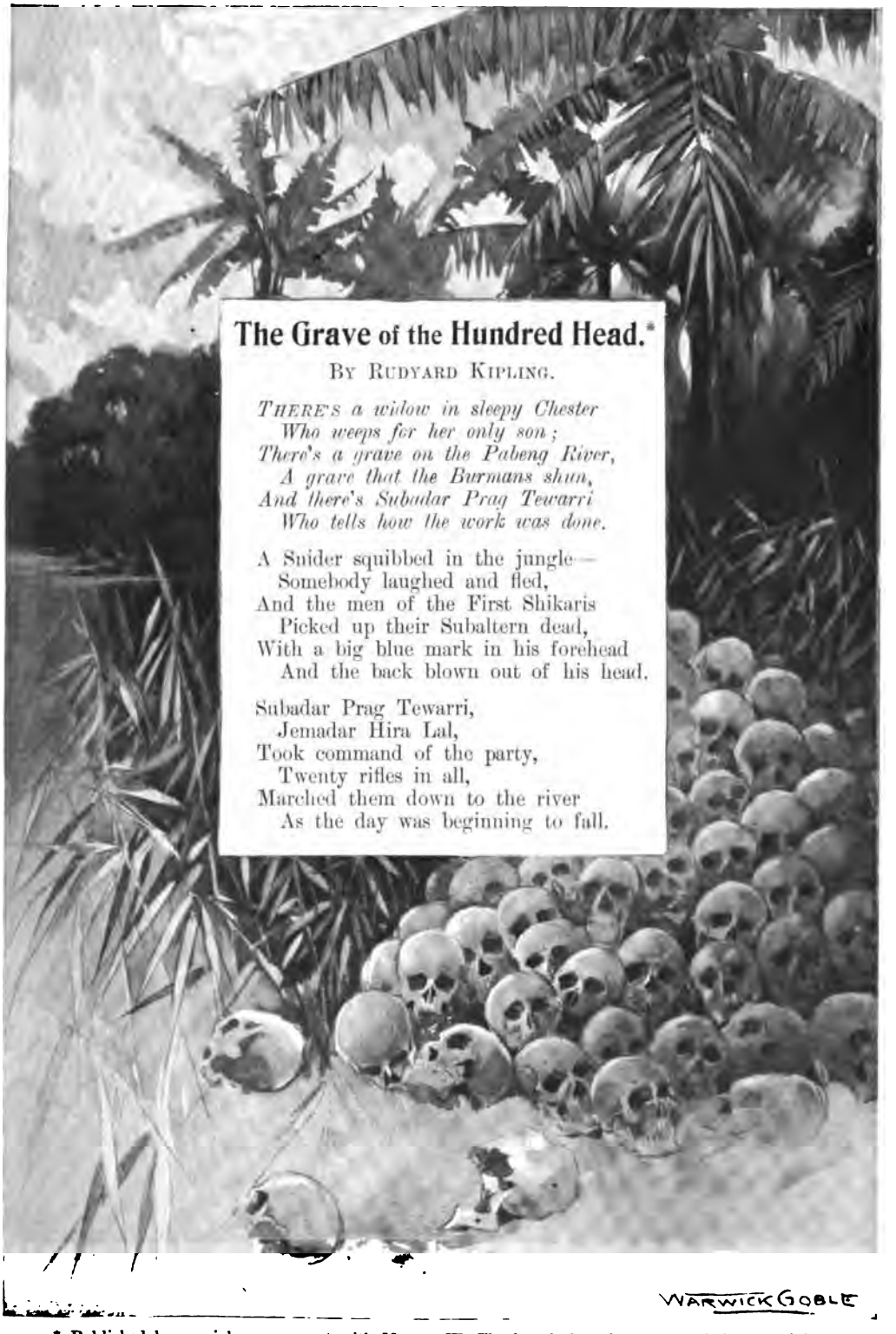

The Grave of the Hundred Head.*

By Rudyard Kipling.

There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.

A Snider squibbed in the jungle—
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Jemadar Hira Lal,
Took command of the party,
Twenty rifles in all,
Marched them down to the river
As the day was beginning to fall.

WARWICK GOBLE

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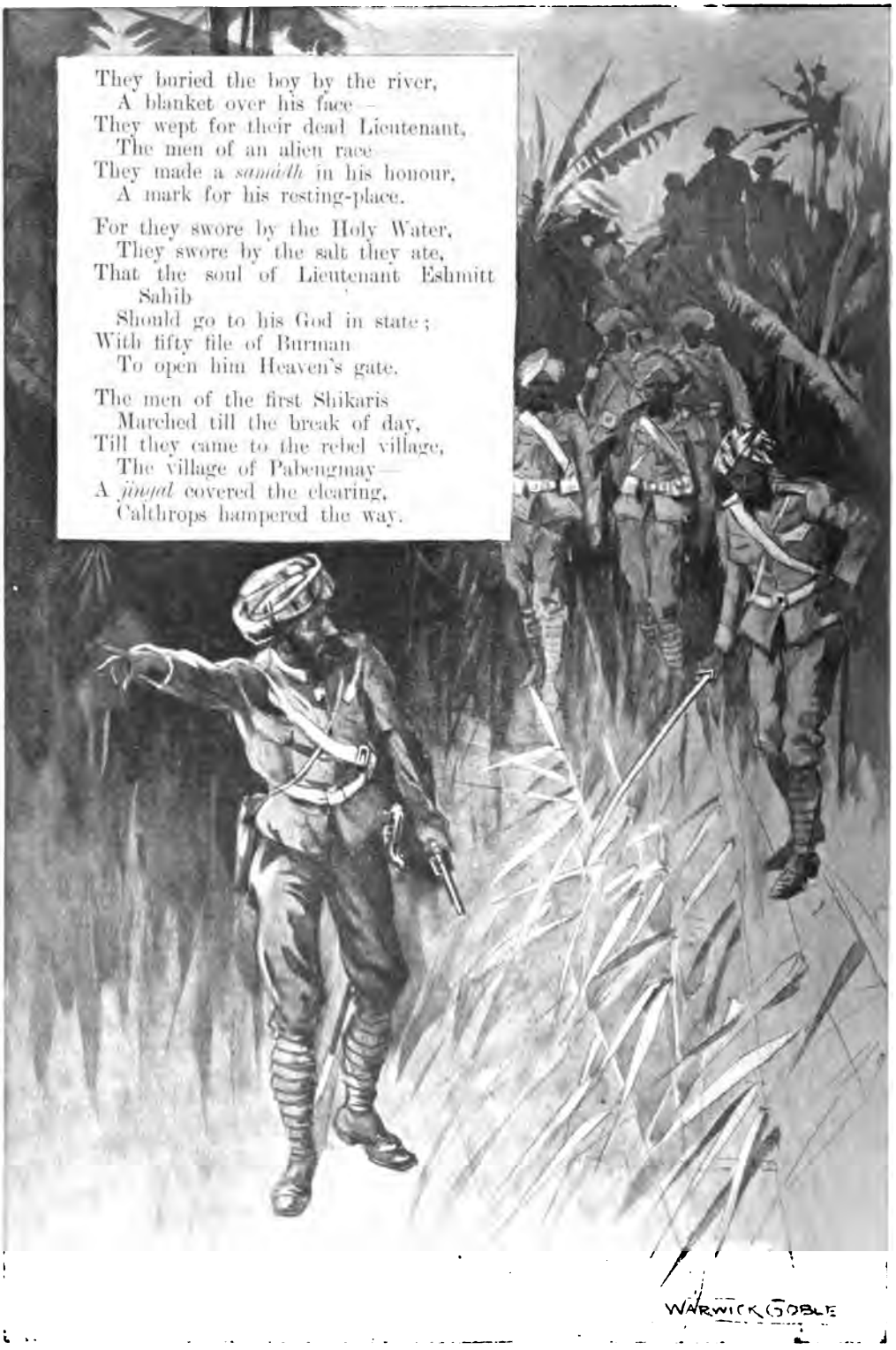

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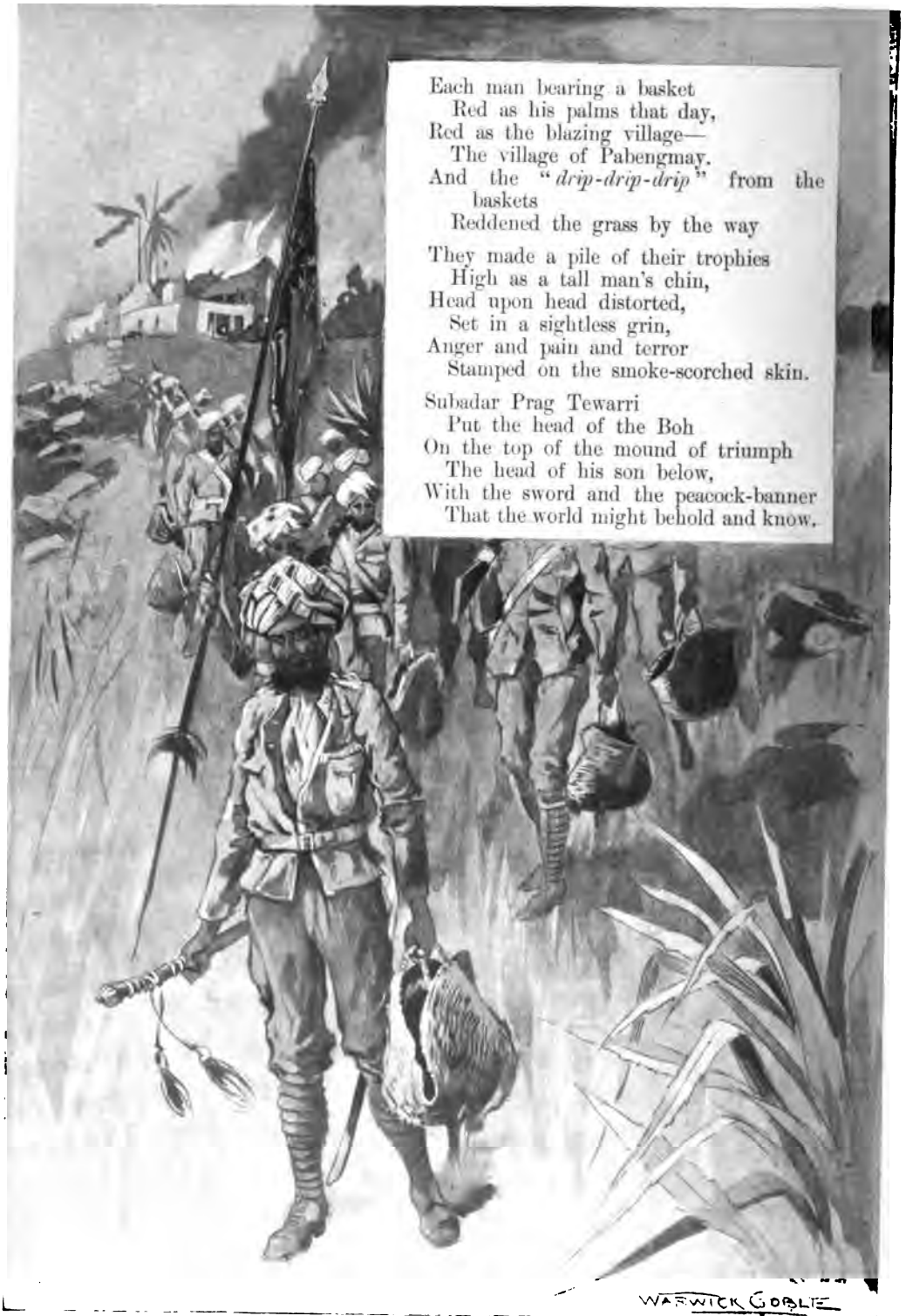

Each man bearing a basket
  Red as his palms that day,
Red as the blazing village—
  The village of Pabengmay.
And the "*drip-drip-drip*" from the baskets
  Reddened the grass by the way

They made a pile of their trophies
  High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
  Set in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
  Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri
  Put the head of the Boh
On the top of the mound of triumph
  The head of his son below,
With the sword and the peacock-banner
  That the world might behold and know.

WARWICK GOBLE

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Thus the *samádh* was perfect,
  Thus was the lesson plain
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—
  The price of a white man slain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
  Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,
  A hush fell over the shore,
And Bohs that were brave departed,
  And Sniders squibbed no more;
    For the Burmans said
    That a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.

There's a widow in sleepy Chester
  Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
  A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Pray Tewarri
  Who tells how the work was done.

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AMBER: ITS HISTORY AND MYSTERY

By James Milne.

Illustrated by W. H. Bunnett.

"HOW on earth did the fly get there?" The exclamation is so familiar that it is hardly necessary to note the reference as being to amber. We like to keep up little mysteries, to wrap ourselves in them and think hard. They are useful as a turn in conversation when the weather gets speechless.

Why the fly in the amber? Mr. John S. Weingott, of Fleet Street, in a conversation which I am to report, told me how simple was the answer. The subject of amber has its mysteries all the same, and many of these he unfolded to me with the full knowledge of an expert. His own collection of specimens is unique; and then, isn't the hobby getting to be quite extensive?

AMBER SHOWING THE ANNULAR RINGS OF THE PINE TREE.

At least one member of the Royal family—Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne—has many trophies in amber. These form another of the attractions of her home in the historic palace at Kensington. Lady Archibald Campbell, Lord Brassey, and Mr. Horniman, M.P., to go no further, have all been collectors. Apart from the hobby, as such, amber has recently been much in vogue for ornaments. That we shall discover as we proceed, with Mr. Weingott for guide, philosopher and friend.

"By all means," he said, "let us settle the fly first; let us get it out of the road. What is amber? Why, the fossilised gum of the prehistoric pine tree. You have seen, perhaps, at Bournemouth how the pine exudes its resin through the bark? Well, there were pines—who knows what species exactly?—which had a like peculiarity, at an early period in the history of the world. Insects would find themselves caught in those little blisters of gum; the fluid would engulf them as they alighted upon it. It may have been sweet and enticing—certainly sticky, or otherwise we should hardly have the fly in the amber. That pine gum was eventually, by the action of sea and earth, to be converted into the stuff with which every smoker is familiar. The gum clung to the fly all through the ages, while being evolved into amber. We have the result to-day, as long generations have had it before us. The use of amber is old—very old—for we find it mentioned in the Bible." Here is the reference of which he was thinking—Ezekiel i. verse 4: "And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire."

To proceed, Mr. Weingott sought out a little bit of amber—nothing more than the broken mouthpiece of a pipe—and to it applied a live match. The amber flickered and burned, sending up a particularly black smoke. But it was the scent of the burning with which I was to concern myself. Yes, you recalled the atmosphere of a Roman Catholic church during Mass, for, of course, amber is still a part of incense-making.

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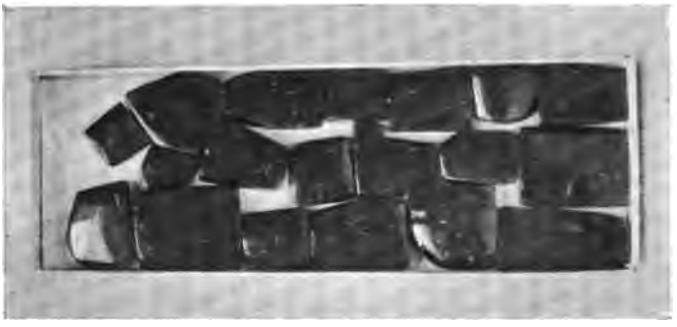
Then, a piece of amber, rubbed on the palm of one's hand for a few seconds, produced a peculiar aromatic odour—an odour which suggested a mixture of camphor and eucalyptus. This was obtained in a still stronger degree by rubbing on cloth—your coat sleeve, for example. Mr. Weingott explained that it formed a good rough test as between genuine amber and the imitation article. The latter, under the same treatment, gave forth a different odour—an odour which suggested camphor only. Imitation amber, I learned, was very injurious to smokers, for its use—and it was largely sold—brought about a painful soreness of the lips, tongue, palate, or gums. Doctors were well acquainted with the ailment, and when they suspected its presence, would at the outset ask a patient, "What sort of an amber mouthpiece has your pipe?"

Next, Mr. Weingott showed me some amber specimens notable for the flies preserved in them. In one there were three or four midges—the creatures that bite you in a country lane on a summer evening; and really they might have been still at the pastime. They seemed as natural as if they had just alighted on the back of your hand. Yet a member of the group showed signs of alarm, as if it were struggling to regain its wings before your other hand came brushing along. A microscope made out that the fellow had died in the act of kicking, and you beheld "the kick of millions of years," as Mr. Weingott expressively put it.



FOSSILISED INSECTS IN AMBER.

"It is wonderful," he continued, "that the pine gum should have captured live insects in such a beautiful manner. What I mean is, that they are preserved with such delicacy, with a lovingness which only Nature could have attained. That midge at which you were looking had enough reprieve to kick before being bottled down—he succumbed in the very act. The others alighted and were swallowed up on the instant; not a flutter, not a movement, so finely fluid was the gum." Mr. Weingott suggested to me a contrast—namely, that of making a fly prisoner on a patch of syrup. It would end an unrecognisable dot of exertions to get free—not the beautiful fly we had in the amber. Lizards, ants, moths, beetles, leaves, fragments of wood—all these have been mummified. Dr. Richard Klebs, the curator of the famous amber museum at Königsberg, has classified thousands of insects of which otherwise we should have had no direct evidence.

It is the centre of the amber industry, this town of Königsberg on the Baltic; and that brought us again to first principles. Where the Baltic now washes—so the scientific theory holds—there was once dry land covered by waving pines. There had been no sea dividing what are now the countries of Denmark and Norway, and therefore no Baltic. But look at a map of Europe, or draw yourself a rough sketch of these parts, as Mr. Weingott did, in order to illustrate events. The salt water, ever modifying the earth's surface, delved here, until it reached those pine forests. The Cattegat, the Sound—that was the line of advance; and the waters, descending upon the area beyond, made a Baltic Sea. The pines became an item of the bed of this ocean; they mated with the soil, which ate up the woody matter. But the gum of the pines proved itself superior to the forces in action, or rather, instead of decaying, it grew to something better. The ocean bed cradled the pine gum, and the ages rocked it, somewhere, as geologists think, about the tertiary epoch of the earth's formation.

"These points," Mr. Weingott went on, "take us as far as is necessary in reference to the origin of amber. You grasp the story which applies to that, and so you will be able to understand how we find the great amber beds lying in the Baltic, off the coasts of Prussia. There are none of importance on the Norwegian side, nor higher up the Baltic, where Russian interests begin. Why this?

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Why, indeed! So it is. Ask Nature why it chose the area between Dantzic and Memel for these deposits. As has been mentioned, Königsberg is the heart of the amber region, and the actual fishery is mainly carried on from two villages, Palminicken and Craxtepellen."

Here I asked for details as to the working of the industry, and Mr. Weingott was amply able to meet my curiosity. Once the Prussian Government followed the plan of granting licences, and on the strength of these a person might go amber hunting. The income so accruing to Prussia was very large, and it is perhaps even greater since the "fishery" became practically vested in one firm. It runs the whole concern, and to that end it employs about two thousand people. It has its own railway from Fischaüsen to Palminicken, a church for the workers, and, in fine, the colony is self-supporting and self-contained. No doubt the precious stuff may still be secured, to some extent, by dredging from boats. The serious effort, however, is made after the boats have discovered the spots where the amber is embedded. Divers make search until they find a blue loam, which in itself is of great value, and which is claimed as a perquisite by the Prussian Government. This loam—evidently a remnant also of the Baltic pines—points to the presence of amber in paying quantities. So a tunnel is forthwith driven from the shore, and regular mining proceeds. Again, branch tunnels go forth from the main bore, and much of this coast has a perfect network of burrows.

SOME AMBER CURIOS.

Naturally enough, I remarked on the good fortune which had given Prussia so much wealth in amber. "Yes," was Mr. Weingott's comment, "it's a pity that on the English coast we should just have enough to make us long for more. There appears to be a continual leakage of the material through the Sound and the Cattegat into the North Sea. Who can tell how long a period may be needed for the drift of a lump of amber from the Baltic, say to Lowestoft, where I bought a piece I have at this moment?" He gave it me to inspect, and it was rolled to the smooth, round shape which we associate with a pebble picked up on the beach. If it could only have told its adventures from their beginning! "We are always glad," I was told, "to secure English amber, because it is only the best sorts that survive the long heave across. In other words, most bits of amber have cracks in them, and the fewer the cracks the better they stand this journey. One of the arts of the trade—namely, the preparation of the raw material—is to know exactly how deep a crack goes. That obviously means everything, since the thing is to get a cutting which shall have no blemish. Amber is cheap enough in small fragments, as witness the brooches, made up of these, which you can buy for a shilling or eighteenpence. Oh, yes, they are genuine amber, although often folks wonder, 'How so cheap, then?' The cost arises when you want enough of the stuff to make, perhaps, a cigarette-holder. Those all-prevalent cracks must be absent."

He brought forth another chunk from his collection, and observed, "Now, you see that crack?" The stone was in two halves, and as he lifted these from each other I saw that the division had been made absolutely where the crack ended. "X-rays!" I exclaimed, but he stopped me with a "No, they are no good. Simply you get to know by instinct—I have no other explanation—where a crack ends. It's a kind of second sight, which carries all the difference between wasting a stone and making the best of it."

When you talk you digress, and when you are the historian of a talk you ought to digress, always returning in season to your subject,

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which here was the amber treasure trove cast up upon the East Coast of England.

"The odd fact," Mr. Weingott continued,

TRIPLE ROW NECKLET AND BRACELET OF OLD GREEK DESIGN.
(Faceted round beads found in Asia Minor; estimated age about 2,500 years.)

"is that the favourite coast line is comparatively short. It lies between the Wash and the Thames, or it might be more accurate to take it as from Hunstanton to Harwich. Amber has been found as far round as Dungeness, but not in any quantity. At Aldeburgh and Orford Ness a regular outlook is kept for it on the foreshores. In country houses in Norfolk and Suffolk, you will generally find an interest manifested in the subject of amber, often small collections. This must be attributable to the fact that amber has always been in evidence on these coasts.

"So much for the chief amber supply of modern times; only," said Mr. Weingott, "the ancients courted this dainty growth." He held up a necklace of amber beads, with the inquiry, "What do you think of it?" Being the complete novice, I could only answer, "It looks very beautiful." "Notice their beautiful ruby colour," he commented, telling the beads; "a colour such as is very rare in amber. Hold them against the light, thus, and they shine a maze of pretty colours. So far as I am aware, there is no other amber relic to match this. Haven't any idea what the value might be, but if you were to offer me £200 for the necklace, I should decline." In olden times amber was probably found in the isles of Greece; also there was a Sicilian amber. A native of the near East—the Greek and the Turk especially—had a real veneration for amber. A Turkish pasha would lay up treasure by purchasing it, and in this he would also be obeying an innate religious instinct. Among other items of interest I was afforded the sight of a cigar-holder measuring over nine inches in length. Ah, to be a pasha with spare hours, good cigars, and that tube of amber—only the pashas mostly smoke cigarettes. Flawless, the longest piece Mr. Weingott had come across, worth six-and-twenty golden sovereigns—there's consolation for the average smoker to put in his pipe!

"But as to the whole natural distribution of amber," Mr. Weingott returned, "let me recall that barbarous African tribes have been discovered wearing it as ornaments. Moreover, in Finland and Lapland there is a fetish as to the curative virtues of oil-amber. Rub this handful of beads, and you will derive an oily feeling from them. Exactly! The Finns and Lapps believe that oil-amber cures rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred troubles. I had a lady call and ask me for the loan of this string, because her baby was teething!" Mr. Weingott did lend it, but for himself he was sceptical as to the medical qualities. One thing, though, was beyond doubt, and that was the attractive power of amber. This had been realised by the ancient Greeks long before the principle of the magnet was thought about. Their word for amber was *elektron*, and many a Greek would have rubbed a fragment in order to behold it pick up paper.

NATURAL BLOCKS OF AMBER.
(The largest was found in a trawl net off Lowestoft.)

The Baltic, as was pointed out, is not good to Russia in this business of amber Still, Russia has some of the mineral—or vegetable-mineral, as you will—and that far

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inland. In Central Russia there is an earth-amber, and Mr. Weingott reasoned that the salt sea must have been there at a period even more remote than the tertiary epoch. He had evidence to confirm this in the fact that tiny bubbles of salt water were to be discovered on cutting open a block of earth-amber. The smell of the sea had been hermetically sealed up all these æons of years, just as the scent of pine-wood remained a permanent possession of all amber. The Russian earth-amber is of a whitish hue, and in any case would find few patrons in England. Our taste, it appears, is for clouded amber, that of France is less fixed, while Belgium, Denmark, and Holland will have a clear yellow amber. The reference here is to the smoker's armoury, and so the question naturally arose, "Why the kinship between tobacco and amber?"

From a photo by [*Window & Grove, Baker Street, W.*

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS "IMOGEN," WITH NECKLACE OF SUFFOLK COAST AMBER.

"If you think the matter out," Mr. Weingott remarked, "you will readily enough understand it. You cannot destroy amber by dissolving it, unless you resort to an exhaustive scientific process. Nor will anything sink into amber; it is absolutely non-porous. You wash out an amber mouthpiece, and all the nicotine is gone. Further, amber is one of the best non-conductors of heat. Therefore you have a pure smoke and a cool smoke—those to a degree which nothing but amber will give."

We gossipped as to the general purposes of ornament to which amber is devoted. Mr. Weingott rather took my breath away when he ejaculated, "Single eye-glasses!" The nice young gentlemen about town had opened out a fashion of the sort. Did an eye-glass of thin amber help the sight a great deal? "As much as any other eye-glass," was the cryptic reply I received. Anyhow, an amber eye-glass would be cool-wearing—*vide* smoking? Very cool-wearing! The perfect exquisite might try for a single eye-glass with a fly in the centre of it. True, the amber has to be cut so thin that the air might reach the fly. In that case the creature whisks into a fleck of dust. Yet the effort is worth making, for the eye-glass would be regal.

To the illustrations of interesting specimens of amber which I obtained direct from Mr. Weingott's valuable collection, I have since been able to add one showing the massive amber necklace worn by Miss Ellen Terry in the character of *Imogen*, in the Lyceum revival of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline." This ornament was made of amber from the Suffolk coast, by Mr. G. Norris, the well-known amber collector of Aldeburgh. The original design for the necklet was made by Mr. Alma Tadema, but, at Mr. Norris's suggestion, the square edges and flat surfaces of the ancient ornament which had inspired Mr. Tadema were discarded in favour of the rounded formation typical of the amber trophies of the East Coast.

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HOW THEY CARRIED THE BAD NEWS TO PARSON'S GREEN.

By Alfred Slade.

Illustrated by A. H. Buckland.

IP-TOP Society, or what counts for it round the New King's Road, has completely "cut" the Massingers. And none too prematurely, either; it was a thing all the world in that microcosmic oasis already mentioned had long been expecting, for, ever since they had arrived, the Massingers had continually been giving occasions for discussion and distrust.

They were Colonials, to begin with; and as such were distressingly ignorant of, or insolent of, the niceties of that little social code that makes for happiness in a suburb.

For instance, when they came they left no cards anywhere; they paid no visits in the district, and seemed to invite none. Then the way they furnished their house—at least, as much as could be seen from the outside—disgraceful! Scorning the chaste white leno curtains of the rest of the street, they flaunted flaring art muslins of green and golden! Instead of the demure and orthodox snowy hearthstone at the gate, they substituted a most dissipated mosaic! They swept away the highly respectable shrubs in the front garden, and actually tried to grow flowers; and, worse still, they did it.

Other depravities of course followed. They had the gas cut off, threw the incandescent burners into the dustbin, and used nothing but oil-lamps and fairy-lights; they had the walls stripped of their beautiful varnished paper, and distempered rose and pale blue; they used to go on the balcony in fine weather and sit there, perhaps for hours together, as if it were decorous to venture on a balcony overlooking a public street; they used to go out a great deal to foreign parts quite outside the district, and—most ominous and disreputable sign—they paid the tradesmen ready money!

Again, when the next-door lady had managed to surprise Mrs. Massinger one day trimming the flowers in the front plot, she succeeding in telling her it was a fine day. What was the reply? Not, as would have been expected by folks of breeding and refinement, an immediate and confidential discourse on all Mrs. Massinger's private affairs and the history of her relations and acquaintances. No! Mrs. Massinger failed at the test. She simply corroborated the hypothesis that the day *was* fine, finished her pruning, and went indoors. She was concealing something, of course; so of course she had something to conceal.

Then the extravagant way she dressed! Always in the height of fashion; not the demure and sobered fashion that was tolerated down there, but the fashion that came over fresh from Paris; not the copy of a Bowdlerised magazine pattern, but the result of an intelligent woman's intuition. And these startling gowns, which the foolish men (in their wives' absence) declared lovely, she was known to make herself, and to spend next to nothing on the making; so that she could manage to have a new one much more often than was decent, and—aggravation of the offence—with a hat always to match.

Mr. Massinger's eccentricities—the suburb tried to be charitable, and at first only called them that—were as deplorable. He had been seen from the back cleaning his boots, and was reported to have declared that boot-cleaning was no work for the maid, and so he did it himself. This aforesaid maid had openly boasted that she received more wages than she had asked, a statement that did not assist in "keeping down" the other "girls" in the street; she had also confessed that the "master" often carried up scuttles of coal for her from the cellar, and sometimes went to the extent of lighting his study fire; also that he periodically hired a man to clean

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"Mrs. Massinger trimming the flowers."

the windows and do rough work like that; and even openly encouraged the visits of her young man as soon as he knew they were formally engaged to be married.

It has already been said that he paid the tradesmen ready money, as if it were not more solid and select to run a bill for a month, and then run it on for another; but in this matter he went even further. He sometimes even insisted on carrying his purchases home, and submitted himself to the shameful indignity of being seen walking about with a brown paper parcel in his hand.

One day—Mr. Massinger had been buying some heavy ironwork at the local stores—the tradesman felt it his duty to protest. He had a boy especially for that duty, a hungry-looking boy, apparently aged about thirteen, and standing nearly as high as his handbarrow: he would send the things home by the barrow and the boy. And this very reasonable proposition Massinger overruled; said he was just as strong as the boy, took the things on his shoulder, and went off like that.

Australians and what-not! Australia! Where the convicts come from, you know!

Can it be wondered, then, that the nostrils of Society of Parson's Green were

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quivering with indignation at the goings-on of such a couple ; that this indignation only increased at the indifference of the offenders, until it distended itself into what might have seemed to an unsympathetic stranger to be an upturned sniffle ; and that the whole neighbourhood in consequence went about with all the symptoms of a chronic and highly uncomfortable influenza ? And yet the whole neighbourhood, with strange inconsistency, beamed into an ascetic smile when the Massingers approached ; and said

"A hansom horse's head butted against him and made him slip."

good-day in ardent salutation. But that, you must understand, was *before* the cut occurred.

The genealogy of the scandal is this. One morning, recently, Massinger went into a shop in the Strand to buy some cigarettes ; hurrying out, he had started to cross the road before he saw that the policeman had stepped back to allow the transverse traffic to proceed ; consequently, when about in the middle, a hansom horse's head butted against him and made him slip and fall in the greasy mud. The cabby pulled up sharp, right in front of an omnibus which had just got on the move. Then the wheels of the hansom and the omnibus became interlocked. Right down the line the traffic was brusquely stopped, and the air became thick with varied objurgations, which, commencing, as was just, with the omnibus driver, who was a pirate, lost none of its volume or intensity in proceeding.

The policeman remained stolid under this shower-bath of language, and took notes of the proceedings from everyone participating in them ; the crowd formed and enjoyed itself for a few minutes in inquiry and running commentation ; Massinger limped into the hansom and drove to his club ; the Waterloo pirate continued his interrupted way to King's Cross ; and, with some difficulty and a good deal of help from the police, everyone at last managed to "pass along, please."

There the affair would, and should, have ended. But such a happy settlement was too much to expect in *this* world. For down Chancery Lane the Waterloo pirate got

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crawling behind a green Favorite; the Favorite conductor had punched all his fares, and for the moment was quite disposed to a little perfunctory conversation.

"'Ello, Bill," he shouted, "what's the matter with your paint?"

Bill, whose name accurately was Lionel, a name found unfitted for street salutation, disdained to reply. But that was evidently what the conductor expected, for he began his catechism again.

"Been racing a Road Car? And he did you best, eh?"

The mere name of a Road Car aroused Lionel Bill (you must remember that the Road Cars changed the entire map of London as far as fares were concerned), and he repulsed the suggestion with much heartiness.

"No. What are you giving us? A bloke down the Strand fell down in front of a hansom, hansom backed into my near wheel. It'll cost me about a bob."

Then the Favorite got a clear start down the Gray's Inn Road, and left the pirate loafing.

When the Favorite got back again to Victoria, he found an old friend of his in the station-yard—a conductor on a Liverpool Street Road Car.

"'Ello, Bill," he said—this Bill's name was Albert Edward—"seen anything of the smash-up down the Strand this morning?"

"No," replied Bill Albert Edward; "what was it?"

"Bloke fell out of a hansom, drunk; hansom backed in a 'bus and smashed the near wheel. Old Bill's Waterloo 'bus it was, *you* know."

"No, I don't," denied Bill Albert Edward. The inspector blew his whistle, and they parted.

On the return journey the Victoria Road Car was changing horses at Westminster, when a Walham Green Car came up.

"'Orful accident down the Strand this morning," said Walham Green.

"Yes," acquiesced Victoria, who knew nothing about it, but wasn't likely to confess it, especially to a conductor of the same company; "'orrible, ain't it?"

"Did you see the bloke?" asked Walham Green.

"I was right there," lied Victoria. "'E came up to me, and he arsted were I a-goin' to Olympia. I could see he were intoxicated, of course; and when I pushed him off the step, he cannoned up against a horse and fell down right in the mud."

"They ought to have arrested him," advised Walham Green.

"That's what they done," said Victoria. "When I came away there were three bobbies taking him off in a hambulance."

At Sloane Square the Walham Green Car got to "nursing" a Putney pirate that had changed routes.

"Garn," said the Car conductor, "you're worse than the bloke in the Strand."

"Ho," asked the pirate driver, "and what did 'e do, if I might be so bold?"

The Car, in the face of such a respectful request for information, became friendly at once.

"Didn't you see it?" he said. "My word! you missed a treat. There was a bloke as a cabby had been driving about all night; and when he gets out, the cabby wants his dibs, as were right and natural; and then this bloke he punches the horse in the head, and the horse rears up and the bloke falls down under his hoofs, and they took him off to the hospital insensible."

"Screwed, weren't he?" asked the pirate.

"Screwed!" cried the Car in admiration, "it ain't the word for it. Squiffy, that's what 'e were."

Here the pirate's horses gave out and he fell behind. But presently a Putney Bridge General came past him, and at the World's End they were together.

"Changed your route again, 'ave yer?" asked the General conductor; "you bloomin' old highwayman, you!"

"You'd liked to 'ave changed it, too, this morning, my lad," retorted the other, "I lay."

"What was up?" naturally demanded the General.

"A bit of all right"—the pirate had got his story ready, being of an imaginative and adventurous disposition, as befitted his calling—"a gent with D.T.'s, he was fighting a policeman in the Strand, and a lady came up and fell down in front of a furniture van, and then she sings out, 'Save me, kind sir!' and the bloke he pushes the horses back into the kerb, and catches hold of her, and she fainted off, and then three other policemen came up with an ambulance and strapped 'em into it, and they ain't expected to recover."

"Who ain't?" impatiently demanded the General, who had started again and was rapidly getting out of hearing.

"The policemen," answered the pirate, who hadn't understood the question.

"Was — she — his — wife?" asked the General, waving his arms.

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"Only one of them," shouted back the pirate, who was practically deaf at this distance and hadn't heard a word.

"Well, I'm blest," commented the General, as he turned to collect fares.

"Mrs. Smugleigh, one of the Pillars of Society."

He had to ask twice of the first passenger, a middle-aged matron of stuffy appearance, whose face was entirely preoccupied with allied emotions of grief and determination. The story she had just heard had made her blood run cold, to rise to her head at boiling heat next minute in shame and indignation; and then came the determination, and a certain sense of self-indulgence, to relate the affair in the social circle that very evening.

For the lady was Mrs. Smugleigh, one of the Pillars of Society as edificed at Parson's Green.

Massinger went to his club, and got as much of the mud as possible brushed off him; but London mud is too much like glue to be disposed of in so summary a manner; and when Massinger went home to tea his clothes were perhaps even more noticeable than ever. At any rate, they were sufficiently noticeable to Griggs, the greengrocer, who thought the matter of so much interest that he spoke about it to all his subsequent customers, of whom one was Mrs. Gauntby. Mrs. Gauntby and Mrs. Smugleigh met at the

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same social circle that evening; and the electric connection was completed.

From which resulted the record:—That Mr. Massinger had been having *delirium tremens* all night in a hansom; that, reeling out of a public-house, he had fallen against a hansom in which was sitting his first wife; that she had sprung out and seized the horse's head and felled Massinger to the ground with it; that she had flung herself into his arms and claimed him as her long-lost husband; that a policeman coming up had at once handcuffed him, whereupon Massinger had fought the policeman for twenty minutes and three rounds; that in the meantime the woman had fainted underneath the horse's hoofs, whence she was rescued conjointly by Massinger and the policeman (the same policeman, and the fight still continuing); that when they had strapped her into the ambulance, she violently assaulted the cabman, and seizing the horse's reins forced the hansom into a 'bus and broke the wheels; that Massinger was all the while too drunk to keep on his feet, and was now engaged in a stand-up fight with everyone who approached him; that he was also speechlessly intoxicated—too far gone to say a single word—and using most dreadful language; that he was eventually locked up for bigamy and manslaughter and being drunk; that, being recognised as a well-known forger and assassin, bail was of course refused and he was immediately taken to Holloway to await his trial; and that he came home in the evening—same evening—in such a state as to leave no doubt as to the correctness of all the foregoing.

Next day it was, of course, only these matrons' decent duty to inform Mrs. Massinger of the whole affair, with particular stress on the bigamy; but her husband had evidently found her weak enough to believe some falsehood of his own invention; for, oh! shame to have to say it! she burst out laughing in their faces. Nothing can be done to help a woman like that—they left her to her fate and her husband, and henceforth cut them both.

There was a certain moral and platonic comfort in this action, it is true, but it was greatly discounted by the silence of the newspapers on the subject, and by the unaccountable negligence of the criminal authorities in leaving Massinger still at large; and then, as if more were needed, it was altogether disconcerted and upset by the shameless bearing of the Massingers themselves. For, incredible as it may appear to a right-minded onlooker, they didn't seem to mind. They went on living just as before, they kept up the same hypocritical pretence of perfect happiness, they presented always a well-nourished appearance, they continued paying their tradesmen in cash, and, most impudent effrontery of all, when they are met by the Pillars and severely and orthodoxically "cut," they look at one another and laugh.

The Pillars, however, have one sure hope and consolation: in careers like this more and more dreadful revelations may be hourly expected. The time *will* come—and the Pillars are now waiting for it.

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SOME ECCENTRIC ANIMALS.

By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

Illustrated by the Author.

To any close student of mammalian and bird life it would sometimes appear as if Nature had been engaged either in a series of experiments at the time of their creation or evolution, or else had deliberately set to work to form weird and grotesque creatures, many of them made up of what can only be described as a lot of odds and ends, or leavings of others.

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WHITE-TAILED GNU.

Take, for instance, the gnu or wildebeest (*connochaetes gnu*) of South Africa, known as the white-tailed gnu, which, although rightly classed amongst some of the most graceful of all the mammals, viz., the antelopes, appears to have the head and horns of a small Cape buffalo, the feet and legs of a deer, whilst the tail and hind quarters might well belong to one of the zebras or to a pony, the stiff mane on the necks of full grown specimens of both sexes assisting in their asinine or equine appearance; whilst in very old gnus we find the horns at their base joined tightly together, so that they form a solid mass of horn, exactly as is seen in the case of an old Cape buffalo. Add to this, as pointed out by Lydekker and others, that the bony cores of the horns are honeycombed with cavities as in the ox tribe, to

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which they do not belong, and are totally different from those of their relatives the antelopes, and that their upper molar teeth differ entirely from those of the ox tribe, and we have a zoological eccentricity of the first order, and one that puzzled scientists for many years after their discovery.

In their habits, too, gnus are quite as eccentric and differ quite as widely from the antelopes amongst which they are classed, for whilst these, on the approach of their natural enemy, man, will leap off in a series of graceful bounds, doing their utmost to escape from his dreaded presence, the gnus, as so well described by that great sportsman Gordon Cumming half a century ago, "unless driven by a large field of hunters, do not leave their ground although disturbed.

From the copyright photo by] [*Gambier Bolton.*

MUSK-OX (STUFFED).

Wheeling about in endless circles and performing the most extraordinary varieties of intricate evolutions, the shaggy herds of these eccentric and fierce-looking animals caper and gambol round the hunter on every side. While he is riding hard to obtain a shot at a herd in front of him, other herds are charging down wind on his right and left, and, having described a number of circular movements, they take up positions on the very ground across which he rode only a few minutes before."

Little wonder is it, then, that the gnus are being rapidly swept off the face of the earth, and that good living specimens are fetching such large prices in Europe to-day, for their very tameness and curiosity have been their ruin, and ere many years are past, these quaint zoological conundrums will be numbered amongst the "have beens" with the dodo, quagga, and many others.

It has been said that the gnu forms a link between the oxen and the antelopes, just as the quaint-looking musk-ox of arctic America forms a link between the sheep and the oxen, its scientific name, *ovi-bos* (sheep-ox), and its many striking peculiarities helping to prove the truth of the statement. No living specimen has ever been known to reach our shores alive, so we must depend on the fine mounted specimen in the galleries of our Natural History Museum at South Kensington to give us an idea of what the musk-ox looks like when alive, its general appearance being decidedly sheep-like, more especially about the face and muzzle, whilst the molar teeth are quite unlike those of the ox, although the general shape of the horns and body are distinctly ox-like, and the strong smell and taste of musk in its coat and flesh is identical with that of the rare European bison (*bos bonassus*) and others of the ox tribe.

If it were possible to clip one of these animals we should then see a very large ram-like creature, with the pointed ears of a sheep and a decidedly short tail, whilst between the hoofs, as in many mammals which inhabit the arctic regions, grow bunches of hair, which possibly help the ox to get a good foothold when walking on slippery surfaces, the massive polar bear also having these tufts, and being able to turn on ice or frozen snow with wonderful rapidity.

The habits of musk-oxen, however, are decidedly like those of wild cattle in different parts of the world, and not at all like those of the timid wild sheep, for when brought to bay by the hunter they will select some elevated ground and form in line with their heads towards the enemy; or, as Mr. Biederbeck says, "if attacked from more than one point, they form a circle, their glaring, bloodshot eyes restlessly watching the attack, and I think it would go hard with the man or beast who, under such circumstances, might come within reach of their broad horns or hard hoofs."

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Turning to the pig tribe, we find some of Nature's most comical pieces of handiwork, for few creatures can be more weird-looking than the wart-hogs (*phacochoerus*) of Africa, of which there are two species, Ælians' and Pallas', the former being by far the more peculiar. They have huge heads, the eyes are set very high up, and their tusks are exactly the opposite to those of other pigs, the upper ones being much longer than those in the lower jaw.

But the most prominent feature about these grotesque beasts, and the one from which they derive their name, is the great excrescence or wart just below each eye, a much smaller one being placed between each tusk and the wart above it, making altogether four of these hideous excrescences per pig, as they are possessed by both sexes. The body is almost hairless, excepting along the neck and spine, from which hangs long, coarse hair, producing in the wart-hog an animal of a most repulsive appearance. Mr. E. H. Drummond mentions a strange fact in connection with the habits of these creatures, which would almost entitle them to rank as the clowns of the animal world. They often take possession of empty burrows made by the aard-vark (ant-bear), jackal, and other animals; and instead of rushing straight out from the hole, when disturbed, as any other brute of ordinary habits would do, directly they have reached daylight, they turn a sharp back somersault on to the top of the hole; and as that is exactly the spot where a person waiting for the hog would naturally stand with either rifle or spear, many accidents occur, as Mr. "Warts" is quite capable of ripping up a man's leg with his powerful tusks.

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A WHALE'S ARM AND HAND.

From the copyright photo by] [*Gambier Bolton.*

WART-HOG.

The whales, too (*cetaceans*), may well come under our category, as, although thought of by many persons, even in these enlightened days, as fishes, on account of their external appearance and habits, they are just as true mammals as either gnu, musk-ox, or wart-hog, for they not only possess warm blood, as do man and all mammals, but they breathe air by means of lungs, bring forth their young ones alive, nourishing them with milk until they are old enough to feed themselves, and are the proud possessors of upper arms, shoulder

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joints, fore arms, and fingers which often number five, but from which, occasionally, the thumb is missing. Again, as if to prove to sceptics how closely they are related to the other mammals, hidden deep down in the flesh of their loins are two small bones, one on each side, which are all that now remains of the thigh bones and limbs which they may have used in prehistoric days, either for walking, as the hind limbs of the sea lion were used, or as paddles, like those of the seal, before their tails had been developed and furnished with "flukes" and they had assumed so generally a fish-like appearance of body.

Whales show traces of hairiness, too, in the fine bristles which are often found round their mouths, and the thick "blubber," as

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FRUIT-BAT'S SKELETON.

the layer of fat is called, which lies just beneath the skin, serves the purpose of the hairy coats of other mammals by keeping in the heat of the body.

And we cannot afford to look down upon or affect to despise the so-called "lower" orders of creation, for even man, the ruler of all living things, can be but very little removed from them, when, as Dr. Lindsay Johnson has recently pointed out, many a surgeon can testify that he has been called upon to sew up holes in the neck of a human being which are nothing more or less than relics of fishes' gill-clefts, whilst those who have watched the death of a child from having swallowed a cherry-stone or other small substance, which has become fixed in a little pouch in the intestines, will remember that this little pouch is peculiar to man and some of the apes, his near relatives, and that with us it has merely withered away until it is now quite useless, and that it is nothing more than a relic, and often a dangerous relic, showing our descent from the other mammals, with many of whom to-day it is a regular organ and an extremely useful one.

After the fish-like mammals, who spend their whole lives in the water—and these include not only the whales, but also the dolphins, porpoises, and narwhals or sword-fish—we shall be quite prepared for the flying mammals, which, unlike the so-called flying squirrels and phalangers, who indulge in what is termed a "spurious" flight, actually possess the power of *true* flight, aided by genuine wings, and not only spend the whole of their lives, when not sleeping, on the wing, but feed and drink, and even carry their young ones, clinging closely to their bodies, whilst in the air.

The order *chiroptera* consists of the bats only, which are found in nearly every part of the world, including even the arctic regions, although the tropical and temperate regions appear to suit them best. Nearly five hundred distinct species are known to exist, the little "flutter-mouse" of our country districts being one of the members of this vast family, divided by scientists into fruit-bats, insect-eating bats, and the typical bats, these again being subdivided into many smaller groups. They vary in size from the Malay fox-bat, which measures nearly five feet from tip to tip of wing, down to the little whiskered bat which measures only six inches across the wings and barely two inches from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail.

The word *chiroptera* exactly describes the chief features in these mammals, as they are "hand-winged," and our photograph of a fruit-bat's skeleton shows this very plainly. We generally find that the mammals possess hind limbs quite as large, and in many cases even larger than the front ones, but in the bats this is reversed, and the fingers are enormously lengthened, whilst even the thumbs are extended, terminating in a hooked claw, with which they climb, or hang when sleeping. The third finger will be seen to be much the longest, and all four

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consist of thin but strong bony rods on which the wing-membrane is carried. This membrane is continued the full length of the body and on to the short hind legs, making a wing of enormous size and power, which enables them to fly with extraordinary swiftness. The toes are not webbed in any way, but the wing-membrane extends from the hind legs to the tail, and thus we have a mammal so perfected for genuine and rapid flight that it is surrounded with membrane entirely, with the exception of its head. Our British bats hibernate during the winter, but many others, especially those which depend on insects for their food, are compelled to migrate to warmer regions each year or starve, and they are known to travel many thousands of miles in order to escape the rigours of an American or Canadian winter.

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GREAT KANGAROO.

The large fox-bats, which the writer has

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BENNETT'S WALLABY AND YOUNG.

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seen hanging on the trees in countless numbers in Java, are eaten by the Malays and are looked upon as a great delicacy.

Amongst the pouch-bearing mammals (*marsupialia*) and egg-laying mammals (*monotremata*) we find some of the strangest of zoological zig-zags, for a writer feels almost lost amidst such a series of contradictions as face us when we attempt to study them closely. Look at the limbs of the great grey kangaroo: the males, known to Colonials as "boomers," when sitting up and defending themselves with their strong hind claws are as tall as a man, and those hind limbs are enormously lengthened and quite out of proportion to the short front limbs. The fourth toe is far more highly developed than any of the others—in fact, the first or great toe is entirely missing, and the second and third are of but little use, as they are bound together in skin right up to the nails. Yet at birth, and before being transferred to the pouch by the mother, the kangaroo is a tiny mass of inanimate flesh, looking like an enlarged earth-worm as much as anything, so weak that it has not even power to obtain for itself nourishment from its mother, a special arrangement inside the pouch and in its own throat being made so as to prevent suffocation: and, strangest of all, the length of the limbs is at this time reversed, the front limbs being longer than the hind ones.

ECHIDNA'S EGG.

From the copyright photo by] [Gambier Bolton.

PLATYPUS (DUCKBILL).

The pouch acts as a nest or shelter for the only partially formed and developed young marsupial, which is born quite naked and helpless, and is used by it long after it is able to feed itself with grass, the young one sitting happily in the pouch, and, as the mother bends forward to eat, reaching out its neck and feeding too; or when still larger and able to shift for itself a little, it may be seen feeding alongside the old one, but if startled it quickly disappears into the pouch once more.

YOUNG ECHIDNA (NINE DAYS OLD).

From the copyright photo by] [Gambier Bolton.

ECHIDNA.

But of all the pouch-bearing mammals the *monotremes* are the strangest, for, in addition to their nest-like pouches, the young ones are actually produced from eggs laid by the females, and one of the two species is the proud possessor of a bill or beak like that of a duck. Yet scientists will tell you that they are not looked upon as closely allied to the birds, but rather as resembling reptiles in their structural differences and mode of reproducing their young ones. The echidnas or spiney ant-eaters, of which

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KIWI'S SKELETON AND EGG.

there are two species—the common from Australia, Tasmania, and New Guinea, and the three-toed of north-western New Guinea only — resemble hedgehogs in general appearance and size ; but they have very small mouths, long tongues looking like a worm, no teeth, and tapering snouts. They have short tails, and their fore limbs are extremely powerful, so that they can dig holes and bury themselves very quickly, whilst the hind limbs being turned backwards they are able to throw away the earth they dig up, their construction being very similar to that of the mole, which uses its limbs for exactly the same purpose.

The common echidna has five toes on each foot, whilst the other has generally only three, although specimens have been found with five on the front foot and four on the hind, each toe being provided with a large, strong, digging claw, quite out of proportion to the size of the animal.

But little is known at present about its breeding habits, as the echidna has not yet been kept in captivity for any length of time, those which have reached this country alive almost invariably dying as soon as the cold weather sets in ; but they are supposed to be similar to those of their near relatives the platypus or duckbill. The duckbill, although about the same size as the echidna, is totally different in appearance, having a soft, mole-like fur, with a dark beak shaped like that of the bird after which it is named, with nostrils in front of the beak, whilst the feet, especially the front ones, are webbed like those of a swimming bird, the hind ones being provided with webs only up to the roots of the nails.

Duckbills live in pairs, in burrows like those of the water rat, at the edges of the rivers or streams, each hole ending in a little chamber in which the nest is made, often as much as fifty feet from the entrance to the burrow, and here two white eggs are laid, each enclosed in a strong but flexible shell, measuring about three quarters of an inch in length. When the young ones are hatched out, they are quite blind and naked and their beaks are very short ; but whether they are reared in pouches or not is still a doubtful question, as, although the marsupial or pouch bones are present in the skeletons of both echidna

From the copyright photo by] *[Gambier Bolton.*

KIWI.

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and platypus, it is not known for certain whether the young ones are actually carried in them or not.

Although we have now heard of swimming hairless mammals, of egg-laying and also flying mammals, we should hardly expect to find hairy-coated birds which cannot fly; yet in the cassowaries and kiwis we actually find such creatures, the former being covered with hair-like feathers and with only the feather-*spines* of the wing remaining, all the true flying feathers having disappeared, whilst in the kiwi or apteryx the feathers are even more hair-like, and the wings—externally, at least—have entirely disappeared, feather-spines and all.

From the copyright photo by] CASSOWARY. [*Gambier Bolton.*

The apteryx or kiwi of New Zealand is a comparatively small bird, stoutly built, and having exceedingly strong thighs and legs, whilst on each toe is a powerful claw, with which the kiwi can inflict a serious wound. Being a night bird, it is maddened by the sight of light, and strikes out right and left, hissing violently all the time, when brought out to face the camera.

Sir W. J. Buller describes it as "moving about in the twilight cautiously and noiselessly as a rat." The kiwi's eggs are enormous and quite out of all proportion to the size of the bird; when two are laid and placed in a hollow in the ground which serves as a nest, they are so large that they can be plainly seen sticking out on each side of the cock bird's narrow body, the hen, who evidently considers that she has done her duty, leaving her partner to hatch the eggs and look after the young ones until they are able to take care of themselves.

In the cassowaries we see large birds whose bare heads are capped with helmets which are formed by an upward extension of the bones of the skull, whilst their necks are generally ornamented with long hanging wattles. Their feathers are dark coloured, but unlike the plumage of most birds, they are loose and hair-like, whilst their wings are merely represented by a few black and bare quills, and as their flying powers have deserted them, they are entirely dependent on their powerful legs to carry them out of danger. The natives of New Britain catch them "when very young, soon after they are hatched, and rear them by hand, but can rarely or never capture the adult, from its being so shy and difficult of approach. They are exceedingly swift of foot and possessed of great strength in their legs." They are first class kickers and always strike forwards, after raising their heads and bodies as high as possible.

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The Confessional.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

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JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST.*

By Cottrel Hoe.

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.

NUMBER VIII.—THE ROBBERY IN THE SLEEPING CAR.

JENNIE had promised Professor Seigfried not to communicate with the Director of Police, and she now wondered whether she would be breaking her word, or not, if she let that official know the result of her investigation, when it could make no difference, one way or the other, to the Professor. If Professor Seigfried could have foreseen his own sudden death, would he not, she asked herself, have preferred her to make public all she knew of him? for had he not constantly reiterated that fame, and the consequent transmission of his name to posterity, was what he worked for? Then there was this consideration: if the Chief of Police was not told how the explosion had been caused, his fruitless search would go futilely on, and, doubtless, in the course of police inquiry, many innocent persons would be arrested, put to inconvenience and expense, and there was even a chance that one or more, who had absolutely nothing to do with the affair, might be imprisoned for life. She resolved, therefore, to tell the Director of the Police all she knew, which she would not have done had Professor Seigfried been alive. She accordingly sent a messenger for the great official, and just as she had begun to relate to the impatient Princess what had happened, he was announced. The three of them held convention in Jennie's drawing-room with locked doors.

"I am in a position," began Jennie, "to tell you how the explosion in the Treasury was caused and who caused it; but before doing so you must promise to grant me two favours, each of which is in your power to bestow without inconvenience."

"What are they?" asked the Director of Police cautiously.

"To tell what they are is to tell part of my story. You must first promise blindly, and afterwards keep your promise faithfully."

"Those are rather unusual terms, Miss Baxter," said the Chief; "but I accede to them, the more willingly as we have found that all the gold is still in the Treasury, as you said it was."

"Very well, then, the first favour is that I shall not be called to give testimony when an inquest is held on the body of Professor Carl Seigfried."

"You amaze me!" cried the Director: "how did you know he was dead? I had news of it only a moment before I left my office."

"I was with him when he died," said Jennie simply, which statement drew forth an exclamation of surprise from both the Princess and the Director. "My next request is that you destroy utterly a machine which stands on a table near the centre of the Professor's room. Perhaps the instrument is already disabled—I believe it is—but, nevertheless, I shall not rest content until you have seen that every vestige of it is made away with, because the study of what is left of it may enable some other scientist to put it in working order again. I entreat you to attend to this matter yourself. I will go with you, if you wish me to, and point out the instrument in case it has been moved from its position."

"The room is sealed up," said the Director, "and nothing will be touched until I arrive there. What is the nature of this instrument?"

"It is of a nature so deadly and destructive that, if it got into the hands of an anarchist, he could, alone, lay the city of Vienna in ruins."

"Good heavens!" cried the horrified official, whose bane was the anarchists, and Jennie, in mentioning this particular type of criminal, had builded better than she knew. If she had told him that the Professor's invention might enable Austria to conquer all the surrounding nations, there

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is every chance that the machine would have been carefully preserved.

"The explosion in the Treasury vaults," continued Jennie, "was accidentally caused by that instrument, although the machine at the moment was in a garret half a mile away. You saw the terrible effect of that explosion; imagine, then, the destruction it would cause in the hands of one of those anarchists."

"I shall destroy the instrument with my own hands," asserted the Director fervently, mopping his pallid brow.

Jennie then went on, to the increasing astonishment of the Princess and the Director, and related every detail of her interview with the late Professor Carl Seigfried.

"I shall go at once and annihilate that machine," said the Director, rising when the recital had been finished. "I shall see to that myself. Then, after the inquest, I shall give an order that everything in the attic is to be destroyed. I wish that all the scientists on the face of the earth could be safely placed behind prison bars."

"I am afraid that wouldn't do much good," said Jennie, "unless you could prevent chemicals being smuggled in. The scientists would probably reduce your prison to powder and walk calmly out through the dust."

Mr. Hardwick had told Jennie that if she solved the Vienna mystery she would make a European reputation for the *Daily Bugle*. Jennie did more than was expected of her, yet the European reputation which the *Bugle* established was not one to be envied. It is true that the account printed of the cause of the explosion, dramatically finished off with the Professor's tragical sudden death, caused a great sensation in London. The comic papers of the week were full of illustrations showing the uses to which the Professor's instrument might be put. To say that any sane man in England believed a word of the article would be to cast an undeserved slight upon the intelligence of the British public. No one paused to think that if a newspaper had published an account of what could be done by the Röntgen rays, without being able to demonstrate practically the truth of the assertions made, the article would have been laughed at. If some years ago a newspaper had stated that a man in York listened to the voice of a friend at that moment standing in London, and was not only able to hear what his friend said, but could actually recognise the voice speaking in an ordinary tone, and then if the paper had added that, unfortunately, the instrument which accomplished this had been destroyed, people would have spoken of the sensational nature of modern journalism.

Letters poured in upon the editor, saying that while, as a general thing, the writers were willing to stand the ordinary lie of commerce daily printed in the sheet, there was a limit to their credulity, and that they objected to be taken for drivelling imbeciles. To complete the discomfiture of the *Daily Bugle*, the Government of Austria published an official statement, which Reuter and the special correspondents scattered broadcast over the earth. The statement was written in that calm, serious, and consistent tone which diplomatists use when uttering a falsehood of more than ordinary dimensions.

Irresponsible rumours had been floating about (the official proclamation began) to the effect that there had been an explosion in the Treasury at Vienna. It had been stated that a large quantity of gold had been stolen, and that a disaster of some kind had occurred in the Treasury vaults. Then a ridiculous story had been printed which asserted that Professor Seigfried, one of Austria's honoured dead, had in some manner that savoured of the Black Art encompassed this wholesale destruction. The Government then begged to make the following declarations: First, not a penny had been stolen out of the Treasury; second, the war-chest was intact; third, the two hundred million florins reposed securely within its bolted doors; fourth, the coins were not, as had been alleged, those belonging to various countries, which was a covert intimation that Austria had hostile intent against one or the other of those friendly nations. The whole coinage in this so called war-chest, which was not a war-chest at all, but merely the receptacle of a reserve fund which Austria possessed, was entirely in Austrian coinage; fifth, in order that these sensational and disquieting scandals should be set at rest, the Government announced that it intended to weigh this gold upon a certain date, and it invited representatives of the Press, from Russia, Germany, France, and England, to witness this weighing.

The day after this troy-weight function had taken place in Vienna, long telegraphic accounts of it appeared in the English Press, and several solemn leading articles were put forward in the editorial columns, which, without mentioning the name of the *Daily Bugle*, deplored the voracity of the sensational editor, who respected neither the amity

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which should exist between friendly nations, nor the good name of the honoured and respected dead, in his wolfish hunt for the daily scandal. Nothing was too high-spiced or improbable for him to print. He traded on the supposed gullibility of a fickle public. But, fortunately, in the long run, these staid sheets asserted, such actions recoiled upon the head of him who promulgated them. Sensational journals merited and received the scathing contempt of all honest men. Later on, one of the reviews had an article entitled, "Some Aspects of Modern Journalism," which struck the head of the *Daily Bugle* with a sledge hammer, and in one of the quarterlies a professor at Cambridge showed the absurdity of the alleged invention from a scientific point of view.

"'When no name is marked down, that means the Russian police.'"

"I swear," cried Mr. Hardwick, as he paced up and down his room, "that I shall be more careful after this in the handling of the truth; it is a dangerous thing to meddle with. If you tell the truth about a man, you are mulcted in a libel suit, and if you tell the truth about a nation, the united Press of the country is down upon you. Ah, well, it makes the battle of life all the more interesting, and we are baffled to fight better, as Browning says."

The editor had sent for Miss Baxter, and she now sat by his desk while he paced up and down the floor. The doors were closed and locked so that they might not be interrupted, and she knew by the editor's manner that something important was on hand. Jennie had returned to London after a month's stay in Vienna, and had been occupied for a week at her old routine work in the office.

"Now, Miss Baxter," said the editor, when he had proclaimed his fear of the truth as a workable material in journalism, "I have a plan to set before you, and when you know what it is, I am quite prepared to hear you refuse to have anything to do with it. And, remember, if you do undertake it, there is but one chance in a million of your succeeding. It is on that one chance that I propose now to send you to St. Petersburg——"

"To St. Petersburg!" echoed the girl in dismay.

"Yes," said the editor, mistaking the purport of her ejaculation, "it is a very long journey, but you can travel in great comfort, and I want you to spare no expense in obtaining for yourself any luxury that travel can afford during your journey to St. Petersburg and back."

"And what am I to go to St. Petersburg for?" murmured Jennie faintly.

"Merely for a letter. Here is what has happened, and what is happening. I shall mention no names, but at present a high and mighty personage in Russia, who is friendly to Great Britain, has written a private letter, making some proposals to a certain high and mighty personage in England, who is friendly to Russia. This communication is entirely unofficial; neither Government is supposed to know anything at all about it. As a matter of fact, the Russian Government have a suspicion, and the British Government have a certainty, that such a document will

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shortly be in transit. Nothing may come of it, or great things may come of it. Now, on the night of the 21st, on one of the sleeping cars leaving St. Petersburg by the Nord Express for Berlin, there will travel a special messenger having this letter in his possession. I want you to take passage by that same train and secure a compartment near the messenger, if possible. This messenger will be a man in whom the respective parties to the negotiation have implicit confidence. I wish I knew his name, but I don't; still, the chances are that he is leaving London for St. Petersburg about this time, and so you might keep your eyes open even on the journey there, for, if you discovered him to be your fellow-passenger, it might perhaps make the business that comes after easier. You see this envelope," said the editor, taking from a drawer in his desk a large envelope, the flap of which was secured by a great piece of stamped sealing-wax. "This envelope contains a humble ordinary copy of to-day's issue of the *Daily Bugle*, but in outside appearance it might be taken for a duplicate of the letter which is to leave St. Petersburg on the 21st. Now, what I would like you to do is to take this envelope in your hand-bag, and if on the journey back to London you have an opportunity of securing the real letter, and leaving this in its place, you will have accomplished the greatest service you have yet done for the paper."

"Oh!" cried Jennie, rising, "I couldn't do that, Mr. Hardwick—I couldn't *think* of doing it. It is nothing short of highway robbery!"

"I know it looks like that," pleaded Mr. Hardwick; "but listen to me. If I were going to open the letter and use its contents, then you might charge me with instigating theft. The fact is, the letter will not be delayed; it will reach the hands of the high and mighty personage in England quite intact. The only difference is that you will be its bearer instead of the messenger they send for it."

"You expect to open the letter, then, in some surreptitious way—some way that will not be noticed afterwards? Oh, I couldn't do it, Mr. Hardwick."

"My dear girl, you are jumping at conclusions. I shall amaze you when I tell you that I know already practically what the contents of that letter are."

"Then what is the use of going to all this expense and trouble trying to steal it?"

"Don't say 'steal it,' Miss Baxter. I'll tell you what my motive is. There is an official in England who has gone out of his way to throw obstacles in mine. This is needless and irritating, for generally I manage to get the news I am in quest of; but in several instances, owing to his opposition, I have not only not got the news, but other papers have. Now, since the general raking we have had over this Austrian business, quite aside from the fact that we published the exact truth, this stupid old official duffer has taken it upon himself to be exceedingly sneering and obnoxious to me, and I confess I want to take him down a peg. He hasn't any idea that I know as much about this business as I do—in fact, he thinks it is an absolute secret; yet, if I liked, I could to-morrow nullify all the arrangements by simply publishing what is already in my possession, which action on my part would create a *furore* in this country, and no less a *furore* in Russia. For the sake of amity between nations, which I am accused of disregarding, I hold my hand.

"Now, if you get possession of that envelope, I want you to telegraph to me while you are *en route* to London, and I will meet you at the terminus; then I shall take the document direct to this official, even before the regular messenger has time to reach him. I shall say to the official, 'There is the document from the high personage in Russia to the high personage in England. If you want the document, I will give it to you, but it must be understood that you are to be a little less friendly to certain newspapers, and a little more friendly to mine, in future.'"

"And suppose he refuses your terms?"

"He won't refuse them; but if he does I shall hand him the envelope just the same."

"Well, honestly, Mr. Hardwick, I don't think your scheme worth the amount of money it will cost, and, besides, the chance of my getting hold of the document, which will doubtless be locked safely within a despatch-box, and constantly under the eye of the messenger, is most remote."

"I am more than willing to risk all that if you will undertake the journey. You speak lightly of my scheme, but that is merely because you do not understand the situation. Everything you have heretofore done has been of temporary advantage to the paper; but if you carry this off, I expect the benefit to the *Bugle* will be lasting. It will give me a standing with certain officials that I have never before succeeded in getting.

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In the first place, it will make them afraid of me, and that of itself is a powerful lever when we are trying to get information which they are anxious to give to some other paper."

"Very well, Mr. Hardwick, I will try; but I warn you to expect nothing but failure. In everything else I have endeavoured to do, I have felt confident of success from the beginning. In this instance I am as sure I shall fail."

"As I told you, Miss Baxter, the project is so difficult that your failure, if you *do* fail, will merely prove it to have been impossible, because I am sure that if anyone on earth could carry it out, you are that person; and, furthermore, I am very much obliged

"Strode up to the conductor and spoke earnestly with him."

to you for consenting to attempt such a mission."

And thus it was that Jennie Baxter found herself in due time in the great capital of the north, with a room in the Hotel de l'Europe overlooking the Nevski Prospect. In ordinary circumstances she would have enjoyed a visit to St. Petersburg; but she was afraid to venture out, being under the apprehension that at any moment she might meet Lord Donal Stirling face to face, and that he would recognise her; therefore she remained discreetly in her room, watching the strange street scenes from her window. She found herself scrutinising everyone who had the appearance of being an Englishman, and she had to confess to a little qualm of disappointment when the person in question turned out not to be Lord Donal; in fact, during her short stay at St. Petersburg she saw nothing of the young man.

Jennie went, on the evening of her arrival, to the offices of the Sleeping Car Company, so as to secure a place in one of the carriages that left at six o'clock on the evening of the 21st. Her initial difficulty met her when she learned there were several sleeping cars on that train, and she was puzzled to know which to select. She stood there, hesitating, with the plans of the carriages on the table before her.

"You have ample choice," said the clerk; "seats are not usually booked so long in advance, and only two places have been taken in the train, so far."

"I should like to be in a carriage containing some English people," said the girl, not knowing what excuse to give for her hesitation.

"Then let me recommend this car, for one berth has been taken by the British Embassy—Room C., near the centre, marked with a cross."

"Ah, well, I will take this compartment next to it—Room D, isn't it?" said Jennie.

"Oh, I am sorry to say that also has been taken. Those are the two compartments which are bespoke. I will see under what name it has been booked. Probably its occupant is English also. But I can give you Room B, on the other side of the one reserved by the Embassy. It is a two-berth room, Nos. 5 and 6."

"That will do quite as well," said Jennie.

The clerk looked up the order book, and then said—

"It is not recorded here by whom Room D was booked. As a usual thing," he continued, lowering his voice almost to a whisper and looking furtively over his shoulder, "when no name is marked down, that means the Russian police. So, you see, by taking the third room you will not only be under the shadow of the British Embassy, but also under the protection of Russia. Do you wish one berth only, or the whole room? It is a two-berth compartment."

"I desire the whole room, if you please."

She paid the price and departed, wondering if the other room had really been taken by the police, and whether the authorities were so anxious for the safety of the special messenger that they considered it necessary to protect him to the frontier. If, in addition to the natural precautions of the messenger, there was added the watchfulness of one or two suspicious Russian policemen,

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then would her mission become indeed impossible. On the other hand, the ill-paid policemen might be amenable to the influence of money, and as she was well supplied with the coin of the realm, their presence might be a help rather than a hindrance. All in all, she had little liking for the task she had undertaken, and the more she thought of it, the less it commended itself to her. Nevertheless, having pledged her word to the editor, if failure came it would be through no fault of hers.

Jennie went early to the station on the night of the 21st and entered the sleeping car as soon as she was allowed to do so. The conductor seemed somewhat flustered at her anxiety to get to her room, and he examined her ticket with great care; then, telling her to follow him, brought her to Room B, in which were situated berths 5 and 6, upper and lower. The berths were not made up, and the room showed one seat, made to accommodate two persons. The conductor went out on the platform again, and Jennie, finding herself alone in the carriage, walked up and down the narrow passage-way at the side, to get a better idea of her surroundings.

"Jennie fumbled in her purse for her tickets."

Room C, next to her own, was the one taken by the British Embassy. Room D, still further on, was the one that appeared to have been retained by the police. She stood for a few moments by the broad plate-glass window that lined the passage and looked out at the crowded platform. For a time she watched the conductor, who seemed to be gazing anxiously towards the direction from which passengers streamed, as if looking for someone in particular. Presently a big man, a huge overcoat belted round him, with a stern, bearded face—looking, the girl thought, typically Russian—strode up to the conductor and spoke earnestly with him. Then the two turned to the steps of the car, and Jennie fled to her narrow little room, closing the door all but about an inch. An instant later the two men came in, speaking together in French. The larger man had a gruff voice and spoke the language in a way that showed it was not native to him.

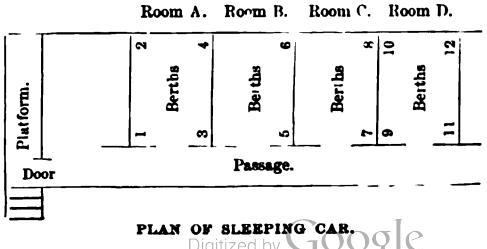
"When did you learn that he had changed his room?" asked the man with the gruff voice.

"Only this afternoon," replied the conductor.

"Did you bore holes between that and the adjoining compartment?"

"Yes, your Excellency; but Azof did not tell me whether you wanted the holes at the top or the bottom."

"At the bottom, of course," replied the Russian. "Any fool might have known that. The gas must rise, not fall; then when he feels its effect and tumbles down, he will



PLAN OF SLEEPING CAR.

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be in a denser layer of it, whereas, if we put it in at the top, and he fell down, he would come into pure air, and so might make his escape. You did not bore the hole over the top berth, I hope ? "

" Yes, Excellency, but I bored one at the bottom also."

" Oh, very well, we can easily stop the one at the top. Have you fastened the window ?

" Placing her eye at the hole, peered through."

for the first thing these English do is to open a window."

" The window is securely fastened, your Excellency, unless he breaks the glass."

" Oh, he will not think of doing that until it is too late. The English are a law-abiding people. How many other passengers are there in the car ? "

" Oh, I forgot to tell you, Excellency, that Room B has been taken by an English lady, who is there now."

" Ten thousand devils ! " cried the Russian in a hoarse whisper. " Why did you not say that before ? "

The voices now fell to so low a murmur that Jennie could not distinguish the words spoken. A moment later there was a rap at her door, and she had presence of mind enough to get in the further corner, and say in a sleepy voice—

" Come in ! "

The conductor opened the door.

" *Votre billet, s'il vous plaît, madame.*"

" Can't you speak English ? " asked Jennie.

The conductor merely repeated his question, and as Jennie was shaking her head the big Russian looked over the conductor's shoulder and said in passable English—

" He is asking for your ticket, madam. Do you not speak French ? "

In answer to the direct question Jennie, fumbling in her purse for her tickets, replied—

" I speak English, and I have already shown him my ticket."

She handed her broad-sheet sleeping-car ticket to the Russian, who had pushed the conductor aside and now stood within the compartment.

" There has been a mistake," he said. " Room C is the one that has been reserved for you."

" I am sure there isn't any mistake," said Jennie. " I booked berths 5 and 6. See, there are the numbers," pointing to the metallic plates by the door, " and here are the same numbers on the ticket."

The Russian shook his head.

" The mistake has been made at the office of the Sleeping Car Company. I am a director of the Company."

" Oh, are you ? " asked Jennie innocently. " Is Room C as comfortable as this one ? "

" It is a duplicate of this one, madam, and is more comfortable, because it is nearer the centre of the car."

" Well, there is no mistake about my reserving the two berths, is there ? "

" Oh, no, madam, the room is entirely at your disposal."

" Oh, well, then, in that case," said Jennie, " I have no objection to making a change."

She knew that she would be compelled to change, no matter what her ticket recorded, so she thought it best to play the simple maiden abroad, and make as little fuss as possible about the transfer. She had to rearrange the car in her mind. She was now in Room C, which had been first reserved by the British Embassy. It was evident that at the last moment the messenger had

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decided to take Room A, a four-berth room at the end of the car. The police then would occupy Room B, which she had first engaged, and, from the bit of conversation she had overheard, Jennie was convinced that they intended to kill or render insensible the messenger who bore the important letter. The police were there not to protect but to attack. This amazing complication in the plot concentrated all the girl's sympathies on the unfortunate man who was messenger between two great personages, even though he travelled apparently under the protection of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg. The fact, to put it baldly, that she had intended to rob him herself, if opportunity occurred, rose before her like an accusing ghost. "I shall never undertake anything like this again," she cried to herself, "never, never," and now she resolved to make reparation to the man she had intended to injure. She would watch for him until he came down the passage, and then warn him by relating what she had heard. She had taken off her hat when she entered the room; now she put it on hurriedly, thrusting a long pin through it. As she stood up, there was a jolt of the train that caused her to sit down again somewhat hurriedly. Passing her window she saw the lights of the station; the train was in motion. "Thank Heaven!" she cried fervently, "he is too late. Those plotting villains will have all their trouble for nothing."

She glanced upwards towards the ceiling and noticed a hole about an inch in diameter bored in the thin wooden partition between her compartment and the next. Turning to the wall behind her she saw that another hole had been bored in a similar position through to room B. The car had been pretty thoroughly prepared for the work in hand, and Jennie laughed softly to herself as she pictured the discomfiture of the conspirators. The train was now rushing through the suburbs of St. Petersburg, and Jennie was startled by hearing another voice say in French—

"Conductor, I have Room A; which end of the car is that?"

"This way, Excellency," said the conductor. Everyone seemed to be "Excellency" with him.

A moment later, Jennie, who had again risen to her feet, horrified to know that, after all, the messenger had come, heard the door of his room click. Everything was silent save the purring murmur of the swiftly moving train. She stood there for a few moments tense with excitement, then bethought herself of the hole between her present compartment and the one she had recently left. She sprang up on the seat, and placing her eye with some caution at the hole, peered through. First she thought the compartment was empty, then noticed there had been placed at the end by the window a huge cylinder that reached nearly to the ceiling of the room. The lamp above was burning brightly, and she could see every detail of the compartment, except towards the floor. As she gazed a man's back slowly rose; he appeared to have been kneeling on the floor, and he held in his hand the loop of a rubber tube. Peering downwards, she saw that it was connected with the cylinder, and that it was undoubtedly pouring whatever gas the cylinder contained through the hole into Room A. For a moment she had difficulty in repressing a shriek; but realising how perfectly helpless she was, even if she gave the alarm, she repressed all exclamation. She saw that the man who was regulating the escape of gas was not the one who had spoken to the conductor. Then, fearing that he might turn his head and see her eye at the small aperture, she reached up and covered her lamp, leaving her own room in complete darkness. The double covering, which closed over the semi-globular lamp like an eyelid, kept every ray of light from penetrating into the compartment.

As Jennie turned to her espionage again, she heard a blow given to the door in Room A that made it chatter, then there was a sound of a heavy fall on the floor. The door of Room B was flung open, the head of the first Russian was thrust in, and he spoke in his own language a single gruff word. His assistant then turned the cock and shut off the gas from the cylinder. The door of Room B was instantly shut again, and Jennie heard the rattle of the key as Room A was being unlocked.

Jennie jumped down from her perch, threw off her hat, and with as little noise as she could slid her door back an inch or two. The conductor had unlocked the door of Room A, the tall Russian standing beside him saying in a whisper—

"Never mind the man, he'll come to the moment you open the door and window; get the box. Hold your nose with your fingers and keep your mouth shut. There it is, that black box in the corner."

The conductor made a dive into the room, and came out with an ordinary black despatch box. The policeman seemed well provided

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with the materials for his burglarious purpose. He selected a key from a jingling bunch, tried it; selected another; then a third, and the lid of the despatch-box was thrown back. He took out a letter so exactly the duplicate of the one Jennie had that she clutched her own document to see if it were

"Jennie lurched against him and jerked the letter from the amazed and frightened man."

in its place. The Russian put the envelope between his knees and proceeded to lock the box. His imagination had not gone to any such refinement as the placing of a dummy copy where the original had been. Quick as thought Jennie acted. She slid open the door quietly and stepped out into the passage. So intent were the two men on their work that neither saw her. The tall man gave the box back to the conductor, then took the letter from between his knees, holding it in his right hand, when Jennie, as if swayed by the car, lurched against him, and, with a sleight of hand that would have made her reputation on a necromantic stage, she jerked the letter from the amazed and frightened man, at the same moment allowing the bogus document to drop on the floor of the car from her other hand. The conductor had just emerged from Room A, holding his nose and looking comical enough as he stood there in that position, amazed at the sudden apparition of the lady. The Russian struck down the conductor's fingers with his right hand, and by a swift motion of the left closed the door of Compartment A, all of which happened in a tenth of the time taken to tell it.

"Oh, pardon me!" cried Jennie, "I'm afraid a lurch of the car threw me against you."

The Russian, before answering, cast a look at the floor and saw the large envelope lying there with its seal uppermost. He quietly placed his huge foot upon it, and then said, with an effort at politeness—

"It is no matter, madam. I am afraid that I am so bulky I have taken up most of the passage."

"It is very good of you to excuse me," said Jennie; "I merely came out to ask the conductor if he would make up my berth. Would you be good enough to translate that to him?"

The Russian surlily told the conductor to attend to the wants of the lady. The conductor muttered a reply, and that reply the Russian translated.

"He will be at your service in a few moments, madam. He must first make up the berth of the gentleman in Room A."

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"Oh, thank you very much," returned Jennie. "I am in no hurry; any time within the hour will do."

With that she retired again into her compartment, the real letter concealed in the folds of her dress, the bogus one on the floor under the Russian's foot. She closed the door tightly, then, taking care that she was not observed through either of the holes the conductor had bored in the partition, she swiftly placed the important document in a deep inside pocket of her jacket. As a general rule, women have inside pockets in their capes, and outside pockets in their jackets; but Jennie, dealing as she did with many documents in the course of her profession, had had this jacket especially made, with its deep and roomy inside pocket. She sat in a corner of her sofa, wondering what was to be the fate of the unfortunate messenger, for, in spite of the sudden shutting of the door by the Russian, she caught a glimpse of the man lying face downwards on the floor of his stifling room. She also had received a whiff of the sweet, heavy gas which had been used, that seemed now to be tincturing the whole atmosphere of the car, especially in the long, narrow passage. It was not likely they intended to kill the man, for his death would cause an awkward investigation, while his statement that he had been rendered insensible might easily be denied. As she sat there, the silence disturbed only by the low, soothing rumble of the train, she heard the ring of the metal cylinder against the woodwork of the next compartment. The men were evidently removing their apparatus. A little later the train slowed, finally coming to a standstill, and looking out of the window into the darkness, she found they were stopping at an ill-lighted country station. Covering the light in the ceiling again, the better to see outside, herself unobserved, she noted the conductor and another man place the bulky cylinder on the platform, without the slightest effort at concealment. The tall Russian stood by and gave curt orders. An instant later the train moved on again, and when well under way there was a rap at her door. When she opened it, the conductor said that he would make up her berth now, if it so pleased her. She stood out in the corridor while this was deftly and swiftly done. She could not restrain her curiosity regarding the mysterious occupant of Room A, and to satisfy it she walked slowly up and down the corridor, her hands behind her, passing and repassing the open door of her own room, and noticing that ever and anon the conductor cast a suspicious eye in her direction.

The door of Room A was partly open, but the shaded lamp in the ceiling left the interior in darkness. There was now no trace of the intoxicating gas in the corridor, and as she passed Room A she noticed that a fresh breeze was blowing through the half-open doorway, therefore the window must be up. Once as she passed her own door she saw the conductor engaged in a task which would keep him from looking into the corridor for at least a minute, and in that interval she set her doubts at rest by putting her head swiftly into Room A, and as swiftly withdrawing it. The man had been lifted on to his sofa, and lay with his face towards the wall, his head on a pillow. The despatch-box rested on a corner of the sofa, where, doubtless, he had left it. He was breathing heavily like a man in a drunken sleep; but the air of the room was sweet and fresh, and he would doubtless recover. Jennie still paced up and down, thinking deeply over what had happened. At first, when she had secured the important document, she had made up her mind to return it to the messenger; but further pondering induced her to change her mind. The messenger had been robbed by the Russian police; he would tell his superiors exactly what had happened, and yet the letter would reach its destination as speedily

"The man lay with his face towards the wall."

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as if he had brought it himself—as if he had never been robbed. Knowing the purpose which Mr. Hardwick had in his mind, Jennie saw that the letter now was of tenfold more value to him than it would have been had she taken it from the messenger. It was evident that the British Embassy, or the messenger himself, had suspicions that an attempt was to be made to obtain the document, otherwise Room C of the sleeping car would not have been changed for Room A at the very last moment. If, then, the editor could say to the official, "The Russian police robbed your messenger in spite of all the precautions that could be taken, and my emissary cozened the Russians. So, you see, I have accomplished what the whole power of the British Government was powerless to effect; therefore it will be wisdom on your part to come to terms with me."

Jennie made up her mind to relate to Hardwick exactly how she came into possession of the document, and she knew his alert nature well enough to be sure he would make the most of the trump card dealt to him.

"Your room is ready for you," said the conductor, in French.

She had presence of mind enough not to comprehend his phrase until, with a motion of his hand, he explained his meaning. She entered her compartment and closed the door.

Having decided what disposal to make of the important document, there now arose in her mind the disquieting problem whether or not it would be allowed to remain with her. She cogitated over the situation and tried to work out the mental arithmetic of it. Trains were infrequent on the Russian railways, and she had no means of estimating when the burly ruffian who had planned and executed the robbery would get back to St. Petersburg. There was no doubt that he had not the right to open the letter and read its contents; that privilege rested with some higher official in St. Petersburg. The two men had got off at the first stopping place. It was quite possible that they would not reach the capital until next morning, when the Berlin express would be well on its way to the frontier. Once over the frontier she would be safe; but the moment it was found that the envelope merely contained a copy of an English newspaper, what might not happen? Would the Russian authorities dare telegraph to the frontier to have her searched, or would the big official who had planned the robbery suspect that she, by legerdemain, had become possessed of the letter so much sought for? Even if he did suspect her, he would certainly have craft enough not to admit it. His game would rather be to maintain that this was the veritable document found in the Englishman's despatch-box; and it was more than likely, taking into consideration the change of room at the last moment, which would show the officials the existence of suspicion in the messenger's mind, or in the minds of those who sent him, that the natural surmise would be that another messenger had gone with the real document, and that the robbed man was merely a blind to delude the Russian police. In any case, Jennie concluded, there was absolutely nothing to do but to remain awake all night and guard the treasure which good luck had bestowed upon her. She stood up on her bed, about to stuff her handkerchief into the hole bored in the partition, but suddenly paused and came down to the floor again. No, discomforting as it was to remain in a room under possible espionage, she dared not stop the openings, as that would show she had cognisance of them, and arouse the conductor's suspicion that, after all, she had understood what had been said; whereas, if she left them as they were, the fact of her doing so would be strong confirmation of her ignorance.

In spite of the danger of her situation she had the utmost difficulty in keeping awake. The rumble of the train had a very somnolent effect, and once or twice she started up, fearing that she had been slumbering. A moment later, as it seemed to her, she was startled by a rap at her door, and the voice of the conductor said—

"Breakfast at Luga, madam, in three-quarters of an hour."

"Very good," she replied in English, her voice trembling with fear. She shivered notwithstanding her effort at self-control, for she knew she had slept through the night and far into the morning. In agitation she unbuttoned her jacket. Yes, there was the letter, just where she had placed it. She dared not take it out and examine it, fearing still that she might be watched from some unseen quarter, but "Thank God," she said to herself fervently, "this horrible night is ended! Once over the frontier I am safe." She smoothed and brushed down her dress as well as she was able, and was greatly refreshed by her wash in cold water, which is one of the luxuries on a sleeping car.

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A Fallen Monarch.

From the Picture by S. E. Waller.

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"THE DOMAIN," SYDNEY.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

THE "larrikin" has been described before as being one of the lowest types of humanity in the Colonies; yet he does not look it, and there is another phase of low life which does not assume its correct *rôle* either. The "sundowner"—another name for the Sydney tramp—appears a greater ruffian than the larrikin, yet in many respects he is his superior. He is a loafer, not a sneak; an idle, worthless, drunken ne'er-do-well, perhaps, but not the crafty, bullying blackguard that the larrikin is.

There possibly may be amongst the sundowners many respectable but unfortunate citizens, driven through dire necessity to make their home in the Domain, but it is when you get the mixture of larrikin and sundowner that the very lowest type of character is obtained. In the sketch we have a horde of these ruffians stealthily creeping up in the twilight to worry and blackmail the innocent young lovers on the stone seat—doubtless fresh arrivals from the Old Country, continuing a flirtation begun on the steamer, where as fellow-passengers they have been thrown into each other's society for the past six or seven weeks. They are whispering vows of eternal fidelity, and so rapt are they in their mutual admiration, that they are oblivious of the approach of the wretches who make the Domain their happy hunting-ground from sunset to dawn.

NEWSPAPER PYJAMAS.

In the daytime, like the bats and owls, they vanish and keep in hiding, and then

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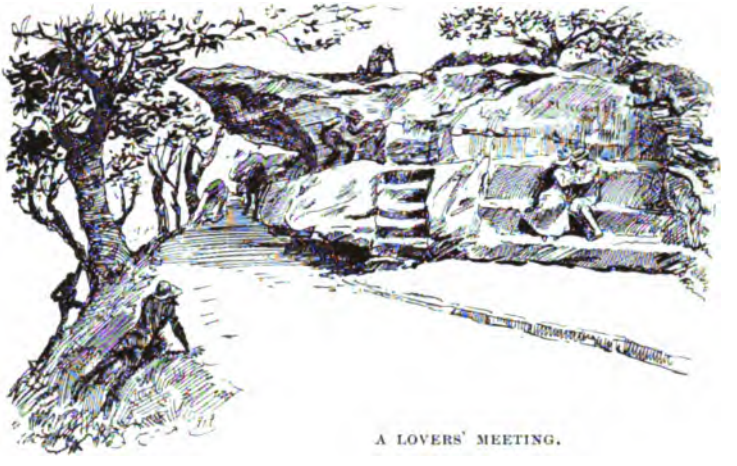
respectable people may enjoy the beautiful walks in the park and about the Government House unmolested, and with their children and friends enjoy the beautiful and picturesque scenery with which the Domain abounds.

The view of the harbour and the shipping is particularly animated and interesting, and there are many natural beauties to be observed in the park itself, which deserve more than a passing notice. Amongst other natural curiosities in one of the side paths



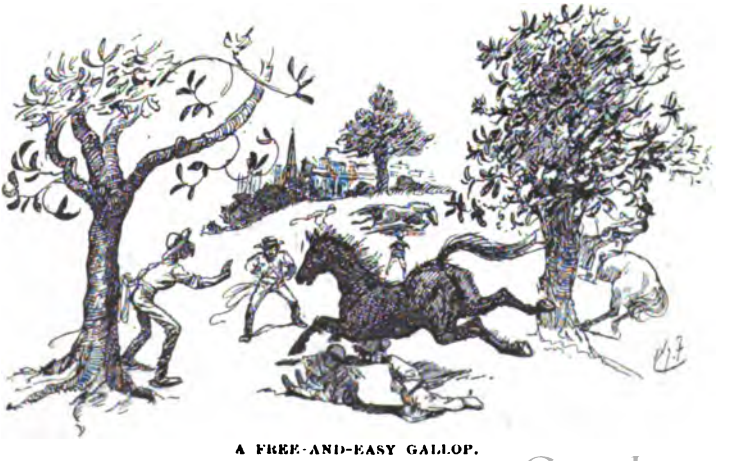
A LOVERS' MEETING.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

are to be observed a group of rocks eaten away by the changing tides till they resemble nothing so much as a number of strange and uncouth monsters of a bygone age—at any rate, thus they were regarded by a lady and her charge who were admiring them on the day of my visit.

Although the larrikin and the sundowner may not be rampant in the daytime, the Domain is not altogether free from an element of peril and danger of another kind. It is well known how important a part the horse plays in the everyday life of the Australian, and in this park the horses are allowed to graze at their own sweet will. Being very high-spirited animals and full of fun, there is quite an excitement when their owners come to capture them after having been loose all day. In stating that the accompanying sketch was drawn from nature on the spot, it is necessary to explain (lest he should be accused of maligning the magnificent horses of Australia) that the artist was so disconcerted at the wild careering of the animals that he was unable to do justice to the drawing, although the native Australians seemed to regard the whole affair as a matter of course, and sat about on the grass quite undisturbed at the proximity of the horses' heels.

As the sun sets, and the better class of visitors to the Domain retire, the park becomes the undisputed property of the



A FREE-AND-EASY GALLOP.

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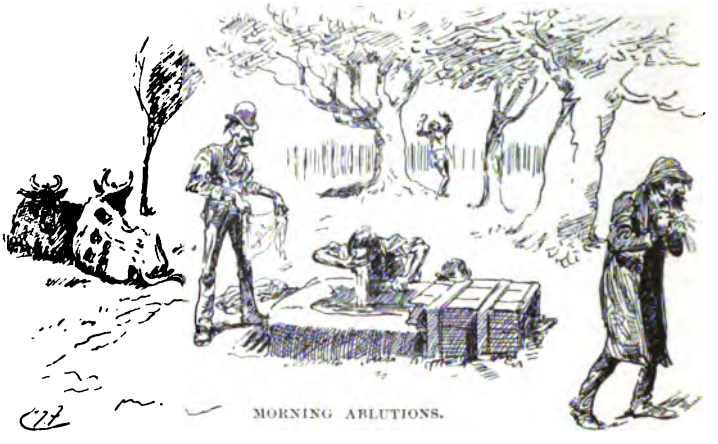
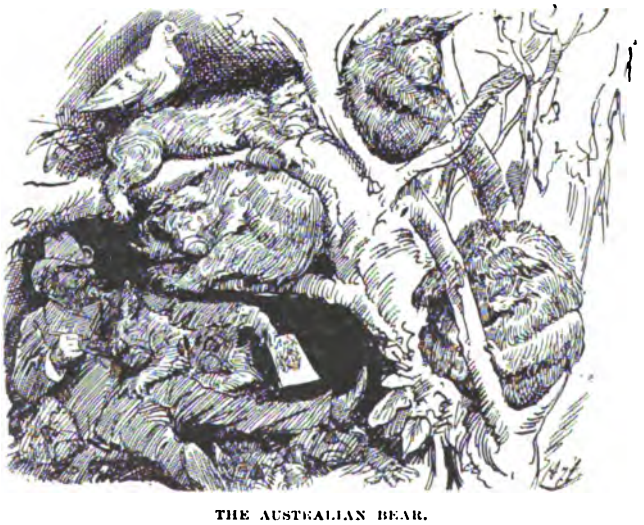
A CHARACTERISTIC SPOT.

In the morning these gentry perform their ablutions in the cattle troughs abounding in the park, and later on may be seen fishing for their breakfasts from the wooden piles in the harbour. They are sometimes fortunate enough to catch a sufficient number of fish to sell for a few pence, and thus provide themselves with food for the remainder of the day, till darkness once more drives them to their primitive resting places. All tell the same tale: they were born tired, and have never been able to throw off the feeling.

loafers and sundowners, who nightly use the niches and crevices of the rocks as their dormitories, from the dim recesses of which they draw forth their "bedclothes," consisting of old newspapers and wrappers. Observe the gentleman in the sketch carefully adjusting his newspaper pyjamas and tying up himself in a weird fashion—thus literally becoming "wrapped up in literature."



MORNING ABLUTIONS.



THE AUSTRALIAN BEAR.

It seems to the stranger a shame that the best parts of a beautiful park like the Domain should be given up to these vagrants, and that better regulations are not enforced to protect what might be made one of the most beautiful places of public recreation in the world, possessing as it does so many natural facilities and advantages. A strong hand is required to deal effectively with this difficult problem.

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THE VALLEY OF SAPPHIRES.

By Mayne Lindsay.

Illustrated by D. Murray Smith.

THE tent clung to the mountain side like a bat to rafters; and the rain-storm, that had come with the night from where the snows joined hands in the cloud-rack, danced and howled around it. The hills of the Himalayan table-land were still to be seen in the falling darkness—gaunt, lonely, and contemptuous, as they had stood since the beginning of time. They shaped, by way of precipice, and pine-covered slope, and leaping waterfall, to the valleys between them that were filling now with blackness and smoking with the mist it was chasing before it. The way to civilisation lay by scores of leagues of goat-paths and zigzag village tracks—how many days' journey to the lights of pleasant Simla?—and the sportsman inside the swaying canvas wished himself, for the time being, safe in the Trotters' mess. He had found himself wishing at the same time that ibex grazed for preference on the *maidan* at Kitnapur, where that regiment, now bereft of its senior subaltern, had been stationed when he left it.

A servant brought in a lantern and laid dinner on the bare camp-table. When he lifted the door of the tent, rain lashed in at its occupant, and the canvas walls bellied like the sails of a ship. It was cruelly cold. Kenyon shivered inside his great-coat and tucked a blanket round his knees while he ate. The lantern light flickered and guttered, and the cartridge-belt and field-glasses slung to the tent-pole clattered as the wind shook their support. Outside was the noise of the storm as it raced over the hillside and tore at the pines and the stunted highland shrubs. The drone of the servants' voices came from where their *pál*, pitched close to take advantage of the ledge of level ground, swayed tipsily beside the master's tent.

Kenyon finished his meal, which was cold, smoked, and rain-bespattered, and tried to conjure up the ghost of comfort with a cigar and a dram of whiskey. He drummed with his blue fingers on the table to warm them, scuffled over the leaves of a book, and began to write up his diary.

"'*Left Gur on Sept.* 10*th*, *marched seven miles; bad weather, no luck.*' What a jolly ass I was to come out at all!" he said.

By way of comment a blast of wind whipped at the tent, and every rope and peg stood to arms against the onslaught with a chorus of creaks and groans. For a moment their defeat seemed certain, and Kenyon sprang to his feet, clutching at whatever his hands could seize, and listening for the pistol-shot report that should tell of the first point to yield. The gust swept harmlessly away across the shoulder of the hill, however, and it was then, in the comparative silence that followed, that he found ears for another sound. The valley below, that had been silent before, was speaking now, and the cry that came up to his ears had the note of a human voice.

Kenyon listened intently, and it came again. This time there was no room for doubt, and he flung back the door of the tent, calling as he peered into the darkness. A servant swinging a lantern ran out at his summons—a huddled mass of blanket from which only legs protruded.

"Ohé, Mirza Khan! Do you hear anyone shouting down below?"

Mirza Khan listened, and the blanket, where a head might have been hidden, shook incredulously.

"Who would be in this savage place and on such a night? There are no men nearer than the last village, six *kos* away. It is surely a wild beast; the sahib mistakes."

But the sahib had not mistaken. The next moment a sound rang up the valley, and even the shrieking wind could not hide the fact that it was a man's voice, calling hoarsely out of the night and the drenching rain.

"It is some goat-herd strayed on the hills," said Mirza Khan, who was anxious to

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get back to shelter, and who did not see the necessity to interfere in a case such as he suggested. He shivered, wrapped the blanket more tightly about him, and waited with impatience for dismissal.

"It's not! By all that's marvellous, the fellow is shouting in English!"

Kenyon dropped on hands and knees and craned over the edge of the plateau. He snatched the lantern and waved it as he called back in answer. Then he paused expectant, and from below there was bellowed back a reply—

"Hullo, above there! *Batti deklao*. Show a light. I'm coming up!"

"There can be no sahib so near," said Mirza Khan; and he retreated towards the tent with celerity. "It is without doubt an evil spirit that calls. I do not like this place."

Kenyon took no notice. Mirza Khan's views on all phases of shooting excursions were no novelty to him.

He leaned still further over the ledge, full of excitement at the strange encounter, and waved the beacon light till his arms ached. And then, just as he had given up silence and was about to shout again, the bushes twenty feet below were stirred, and a white face dawned through them. Its owner swung up, with a hand here and a foot there, out of the tangle, to the camping ground. There he stood upright, and the two men faced each other.

What Kenyon saw was a rain-smeared face, which was wiped unceremoniously by a dripping coat-sleeve as he looked. There was a month's growth of beard-stubble and a bristly moustache overhanging it, above which came twinkling green eyes, set deep in a hatchet-shaped countenance. The man was a little fellow, thin and spare, inconceivably dirty, and dressed in a ragged suit of country cloth, the coat of which, with its sagging pockets, bore a cousinly resemblance to a Norfolk jacket. The trousers were tucked into boots, and a sodden solar topi surmounting all gave an added touch of grotesqueness to the picture.

The unknown broke the ice.

"Well! It's a 'ell of a night, isn't it? Is there a bottle of whiskey anywhere handy? I could do with a toothful."

Kenyon motioned amazedly towards his tent, and the other man advanced with confidence. Mirza Khan, as one turned to stone, stared with mouth agape. His master lifted the tent door, and it dropped behind him and his visitor.

Once inside, in light and dryness, the draggled condition of the man from the valley was the first thing that called for attention. He was pouring like a thundershower, and as he reached out for the flask upon the table little drops spun from his arm and radiated about him. He took a long pull at the whiskey and then fell upon the remains of the dinner, eating with the wolfish intensity of a starving man. Kenyon's curiosity was mastered by compassion. Whoever the creature was, and from wheresoever he had come, he was very forlorn to look upon now, very wet, and very storm-battered.

"This is a most extraordinary encounter," he said; "but I won't bother about explanations for the minute. For heaven's sake let me get you some dry clothes, and chuck those rags outside. They can't get any wetter. Wouldn't you like some fresh victuals instead of that greasy mutton?"

"No, thanks. The first food I've looked on for thirty-six hours is good enough for me. But I don't mind if I have another drop of whiskey. And—yes—since you're so pressing, a change of togs would be truly beneficial."

He punctuated his remarks with gulps of whiskey, and began to unbutton his coat with the disengaged hand.

Kenyon dragged a bag from under the bed and selected a grey flannel shirt, socks, boots, coat, and shooting breeches. The other man peeled off his wet clothes, still eating hard, and flung each ragged garment in turn through the door. He re-clothed himself hurriedly, his teeth chattering as the cold air struck his body.

Mirza Khan was summoned to take away and dry the wet things, and then Kenyon proffered the only chair and seated himself on the bed in an expectant attitude.

"You're out on the shikar, I suppose?" he said politely. "In that case I can make myself known as a fellow sportsman. I'm Charles Kenyon of the Trotters."

He waited to let the conversation follow the natural course towards which this introduction propelled it. The unknown wiped his mouth, tilted back his chair, and looked him over thoughtfully.

"Ah!" he said. "I'm Smith of Nowhere. That's good enough, ain't it?"

Kenyon flushed.

"You're a pretty cool hand," he said. "If you think——"

"Think nothing. No offence meant, sir. But I couldn't resist taking that little

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"Its owner swung up, with a hand here and a foot there, out of the tangle, to the camping ground."

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opening, coming like it did from a blooming soldier-orficer — the popular Leftenant Kenyon, too. Oh, I know you well enough now, sir. I've seen you scores of times down country at Abdallabad when you were stationed there, though you wouldn't remember *me*."

"That is very likely true," said Kenyon. "Now do you mind telling me who you are, and what the dev—I mean, what you are doing, apparently alone, in this wilderness?"

The chair dropped from the angle at which it had been tilted, and the other man drew it up to the table and leaned across it in a confidential attitude

"We're man to man here, ain't we? No class distinctions in the jungles, is there?"

"I haven't laid any stress on them since we met," said Kenyon. "Aren't you rather talking rot?"

"'That's a sapphire, sir, and an uncommon fine one, too.'"

"Well, p'r'aps I am, but a man like me's got to be suspicious, and there's toffs of your kidney that seem to think, somehow, that plain men haven't the same feelings as themselves. I'm on a queer job, and so far I haven't split on it to a living soul, but – well, you've saved my life, might say –Lord knows how I should have got through the night down there—and your name's a good 'un, Leftenant Kenyon, sir. . . . It's nothing against the law, I give you my Bible oath on that; if it had been I'd have spat out that whiskey of yours before I'd swallered it. Will you swear to me not to split on me, now or never? . . . No, stop, though. You needn't do that. I've sworn myself, you see, and I can't tell you more than anyone might know by the time you get back south again. Well, at any rate, you won't want half shares in the profits, will you? 'Twouldn't be fair, seeing as I've had all the sweat of the thing."

"No, no. Go on with your story."

"Good. Well, then, *this* is what I'm after!"

He put his hand to his mouth, withdrew it, and opened his fist upon the table.

Kenyon bent close to see, and found a lump of dull, dark stone, as big as a peanut, lying in the palm before him. The sight conveyed nothing to his mind, and he looked up interrogatively.

"I see you don't know the pretties in their working suit. That's a sapphire, sir, and an uncommon fine one, too."

There was no mistaking the fact that the man was in earnest. He stroked the stone affectionately, scratched at it with a dirty nail, and became absorbed for the moment in contemplation.

"A sapphire! And what has that to do with your being in such a place as this?"

"Just the marrow of the 'ull thing, no more nor less. Well, I owe you something very like my life, as I said before, let alone a skinful of good whiskey and victuals, and you shall have the story and make what you can of it. Can that nigger of yours understand English?"

"As much as any ordinary native servant, I daresay; and he is not at all likely to be outside on such a night as this, even supposing the wind were low enough for him to hear your words."

"That's true for you. Lord, what a night it is! And a few hours ago I was down there crawling along in the rain, cold as ice and empty as a wind-bag, and hoping for no more than the shelter a cave might give, and that full of wild beasts and vermin, like enough. I'm a tough 'un, but that was nearly the end of me."

He rose, lifted the door of the tent and looked out into the blackness, and then dropped it again with a shiver. Kenyon laid his cigar-case on the table. But the stranger pushed it away, sat down again,

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hearkened for one more brief space to the howling of the storm and the spattering rain, and began his story.

"My name's James Frederick Pelly, and I come from Hoxton, to begin with. I'm a working man, and I've been fourteen years now on the Abdallabad Railway, which accounts for my knowing you, you see, sir, though we civilians don't mix much with the military in those parts. I came out when the line was being laid, and I stayed on as a sort of nigger-driver—overseer in charge of a section. I was always a pushing man, seeing how one thing led to another, and sticking to the work, with a rise of pay here, and pickings there, and my eye always lifting. I had never hampered myself with a missus and kids, and when the chance came and they wouldn't give me leave I just drew my month's pay and chucked it. You can't get a big thing without risks.

"There was an old nigger at Abdallabad named Ram Dass. He kept the serai, and there were a lot of queer fish always passing through his hands—Kabuli merchants, and Kashmiri *kapra-wallahs*, and such like, going down to the C.P. to sell, or t'other way about. I knew the old chap by sight. Well, one day, just after I'd knocked off for dinner and was crossing the line to my bungalow at the level crossing, I saw him being run away with in an ekka.

You wouldn't think an ekka pony *could* bolt, would you? Anyway, this one did, and it carried Ram Dass, clinging and squeaking like a poll parrot—the ekka rolling like a ship at sea, and such a dust in the road as 'ud make you think an elephant was parading by—right on to the line just when the mid-day train was due. I thought the 'ull caboose was done for, and that's the truth, but I cut back over the line quick as winkin', and I managed to get to the pony's head and drag him on to the side track as the train whizzed through. Narrowest squeak I've ever seen; and Ram Dass, he seemed to think so too, and, as it turned out, he was properly grateful. He didn't say much at the time, he was in too much of a twitter: but a few nights later he called to see me, secret like, and he gave me the sapphire.

"'It's a mark of gratitude,' he says.

"'It's a valuable thing,' says I, 'if I know anything about stones'—which I did, seeing that I began life as boy to a working jeweller in Clerkenwell. A low, beastly Pole he was, and I left him, but not till I'd learned enough to serve me afterwards, as you see.

"'It was given to me in payment of a great debt, such as I owe you, and money cannot pay,' he says. 'He who gave it me came from the North—from a valley far among the hills, where these stones are as pebbles, and the little children play with them.'

"I thought that was pretty thick, but 'And where may that be?' I says.

"'Many weeks' journey from here,' he says. 'It is where no sahib has ever been, for if the sahibs had been there, they would have made a great track to it, and much trouble in the hillmen's villages, and become rich men. The place is secret; I know it not.'

"Now this yarn interested me; and the long and the short of it was that I got Ram Dass to introduce me to his pal, who was a jungly sort of mop-headed creature, quite unlike the down-country men, and at last I got to the solid rock underneath all the mystery and bunkum. I needn't say how I worked it; I'm a pushing man, as I said before. But I proved there *was* such a valley like Ram Dass said, and that it was get-atable, for the other—Mumbo Jumbo, I called him—went back there every now and then to get a fresh stock of the skins and horns he traded in. The sapphires lay about just like pebbles, he said, and the kids used to play knuckle-taw with 'em, which was what Ram Dass had repeated. He didn't sell them, never, it seems, for fear people should follow him and find out where they were to be got. The village would have knifed him sure, he said, let alone the little village god that he seemed to think would cup up rusty. It must be a conservative kind of place, I fancy.

"Well, I pumped him dry, and I got a map from him on my oath that no one should see it or go to the place but me. And he gave me a tip about the sapphire, which he said would serve me like a pass-port if I showed it at the Valley, and that his people would see me through so long's I carried it; but I was never to let on to any-one else.

"It had to be an expedition of one, you see, and I went up to Mussoorie presently, and worked out the track from there. I got a pony and some tucker and a revolver, and I started a month ago. I learnt the map off by heart and burnt it before I started; it's better that way.

"I got on swimmingly till I was thirty miles, p'r'aps, from here, and there the fun began. As soon as you're over the border, the niggers in the villages are suspicious

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brutes; or maybe it was they didn't understand a sahib that hadn't a caravan of luxuries and a string of coolies to carry 'em. I generally got what I wanted—a bed and a pile of *chupatis* and a sup o' goat's milk. I'm a plain man, but at last I had to run like blazes, just as you saw me when I came from down yonder.

I'd got a night's shelter in a hut in a village, and the nigger and his wife that lived in it had turned out to make room. Very civil-like they seemed, though their *bât* was beyond me, and I had to knock into their thick heads what it was I wanted. Well, I woke up in the night with a queer sound buzzing in my ears. Now I'd heard that once before, when there was a Mohurrum riot on in Abdallabad, and so I got up and squinted through a chink in the wall. And there, sure enough, was the 'ull village, headed by my kind heathen friends, with a regular forest of knives and jezails, come to make mincemeat of the little stranger. My pony was cut off by the crowd, but I cleared without waiting to say good-bye—just tore out the thatch and skipped.

"I ran for two miles, up hill and down dale, leaving bits of my *puttoo* suit on rocks and bushes and twigs, and I got well away from that village before I sat down to consider. 'Twas no good going back, and my only chance lay in getting along somehow to the Valley, and trusting to the sapphire to pull me through, and the Valley folk to give me a start home again. That was two days ago, and I've been getting along fairish, only I didn't dare go near another village to sleep, and it's pretty chilly work under the leeside of a rock o' nights. This afternoon I came across a nigger that thought I belonged to you, and he explained, as well as I could follow him, that the other sahib was camping ten miles on. It heartened me up considerable to hear there was a fellow-Christian knocking around in this God-forsaken wilderness; and when he pointed me out your tracks I followed you up. Then the storm came on, and I lost 'em again, and went blundering down a ravine, and got nearly to the end of my tether, what with the rain and the cold and an empty inside. Then I saw your lights, and here I am."

There was a directness about the story that was not to be gainsaid. It was the wildest adventure that Kenyon had ever heard of; but as he looked into the stubborn, terrier face of the little man before him he found room to believe in it, and to believe, too, that here, if anywhere, was the man to carry it out. The dare-devil pluck and endurance that had carried him so far through a desolate country, exposed to dangers of which all that could be said was that he did not perhaps realise their imminence, was a sufficient proof of his audacity. Who should say that it would not have its reward?

"And hasn't it occurred to you," said Kenyon, "that if you do get to this Valley you may find yourself in very serious danger? You have seen that the ordinary tribesman is not to be trusted; how much more so the people of a place that, from all you have heard, you must know to be peculiarly wild and inaccessible!"

Pelly nodded.

"Just so. I've considered all that. But, d'ye see, I'm a pushing man, and I think a fortune in thumping big sapphires is worth a risk or two. Then Mumbo Jumbo was friendly, and didn't seem to think harm 'ud come to me so long's I went alone, filled my pockets quietly, and didn't intrude."

"He might have been quite safe in entrusting you with the secret. You would not be likely to tell anyone where the Valley was before you got there; and he, perhaps, had his own reasons for thinking you would not come back."

"Maybe. But I'll steer by him and the sapphire, anyway, and see how far I can trust 'em. Man alive!—asking your pardon, sir—don't you think I'd risk it after slaving and stewing down there all these years for less pay a year than the worth of this little bit of stone in my cheek? It's my chance, and I'm going to take it."

The candle in the lantern gave a great jump, and spluttered in a dying agony about the socket. The wind had dropped a little, and the swish of falling rain was less intrusive than before.

Kenyon looked at his watch.

"Great Scott! It's one o'clock! What about turning in?"

The little man looked at the floor with a critical eye.

"I'll have to intrude for this night only, I'm afraid," he said. "Give me a blanket, and I'll make shift down there, sir. To-morrow morning early I shall vamoose, if there's anything left of my clothes to wear."

"Stick to what you have," said Kenyon. "Your coat is the only thing you can put on again. And—er—if you'd like the loan of a few rupees and a pack pony, you're welcome, you know."

"You're a gentleman, Leftenant Kenyon,

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sir. And some day—ah! some day soon—you'll find that J. F. Pelly don't forget the debts he owes. You'll hear from me—afterwards. Good-night."

He wrapped the blanket round him, curled himself on the floor like a dog, and, answering Kenyon's hospitable remonstrances with a couple of grunts, was asleep long before his host's head had touched the pillow.

It seemed to Kenyon that he had only been in bed five minutes, for he had sat long considering his strange guest, when he was awakened by a touch. Pelly, with the candle-end in his hand, was standing by his bed. It was not yet light, but the wind and rain had died away, and by the stillness around him Kenyon knew that the hush before the dawn was upon them. He sat up, blinking.

"I'm going," said Pelly. "I think it's best to be off before the servants get about. They might make a note of my tracks, or something. A man's got to be cautious in a business like this. But if you could oblige with the pony, sir——"

"'Good-bye!'"

And so it was in the night that he went as he had come—cool, dauntless, and confident. Kenyon went out with him, the raw mountain air nipping fingers and toes as they crept across the plateau to where the ponies were tethered. The coolies, snoring with covered heads under their canvas, heard nothing, and Pelly bridled a reluctant pony and led it softly away. Kenyon offered a final pull at the flask, and the other gulped it down with relish.

"I'll be well on my way before the sun is up," he said, with a look towards the east, where now faint grey lines were streaking the velvety blackness of the sky. His face began to glimmer through the shadow, and the finger of dawn crept slowly across the peaks. Up the valley piped a little morning breeze, and in its arms, as it passed them, it bore the smell of the great rain-sodden jungle, of the pines and deodars of the hillside, and of the freezing breath of the snowy range beyond. Kenyon looked into the unknown, where this man was to tread alone, and shivered.

"It's beastly," he said. "I wish you all good luck, but I'm sorry you didn't bargain to take some other fellow with you."

"Better alone," said the adventurer, with a shrug. "There's only one man to a secret. You'll hear of me when I come back, and—I'll remember this. Good-bye, sir!"

He jerked the pony's bridle, and it stepped nimbly along the goat track that wound northwards across the hill. The next moment a rock round which the path twisted intervened between him and the camp, and he was gone.

* * * * *

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The Trotters were leaving for Singapore, and Kenyon, shirt-sleeved, stood scratching his head in the middle of a desolate bungalow that had been a comfortable bachelor residence a short fortnight before. The floors were bare, the walls dismantled, and the reed curtains, pulled up awry, no longer prevented a flood of glaring hot sunshine from pointing out the dust and litter. On a charpoy* gaped a Gladstone bag, and around it were strewn more articles than the ingenuity of subaltern could possibly induce it to encompass. The troop train left that day,

"For a second he stared at them uncomprehending."

and Kitnapur, smiling in its cold weather beauty, was about to drop into place among the other memories of Indian stations. Kenyon, uninfluenced by sentimental considerations, scratched his head again.

An orderly spoke from the doorway.

"Blair memsahib gives a salaam. She waits in her dogcart at the gate."

It was an imperative summons. Kenyon plunged into his coat and ran down the verandah steps. There was a good friend's farewell awaiting him, and for the moment the packing of the Gladstone bag became a matter of no importance.

And now comes the inexplicable part of this veracious narrative. Kenyon's interview with his friend occupied the best part of half an hour, and when he came back the room was apparently as he had left it. He crossed to the charpoy and began to pack his belongings anew; and then he stopped.

On the top of a pile of shirts was laid a dirty brown-stained rag. It spread below a liberal handful of uncut sapphires.

For a second he stared at them uncomprehending, and then his thoughts were linked with the encounter of three months before among the hills at the back of beyond. This, then, at last, was the message. He had waited for it at first impatiently, and then with uneasiness for the man's safety and a mystification that deepened as the night's events ran backwards into the past and their outlines were dimmed in his memory. But where was Pelly now, and why—how—had he left his gift thus suddenly and slipped away?

He bent down and scooped the gems into his hand. They were of great size, and, as he guessed, of much value. But it was not of that he was thinking. The rag upon which they had lain was a piece obviously torn from a grey—yes, a grey flannel shirt, and the stains upon it were as smears of blood.

The step of the orderly sounded again at the door, and Kenyon called to him.

"Has a sahib been here in my absence and left these?"

He extended his hand with the sapphires lying upon it, and the orderly looked from them to his master.

"Huzoor, these be jewels of great price. But there has been no sahib here to bring them."

There was a hesitation in the man's manner, and consternation began to show itself.

"Someone has been here," said Kenyon, with conviction.

"No one to bring such treasure as lies in your hand, Huzoor. But—there came a strange man in rags, very wild to look upon. Perhaps——"

He looked doubtfully at the sapphires.

". . . . . My back was turned to the verandah while I watched your honour running to the gate. Then, when I turned, this man stood behind me. Now I think, it was as if he came from the room, for how could he have come up the road without first facing me? He looked like a man of the

* Native bed.

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wild people that live in the shadow of the snows—never had I seen such a one in Kitnapur."

"Well! What did you say to him?"

"I—I—Huzoor, I said nothing. He was strange; perhaps he was a holy man, and there was a knife in his belt. He looked at me and said, 'Peace! I go,' and then he ran swiftly across the compound to where the bushes screen the road, and I saw him no more."

"But you followed him?"

"I have even now come back from searching after him, Huzoor. I followed to the edge of the road, but when I reached it, lo! he was not there. The carts were driving up and down from the city, and the people were walking by, but none that I questioned had seen him. Perhaps he had sprung into a fast-going ekka and so been carried away. Thus he vanished; and I returned to find your honour here."

Which was all the explanation Kenyon received of the strange occurrence. The gift—which turned out to be a very munificent one indeed, and in the profits of which the recipient still rejoices—had not been left by the hand of Pelly, but by a messenger who might well have been the hillman described by him in his midnight story. But, then, where was Pelly, and what was the dark significance of that strip of blood-stained rag? What if its wearer were lying a wounded prisoner in the hands of the Valley folk, and the sapphires conveyed at personal risk by the friendly messenger were meant to be an appeal to the only white man who knew his story? Yet, if that were the case, an embassy so incomplete must have failed in its object, for Kenyon had no clue—and, as inquiries in Abdallabad proved, no means of finding one—to his whereabouts.

It seemed more to be feared that he was dead, and had charged his murderers, or some secret sympathiser, at least to send a sign to Kenyon and to repay his last earthly debt. In his heart Kenyon felt that this was the more likely contingency, and he shuddered at the thought that he had left the man to go to his death. Still, it might be that the blood stains were without meaning, and that the rag was used merely as an aid to a memory of what the stones were intended to repay.

But, surely, if all were well, and he could afford such magnificent largesse, Pelly would be heard of in India, or even in the West, as a nine days' wonder. Yet contemporary history was, and is, silent concerning him, and the railway at Abdallabad knows him no more. Had he been bound by some solemn oath, up there in the Valley of Sapphires, to lose his identity as the price of his safety and his wealth?

There were other conjectures that occurred to Kenyon. Was it that the little man, who had so few ties, and who carried his life so lightly in his hand, had stayed behind voluntarily? Had he become entangled, perhaps, with some woman of the tribe, or enchanted by the fascination of this Valley where men were strange and unlike all others? Or was it possible that he had been content to become, by virtue of the power of the Englishman, king and ruler over the wild people amongst whom he had sought his fate?

Setting aside the mystery of Pelly, it seems an established fact that the Valley of Sapphires is not the fruit of a lively fancy. Somewhere in the unexplored hills it exists, no doubt, and the sapphires lie "strewn like pebbles" upon it. Somewhere in the far borderland round about the snows—a thought sufficient to make the mouths of poor men water. But, seeing that Ram Dass died that autumn of cholera, and that his serai exists no longer to attract the strange man, it looks as if the hills will keep their secret in our time at least, and that the little children of the Valley will be left their playthings, undisturbed.

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"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

By A. C. Weatherstone.

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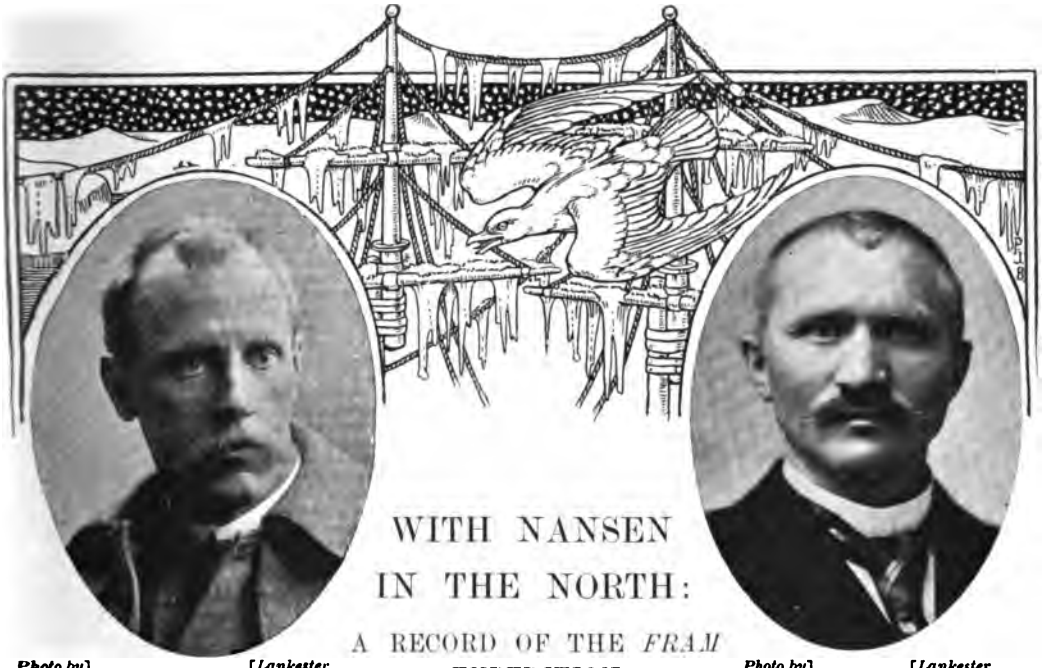

Photo by] [Lankester.
DR. NANSEN.

WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH:

A RECORD OF THE *FRAM* EXPEDITION.

Photo by] [Lankester.
LIEUT. JOHANSEN.

By Lieut. Hjalmar Johansen.

CHAPTER IX.

Deep soundings—The bear and the trap—Christmas and New Year—The drift—Our state of health—Walrus.

I AM now a pupil of Scott-Hansen. With his usual kindness and patience he is instructing me in the method of taking the various observations. We are now in 79° 13′ north latitude. According to this we have drifted 4′ to the north in about a week.

One day Peder came into the saloon and said, "There's a bear about." Guns and cartridges were brought out, and all hands rushed on deck. The dogs were barking and running about in the moonlight as if possessed. Some of us set off running in the direction in which the bear had been seen. We did not, however, see any bear, but found the tracks of a monster, which must have been in a great hurry to get away from the ship. Sverdrup thought it was now high time the bear-trap was fixed up, and he set about doing so. Soon afterwards the trap was suspended between two supports some distance away from the ship.

To-day, the 21st of December, is our shortest day. We have been taking soundings the whole of the day without reaching the bottom, although we have run out 1,000 fathoms. The temperature of the water at a depth of 800 fathoms was 23° F. Ten of us have been busy all the forenoon and afternoon hauling up the line with its heavy lead, weighing about a hundredweight. We kept trudging along, one after the other, with the line over our shoulders, for some distance over the ice, and then back again to the hole. This afforded us excellent exercise and diversion; and with the light from the forge, where Petterson was busy repairing the windmill, the scene on the ice was quite a picturesque one.

The dogs are now doing well, and there seems to be a better understanding between them since they have become aware that they are threatened with death and destruction by their common enemy, the bear. "Billettören" is at his old tricks again; he keeps stealing dried codfish, which he hides away among the hummocks, whither he sets off as soon as he is let loose in the morning, and does not appear again except at meal-times. "Caiaphas's" tail has become adorned with ornaments in the shape of lumps of ice, which adhere to the hairs, and rattle like a rattlesnake whenever he moves his tail. "Kvik" runs away from her pups to take an airing on the ice, and "Baby" is, as usual,

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ready to give us his paw whenever we come near him; "Cannibal" is somewhat ferocious, but not dangerous; "Pan" is still king of the pack as far as strength is concerned, but it is really "Suggen" who is in command; "Barabbas" is "Kvik's" favourite, and is in consequence greatly hated by the others; "Bjelki" is always keeping a sharp look-out for bears, and stares at us with his great, black, melancholy eyes.

December 22.—At four o'clock this morning a bear was near the ship. Jacobsen saw it, forward on the port side. He fired a shot at it, but did not succeed in hitting it at such a long range in the moonlight. Hendriksen, Mogstad, Bentsen, and Sverdrup then came on deck. In the meantime, the bear had approached the trap, which is on the starboard side of the ship. It had evidently crossed in front of the ship to have a look at the strange object over yonder. It raised itself three times on its hind legs and cautiously examined the whole arrangement. It carefully put a paw against the supports on each side of the trap, sniffed at the bait, which consisted of blubber, and looked all round. It then lowered itself carefully and walked along by the steel wire with which the apparatus was fastened to a small hummock, sniffing round this as if it wanted to see whether it was properly made fast, after which it walked away without troubling itself any further about the whole arrangement. "That fellow has as much sense as a man," said Sverdrup. "I'll swear, now, that a Samoyede would not have been able to make anything out of it, but would have walked straight into the trap."

A SKI COMPETITION.

The bear, on coming nearer the ship, was shot; a bullet through the shoulder settled it. Jacobsen and Peder could never agree as to whose bullet it was. The bear was not very large, but it was pretty fat. We discovered on cutting it up that it had devoured a considerable portion of a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, which it had found close to the ship.

Our first Christmas in the Arctic regions is upon us, and the saloon of the *Fram* resounds with the old greeting of "A merry Christmas!" To-day, in the old country, these words pass everywhere between man and man, between high and low. We are keeping Christmas all by ourselves, free and independent of everybody, here in our own kingdom. We do not need to trouble ourselves about authority and laws; we have none other than those we ourselves have made. And our little community is thriving admirably up here. Yet how much should we like to be among the dear ones at home, if only for a little while! Thoughts every now and then overcome us like a warm current, thawing all the ice which separates us from the south, and then everything up here in the darkness and the cold becomes quite light and warm.

We were seated round the table on Christmas Eve, in our thick woollen jerseys or anoraks, when suddenly an elegantly dressed person, with collar and cuffs and a white tie, stood in our midst. It was Scott-Hansen, who had dressed in his cabin for the occasion. He looked just as if he had come straight from Norway with greetings as he shook hands with us all. From the captain's cabin came another well-dressed figure. This was our commander, who, in his usual quiet way, silently took his seat. All this seemed to us like a breath of civilisation.

After supper Nansen fetched two boxes from his cabin. They contained presents to us all from Scott-Hansen's mother and *fiancée*. With child-like pleasure we received our gifts of knives, pipes, cigarettes, etc. I got a target with darts, and I think it would have pleased the fair donors if they could have seen how, on many an evening and far into the night, we amused ourselves with this game, winning cigarettes and gingerbread from each other as the result of our skill.

Cakes, which did great honour to Juell, almonds and raisins and other fruit, as well as some toddy, were then placed on the table.

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The organ was out of order, and Mogstad had not yet got out his fiddle, so I had to play on my accordion. And then we sang, and Nansen gave us some recitations. Now and then we took a trip on deck, and it was then that the absolute solitariness of our position impressed itself upon us, with the magnificent moonlight shining over the endless ice-fields around us which separated us from civilisation. It was very cold, the temperature being 36° below zero.

On Christmas Eve we were in 79° 11′ north latitude. Our paper, *Framsjaa*, appeared this week—a specially well-filled number. We had now an artist on the staff of the paper, and he contributed some clever sketches entitled, "The Nansen Boys in Time of Peace," and, "The Nansen Boys in Time of War." In the former, when no danger is at hand, we are represented as armed with guns, revolvers, and long knives; in time of war, when the bears are about, we have nothing but a lantern.

Between Christmas and New Year things go on as usual. Some of us complain of being unable to sleep at night; sometimes they lie awake the whole of the night. I, for my part, cannot complain. Blessing has begun taking notes of the sleeping on board for statistical purposes.

The Old Year is rapidly coming to an end. As yet we have not proceeded very far to the north since we became fixed in the ice. It seems that it is the wind which has most to do with our drifting. If it is northerly we drift to the south, and if it is southerly we drift to the north. To-day, we had a fire in the saloon for the first time. It was very pleasant, but I am afraid we are not very well off with regard to fuel.

The last day of the year arrived dark and cloudy, but the weather cleared up in the course of the day, and when the Old Year bade us farewell the whole of the heavens were ablaze with Northern Lights. We were then in 79° 6′ north latitude, and the thermometer stood at 33° below zero.

We spent the evening pleasantly and merrily. The *Framsjaa* contained, among other news, telegrams from Norway about most remarkable political changes. "Hutetu," our artist, contributed a drawing in pastel, representing a female figure sitting on the horn of the moon, surrounded by flaming Northern Lights running in spirals and bands, and looking in surprise at the *Fram* as she lay in the ice below. Nansen made a speech just as the Old Year was passing, thanking us all for our pleasant comradeship throughout the Old Year, and hoping this would continue in the New.

January 1, 1894. — A welcome to the New Year! May it be a good year for us, and enable us in course of time to reach our goal. It brings us cold, with the thermometer at 36° below zero; but then it also brings light with it. It has made its appearance among us with the heavens radiant with Northern Lights. It will also bring us another great light, one that we can discern from day to day on the horizon in the south. Perhaps it will also enlighten us with knowledge when it has become a little older; but that at present is the secret of it alone. Perhaps, however, it is darkness in grim earnest that the New Year has in store for us. But, whether it comes with light or with darkness, it is no doubt best that its knowledge of the future should remain unrevealed. The days, as they pass by, the one after the other, grow longer and longer.

When the sun arrives we are to have a grand sun festival. This will be a kind of service, a sort of sun-worship, if you like. Let me here mention that there is no kind of divine service held on board; each one is left to worship in his own way.

With regard to our life on board the *Fram*, I can only say that on the whole we got on well together, and that our relations with one another were all that could have been desired. It was, of course, impossible to avoid frictions altogether. The continual intercourse day and night in such limited space, with its monotony, in the very nature of things would tend to ruffle one's temper on the slightest provocation. The Arctic night, no doubt, had also to a certain extent a depressing influence upon our spirits. I think, however, that the whole thirteen of us will agree that we got on well together.

During the month of January we had almost continuous southerly winds, and we drifted, therefore, at a good pace towards the north. Now that it was clearly proved that it was the wind upon which we had to depend, we all, naturally, only wished for southerly winds, so that we might push on further and further to the north. Never were such beaming faces seen as when a regular gale from the south-east was blowing. Then the question of reaching the Pole itself was often discussed, the time in which we might possibly get there, whether we were likely to reach it in the ship or by sledges, whether we might after all be compelled to leave the *Fram*, and so forth. Maps were brought out, and the history of

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former expeditions was read and discussed. We lived through all their experiences, but at the same time we knew that we were far better off than any other Arctic expedition before us. Many a life has been lost in the service of Arctic exploration, and dearly bought were the experiences upon which Nansen built, when he prepared his plan and fitted out the expedition which was destined to excel all others in its achievements. Here we were, on our splendid ship, with all the comforts one could desire, with plenty of food and with no fear of hunger or cold. The horrors of the Arctic night were unknown to us; we sat safely in our gallant craft, and let the ice outside thunder and crash as it liked. Of illness we knew nothing, and scurvy, that terrible and most dreaded enemy of the Arctic explorer, we did not fear, for our provisions had been well and carefully chosen.

On the 6th of January we were in 78° 57′ north latitude, and two days later in 79° 6′; during the following days we went on drifting steadily to the north. The thermometer was at 40° below zero; the quicksilver was frozen, and we were obliged to use thermometers with spirits of wine and other liquids.

A SEA OF ICE.

As early as the 14th of January we were discussing the idea of making a sledge expedition to the Pole, when we had got further north, and thence to Franz Josef Land, while the *Fram* was to try to get out of the ice and steam thither and meet the sledge expedition there. The sledge expedition was only to consist of three men, while all the dogs were to be used.

Scott-Hansen has begun taking observations with the pendulum apparatus; this has to be done at night, when everything is perfectly quiet. The thickness of the floes on the side of the ship is four and a half feet, while the floes before the bow are five and a half feet through. How thick the ice will be when the pressure forces one floe under the other, it is not easy to foretell.

On the 22nd of January a large open lane was seen not very far off in a north-easterly direction. We then enjoyed the rare sight of seeing the reflection of the moon on the surface of the water. Next day the lane was covered with a thin sheet of ice. Later in the morning we heard one of the dogs making a terrible row in that direction; we thought, of course, it must be a bear, as they were barking as they generally do on such occasions. Nansen and Sverdrup had gone over to the place, and Nordahl and I also set out in the same direction to measure the temperature of the water and to take a sample to test its saltness. As I lay on my face on the ice, reading the thermometer by the light of the lantern, I heard a puffing noise and the splashing of water and ice. We got the guns ready and jumped upon a small hummock to receive the animal, shouting to the men on board that we thought there was a bear about. We could hear Nansen shouting back that it was a walrus and that we must not fire; they had gone on board for harpoons and lines with which to catch it.

When we got on board we heard that Nansen and Sverdrup had come across a walrus lying on the ice, when they came to the place where "Caiaphas" stood barking. It threw itself into the water and vanished. They were now trying to find it again, but they were not successful.

It gave rise to a good deal of speculation, to meet with a walrus here, in the midst of the desert of drifting ice, with hundreds of fathoms to the bottom of the ocean, where it seeks its food. There must surely be land in the neighbourhood, or we must be above some banks. We had taken soundings with a line nearly 130 fathoms long, without finding any bottom. For some time that walrus remained a mystery.

When we are out on the ice the *Fram* looks quite picturesque as she lies there somewhat coquettishly on one side, while the ice-floes lovingly embrace her powerful hull, the masts pointing majestically towards the sky, and the rigging thick with hoar-frost. The windmill is going, and whirls round and round, showing that there is life in the midst of the solitude.

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CHAPTER X.

Changes in the ice—Trying the dogs with the sledges—The return of the sun—A ski-tour in 60° below zero—An eclipse of the sun—Unsuccessful bear-hunting—Spring.

We have now begun taking long walks on the ice, and have a kind of notion that we may find land to the north of us. One after the other comes down from the rigging, believing that he has caught a glimpse of land. When daylight returns we shall see.

On the evening of the 27th of January a violent pressure began in the ice. We got through it all right, however. In the lane, about 200 yards to the north, there was a terrible hurly-burly. But although it was some distance off, and the ship lies as securely fixed as if in a vice, we now and then feel violent shocks, as if there were a wave-like motion in the ice. And these waves of ice, which are about six feet thick, and in many places packed together to the treble and even to greater thicknesses, are not to be despised.

Scott-Hansen and I had to set out to save the anemometer and the thermometer on the floe close to the ship, as the ice was beginning to crack on the port side about thirty yards off. The following day we set out to look at the terrible havoc around us. It was an imposing sight to see the results of the forces which had been at work. The ice was crushed to pieces and piled up in blocks and smaller fragments to a height of nineteen feet. In one place we saw an ice-floe in the shape of a monolith raised on end, and reaching twelve feet in the air, while it was only two or three feet in breadth. The *Fram* now lay as if in a valley surrounded by ridges of ice on all sides, but mostly astern. Between the ridges, which generally run in a western-easterly direction, the enormously thick ice had cracked and been ground to pieces, so that our surroundings were now quite new.

Towards the end of January it was so light that we could read a newspaper in the middle of the day, but still no land was to be seen. On the 1st of February we assumed that we had passed, or were passing, the 80°. On account of the overclouded state of the weather we had not been able to take any observation. Nevertheless, as we had had a splendid wind, we decided upon celebrating the occasion in a small way. The more *fêtes* and celebrations we have the better, and we always try to avoid amalgamating them.

The next day we found we were in 80° 9′ north latitude, and 132° east longitude, showing a drift of 19′ in three days.

During the whole month of February we made but slow progress. On the 9th inst. we again passed the 80°, having drifted southwards. And after that we drifted forwards and backwards, so that in the beginning of March we found ourselves still in 79° 53′ north latitude, and 134° 57′ east longitude.

There was now great activity on board; we were busy making sledges and mending our ski. We were driving with the dogs and learning how to guide them with whips similar to those used by the Eskimos, consisting of a short handle with a very long lash. Occasionally, also, we were to be seen on the ice alongside the ship busily engaged in practice at hitting the empty tins which Juell had thrown there.

PETTERSON TAKING A "CONSTITUTIONAL" ON THE ICE.

When out driving, however, we did not succeed in guiding the dogs in the Eskimo manner. We were obliged to drive with them in the way to which they had been used, that is, by letting a man go on in front and show them the road. When the ice is flat, a team of four dogs can easily draw two men. We also tried experiments with different sledges to ascertain which were the best for hard and for loose ground. Nansen and Sverdrup had the experience gained on their Greenland expedition to help them in these experiments.

We tried different kinds of runners and metal-fittings: round, concave, and flat runners, and fittings of aluminium, German

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silver, and steel. It was, of course, important to have all these thoroughly tested, so as to ascertain which was the best.

"Billettören," poor fellow, has just died quietly and peacefully. He has been poorly of late, and died, so to speak, in his bed. The climate was, no doubt, too severe for him; so he has had to leave this life and his favourite occupation of gathering together dried codfish away among the hummocks. The editor of the *Framsjaa* offered a prize for the best epitaph on "Job" and "Billettören." I believe it was Juell who won the prize.

The saloon has been transformed into a workshop for all kinds of work. On the deck are lying sledges which have to be lashed, and ski which want new fastenings. Some of us are repairing *komager* (Lapp boots made of reindeer-skin), while others are looking to their canvas boots, which they prefer. From Sverdrup's cabin comes the homely sound of a sewing machine; he is making sails for the boats.

We are also taking tours on ski round about our quarters. The temperature is generally about 45° below zero, but it takes a good deal to make one feel cold when on ski.

A HALT ON A SKI TOUR.

On the 16th of February we saw a mirage of the sun above the horizon in the shape of a red flaming torch. This was the occasion of a preliminary sun festival. The proper celebration was held on the 20th of February, although we could not see the sun on account of the cloudy sky; we could only see the reflection of its light in the clouds above. We had another shooting competition in honour of the day, but without prizes. Peder and Nansen were the best shots on this occasion.

Our first Arctic night was thus at an end. But we did not find that any of us had suffered in any way during this dreaded period. The sun did not meet those pale and emaciated faces and bowed figures of which we hear so much in connection with other expeditions. It was our good ship and our excellent provisioning which we had to thank for this.

We measured the thickness of the ice in several places. In a lane which was formed about a month earlier, where the snow was thinnest, the ice was thickest, viz., 22 inches, while where the snow lay thicker it was only 17 inches, by no means a slight difference.

On the 1st of March we attempted to take some soundings. In our first attempt, however, we lost the lead through the breaking of the wire, and in our second we ran out a line of about 1,700 fathoms, but did not reach the bottom.

No one had thought of such a depth in these regions. For this reason we were not too well supplied with materials for soundings; but we started a rope-walk on the ice, and began making sounding-lines from wire ropes in a temperature of 40° below zero.

One day Nansen caught in his net a great number of small infusoria, which looked like a kind of living fireworks. They shone with a wonderfully pretty greenish-blue colour as he shook the net.

The severe cold has not had any injurious effect upon us worth speaking of, but we have, of course, had to be careful.

Peder has had his cheek frost-bitten, while Bentsen has had one side of his nose frozen every day. He thinks that part of it will become quite black when he gets back to warmer climes. Scott-Hansen has often had his fingers frost-bitten when taking observations, and on one occasion, when Nansen was photographing me, my nose all of a sudden turned white without my being aware of it. Nansen had to tell me to make haste and rub it with snow.

One day Nansen, Sverdrup, Scott-Hansen and I set out on a ski tour, the temperature being 60° below zero. We wore fur coats, but only our ordinary thick tweed trousers. When we had proceeded some distance we discovered that we had nearly lost all feeling in our knees, and had then to begin rubbing and beating them to get life into them again. We now altered our course so that we got the wind, which was travelling about three metres in the second, obliquely, instead of

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directly against us. The ski are easily broken in severe cold, as the wood becomes very brittle. Many a pair were destroyed in consequence. As for Jacobsen, none of the ski were strong enough to carry him. Eventually some were specially made for him with steel runners underneath, but they also went to pieces.

When we are out on similar excursions we generally use our Iceland woollen jerseys and wind-clothes. The latter are made of a light material through which the wind cannot penetrate, the trousers being made wide enough to pull on over the usual ones, and

Sverdrup followed the dogs and soon discovered some holes made in the ice in the lane by a walrus. More of us went to join in the search for the walrus, but all in vain. It is most difficult to understand how these animals can manage to exist here in the midst of the thickest and closest drift-ice; but the fact remains that they are found here.

We are having westerly and south-westerly winds, and are, in consequence, unfortunately drifting southwards. Our life on board goes on as usual; we have now more opportunity for taking exercise since daylight has returned.

A SKI EXCURSION.

the jacket in the shape of an Eskimo anorak, with a hood to draw over the head which can be pulled tightly with a cord. We find these clothes most useful as a protection against the biting wind.

On the 12th of March the temperature was 60° below zero. This was the lowest temperature observed by us.

One day we heard the dogs making a terrible row and barking loudly. We all thought there were bears about. "Ulinka" and "Pan" were let loose and they set off westward towards a lane which had been formed in that direction. Nansen and

Our library has been in great request; on more than one occasion it has been a great comfort and pleasure to us. Books about earlier Arctic expeditions were those read at first. A number of volumes of English illustrated papers are great favourites; we enjoy the pictures almost as children do.

The dogs are let loose in the mornings, as usual, to take exercise on the ice; they bark and carry on terribly to get loose, but no sooner have they got on the ice than they want to get on board again. But they are not allowed on board until dinner-time, when most of them creep back into their kennels.

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One of them, little "Bjelki," who has a remarkably thick coat, always remains outside and goes to sleep in a temperature of −60°! Another one, "Haren," a long-legged, white, smooth-haired dog with pointed ears and a long snout, will never come on board with the others; he never feels cold, and likes best to be on the ice. "Sjölike," a small, snappish brute with a tangled white coat, and a great fighter, although he has scarcely any teeth left, was to-day taken down into the saloon to be dried. "Kvik," who has the privilege of being there, became exceedingly jealous at this. When any of the dogs are brought down into the saloon, they become so quiet and docile as to seem quite embarrassed at all the grandeur and finery to be seen there.

We have had to shoot one of "Kvik's" pups, which suddenly went mad and ran round and round the deck, frothing at the mouth.

JOHANSEN ON A HUMMOCK WATCHING FOR THE BEARS.

Daylight is now shining right down into the saloon to us. We have taken away the kennels round the skylight and put in double windows. The electric light is well enough, but it is not to be compared with sunlight.

At the end of March we are in 80° 4′ north latitude, and the temperature stands at −26°. The sun is now quite high in the heavens, and we are using it for our observations. In spite of the cold, the sun gives out so much heat that the snow in the bow of the *Fram* has begun to melt. The dogs are basking in the sunshine, and showing their joy by trying to tear each other to pieces. The puppies take after their elders, and every morning they fight on the deck to their hearts' content.

On the 6th of April we expected an eclipse of the sun. Scott-Hansen had made a calculation as to the time it would occur, and how long it would last. He, Nansen, and I began in good time to watch the sun. We used the large telescope and the theodolite, two of us observing, one at each instrument, while the third kept the time. Scott-Hansen and I were observing as the time drew near, and we both almost simultaneously cried out, "Now!" when the moon entered upon the disc of the sun, which occurred a few seconds later than Scott-Hansen had calculated.

The next morning, while I was taking the meteorological observations, my attention was drawn, by "Ulinka's" barking, to two bears close to the large hummock astern of the ship. It was difficult to distinguish them in the bright sunshine, as they were as white as the snow. I seized a carbine which hung ready loaded with a few shots, and Mogstad, who in the meantime had come on deck, seized another. The bears, which stood scenting the air, and had probably been disturbed by the noise of the dogs, faced right round and made off. We jumped down on to the ice and ran after them. I had low wooden shoes on my feet, and was constantly losing them in the snowdrifts. It was a she-bear with her one-year-old cub that had been near the ship. I was to be responsible for the mother, and Mogstad for the cub. When we reached the large hummock we could see them some distance ahead, but at rather a long range. We fired, and could see that both the bears were hit. The mother was hit by three bullets, and then fell over, and the cub was also seen to fall. But neither of us had any more cartridges besides those that had been in the guns, and, unfortunately, these did not contain expanding bullets. The cub raised itself and made a spring forward. The mother twisted herself round, got on to her legs, and trudged off as if in a dazed condition. Then she lay down for a while, and then again set off after her cub. I ran on board to fetch more cartridges, and to give the alarm that two

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bears had been fired at close to the ship. All hands helped to get guns and cartridges ready. Nansen set off on ski without having had anything to eat. We did not see him again until the evening.

Quite an expedition was now fitted out and started for the place where the bears had been wounded, but we saw neither them nor Nansen. I climbed a hummock to get a better view, while the others went on in advance with sledges to fetch the bears, of which we felt sure. Suddenly I caught sight of two other bears, not far away, but they discovered me at the same time, and took to their heels. It was only the work of a moment to get the gun off my shoulder and to load it, and off we ran, across ridges and past hummocks and lanes, while we now and then caught a glimpse of the bears in front of us. Peder, who was the only one besides myself who had a gun, followed up the chase for a while, and Nordahl and Petterson also joined. I was lightly clad, and pushed on as fast as I could. In about an hour and a half I was the only one in a pursuit which, after all, led to nothing. I could see by the tracks that the bears had reduced their speed, and I hoped to have gained upon them; but at last I saw it was impossible to overtake bears on ski, and, when shortly afterwards a fog came on, I had to retrace my steps to the ship, which I reached in time for dinner. In the afternoon many of us set out in search of the bears, but all in vain.

Nansen came back in the evening after a long and difficult pursuit of the wounded bears; he had followed up the blood-stained tracks as far as he could, but the animals had managed to get away somehow.

We have impregnated our ski with a mixture of tar, stearine, and tallow, which makes them run exceedingly smoothly. There is a great difference of opinion as to which of us has the smoothest ski; we often have competition runs from some hummock or other which is suitable for the purpose, and use all the tricks we know of to get our ski to slide, if only a couple of inches further than those of the others. Those belonging to Sverdrup and Nansen slide the longest distance, the former being a pair which Nansen has made himself on board, while the latter are a pair of thin birchwood ski from Finland.

During the month of April we have been drifting northwards fairly well. On the 18th we were in 80° 23′ north latitude, and on the 28th in 80° 40′. During the latter part of the month the temperature was about 4° below zero. We take observations of the temperature at different depths in the ice both morning and evening. We have four holes bored in the ice, respectively at a depth of 0·40, 0·80, 1·20, 1·60 metres, and we find that the further we get down into the ice the warmer it is. At 1·60 it is only half as cold as at 0·40 metre. The temperature of the water is 33° at a depth of 200 metres.

TAKING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER.

We greatly enjoy going on ski in the sun, and the dogs also seem to enjoy the warm weather, although they may feel rather warm with their thick fur. Little "Bjelki" is puffing and panting, with his tongue lolling far out of his mouth, just like the dogs at home in the dog days, the difference being

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that the temperature here is 5° below zero, and that the dogs can cool their heads by burying them in the snowdrifts. We have now sunshine throughout the twenty-four hours.

Yes, at home the spring is approaching; the birds are coming from the south as its first messengers, and all nature is brightening up and enjoying the new life around. At home the sun and the snow are fighting the old battle with greater results than here with us.

Everything here is just as before; the great difference is that now it is light both night and day, while before it was dark. But here there are no fields requiring to be laid bare, no plants or trees anxious to shoot forth; we see no flowers, and hear no birds singing, we see nothing of all those things we now think were so wonderfully pretty when we were at home.

When May arrived, the weather became milder; we had plenty of favourable wind to gladden our hearts, and on Whit Sunday, the 13th, we had reached a latitude of 80° 53'. The same day we saw a sea-gull coming floating over the big hummock. It was a message of spring. In the course of the summer we shot several birds: ivory gulls, Arctic petrels, snow bunting, and no less than eight young specimens of the very rare Arctic rose gull, or Ross's gull. Peder would not allow us to shoot the black guillemots. "They are lucky birds," he used to say.

Our paper, the *Framsjaa*, appeared pretty regularly, but one Sunday no number was published. In the next number the editor informed his readers, in reply to many anxious inquiries, that the new rotary printing machine had been delayed by ice in the Elbe, but that now it had arrived safely, and the paper would thereafter be greatly enlarged and appear regularly. A column for "questions and answers" would be a new attraction, and the editor would undertake to reply fully to all kinds of questions, no matter what they might be. The last number contained a remarkable poetic effusion, with the title, "What is eternity?" This contribution, the editor remarked, had arrived after the edition was printed, but he was so impressed with the poem that he would not keep it from his readers for another week, so he decided, quite regardless of expense, to print a new edition containing the poem. "With our new rotary machine nothing is impossible for us," said the bare-faced editor.

CHAPTER XI.

Summer excursion on the ice—Midsummer Day—"Suggen" and "Caiaphas"—The drift.

THE 17th of May, 1894.—The anniversary of the Norwegian Day of Independence opened with bad weather, like the previous day. But we took no notice of the weather, for we had been in a festive mood since the early morning, and were bent on celebrating the day in a worthy manner. Such a curious procession the world has probably never seen as that which on this day, high up on the interminable ice-fields in the far North, wended its way around a ship lying fast between masses of ice. The weather was such as no festival in honour of the Norwegian Day of Independence had ever been celebrated in before. The *Fram* was, of course, decorated as befitted the occasion.

First of all came Nansen with his small Norwegian flag on a bear-spear, and then Sverdrup with the pennant of the *Fram* waving in the breeze. Next came a sledge drawn by two of our best dogs, while the other dogs ran about, apparently surprised at the strange sight. The sledge was driven by Mogstad, while I sat beside him with my accordion, representing the band. The music was not brilliant, but it must be remembered that with the thermometer at ten degrees, and a biting wind, one's fingers were somewhat affected by the cold. After the sledge came Jacobsen and Peder, the former with his gun, and the latter with his long harpoon and walrus-line round his shoulders; then Amundsen and Nordahl with a red banner, in the midst of which stood a Norwegian viking breaking a spear in two, with the inscription, "Forward! forward, Norwegians! What we do, we do for Norway!" Then came Blessing with his banner; it was one of his own shirts, on which was painted with large red letters, "N. A." (Normal Arbeidsdag, or Normal Working Day). The shirt was fastened to the end of a harpoon-spear with a cross-piece for the sleeves, and in defence of his banner he carried rifle, revolver and knife. After him came Scott-Hansen with the meteorologist's banner, consisting of a large tin plate, on which stood, on a red background, the letters "Al. Str." (Almindelig Stemmeret, or Universal Suffrage). It was a striking banner enough, but it gave us a lot of trouble; it was blown to pieces during the procession, and had to be repaired, and later

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on, when Nansen was speaking, it would persist in keeping up a rattling noise, and had, at last, to be turned edgewise to the wind. Last of all came Juell, our cook, with the kettle belonging to our cooking range on his back, and a big fork in his hand.

In the early morning we had decorated ourselves with bows of the national colours. We had some trouble about the blue colour, and had, at last, to use paper, but for the red and white we found some suitable cloth. Even "Suggen," the patriarch among the dogs, went about with a long ribbon bow at his neck. Bentsen and Petterson did not join us, as they were devoting themselves to the preparation of the dinner.

At twelve o'clock the procession started in the order mentioned above. A strange, solemn sight, no doubt, it must have been to see us, with our banners and devices, gliding on our ski around the *Fram*, which lay there, safe and sound, pressed a little over on one side by the ice. I played the Norwegian national song, "Yes, we love this country," etc., and we all thought it sounded most impressive. We marched twice round the ship, and thence to the big hummock astern, where Nansen proposed a cheer for the *Fram*, which had hitherto borne us so well on our expedition, and which he hoped would do the same in the future. The ringing cheers resounded far out over the ice. We then returned to the ship, where we made a halt by her side, while Nansen ascended the bridge and delivered a speech in honour of the day. He hoped that all at home were well; there were, perhaps, some, whose minds were filled with anxious thoughts on our account, but he only wished they could know how well we were faring, and they would be quite easy in their minds. Up to the present we had reason to be satisfied, and if some unforeseen circumstance did not occur, we might succeed in bringing honour to our country, and make it respected in the eyes of the world, should we really succeed in reaching our goal. The speech was received with cheers for our country, which were given with the full force of our lungs.

Then followed the salute: four shots from our cannons thundered forth over the silent ice-fields. Some of the dogs took to their heels, frightened out of their wits. "Baby" and "Rattlesnake" did not appear for some time afterwards.

A splendid dinner was then served in the saloon, which was festively decorated with flags. The conversation turned upon our return home, a subject upon which, in our happy moments, we are generally apt to fall back, and which always carries us away. After dinner cigars and coffee. In the evening refreshments, consisting of figs, raisins, almonds, and ginger-bread, were served round.

A MERIDIAN ALTITUDE OF THE SUN IN THE SUMMER OF 1894.

May 18.—"The day after"—but no visible after-effects among any of us. The wind continues with drifting snow. It is E. to S., and travels about 10 metres in the second. The ship has been twisting herself round, and is now lying in the direction of S. ½ E. instead of S. ½ W. The sky is overcast, and we can take no observations at present. The temperature is 14° below zero.

Two days afterwards we take an observation, according to which we are in 81° 12·4′ north latitude, and in 125° 45′ east longitude.

Amundsen is making an apparatus with which to measure the current at different depths, and Petterson, who is fond of cooking, has relieved Juell as cook, and they will now act as such for a fortnight each.

On the 1st of June we took a sounding

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with a line 4,400 metres in length, made out of a wire rope. We only got back 3,200 metres; the rest of the line, with ten iron grids and a bottom-sampler, are lying at the bottom of the ocean.

In the beginning of June the ground was in the best possible condition for ski-running. On our tours Sverdrup and I saw several "breathing-holes" made by walrus or seal in various places in the lanes. One evening we played a game of "bold"* on the ice close to the ship; we played with heart and soul till the snow flew about our ears and the steam rose in clouds from our bodies.

We hoisted our sails one day in order to get them dried. The sails swelled out in the wind, but of course the *Fram* did not move.

The summer has brought with it misty rains and a mild temperature up to 40°.

A SUMMER EVENING, JULY, 1894.

The snow is melting, and pools of water are being formed here and there on the ice. Numerous indications on the sky in all directions tell of open water in various places. In this mild weather, light as it is both night and day, we promenade the deck, which is kept nice and trim, smoking our pipes and talking to each other about the ice, the drift, and our chances of reaching our goal. When the wind blows from the south our spirits rise. For the present our object is to get further to the north than any ship has previously done, such as the *Alert*, the English ship, which reached 82° 27′ north latitude, and the *Polaris*, the American ship, which got as far as 82° 26′ north latitude.

* A game something like the English game of "rounders."

We are also on the look-out for land, especially Peder, who is constantly spying from the crow's nest. Every time he appears at the door of the saloon he is greeted with the ironical query, "Well, have you seen anything?" or "Have you heard anything?" which Peder receives with imperturbable calmness.

On the 16th of June we have reached 81° 51′ north latitude. The temperature is maximum 39°, and minimum 19°. Scott-Hansen, Nordahl and Peder have been away on an expedition, the longest that has hitherto been undertaken across the drift-ice. From the crow's nest Peder had seen an unusually large hummock with black stripes down its sides. They took its bearings and set off for it one Sunday morning on ski, taking plenty of provisions with them, and more than half the dogs. They did not succeed in finding the same black hummock which Peder descried, but they came across another one about twenty-five feet high, from which they brought back with them some clayey soil. They also found a log of drift-wood, a piece of which they also brought with them. On their way back they found in an open lane a curious animal or plant, they did not know which. It turned out to be an alga. When they got back they were much fagged and knocked up with toiling across hummocks and lanes on the heavy slushy ground. Scott-Hansen and Peder became slightly snow-blind after this expedition, and Blessing had to cure them with cocaine.

The pool around the ship is gradually getting bigger, so much so that we can practise in our kayaks on it. Scott-Hansen is especially keen at this sport; he lets himself capsize with his kayak, and then tries to right himself with it again. Nordahl holds a line, which is fastened around Scott-Hansen's body, and when the latter is on the point of drowning, he is pulled ashore, and has then to hurry to his cabin and change his clothes. He seems greatly to like these experiments in capsizing.

From the pools on the higher ice, small rivers run down the slope to the lower ice-strata, with just the same sound as the rippling brooks among the mountains at home. On board we find that the mould-

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mushroom seems to thrive wherever there is any dampness. Blessing is cultivating the bacteria which he has obtained from the dead puppies. But as yet he has found no bacteria in the air.

On Midsummer Day we are in 81° 43′ north latitude. The weather is bad, with cold northerly wind and sleet. There are no signs of birch-leaves, or of flowers; only ice, ice everywhere. While we were sitting at dinner a bear paid a visit to the big hummock astern, where Mogstad and Jacobsen are building an ice-cellar for our stock of bear, walrus and seal flesh, which we are keeping as food for the dogs. When they returned thither after dinner they discovered the tracks of the bear. Nansen was away the whole afternoon in search of it, but had no success. It is now most difficult to get over the hummocks and across the lanes; in fact, in many places one would want water-ski to get across.

We celebrate Midsummer Day in the usual way, with a really good dinner. We have not many ways in which we can keep up our celebrations. Our life is somewhat monotonous; one day is exactly like any other. There is the same kind of work at the same time, and the same recreations at the same hours. The latter consist of cards and reading, but we are beginning to get tired of cards. We are, however, very comfortable; of that there can be no doubt, and so we must just rest satisfied.

June 30.—Dull weather, with an overcast sky and mild rain, which tells greatly on the ice. The pools on our floe are now getting bigger and bigger, and the observation-tent and the cage are now almost inaccessible, and can only be reached by jumping from one place to another. The next day there is a break in the clouds, and we are able to take an observation. The latitude is 81° 32′, so we have been drifting south again this week. During June, therefore, we have made no progress northwards at all, though it was a month of which we had really great expectations.

We filled our water-tank with water from the ice-floe. This water was somewhat salty, but for all that we used it for a considerable time. The first time we got new, fresh water, we all thought the tea was poor and weak; it was the salty flavour we missed, and we did not think much of the fresh water. We were not so much afraid of water which was a little saltish as, for instance, the crew of the *Jeannette*. Every piece of ice which was brought on board that vessel for cooking or drinking purposes was first carefully examined; they believed that the smallest quantity of salt would produce scurvy among them.

According to the observations we made,

THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE, MIDSUMMER, 1894.

the temperature in the strata nearest the surface of the water varies greatly:—

On the surface	32·76°
1 metre below surface . .	32·63°
2 metres below surface . .	32·51°
2·5 „ „ . .	32·00°
2·6 „ „ . .	31·90°
2·7 „ „ . .	31·95°
2·8 „ „ . .	29·25°
2·9 „ „ . .	29·10°
3 „ „ . .	29·15°

At the last depth we found a thin layer of ice, which was easily broken, and pieces of which rose to the surface.

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When the ice was measured on the 10th of July, we found that on the old solid floes it had increased about eight inches in one week. It is most remarkable that the ice should increase in thickness while it continually goes on melting at the surface. The reason may be that the fresh water, which is formed by the melting of the snow, has run down through the ice, and there come into contact with the colder salt water, and, gradually assuming the temperature of the latter, has frozen.

The appearance of the surroundings in the neighbourhood of the ship is not, at present, very attractive. The *Fram* now lies so high above the ice that we have to use ladders to get down to it and back on board again. Down on the ice are heaps of broken glass, the remains of all the beer bottles we have emptied, the last of which was finished many a day ago. Everything which we have thrown overboard during the course of the year is now laid bare by the melting of the snow. The kennels, which we have now erected on the ice, and which consist of two long wooden boxes divided into separate rooms for the worst fighters, look dirty and rickety as the snow goes on melting, while here and there a merry brook winds its way under the kennels, forming pools of varying sizes.

SAILING ON THE FRESH-WATER POOL NEAR THE "FRAM."

The appearance of the ice in the direction of the horizon is no longer white against white; the blackened ice and the pools have now changed it all and given it a cheerless appearance. The snow that is still left on the ice has the appearance of coarse moist sugar.

On the starboard side we have a fine fresh-water lake, on which we sail with the longboats. Scott-Hansen, Mogstad and Bentsen are the three who are most interested in this sport. Sverdrup has rigged the boats with a square sail of the same kind which they use in the north of Norway. When there is only a slight breeze they get on all right, but if there is a fresh wind, it generally happens that the spectators on board get a good laugh; the water is shallow, and every now and then they go aground, the boat fills with water, and they have often to lower the sail.

One day, all hands started for the fresh-water lake to test the bearing capacity of the boats. All the dogs seemed to understand that there was something unusual going on, and followed us inquisitively; even "Kvik," who was with her pups, left her kennel and a bone to join the others. "Barabbas" at once took her place at the bone, and was the only one that remained behind. As soon as we had got into the boat, which easily carried the whole thirteen of us, and had begun to push her along, the dogs began to show signs of the greatest fright. The poor animals evidently thought we intended going away and leaving them behind by themselves on the ice. They kept whining and running backwards and forwards on the floes. "Suggen," the veteran, set off and ran round to the opposite side of the lake, followed by several of the others. Little "Bjelki," after some hesitation, rushed into the ice-cold water and swam towards us, his thick coat looking very much like a bundle of wool. As soon as our trial trip was over we returned to our starting-place, and then the dogs became quiet once more. "Suggen," who perceived that he had made a mistake, took things quite coolly. He did not return, but took a long tour on the other side of the lake, as if he wanted to show us that he had not been at all anxious about us. "Suggen" is evidently a personage of importance among the dogs. He takes no part in any of the fights, and all the other dogs make concessions to him. He is a kind of chieftain, and is not tied up like the others; he goes about as he likes, and has his own kennel. He never descends to breaking into the ice-cellar, which the others do; many of them often come out of that cellar stuffed like a sausage after a successful raid. When "Suggen" becomes tired of his own kennel, he simply takes possession of one of the others, generally "Pan's." The latter is the most unmanageable of them all. When "Suggen" comes and stirs him up, he has to go out and lie down on the roof; if he does not go,

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"Suggen" lies down quite coolly on top of "Pan," who, strange to say, quietly puts up with it. "Suggen" makes a sort of long speech whenever he wants meat. He always keeps himself clean and tidy. One dog who does not keep himself clean is "Caiaphas"; he is the dirtiest of them all. His thick coat is always full of dirt. ("Caiaphas" and "Suggen" subsequently proved themselves our faithful friends, and kept up longest on the sledge expedition. They were true to the end, and suffered many hardships before they gave up their lives in the service of science.)

July 18.—So far the summer has been a disappointment to us. We expected to drift a good deal more northwards at this time of the year, but we have been almost stationary. Many of us were quietly hoping that before the summer came we should be free from ice, and able to steam northwards through the open lanes. Although the ice around the ship is apparently decreasing, she is still in the same slanting position in her solid bed, with masses of ice crammed in both her wells astern. It is the wind, and that alone, which will carry us to the north, and therefore we may wait a long time, as there is no current. When we compare the observations from day to day with the direction and strength of the wind, we see that it is by the wind alone that our movements are influenced.

DR. BLESSING COLLECTING ALGÆ

July 20.—Weather overcast, rain and fog. No observations. Temperature 32° and 34°. This morning a slight breeze from the north-east began blowing; perhaps we are going to have a spell from that quarter now.

In the summer months there is great activity on deck. Foremost, at the smithy, stand Lars and his assistant, hammering out iron for the sledge-runners. Under the awning over the fore-deck Sverdrup is busy building six double kayaks, and Jacobsen is occupied in lashing parts of the sledges together. Strong materials are necessary, in case we have to leave our good ship. Nansen is in the workroom, studying algæ with the microscope far into the night. Blessing is similarly occupied, but often fishes for algæ in the fresh-water pools. When he has anything remarkable under the microscope, Scott-Hansen and I go to look at and admire his find.

But Blessing can also do something else besides examine algæ and blood. He is both joiner and sailmaker, and Sverdrup can always find a job for him in his shop whenever he applies for work.

(*To be continued.*)

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WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT.

By Ethel Turner.

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.

TWICE a day a train went past Wingadee — a morning one rushing down to far-off Sydney; an afternoon one climbing up and away to places of even greater quiet and loneliness than this little mountain perch where the air blew so sweetly.

There had arrived lately the mother of a family, with her five year old little son, for whom the doctor had ordered this wonderful air after an attack of scarlet fever.

The woman at the post-office said she had no recollection of a time when so many letters had come for Wingadee. She grew quite interested in those which passed through her hands for these two visitors. The up train always brought one thick letter with masculine writing upon it, and a still thicker one addressed in a pretty girlish hand, and containing several separate communications.

Sometimes, also, there was a dirty-looking envelope, with the address in an unmistakable schoolboy's hand. Sometimes there was an untidy one, in a schoolgirl's round characters, with various little postscripts outside, only remembered when the flap had been sealed. And sometimes there was a very little pink envelope, with a green bird flying merrily over the initial "B" at the back. The writing on this one looked as if some very little hand had been guided, and the stamp had the appearance of having been licked very freely and hammered on to preclude the possibility of it becoming ungummed.

Here are four of the letters brought one morning, exactly as the mother read them aloud to "Little Boy Blue," as she called him. The fifth, the "father letter," she used to read to herself, and only tell Boy Blue little bits from it, with the messages and kisses that referred especially to himself.

"My Dearest Little Mother" (wrote Allie, the nineteen year old, eldest of the family),—"I *am* so glad to hear the wretched headaches have kept away, and that darling Boy Blue is getting so rosy. We have all been so afraid the long journey might have thrown him back. Do take care of your precious little self, and *do* look out for snakes; this is just the time of year for them, and there have been some dreadful cases in the paper. How careless of me to have forgotten Boy Blue's other singles! I quite thought I had packed them at the bottom of the little tin trunk or the brown portmanteau. I have made them into a parcel, however, and father will send it to you on his way to town to-morrow.

"Well, now, of course you want to know how everything is going on. I feel very responsible, of course, and almost afraid to leave home for a minute. I don't know how you manage to make things run so smoothly and get time for all you do.

"Bridget is very inclined to be impudent; I shall get father to speak to her. I told her yesterday (Monday) to make an apple pie, and she turned round and said, 'Shure, Miss Alice, the missus never has pastry on wash day—you might pop a rice pudding in the oven yersilf.' Of course I had forgotten it was wash day, but when she spoke like that I wouldn't go from what I had said.

"'I expect an apple pie to be on the table by six o'clock,' I said, and walked majestically out of the kitchen. And what do you think? When pudding time came, 'shure' enough, there was an apple pie, at which I breathed freely, for there was a visitor here—Mr. Heriot. But when I served it out, first father put down his spoon and fork and looked at me comically, and then Nessie put her table napkin to her mouth and rushed out the room in her usual boisterous way. I heard that wretched Jimmie whisper to Mr. Heriot, 'It's Allie's own making—isn't she a first-rate cook?' and Mr. Heriot actually ate two spoonfuls.

"Then I tasted it myself very gingerly, and there was a most horrible flavour of *soap* in it. I rang the bell; you can imagine how my cheeks burned.

"'Bridget,' I said, when she came in, looking as wooden-faced as usual, 'what can you have done to the pie?—there is *soap* in it.'

"'Miss Allie,' she said, packing the plates

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together, 'such accidents will 'appen even in the best reggilated fam'lies if you *will* have pastry made on washin' day.'

"What would you have done? If I had really been head of the house I should have dismissed her at once; but I remembered what a good servant she was, and how well you got on with her, so I only gave her a lecture. And I must add this to her credit, that when she had removed the pie she brought in a lovely creamy rice pudding, so we had not to go hungry. After dinner Mr. Heriot asked Nessie and me to walk round the garden. I was wearing my blue sprigged muslin; it looks so pretty since I put a chiffon ruffle to it.

"I get hopeless about Jimmie sometimes; I seem to be always sending him to wash himself, and yet he never is clean. The other night, when Mr. Heriot came to dinner, I was quite ashamed—his hands were like coals, and his neck! well, it was so grimy that, just before the bell rang, I dragged him in front of the glass and made him look at it. 'Oh!' he said, 'that's nothing; I can easily put a higher collar on.' What *am* I to do with him?

"Nessie is more shockingly untidy than ever, and really dreadfully hard to manage. I know I'm not as patient as I might be when she gets in one of her tantrums, but I really do try, mummie dear; indeed, I try so hard that if you stay away another month I might possibly by then be beginning to succeed a little. And, with all her faults, she is so true and warm-hearted that I feel ashamed of myself when I have been horrid to her. Mr. Heriot says she has the makings of a very fine woman in her. Baby is just the same dear, delightful little torment as ever; I don't know what I should do without her. But at the same time I often don't know what to do *with* her. She insists upon doing everything that I do. When I do the flower vases, *she* does a flower vase, and invariably spills the water and scatters the petals on the carpet, and not infrequently breaks the vase. And when she has crammed red geraniums, and sunflowers, and blue irises, and magenta pig's-face altogether, nothing will do but that her vase shall have the post of honour on the most prominent table in the drawing-room. It is of no use humouring her, either, and taking it off after a little time and before visitors can come; she dodges in and out of the room all day to see if I have moved it. At present she is writing to you—that, of course, since I am doing so. She is at the end of the table in her high chair, and she has the box of little pink envelopes and paper father brought her. I've tucked a piece of black stuff round her, rolled up her sleeves, and turned the cloth back, for she considers a pencil is beneath her dignity, and insists upon writing

"'She insists upon doing everything that I do.'"

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in ink. She has filled two sheets of foolscap with scribble; presently she will condescend to let me guide her hand on the pink paper. Oh, I wish you could see her this minute; her cheeks are pink, and her darling curls bunched up out of the way of the ink; her eyes are exceedingly serious, and her wee red tongue is stuck out in her funny little way, for the task is laborious. Of course, she is grasping the pen with the whole of her hand, occasionally with both, and, of course, she has just broken the nib—the fifth this afternoon—and is climbing down to come to me to fit another one. Mr. Heriot seems very fond of her, and often brings her chocolates and little toys.

"Good-bye, my own little mother. Nessie will say I am greedy if I write any more, for her letter has to come yet, and I don't want it to be overweight. The postage to you is becoming a serious item, madam mother; last week I had to leave the milk bill unpaid as we had used so many stamps. I try to impress baby with the fact that it costs twopence to send a letter to you, and that we mustn't get them too heavy. There'll be an outcry presently, when I tell her I can't send all that foolscap she has scribbled on. All day she keeps running to me with things she wants sent in letters to you; pansies out of her garden, the pictures off the chocolate boxes Mr. Heriot gave her; sheets of pink blotting paper, a gingerbread rabbit Jimmie brought her, the doll's bonnet Nessie has made her. 'Touldn't you wite on ze omberlope zat it's from *me* to mamma,' she says. 'Zen ze post-office will let it go, I know'—showing you the young person has a full sense of her own importance in the world.

"I *must* stop; the gate has banged, and there is a clatter in the hall, so you know Nessie will be taking up the thread of the discourse in a minute. Father is going to take us to the Philharmonic to-night, and Mr. Heriot is going too. I *wish* you were here to ask whether I look better in my pink nun's veiling or my cream cashmere. I like the pink myself, but the cream fits better. Once more, good-bye. Kiss darling Boy Blue a hundred times, and make him kiss you a thousand for

"Your lovingest of daughters,

"ALICE."

J. E. 97

"'I was crawling home, a feeble wreck after all the storms and vicissitudes of the day.'"

The letter had evidently been overweight, for Nessie had an envelope to herself; an envelope with the stamp stuck on anyhow—upside down, and not straight at that; an envelope that bore the mystic words, "Bottom in French this week," in one corner, and "Can I join the Girls' Cricket Club?" in another; both sentences in a hand so small that it seemed to indicate the wish that the post-office authorities should delicately refrain from reading it, and only the mother's eyes discover it. On the flap, that had plainly been twice opened since it was stuck down, were

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black crosses and dots that told their own tale of the love within; also several pieces of gummed stamp edges that performed no mission of security, but merely clung there vaguely.

"OH, YOU MOST PRECIOUS OF MOTHERS" (the inside ran),—"How *could* you go away and leave your wicked second daughter exposed to all the temptations in the world? If you don't come back soon, I'm afraid I'll be too black and bad for anything.

"Everything goes wrong, and then I rage, and there's no one to smooth me down and make me feel I want to kick myself. Not that Allie isn't the best old sister in the world; indeed, she is beginning to turn the other cheek to me so often that I get an irresistible desire to smack it even harder than the other one. It's a great deal more satisfactory when she flames out, too.

"But there's no one like you, you sweet, precious little mother, for making one feel, just after they've been in a temper, that they want to die and go to heaven with a smile on their face, they are so filled with longings to be good. Oh, that Allie! She got the best of me yesterday, and that's a fact. I hadn't done my French, and I got up so late I couldn't practise my new piece for Miss Rap-your-knuckles, and a big hole went and tore itself suddenly in my stocking, and Jimmie had taken my *Principia* because he couldn't find his, and baby was worrying round at such a rate, I really had to give her a little shake to let off my fireworks. And then old Al comforted her so beautifully, and looked so patiently picturesque and beautifully forgiving, I had to have a go at her. I said that, whatever else I did, I didn't doll up and do my hair fifteen times before I was satisfied, and walk round the garden with heretics (meaning by that Mr. Heriot—it's a joke of my own); and even then she didn't say anything, only got red and looked for half a minute as if she'd cry. I ought to be killed off, oughtn't I? Well, just as I was setting off for school, she followed me to the door. 'On your way home,' she said, 'please get a bottle of Green's cough stuff for baby, and also'—she gave me a piece of paper—'get this prescription made up.'

"Of course, it was an awful day at school; they rowed me about my French, and I was reported over my music, and kept in for leaving my *Principia* behind, and reproved gravely for my untidy appearance. Well, at last it was over, and I was crawling home, a feeble wreck after all the storms and vicissitudes of the day. At the chemist's I turned in and got the cough stuff, and handed up the prescription. But the man giggled and gave it to someone else to read, and the someone else tittered and gave it to someone else. I began to think I had given him a bit of my French declension, or a note from one of the girls, only I saw it was on the pale green paper Allie loves. He brought it back to me at last, still giggling. 'We don't keep the ingredients,' he said; 'we only wish we did, for we'd make our fortunes.' And *what* do you think? When I got outside and opened it, this was the prescription your eldest daughter had written, thinking I should look at it myself: 'Two drachms of preserved good temper, one drachm of patience, a drachm of forbearance. Mix altogether with the milk of human kindness. Take the mixture three times a day, shaking the bottle well.' I laughed to myself all the way home.

"Oh, but, mother mine, you mustn't stay away much longer. Fathers are the blindest things alive. There's a man who has begun to come here lately—Mr. Heriot; and just because he seems deeply interested in dear old dad's boxes of beetles and other squirmies, and smokes with him, of course the dear, blind old fellow thinks the wretch has no other motive. He doesn't take *me* in, though. He doesn't make *me* believe that he jogs baby on his knee, and gives her chocolates and little dolls' tea-sets, just for love of her. He doesn't get *me* to believe that he 'was passing, and just dropped in to see if Jimmie's Latin wanted a bit of help.' Oh, no; not at all. This daughter of yours doesn't imagine he does wretched French exercises for her out of genuine love for the language. (All the same, this last is not unacceptable.) My beloved parent, that wretch has got his eye on our dear, pretty little Allie. How would it be if you sent for her up to you? Nip it in the earliest bud, I say. I'll look after the housekeeping, and be a perfect cherub and seraph in my temper if you only will. Or, couldn't you write and forbid him the house? There isn't a man in the world good enough for our little Allie (though I did, half an hour ago, tell her I'd shoot myself if I had a temper like hers). I haven't anything very particular against the heretic; he isn't very bad, I suppose—as men go—but he's not coming poaching here if I can help it. *Do* write for her to come to you to-morrow. I know he'll be dangling about in the evening, if you don't, and it's moonlight, and moonlight is dangerous. I'll

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stay from school, and be the most perfect and blameless housewife in Australia.

"Oh, you dear one, if *only* I could have an hour with you, I think I could be good for a week. I feel perfectly angelic all the time I'm just writing to you. Bless our little Bo-Peep, baby is dreadfully lonely without him; and I get a lump in the throat myself when I see his empty cot, and remember it's no good to go there for a good-night romp. Good-bye, darling, darling, darling! Say very long prayers for me every night.

"YOUR OWN LITTLE BLACK SHEEP."

"DEAR OLD MOTHER" (ran Jimmie's note),—"How are you getting on I hope Teddie's legs are geting fatter, tell him he'll never get in the football teme if he comes back with sticks like he had befor. We had a cricket match against walker's school on satterday and I'd have got a lot of runs only Sam Brown boled me one of his grounders that no one can take. But I'll get more next time. We don't have very nice pudings now but I suppose old Al does her best. Such larks, old Briget went and cooked a lot of soap in the appel pie and Allie was as mad as she could be. There's a very nice man comes here now, Nessie calls him the herrytick but his real name is herryut. He's done my latin exercise every night this week, he's awfully fond of latin. You needn't go and think I tell old Peters stuffers like I used to and say I haven't had any help; old Peters never asks us now so it doesn't matter. Mr. herryut can do sums too, and he offen does Nessie's french for her. Don't be vexed mother corse I couldn't help it this time. I suppose Allie or Ness have told you all about it. I *had* to fite Tommy Brooks twice this week, he gives you awful cheek if you don't fite him and I can see out of my eye quite well again now so Allie needn't have made such a fuss. Tommy Brooks daren't say nothing to me now when I go by and he's stoped throwing stones at our fense so it's a good thing I did, he might have smashed one of your winders some day if I hadn't made him leave off. My pidgeon with the blue wing that you like layed two eggs, tell old Teddie I'll give him one of the young ones. Don't you beleeve old Al if she goes and tells you I have a dirty neck, every morning I wash it, you can't wash your neck twice a day when you've got to go to school and do homelessons and change your coat and everything. I wish you'd tell her to let me alone, I do wash my hands twice nearly always. If there are any blue mountain parots up there or woloroos or things I wish you'd bring me some. I suppose you couldn't get me a young walaby, the shed in the padock would be a great place to keep it in and it would amuze baby very much

"I remain
"Your afecshunate son
"JIMMIE REDMOND WALTERS."

"MY DEAR MAMMA" (said the little pink paper),—"I hope you are quite well. I am quite well. I hope Teddie is quite well. I hope Teddie can eat things again. I have not been naughty for a long time. I hope Teddie has not been naughty for a long time. We had apple pie for dinner on one day. There was soap in the apple pie we had for dinner. I have a new tea-set. I have two little dolls' chairs, and I have a Chinaman doll. Mr. Heriot gave them to me. He has got a fat face and teeney little eyes, and his legs are dingle-dangly." (Added later in Allie's own writing: "The Chinaman doll, please, not Mr. Heriot, who has large, very nice eyes, and a thin, refined face, and carries himself like a soldier.") "I have got my pink dress on. And I haven't got it inked a bit. Teddie's letter was only in pencil, I can use ink. Good-bye, my dear mamma, I will be very good. Jimmie had a fight, he was not good. All his eye is spoiled. My eyes are not spoiled. I hope Teddie's eyes are not spoiled. The pansy is for you, and the bit of pink soap is for Teddie. Mr. Heriot gave me soap that you wash with, but it is just like an apple. The bit is for Teddie, when you come home I'll let you wash with it. The kisses on this side are for you. The kisses on the other side are for Teddie.

"I remain,
"Your loving little girl,
"BABY."

Two days later the only letter the post brought was a bulky one from Nessie, with "In haste," "Deliver immediately," and "Urgent," written on one side of the envelope, and on the other side, in a screwed-up hand, "Write by next post." Second thoughts had crossed out this request and put instead, "Try to catch the next train back."

The mother tore it open anxiously.

"Oh," began Nessie's unique scrawl, "I've made the awfullest mess of everything. The very worst has happened. I want killing, it's all my fault. I ought to be thrashed every time I'm careless—if you won't thrash me I'll thrash myself. If I hadn't been careless none of this would have happened.

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"'Out came Allie with her new white cloud round her head.'"

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I know you'll never forgive me. This is what I did. You never wrote for Allie to come up as I asked you, though I told you about it being moonlight. Well, father was out, and all that evening she and the heretic were walking about in the garden. I made Jimmie come out, too, but even then when he said good-night he held her hand twice as long as he held mine or Jimmie's. Well, the next day came and you never wrote about it again, so I thought my letter had gone wrong and I'd better take things in my own hands, as father was as blind as ever and had actually asked the wretch to come in again in the evening at eight o'clock. Well, I just knew what you would have done, so I thought I'd better do it. I wrote a letter to him and told him I didn't think he was a gentleman, acting as he was doing, and if he had any honour at all he would not come near the house again till you came back. That he seemed to think just because father was interested in beetles and things he could take any advantage of him, and that he ought to remember that you didn't know him, even if you did know his father and mother.

"Well, that was alright, of course. But at the same time I was writing another letter to you, and this is part of what I said—I needn't go over it all. I said I was sure Allie was beginning to care for the wretch, for every night when she went to bed she sat staring out of the window at nothing for a long time, and that she blushed every time his name was mentioned, and that one time I came upon her unexpectedly and she was at the little box she always keeps locked, and she had a fearfully sentimental look on her face, and I ran up very quickly to her, and before she could bang the lid down I saw the envelope of a letter the heretic had written about beetles to father, a red withered-up rose he had climbed up on the stable roof to get for her last week, and a photo of the wretch that she had cut out of the cricket team pictures published in a paper the other day. I think that's all I said that matters.

"And now comes my wicked carelessness. I had told Jimmie a little about it so that he could help me not to leave them alone a minute. Well, just then he came in—it was seven o'clock—and said the heretic was

"'He looked as if he was going to throw something.'"

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mooning about just outside in the shadow of the trees, and watching Allie's window—I suppose he hadn't the cheek to come *another* night as early as seven. Well, I popped the letters into envelopes and told Jimmie to take one to Mr. Heriot. I suppose I was excited at hearing he was hanging about again, for—oh! you can't hate me as much as I hate myself—I put them into the wrong envelopes, the one to you in the heretic's, and the heretic's in yours. Jimmie took it out to him, and from the balcony I watched him striking matches and reading it. But then very quickly he sent Jimmie back to me to say, 'Wasn't there some mistake? did I really mean him to read it? he had only read a line or two, so far.'

"Oh, why *didn't* I take the note from Jimmie and look at it? 'Tell Mr. Heriot there is no mistake,' I said, 'and that I wish him to read every word of it!' So Jimmie went back, and of course the wretch read right to the end. He sent Jimmie to say he wanted to speak to me, and I went out meaning to give him a piece of my mind since he wouldn't go off quietly. And there was the big silly looking quite white and trembly. He caught hold of my hand before I could say anything. 'Oh! do you really think there is any hope for me —oh! Nessie, do you *really* think she cares? I thought she seemed to try to avoid me.' His hand was shaking like anything. The next second, before I could say what I was boiling to, out came Allie with her new white cloud round her head. The second he saw her he bolted up to her and began to talk of the fine evening and idiotic things like that. Well, I got hold of Jimmie, and we walked up and down and everywhere with them, hanging on to Allie's arm. After about an hour he walked into the summer-house, and she went in too, and sat down. And Jimmie and I couldn't do anything but stay just outside as there is only room for two. At last I whispered to Jimmie that he was to sit on the doorstep and keep talking while I went in and found father. There seemed nothing else in the world to do to stop him proposing, as I knew he was dying to do. Well, I hunted all over the house for dad, and even went next door to see if he'd gone there for a smoke, but I couldn't find him. So I rushed back to the summer-house. And there was Jimmie playing marbles, quite alone. I am never, never never going to speak to him as long as I live. The heretic had given him half-a-crown not to tell where they had gone, and though I begged and implored him and tried to show him how serious it was, he just kept hitting his silly marbles and saying 'Mum's the word.'

"I hunted and hunted all over the place, but couldn't find Allie and the wretch anywhere. But I found father at last, and explained it all to him, but he just went on sorting his stupid beetles as if he didn't care a bit. I nearly rushed off and telegraphed for you straight away—everyone else seemed so callous. At last we saw Allie and the heretic coming from behind the tree-ferns near the rockery. Father called to them to come in, but Allie just ran through the study and upstairs; you never saw anything so red as her face was. And the heretic stayed in the study with father till eleven o'clock; and when he came out, instead of father kicking him down the steps, as he should have done, they shook hands twice, and father asked him to come to dinner to-morrow. Oh, for heaven's sake, mother, come home and put your foot on it! I feel nearly mad with the worry of it all. It is simply awful to feel I brought it all on by being careless over those envelopes.

"Your miserable
"NESSIE."

And this is Jimmie's version of the matter:—

"MY DEAR OLD MOTHER,—Such larks. Old Al and the man Nessie calls the herrytick went and got engaged the other night. Nessie was very ofishus, and kept folowing them round when they didn't want her. Well, I didn't see why I should as well, so I didn't, and when Ness went in mr herryut gave me harf-a-crown and wispered to me not to tell her where they went. Why shouldn't you get harf-a-crown when you can; there's an awful stunning cricket bat at Brownses for five shillings and I'll soon get the rest now he's engaged,—he'll often be wanting me to keep Nessie off I spose.

"Old Al is jolly nice now I can tell you; she gave me fore tarts left from dinner and never says anything about my neck. Nessie is pretty horrid to her though, I wish you'd tell her to mind her own bissness. It'll be jolly nice I can tell you to have a man that can do Latin and sums coming here every day.

"I've not had any fites at all this week hardly. Tommy Brooks was going by and he looked as if he was going to throw something but I gave him one little thump and he ran away.

"Your afecshunate son,
"JIMMIE REDMOND WALTERS."

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PROFESSOR LESCHETIZKY AND THE VIENNA CONSERVATOIRE.

By D Minor.

Conservatoire of Music in Vienna, although it has considerable renown, is less noteworthy than the Conservatoires of St. Petersburg, Leipzig, and others of first-class rank. It is an institution which in many respects resembles the Royal Academy of Music, although on a lesser scale.

Nevertheless, it does excellent local work under the able directorship of Herr Fuchs, and has at present 900 students on its books. Professors Epstein and Gänsbacher are the members of the staff best known to the outside world. They are both excellent teachers in their respective departments, and their pupils usually do them credit afterwards. Vienna is quite a Mecca for students who have ambitions, and not a few of our leading recruits to the concert-room and opera-house have received their training at the Conservatoire.

The dominating personality of the Vienna Conservatoire, however, is M. Leschetizky. He is not only the centre and inspiration of musical circles in the Kaiserstadt, but he is beyond doubt the greatest pianoforte teacher of the age. Though he is a German-Pole by birth, he is an Austrian by nationality, and has resided in Vienna for the last fifteen years. His appearance is indicative of a strong character; flowing locks of white hair, piercing eyes, a mobile face, and strikingly beautiful hands, are the features which specially impress one at first sight.

The success which he has achieved as a musician has received nothing like adequate recognition owing to the fact that his talents have been devoted to developing the musical genius of others. He was at one time a great public performer, but the nervous agony which he suffered when appearing in public caused him to give up the life. Since that time he has confined his energies to teaching, first, for twenty-seven years, at St. Petersburg, and, for the last fifteen years, in Vienna.

Paderewski is, of course, the most famous of his pupils; but mention must also be made of Madame Essipoff, whom he trained when at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, and Mark Hambourg and Gabrilowitch, all of whom have attained great popularity in England. M. Leschetizky was in his youth a pupil of the great Czerny, and one of the most important features of his method is the thorough drilling of his pupils in Czerny's "*Die Kunst der Fingerfertigkeit*" studies. It is said that Paderewski devoted six hours a day for a whole year to mastering the difficulties of these exercises. At the same time it should be stated that Leschetizky himself is no advocate of lengthy pianoforte practice. He frequently remarks to his pupils, "Think

From a photo by [*Krzimanek, Vienna.*

PROF. LESCHETIZKY.

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ten times and play once"—a fresh, active brain being as necessary to success as agile fingers.

His method of technique is quite original, and consists of certain special movements of the hands and fingers which render them more pliable. Yet it must not be supposed that he is merely a technical trainer, or a musical drill sergeant, if one may use such an expression; he has, on the contrary, distinctly original and artistic ideas as to the rendering of the whole range of pianoforte music, from a Bach "Fugue" to a Liszt "Fantasia."

To his pupils M. Leschetizky is rather a formidable personage. Like many geniuses, he is eccentric, and sometimes betrays his eccentricity in embarrassing ways. He is frequently very brusque in manner, and when a lady pupil shows more than usual inaptitude, he has been known to tell her that the profession of a cook would be more profitable to her than that of a musician. In his music-room, which is full of the busts of the great musicians of the past, there are two grand pianos; the pupil sits at one, and the master plays at the other. M. Leschetizky becomes very restless when a pupil disregards the laws of rhythm. An American musician who studied with the great master told me that on such occasions M. Leschetizky would walk round the room, and on hearing a false accent would stumble as though he had tripped over something. On another occasion, when a young lady was playing one of Chopin's compositions very badly, M. Leschetizky, after pacing the room in a most irritating manner, suddenly knelt down before a bust of Chopin, which stands in the corner, and, to the astonishment of the fair culprit, said a prayer aloud for her forgiveness. For once in his life, however, Leschetizky found a pupil who was not afraid of him. After the young lady in question had exasperated him by a very bad performance, he seized her music

From a photo by] [*Czihak, Vienna.*

THE CONSERVATOIRE, VIENNA.

Photo by] [*Löwy, Vienna.*

HERR EPSTEIN.

(*Professor of the Pianoforte at the Conservatoire.*)

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and tore it to pieces; whereupon the young lady retaliated by seizing some of his music and promptly tearing it up, scattering the pieces on the floor. Her professor expressed himself delighted that she should show such pluck.

M. Leschetizky has about eighty pupils, of whom fully one-half are Americans. The remainder are English, Russians, Poles, Roumanians, and Austrians, although, curiously enough, there are only one or two of the latter nationality. Mark Twain's daughter is one of the Americans now studying with him, and the English pupils include Mr. Waddington Cooke, who is well known in London musical circles. M. Leschetizky devotes only three hours a day to teaching, and, like Mozart, finds his chief relaxation in playing billiards. Although now sixty-six years of age, he is in full possession of his mental and physical powers, and looks quite ten years younger. On his visit to London during 1897 he was warmly welcomed by British musicians, who crowded to the receptions given in his honour. He was persuaded to play in the Salle Erard, and the result was delightful to all present. It was many years since he had visited this country, and on that occasion he played at the Musical Union concerts. He speaks Russian, German, Polish and French with equal facility, although German is the language he prefers to use. The Professor considers that Liszt and Rubinstein are still unapproached by modern pianists, although he regards Paderewski as a marvel. He prophesies great success for another of his pupils—Martin Knutzen, a Norwegian.

Photo by [*Löwy, Vienna.*

HERR GÄNSBACHER.

(*Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire.*)

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From a photo by] *[Mrs. Osguthorpe.*

SOUTH BAY, SCARBOROUGH.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS:

SCARBOROUGH, BRIGHTON, WEYMOUTH, AND FALMOUTH.

By Wilfrid Klickmann.

SCARBOROUGH.

THE queen of watering-places holds her court at Scarborough, and, consequently, the place and the people plume themselves to no small degree. The ceremonial of the court is somewhat onerous, particularly to the fair sex. Court dress as understood at St. James's is optional, but court dress as known at Scarborough is absolutely indispensable if you would join the select throng in the Spa. Oriental monarchs used to boast of their changes of raiment, but the *habitués* of Scarborough Spa could give them points and win easily. At a non-fashionable seaside resort one's dress need not be changed more than six times each day. At the Spa, however, certain rules must be observed, and the number of costumes worn by one and the same person in the course of a day can only be computed with logarithms. As is well known, Fregoli obtained the original idea for his celebrated quick-change entertainments by visiting the Spa. He went there every day for a week and learned his lesson well. Of course the Spa patrons were jealous that he should make money while they exhibited themselves gratuitously; but no one can blame Fregoli. Scarborough, however, does not consist solely of the Spa, and it has other attractions beyond the church parade. This latter, by the way, is the most gorgeous affair of the kind in England, beside which the feeble attempts at Hyde Park, Brighton, and Eastbourne seem puerile.

The north and south bays, divided by the cliff crowned by the Castle, are a proud possession. The south bay owns the harbour and the Spa, but the north bay has a pier, and the bathing there does not require that

From a photo by] *[J. W. Thorns, Bridlington Quay.*

KING AND QUEEN ROCKS, FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

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nicety of skill necessary south of the Castle to dodge the dead and decidedly "gone" remains of the fishing fleet. The

From a photo by [*Frith & Co., Reigate.*

SCARBOROUGH'S FISHING FLEET.

pellucidness of the north bay is famed throughout Yorkshire.

There is no other holiday resort where so many donkeys can be found. The tedious details of court life can be pleasantly varied by a donkey ride for a couple of miles to Scalby Mill. The animals perform each journey in record time. The preparations for the start are so dilatory, and the movement so imperceptible, that it is hard to tell if you really have started. This absence of pace is maintained for the whole of the outward journey, and friends accompanying on foot have ample opportunity for a little fishing, or even a bathe, with no fear of being left behind. I suspect these donkeys of a long life, for, as Tom Hood pointed out, "Death only wars on the quick." At Scalby Mill tea and other refreshment can be had, and "Scalby cakes" are always in demand. For returning to Scarborough let me implore the inexperienced to be circumspect. It is as well for two or three men to hold in the donkey while you mount; then take a deep breath, sufficient to last you for two miles, and wave your hand for the men to let go. I can undertake to say the quadruped will do the return journey inside of five minutes. He may or may not find a person clinging to his back when he reaches Scarborough—usually his saddle is empty.

Oliver's Mount rears its green summit above the town, and calls for a climb from the adventurous. A grand prospect rewards one's exertions. The Mount is the termination of a ridge of hills running inland for eight or ten miles, and the walk along the high ground is most exhilarating. The man who sells lemonade on the Mount told me that Oliver Cromwell planted his cannon there to reduce Scarborough Castle: hence the name. From the Castle, or the remains of it, we have a fine double view of the bays, as startling as it is beautiful. The Yorkshire coast is proverbial for its interesting features, and of course there are steamers in plenty from Scarborough. Flamborough Head is a superb bit of cliff, and presents numerous opportunities for precarious climbing in search of sea-birds' eggs. The men who engage in these adventures say that presence of mind only is needed. Many of us, however, would prefer absence of body.

From a photo by [*Donovan, Brighton.*

A ROUGH SEA AT BRIGHTON.

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BRIGHTON.

It is an article of modern belief, fostered by a perusal of the advertisement columns, that we all suffer and need medicine. Obviously the medicaster with the nicest tasting draughts (always provided that he be fashionable) has the greatest number of adherents. Thackeray recommended "kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton" as London's best physician. The latter's medicine is certainly palatable: consequently he has enjoyed for many years an enormous practice. The efficacy of his treatment is only equalled by his attentiveness and unfailing courtesy, the paucity and adaptability of his charges, and his ever-readiness to oblige. Could a patient wish for a better doctor? Assuredly no. Here we have a fine instance of the "one medicine to cure all ills" theory. Dr. Brighton's far-famed air cure has a larger list of more or less genuine healing successes than any other known patent medicine.

From a photo by [*Donovan, Brighton.*

BRIGHTON'S RAILWAY IN THE SEA.

Moreover, with correct professional instinct, our friend inoculates his *clientèle* with the germ of unsatisfied craving for further treatment so noticeable in all patients who keep a clever doctor. Many cases are on record where the Brighton opiate having once been assimilated, the longing for more doses cannot be eradicated. Hope springs with lighter steps and greater confidence of action in the human breast at Brighton. Men of all sorts and conditions, likewise men out of sorts and condition, persevere with the Brighton treatment. As a well-wisher of the town, one can only hope no hour of disillusion may ever come.

There is, however, another species of visitor to Brighton not at all interested in the curative powers of Nature. Specimens will be found attached, limpet-like, to the promenade railings. They may also be discovered in shelters, or adhering to chairs on the Brunswick Terrace lawns. Occasionally they crawl from one resting-place to another, but this is considered bad form, and such unusual energy is discouraged. They consume with avidity vast quantities of cigarettes, and sometimes converse one with another. Speaking generally, these mollusca are distinguished (or otherwise) by a languid apathy and a fishy eye. Towards nightfall they appear to freshen considerably and quickly respond to a friendly call. I once asked a diminutive variety of the creature (*æta'*. 16) to acquaint me with the habits of his kind, and obtained much curious information. Such is the delicate construction of these incomplete organisms, and so limited their horizon (like that of dwellers in "Flatland"), that only in this manner can they recuperate after a year's droning in the hive of life. I ventured to suggest that a tramp along the cliffs every day might strengthen him. With a look of ineffable contempt at my ignorance the little limpet replied, "Why, it's not *half* so 'toffish' on the cliffs as here!"

Brighton's West Pier is a handsome structure. Of course it is not to be compared with the dearly-prized old Chain Pier —alas! no more. Still it answers a purpose. It has a variety of uses, and is popular as a dumping-ground for penny-in-the-slot machines. For some years a keen rivalry subsisted for premier position between a mechanical cigarette and wax-lights supplier, and a sweetstuff and toothpick combination. It was a close race until another machine

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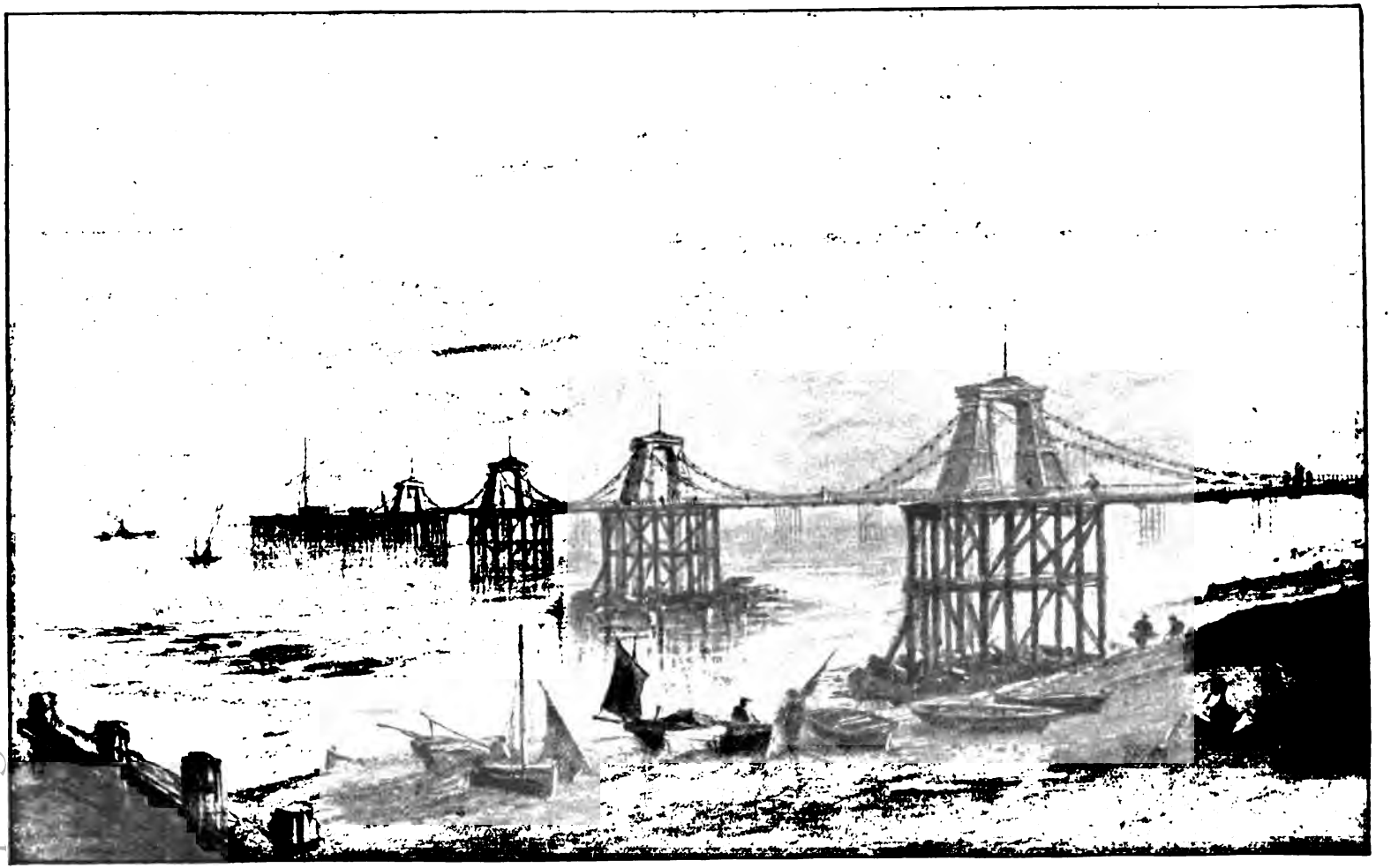

A VANISHED FRIEND: A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.
(From the painting by W. A. Rarp.)

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was placed alongside, offering a correct representation of the execution of Mrs. Dyer for the ridiculously small sum of a penny. We all love a bargain. Who *could* resist such a chance? I counted twenty people within half an hour who availed themselves of the great treat. The rival machines mourned sadly over what they called depravity of public taste, but they must have been jealous. They were mere machines, and understood not the susceptibilities of our finer natures.

WEYMOUTH SWANNERY.

Let no one imagine that Brighton does not afford scope for a good holiday, for emphatically it does. A healthy and beneficial holiday may be taken there with much enjoyment, for no form of English sport or manly exercise is unobtainable at Brighton. The pity of it is that only a certain percentage of its tens of thousands of visitors care a jot about its grand possibilities.

From photos by] [*Frith & Co., Reigate.*

WEYMOUTH HARBOUR.

WEYMOUTH.

HALF of Weymouth, the fashionable half, is called Melcombe Regis. Every little village for miles around adds "Regis" to its cognomen, for his Majesty "Farmer" George loved Dorset better than his capital. His partiality for Weymouth showed a commendable taste, and the town (unlike Brighton) respects the memory of its royal patron. His Majesty's statue is inspected by the loyal and curious alike, and the huge equestrian figure of the monarch cut on the face of the cliff is quaint if nothing more.

As the favourite port of embarkation for the Channel Islands, Weymouth finds the numbers of its own particular visitors considerably augmented, and the arrival of the steamer with passengers in all stages of collapse is not considered a minor event in the daily routine of a watering-place conducted on most exemplary lines. I understand that Mrs. Malaprop's classic remark, "Safe once more on terra cotta," was the hasty utterance of a thankful heart as the old lady stepped upon Weymouth pier.

Of course all the ordinary attractions of a seaside holiday haunt are found at Weymouth, but the neighbourhood has several distinctive features not found elsewhere. A narrow and perfectly straight arm of the sea runs inland for about eight miles.

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Seawards this backwater is maintained by a huge ridge of brown pebbles, called the Chesil Beach, ten miles long and about fifty feet high. At the end of the backwater, where the estuary connects with the Fleet River, is a swannery, large enough to afford a constant supply to all the parks of England. At Weymouth, also, is another swannery, which utilises the artificially widened waters of the Wey.

Portland is an island, so called because it is connected with the mainland by the Pebble Ridge, and is the exception proving the rule. There is far more of interest on the island than one would at first suspect. True, a penal establishment is there, but it is not so much in evidence. The finest air in England is at Princetown on Dartmoor, where is also an important stronghold of the law. Portland comes in a good second, and this was the reason why a sympathetic Government built the prison there. The air is specially known for its satisfying qualities. Several gentlemen holding enforced appointments at Portland have declared themselves fully satisfied at the end of a week.

From a photo by] [*Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE WISHING WELL, UPWEY.

Pretty Upwey lies a few miles north of Weymouth, and is a pleasant spot for a drive and picnic. Close by the Church and sheltered beneath trees will be found the Wishing Well. The presiding sprite is accommodating, and visitors may drink the water, drop in a pin, and wish for anything their hearts desire. To make assurance doubly sure, the knowing ones drop in a second pin, take a second drink, and repeat the somewhat familiar words, "And don't I wish I may get it?" For true believers with a large-sized faith a seat is provided, where they may wait until their wishes are realised, or the village policeman advises them to go home.

For the novel-reading public the district is inseparably associated with some of Thomas Hardy's finest work, and with Hawley Smart's stirring romance, "Broken Bonds"—facts which the local booksellers take good care shall not escape the attention of any of Weymouth's visitors.

FALMOUTH.

As a stranger about to visit Falmouth, naturally I sought the advice of those competent to offer an opinion. "Falmouth? Oh, yes! One of those hot places; awfully trying, like Jamaica; take your pyjamas, of course. The natives live on curry, you know, and the mosquito makes things hum." Another friend said the Falmouth Observatory had the largest set of rain gauges in the kingdom. A third thought there was "something of a harbour," and while not denying the curry, mosquito and pyjama theory, recommended a plentiful supply of alpenstocks for hill climbing.

Primed with the above valuable information, as the "Cornishman" express at last approached Truro (the ten miles distant junction for Falmouth), I saw to it that the macintosh and umbrellas were within reach, and placed the mosquito net handy. My alpenstocks, which had rigidly refused to be packed, were in the guard's van; but the pyjamas I reserved for subsequent use.

How erroneous preconceived notions usually are. My "compactum" remained closed for many days, and the macintosh rusted from disuse. At the Observatory the large rain gauges were compensated by a sunshine recorder of abnormal dimensions, specially constructed to stand the daily and continuous strain of hard wear. The "natives" are chiefly distinguished from the rest of the south of England species by their large-heartedness and the genuine welcome they give to strangers. They also have a

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fondness for saffron, a vegetable colouring material used to dye cakes a rich yellow tint. To the visitor this savours somewhat of deception, but of course no one is deceived.

But perhaps a word about Falmouth might not be amiss. In consideration of the incomparable beauty of its surroundings, it is customary to excuse the many shortcomings of the town and to call it quaint. I therefore refuse even to hint that the main street, which meanders a dreary two miles through the town, is far from picturesque. Had that street a grain of self-respect, it would have lost itself in the harbour years ago.

The harbour upsets one's general idea of a harbour. Here we have an inland sea, a grand sheet of water, four miles long and between two and three miles broad, with anchorage for half a dozen British Fleets. While there is probably no seaside resort with more varied and charming walks, it is as a yachting and boating centre that Falmouth is chiefly known among holiday-makers. The steamer excursions appear to start all day long, and one's only regret is the inability to avail oneself of more than one at a time. Who has not heard of the delicious scenery of the Fal? The *Queen of the Fal* makes the trip twice or thrice each day, and navigates the finest river scenery in the kingdom. The royal entry in Her Majesty's diary declared that it compared well with the Rhine.

From a photo by] [*J. McAlister McGill.*

ON THE ROCKS, PENDENNIS POINT, FALMOUTH.

Pendennis Point is a promontory extending a mile out to sea, dividing the bay from the harbour, and surmounted at the extremity by Pendennis Castle. Had Falmouth no other claim to distinction than the exquisite views from this natural pier, it would still rank with the loveliest.

From a photo by] [*Frith & Co., Reigate.*

FALMOUTH, VIEWED FROM TREFUSIS PICNIC FIELDS.

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By Arthur E. Copping.

Illustrated by Victor Prout.

OLD sea dogs will tell you that retrievers are the dogs for the sea. Of that breed was "Rover," who belonged to Harry Hurst, mate of the *Flamingo*. Not to know his master's whereabouts worried Rover like nothing else. One afternoon, when the fleet was becalmed, Harry shut Rover in the cabin, lowered a boat, and went aboard the *Merry Mary*. The cabin door being opened anon, the dog, having informed himself the mate was gone, plumped into the sea and swam to the *Cholmondeley*, the nearest habitation in that floating village. Never a vessel in all the fleet but would have afforded facilities for boarding as cheerfully to Rover as to the admiral himself. Moreover, the special form those facilities should take in the dog's case was a matter of general knowledge. A loop of rope must be lowered over the sides, whereupon Rover, to such good purpose had Harry instructed him, would paddle half-way into the hempen semi-circle, and be comfortably hoisted to the deck. A few minutes' search sufficed to satisfy the dog that his master was not on the *Cholmondeley;* so splash into the sea again, and with all speed to the next nearest smack. But neither was Harry on the *Nancy Bell*, nor on the *Bullfinch*, nor on two other craft visited by the persevering creature. The end of the incident was that Harry, playing draughts with Jimmy Milton in the cabin of the *Merry Mary*, was astonished by the descent down the companion of Rover, glistening and dripping with the North Sea, and wagging a guilty tail. Late one afternoon the *Flamingo* was berthed at Aberdeen, and Harry resolved on an evening at the music hall. Again he shut Rover in the cabin, though this precaution seemed superfluous, as the landing stairs in the jetty wall were far removed and out of sight. When the performance was over, and Harry had descended in the stream of people from the balcony, he found Rover at the entrance; and an irate constable testified, not only that the dog had withstood all efforts to drive him away, but that he had thrice attempted surreptitiously to bolt upstairs. One day, towards the end of a week at home, Harry yielded to the temptation of going off alone on a jollification. At 10 p.m., fearful that some mischance had befallen her spouse, Mrs. Hurst put on her bonnet and started abroad with the dog, whom she tearfully implored to find his master—a task to which, it being so constantly on Rover's conscience to perform, he needed no second prompting. In the order of the quadruped leading, they traversed a number of narrow, dingy thoroughfares, until at last, in perhaps the dingiest of them all, Rover pulled up before a disreputable-looking little public-house. At this you may judge the surprise, gradually giving place to a new alarm, that assailed the mind of Mrs. Hurst, whose strict notions, be it said, Harry had respected too highly ever

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to offend openly. With his nose to the junction of the private bar doors, Rover barked many times, and presently there issued forth his master, with something more than a mariner's roll in his gait, and with an expression of wisdom and limitless benevolence—which expression was gone in a flash, and, his eyes riveted upon his wife, Harry's face became the mirror of a mind astonished to the degree of temporary blankness. It was a melancholy home-going, and the abject penitent suffered a visitation of words and tears that endured till the dawn of the following day, when forgiveness was vouchsafed on a solemn promise of lasting amendment, which, I am sorry to say, has not stood the test of time. Before taking leave of Rover, let me say that, with all his fondness for the man's society, his sympathies were with the woman's ethical code. Be he never so thirsty, he would not lay tongue to water in a public house; and I am willing to accept Harry's assurances that opportunities were afforded the animal in plenty.

"Mascot" was a dog of the same sagacious sort. He belonged to the *Ethel Stamford*, which went north after cod. At times a fish will drop off the hook at the stage of lifting him aboard, and, being "drowned" in the pulling in of the line, will float away as a white conspicuous object in the waves. Mascot, on the alert for such a mischance, would straightway plunge over the side and bring back the derelict between his jaws. For each cod so recovered it was a point of honour that the dog should be given a buttered biscuit; and on days when the fishing was good, and the water broken, these dainties accumulated in a pile that provided Mascot with luxurious eating for maybe a week to come.

The air of Folkestone is capable of giving you an appetite which the reminiscences of her fishermen are calculated to destroy. Most of those reminiscences are dated Friday, May 31st, 1878. In dodging a couple of sailing-boats, the *König Wilhelm* blundered into the sister ironclad *Grosser Kurfürst*, which straightway sank. The Folkestone fishermen paid a heavy price for Germany's gratitude. There and then they picked up eighty-five live men out of the water, which was a cheerful service enough; but during many succeeding weeks they were busy with the corpses—a melancholy occupation full of strange horrors. Daily did the luggers go a-trawling, but not for fish. Two hundred and seventy-eight drowned men take a lot of finding. An incident on "M'ogany's" boat (he acquired the name by happening on a shoal of mahogany planks off the Goodwins) was the simultaneous raising of two bodies, one of which, bent and stiff, bounced so queerly, on falling from the trawl, as to administer what seemed a kick to the face of a stooping fisherman, whose life, it is said, was shortened by the shock. Dick Taylor's boat got a fat corporal of marines, with shrimps entangled in the hair; and one of the crew, affected with an enduring distaste for the sea, has remained on shore from that day. For many weeks the £2 per corpse was what the fishermen had to live on. There was no market for anything else they caught. Fourpence would buy you three pairs of soles, and herrings were used as manure. This introduces the problem whether fish are innocent or guilty of eating human flesh. Any smacksman would go bail for the finned kinds, flat and round, knowing them, in his experience of baits, for dainty and exclusive feeders. Even crabs, when arraigned before their daily captors, who should have best acquaintance with these creatures' manners, leave the court with unstained characters. Suspicion hovers alone, so far as I can learn, over the reputation of the whelk, a matter of the less moment because he is, at best, a viand for bold stomachs.

Our deep sea fishermen are a companionable, unsuspicious people. Theirs is a fresh-air life, good for the liver and the digestion. They weren't quite such nice fellows awhile ago. But the little Dutch grog ships have now been driven away by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. Not that the race of "copers" is extinct. One will occasionally be seen lying in wait for the codmen or cruising after the herringers. But she will give the fleets a wide berth.

To the making of a North Sea fisherman's daily life in winter, put twenty hours' watch and toil, four hours' sleep, and as much wet clothing as will cover a man; season with sea blisters and weever stings; and serve with a garnish of icicles and frozen rope. Small wonder if the deep voice is sometimes used for grumbling. Jack Trotter, mate of the *Morning Star*, is for ever reviling the life. His idea of earthly bliss is to ride about England on a bicycle, stopping whenever he is tired. True, he owes the sea a peculiar grudge as the author of his domestic trouble.

As master of a small coaster, he was taking china clay from Cornwall to Hartlepool, when, being stretched on the locker with a murderous attack of influenza, he put in at

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Southampton, and telegraphed for his newly-wedded wife. She came, the fever went, and Jack hit on a thrifty project for saving four-and-twenty shillings. Said he to his wife, "You shall come along o' us, Bess, instead of returning by train; I'll put you ashore at Lowestoft, and you'll enjoy the trip." But the weather decided otherwise. A gale came out of the nor'-nor'-east, doing grievous harm alike to Jack's ship and wife. Poor Bess took no food for five days, and rounded off her miseries by falling flat on deck. A strong, healthy woman was transformed into a bed-ridden invalid for life.

"Steve sat with bowed head at the cabin table, dropping tears of remorse."

Jack would never more set foot on a coaster. He joined a smack, and from that day has been busy catching fish to pay doctors' bills. In his bitter moments he sits apart from his mates and tries to calculate how many hundred pounds it has cost him to save four-and-twenty shillings. It must be in the reaction from these fits of melancholy that the bicycle idea takes hold of his fancy.

Having the skipper's wife aboard is not an unknown experience on North Sea smacks. The opinion generally obtains—so far as I can gauge it—that the arrangement may be pleasant to all concerned, or mightily the contrary, according to the temperament of the lady. She needs something more than a sea stomach and a heart for dangers; the right sort of woman has been described to me as having one needle for buttons and another for sails. The case of Steve Hobrow, of the *Elizabeth Jane*, presents features probably unique. Steve owned and loved a black cat and a canary, who both returned his affection. Provided he were near, the one would sing and the other purr, let the wind be never so high. But the time came when, having gone ashore a bachelor, Steve came on board with a wife—a plump little person, with dimples to her rosy cheeks and saucy brown eyes. Small wonder that the honest fisherman loved her with an ardent exclusiveness that left all other creatures outside the pale of his affections. But this was a heavy sadness to the cat and canary. The former took to the forecastle and to swearing, losing all concern for the glossiness of her coat; the other's case was even more deplorable. From the morning of Mrs. Hobrow's arrival the little minstrel was dumb and dejected. I picture this neglected pet, with plumage of jealousy's hue, as sole and disregarded witness of many soft endearments exchanged between the pair of humans, absorbed in the delight of one another's society. The canary sulked to death, and Steve, remembering too late the lumps of sugar he had forgotten, sat with bowed head at the cabin table, dropping tears of remorse on the little yellow corpse. And it came about that the lady, discovering her husband in this lugubrious situation, laughed a laugh that was not all sweetness. To-day the Hobrows keep a small public-house near Yarmouth. As happy a man as you could meet, Steve nevertheless suffers the minor distress of a constant desire ungratified. He wants to keep a canary, but his wife won't let him.

I had these facts from Joseph Bunhill, who sailed as mate in the *Elizabeth Jane*. It is easy to conceive his misgivings when the skipper's other mate made her appearance. Fifteen years before he had served on a schooner whose captain—a gentle-mannered man named Price—was also accompanied at sea by his wife. The lady had a masterful way with her and a tongue that was seldom still, so that one voyage was enough for Bunhill. There was a touching leave-taking between him and the captain, the two men having learnt to like one another. "I hope, sir," said the departing mariner humbly, "you don't think no blame to me for leaving

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the ship?" "No, no," the skipper replied with some emotion, as he gripped the outstretched hand; "my feelings at your going ain't blame, Joseph—they're only envy." The remark made a profound impression on Bunhill, who, though he must now be nearly fifty, is still unmarried.

If woman in the flesh is a rarity on a fishing-smack, she is often enough present as a sustaining memory. At the age of fourteen Alfred Nettlefold found himself an apprentice on a Grimsby trawler. With a blacking-box for a desk, and the slenderest equipment of paper and print, he devoted laborious hours to the business of learning to read and write, in which endeavours—scholarship being then but lightly esteemed on the *Dogger*—he was frequently interrupted by the miscellaneous missiles of unsympathetic seniors. But the student was upheld by a purpose which flying boots and brushes were powerless to defeat; he was bent on exchanging letters with his sweetheart. Exhibiting so much grit at the outset of his career, it is scarcely surprising that at the age of nineteen Alfred was skipper of a lugger. His case is a good one to illustrate how, in the calling of a fisherman, merit may be swamped by bad luck. His first voyage failed through rotten timbers, his second through rotten water; and to-day he is before the mast.

"Wakening at 3 a.m. to the knowledge of his state, Butcher did no murder."

More sociable men than our fishermen you could not find. When a calm is really flat, a group of sailing-boats will sometimes lash broadside to broadside, making a terrace of floating habitations, which expedient affords welcome opportunity for large dinner parties and an exchange of friendly calls—only somewhere aloft an expert eye must be watching for the rising of the wind. Not always has merry-making on the smacks been of the suburban villa variety. Out of Grimsby, within the memory of middle-aged men, there sailed the "Bottled Ale Brigade"—some half dozen skippers who, content with their winter earnings, largely abandoned themselves to pleasure in the summer. They were bound by the tie of a common obligation—that none should set sail with less than ten dozen bottles of ale on board. Throughout a voyage, members of the Brigade took it in turns to receive all the rest to supper, when there was much hilarity and the constant drawing of corks. At times a practical joke would crown these festivities. Thus one night, when "Flash Fred's" boat was the scene of the entertainment, "Lordly Butcher" was reduced by the beer to the semblance of an inanimate thing, noting which, his companions, who had merely reached the condition of unreasoning joyousness, resolved on a novel form of recreation. Hauling their unconscious comrade up on deck, they stripped him of his raiment, then painted his body green and red in careful, conspicuous stripes. Thereafter four boats rowed away, "Flash Fred" turned in, and the naked man slept alone in the moonlight. Now note how incapable of resentment and

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revenge is the heart of a smacksman. Wakening at 3 a.m. to the knowledge of his state, "Butcher" did no murder, neither spake he any blasphemies. Gathering up his armful of clothes, he got him straightway to his boat, which casting off he rowed back to the *Dowager*; and we may well believe that, as the little craft crept in the grey dawn over the sea, this solitary oarsman, arrayed merely in a coat of paint, was a riddle to many a man on watch among the pale lights of the fleet. For the *Dowager's* crew a mystery was prepared which none could solve. During seven days and seven nights "Butcher" remained locked in his cabin, with cotton shirting stretched beneath the skylight, that no inquisitive eye might peer in from the deck. It is true the mate, upon whom devolved the temporary command, shared the cabin and its secret; but Mr. Porter held his counsel like a sphinx. The hands, gaining no knowledge by their questions, kept the sharper look-out for clues that chance might offer. They noted—and delved deep in their brains for an explanation appropriate to the phenomenon—that Mr. Porter, when he thought there were none to see, would give way to private mirth, purring to himself like a cat on a full meal of cream. Also they noted that Mr. Porter carried much besides food to the skipper. Curious, calculating eyes took cognizance of the following quantities being gradually conveyed to the cabin—to wit, about three yards of flannel, eighteen kettlefuls of hot water, two scrubbing brushes, nine pints of turpentine, and the vessel's entire stock of soap. But if "Butcher" was invisible, he was not inaudible. At the wheel, man succeeded man in routine rotation, and a puzzling experience of one was the puzzling experience of all. From the hidden hollow of the skipper's cabin there repeatedly issued the familiar voice, and ever in words and tones that expressed timorous concern for the vessel's safety, and enjoined the necessity for a constant vigilance—which, the weather being continuously fair, and "Butcher" having a name for iron nerves, filled up the cup of the men's perplexity. At the end of a week the skipper returned to the light of day and the sight of man; and that he was his old, reckless self was testified by an absolute unconcern for a wind newly sprung from the nor'-nor'-east. That evening he returned unto his habitual pleasures, joining the Brigade's supper-party in the cabin of the *Bumble Bee*. It was an evidence of his way of looking at life that he made but a single allusion to what had recently befallen him—and that allusion, though charged with reproach, wholly free from spleen. "That a joke's a joke," quoth "Butcher," in one of the solemnest moments of his life, "I won't gainsay; but when you take such liberties with a man as, if his craft happened to go down, he'd be took ashore a corpse as'd set all the fishwives giggling, why then I say it ain't a joke at all—it's right-down thoughtlessness."

I know no finer example of the religious mariner than skipper Cullington. In the days before steam trawlers, when there was no Mission and the "coper" did harm unhindered, Cullington's conduct sometimes stood forth as a conspicuous piece of eccentricity, so that all the fleet marvelled. He had schooled himself to the perfection of offering the other cheek, as two occasions served to show. Angered by a hurt received in the joint labour of hauling in a chain, one of the crew swung his iron fist against his commander's left jaw, loosening teeth and letting blood. But Cullington, never raising an arm, found breath to murmur, "Now hit the other side." Next time his assailant was the boy, and, though the blow was in consequence harder to be borne, the temptation to retaliate was successfully withstood. That evening Cullington had to face the upbraidings and kindly expostulations of a deputation of skippers from neighbouring smacks, and I am heathen enough to find a satisfaction in recording that one of the visitors, suddenly cutting all argument short with the words: "Well, if you won't, I will," pounced on the boy and gave him as sound a jacketing as ever made youngster howl for mercy.

Cullington prides himself on a superiority to sailor superstitions. Yet he freely confesses to an occasion when circumstances mastered his scepticism. One night when the sea was alight with phosphorus—no unusual phenomenon—he gave orders for the trawl to be shot, and presently thereafter the entire crew shuffled into his presence with drawn faces and mutterings of terror. Not easily did he learn the cause of their abject woe. But at length a trembling tongue managed to fashion the words: "The devil's alongside, sir, holding on to the gear, grinning"; and at Cullington's outburst of derision the statement was endorsed all round in a splutter of terrified exclamations. Perceiving that the hallucination was not to be dispelled by words, Cullington besought an introduction to the Fiend of fiends, whose

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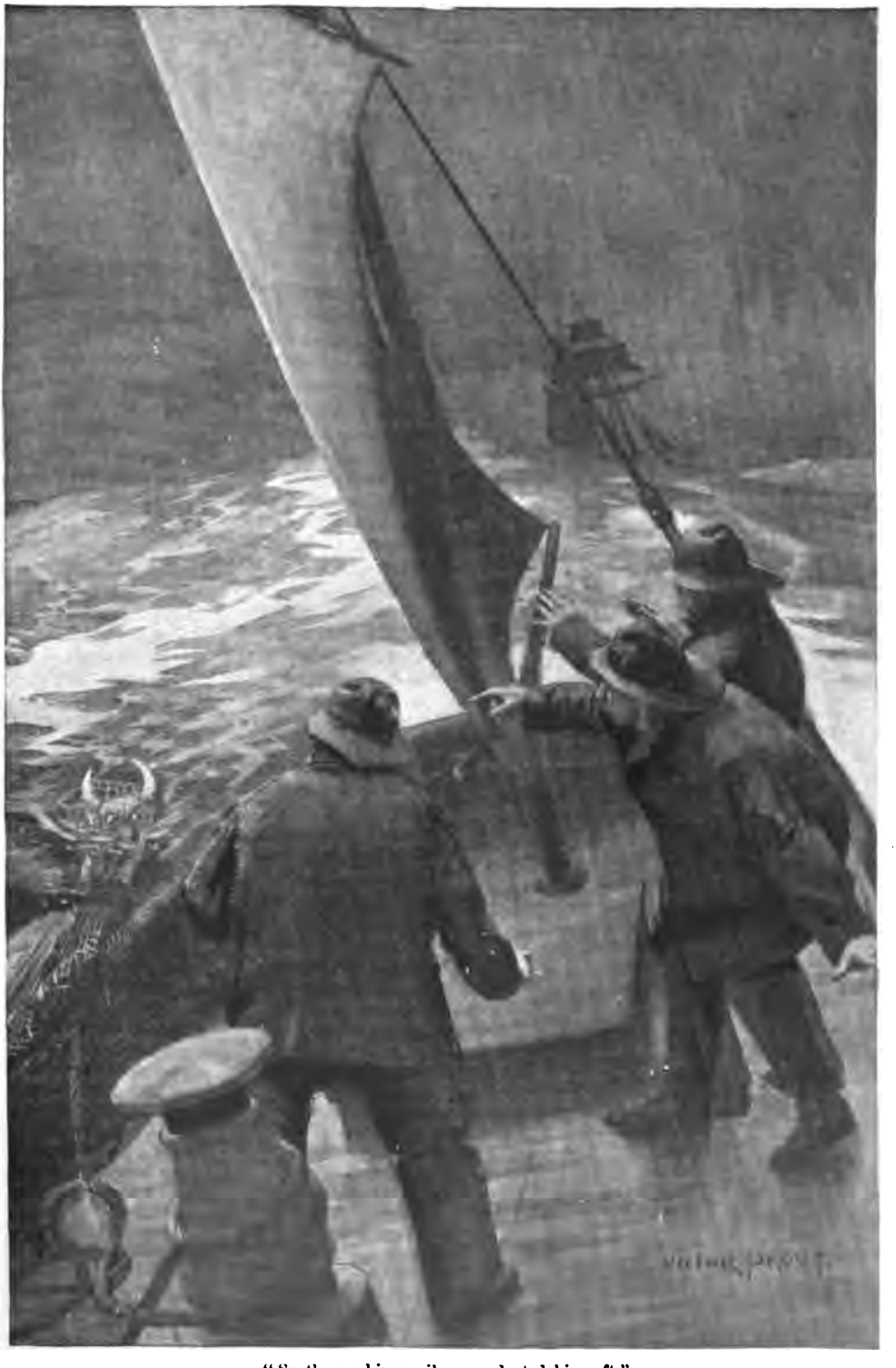

"So the quaking sailors conducted him aft."

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acquaintance, he gaily asserted, he had long desired to make. So the quaking sailors conducted him aft, where it was his nightmare experience to behold a head with horns reared hideous above a countenance of appalling levity; and the head nodded at Cullington with so gross a familiarity that cold waves traversed his spine and terror took hold of the root of his tongue. There was no fishing that night and no sleep; and for all the attention bestowed on wheel and rope the smack might have been a derelict. But morning brought the knowledge that only an ox's head had caught in the overhanging gear.

Toby, deck hand of the *Moss Rose*, had a great name for superstition. One day he went aloft in his brand new sea boots. Anon, ridding himself of the encumbrance, he flung them deckwards with so poor an aim that one fouled with the rigging, fell into the sea, and disappeared. That evening, by a ghastly coincidence, the trawl brought up a human leg encased in just such a left boot as was recently lost. Toby took possession like a man recovering stolen property, and, indeed, the affair had such a look of retribution on the ocean's part that no shipmate would have dreamt to dispute his claim. Cleansing processes having held him for an hour, he strode the deck, on his solitary midnight watch, in boots easy to mistake for fellows. Abed, but not asleep, lay the skipper, Captain Joseph Archer, in whom some powers of mimicry are associated with a love of fun. On this occasion the very spirit of mischief must have guided his wakeful fancies. Issuing stealthily from his bunk, his face aglow with a private gladness, he made partial ascent of the companionway, so that—he all unseen—his nose reached the level of the deck. And these were the words, hoarse and dismal, that broke in on Toby's reverie: "*I—want—my—boot!*" After some moments, a dark object splashed into the water, and there stood a white-faced fisherman with no covering to one foot save a woollen sock.

"'*I—want—my—boot!*'"

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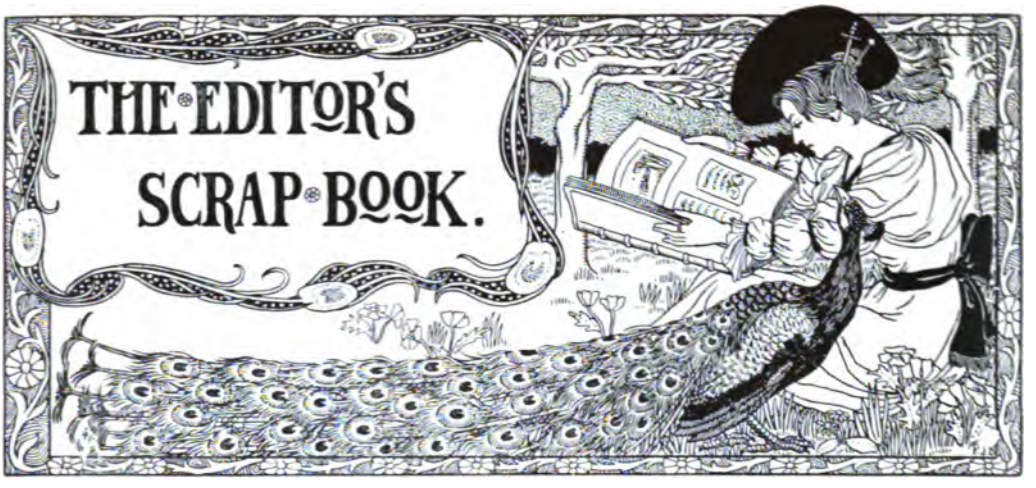

"BOBBIE, how many sisters has your new schoolfellow?"

"He has one, mamma. He tried to stuff me up by saying that he had two half-sisters, but he doesn't know that I'm up to fractions!"

TEACHER: What is the equator?

PUPIL (confidently): An imaginary lion running around the earth!

JACK: I hear that she speaks every known language.

TOM: Must be a mistake. Last night I asked her to give me a plain English "Yes," and she said she couldn't.

"Now, boys, I have a few questions in fractions to ask," said a teacher. "Suppose I have a piece of beefsteak, and cut it into sixteen pieces, what would those pieces be called?"

"Sixteenths," answered one boy, after meditating a moment.

"Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut in half, what would they be?"

There was silence in the class; but presently a little boy at the foot put up his hand.

"Do you know, Johnny?"

"Hash!" answered Johnny confidently.

MISTRESS: I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you, last night, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Well, ma'am, ye wouldn't hov an unmarried lady be sittin' alone with only wan policeman, would ye? The other wan wuz a chaperon.

"I'VE just done the most idiotic thing," said he.

"What is that?" asked his sympathetic friend.

"Lent a fellow an umbrella."

"Well, can't you trust him to return it?"

"No fear! I've lent it to its original owner."

UNCLE JACK: Hullo, Freddy, what's the matter? Has someone been beating you?

FREDDY: N—n—no. B—but I had a fight with another fellow, and I hurt him so bad I can't help crying for him. Boo—hoo!

"IF I DIDN'T FORGET HOW OLD I WAS."

By J. Edmund V. Cooke.

If I didn't forget how old I was,
Do you think I'd act like I often does?
Do you think I'd swing on the front-yard gate,
If I could remember that I was eight?

If I didn't forget how soon I'd grow
To be a big man like Uncle Joe,
Do you think my pa would have to scold
'Cos I didn't do what I was told?

Do you think I'd make my ma so wild,
An' act so much like a little child,
If I didn't forget I was half-past eight?
An' would Miss Brown have to keep me late?

Miss Brown said I was "a little fiend,"
An' I didn't know what the old thing meaned;
But she said 'twas becos I played so rough,
An' it made my ma just cry—sure 'nough.

If I didn't forget, do you s'pose that I
Would ever act so's to make her cry?
An' don't you suppose I'd behave just fine,
If I didn't forget I was going-on-nine?

If I could remember, do you suppose
I wouldn't take care of my Sunday clo'es?
An' would I get mad at my cousin Ben
Without getting right away good again?

Pa says he believes I was just born bad,
An' Uncle Joe says I'm "like my dad,"
An' Aunt Lou says she don't suppose
I'll ever be better, but ma—she knows,
An' she hugs me close with a kiss, becos
She says I forgot how old I was.

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A REALITY.

By L. A. Harker.

THE Baron had gone to Homburg. The Baroness, for some reason known only to herself, chose to visit her newly-made friends, Lord and Lady Watcliffe, at their shooting-box in Wensley Dale.

The Baroness had never been in England before. She found the Yorkshire climate both cold and damp that September. Her host and hostess were kind and amiable, but it was not to see them that she had come. In her letter of invitation Lady Watcliffe had said—

"I hardly like to ask you to come to Willansbe. It is only a small house, and we have no house party; our only other guest will be Professor Ray. I think you said you had met him some years ago. Still, if you will venture, and if you still feel the desire you expressed in Paris to see our Yorkshire moors—know how charmed we shall be to see you. The heather is at its best now, so try to give us a day or two."

So the Baroness went to Willansbe, and very dull she found it. However, as she was generally bored, she did not resent the *ennui* as do more happily constituted mortals. Besides, she had come for a reason; and she could wait.

"It is very sad about Professor Ray!" said Lady Watcliffe. "He looks dreadfully ill, but he is so plucky he won't give in. You know, he loves this part of the world, and all the country folk love him. He comes here every year, generally to us. His mother's people had a great deal of land here once, but it was not entailed, so it all got sold. He's the last of the old race."

"I thought he had children?" said the Baroness.

"O yes! he has two little boys. Somehow, though, I always think of him as the last of the old race; I knew them all as children, and he alone is left—not for long, I fear!"

The Baroness shivered. "What is the matter with him?" she asked.

"No one knows exactly, but it's something incurable, fatal. He looks so ill, but he never talks about himself, and is the best company in the world; we are devoted to him."

"Do you know his wife?" asked the Baroness, and there was a note of real interest in her voice.

"Not well. I've met her; she's little and young, and gay, and the children are beautiful!" Lady Watcliffe sighed the sigh of the childless woman.

"Have you ever visited them?"

"Once. They have only a little house, such a pretty little gabled house. They are the cheeriest people and find something to laugh at all day long."

The Baroness asked no more questions; she found it difficult to conceive of a *ménage* where people found life so amusing.

Three days later Rupert Ray and the Baroness were sitting on a big round stone in the middle of a heather-covered moor.

The sun shone and bees were busy in the heather. The Baroness had taken off her long gloves and her white hands lay idly folded in her lap. Her tall sunshade, with its onyx handle, lay on the heather beside her; she had taken off her hat, and the sunshine glinted on the golden threads in her admirably dressed bronze-coloured hair.

She sat looking at her own pretty hands. Now, when the Baroness looked down you felt she could not possibly assume a prettier attitude. Her eyelashes were so long and so curly. But when she looked up, especially if she looked at you, it was plain that her greatest charm lay in the eyes themselves—so big, and blue, and childlike.

Rupert Ray turned himself, regarding her with unfeigned pleasure. "It is good to see you again, Rosie; you are prettier than ever!"

"Ah, you have not forgotten the little, funny name! Did you think that the Hungarian schoolgirl you knew at Capri would grow into—me?" and she turned her white hands inwards, to emphasise the "me."

"You were hardly a schoolgirl at Capri. You impressed me as a very clever young lady indeed. By Jove! though, how time does fly! ten years ago!"

"It may fly for you!" pouted the Baroness; "it creeps and crawls for some people. Do you know," she continued slowly, "that I was rather in love with you at Capri?"

"I know that I was more than 'rather' in love with *you*."

"Ah!" said the Baroness, and there was a world of meaning in that "Ah!"

Rupert Ray laughed. "And how was a wretched student at the Neapolitan Stazione to aspire to you—you, with your ten languages, and your eyes, and your charms? Besides, I had an immense respect and affection for your parents. You see, they trusted me and treated me like a son; and there was no use in sighing for the moon!"

"You certainly did not sigh long. Another eighteen months and you had married the little English girl who wrote you serious letters. I remember—is she still serious?"

Rupert gazed into space over the heathery moor, with a look in his eyes that the Baroness hardly understood, as he answered, "'Serious' hardly describes her. She was only fifteen when you used to hear of her."

"Have you her photograph?" she asked curiously.

He took a worn old pocket-book from his breast pocket. In it was the photograph of a large-eyed little girl. "It is the only one I have, but it is very like her still."

She looked at it in silence for some moments; then she said, "There are more photographs in the case; are they your children? May I see?"

He gave her the case, and she looked at the portraits one after another. As she closed it she said gently—

"You are very happy?"

"I have been very happy."

The Baroness looked up quickly, his tone was so sad.

"Do you love your boys very much?" she asked, with a little catch in her voice.

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Again Rupert Ray looked into space over the heathery moor, and again there came into his kind, grey eyes that expression which the Baroness could not understand.

"My life is full of shadows," she said wearily; "nothing is real."

"Life itself is very real," said Rupert; "and death."

For a minute or two there was no sound but the hum of the bees over the heather. Then he turned to her, saying—

"Listen to me, Rosie. We are old friends, and you are a brave woman; you shall face a reality. In six months I shall be dead. I know exactly how it will be. I shall do my work as long as I can; then there will be an operation and I shall die. I do and shall suffer a good deal of pain. I don't want to die. The world is a very pleasant place to me; but it has got to be. I have come to see this dear Dale country for the last time; to see all the kindly country folk I love for the last time; and you, Rosie, unexpectedly, once more. This, that is coming, is a reality."

He held out his hand to her, the strong, kind right hand that was now so thin. She placed her own little white one in it and they sat silent.

She thought of the little house where life was so amusing—the little house soon to be so sorrowful. She thought of the round-faced boys and of the wife she had never seen. Then she thought of herself, and how through all these years she had felt glad that Rupert Ray was in the world, so strong, and cheery, and dependable. She remembered how he had comforted her at Capri, when her mother was pronounced hopelessly ill by the nursing nuns; how loyal he had been to that mother through all the many chances that threw them together.

Suddenly her eyes grew hard and she said—

"At least you have lived your life; you have a thousand tender memories to lose. Since my parents died I have nothing. My brother is in Siberia and the Baron is at Homburg, whither I follow him to-morrow. You are the best off; though you leave so much, you have got it to leave!"

She rose as she spoke; then, suddenly falling on her knees beside him, laid her face down on his hands. "Pity me, too, a little," she whispered, "I am so lonely!"

"We have been dreadfully dismal!" said Rupert as he raised her. "It is my fault—I am ever so sorry!"

The Baroness wiped away her tears and put on her hat; then she made a bewitching face at him, saying, "You are an Englishman—a fish!"

They walked over the moor together and talked of old times.

When they came to the rocky path down which they could only walk in single file, Rupert went first. Presently the Baroness exclaimed, "You ought not to carry a geological hammer in your coat pocket, really—it makes your coat hang so badly, one side lower than the other; all your coats are the same!"

Rupert laughed. "It isn't the hammer, it's the boys; they will hang on to my pocket when I have books to carry and can't give a hand to each."

He did not hear her behind him, and, turning his head, saw that she was sitting on the steep side of the bank, with the tears running down her face as she thought of the little hands that so soon would have no coat to hold.

"She looked at the portraits one after another."

He stood just below her in the steep path, "You are just the same Rosie; you have the tenderest heart in the world!"

She smiled at him through her tears and shook her head. "You have galvanised it into life for a moment, but it is dead; I have lived with the Baron for eight years—you do not know the Baron!"

Rupert held out his hand to her in silence to help her down the steep little path. There is a silence that is more helpful than speech, and the Baroness understood.

Rupert Ray is dead; and in the little gabled house, where there was so much laughter, there is a silence as of tears.

The Baroness shed no tears, but she has not forgotten.

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HE (wondering if that Williams has ever been accepted): Are both your rings heirlooms?

SHE (concealing the hand): Oh, dear, yes! One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer and (blushing) only dates from the conquest.

"WHY, there's Mrs. Gresham, and her brother was buried only yesterday."

"There's only one death in her family that would keep her at home."

"Whose?"

"Her own."

"AND what do you think of the engagement ring I sent you?"

"It's splendid! It's the most beautiful one that I ever received!"

INJURED INNOCENCE: Yes; she has been saying all manner of wicked things about me.

CONSOLATORY FRIEND: You should not heed her, dear. She merely repeats what other people say.

CUSTOMER: Do you suppose you can take a good picture of me?

PHOTOGRAPHER: I shall have to answer you in the negative, sir.

"OH, for a thousand tongues!" said the grocer's lad, as he crept into the treacle barrel.

CUSTOMER: And are all those ladies waiting to be served?

PROPRIETOR OF UNIVERSAL EMPORIUM: Oh, no! The majority of them are engaged by the house to stimulate trade by struggling with customers who endeavour to approach the "bargain" counters.

MAGISTRATE: A most hardened offender! Six days' imprisonment on bread and water. Remove him.

PRISONER: Make the living a trifle better, yer worship, and I'll stay a month.

GRUMP: If you will take every fool's advice——

HIS NEPHEW: Don't think it, sir, just because I asked yours.

EDITH: Oh, Ethel, what shall I do? Jack says he supposes it's all over between us, and that he'll send my presents back.

ETHEL (experienced): Tell him to bring them.

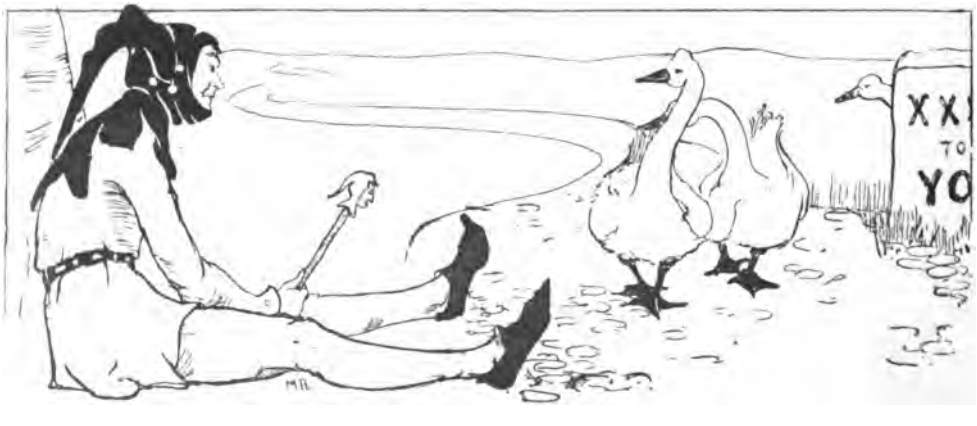
A POOR man once applied to Dumas père for fifty sous to help bury a friend.

"What was he?" Dumas asked.

"A bailiff, sir," replied the borrower.

Dumas' eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note which he thrust into the man's hand.

"You say it costs fifty sous? Here are one hundred. Bury two of them."



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The Last Stand—Watersmeet, North Devon.

FROM A DRAWING BY LUCY E. KEMP-WELCH.

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WHEN THE WATERS WERE UP AT JULES'."

By Bret Harte.

Illustrated by Lancelot Speed.

WHEN the waters were up at "Jules'" there was little else up on that monotonous level. For the few inhabitants who calmly and methodically moved to higher ground, camping out in tents until the flood had subsided, left no distracting wreckage behind them. A dozen half-submerged log cabins dotted the tranquil surface of the waters, without ripple or disturbance, looking in the moonlight more like the ruins of centuries than of a few days. There was no current to sap their slight foundations or sweep them away; nothing stirred that silent lake but the occasional shot-like indentations of a passing raindrop, or, still more rarely, a raft, made of a single log, propelled by some citizen on a tour of inspection of his cabin roof-tree, where some of his goods were still stored. There was no sense of terror in this bland obliteration of the little settlement; the ruins of a single burnt-up cabin would have been more impressive than this stupid and even grotesquely placid effect of the rival destroying element. People took it naturally; the water went as it had come, slowly, impassively, noiselessly; a few days of fervid Californian sunshine dried the cabins, and in a week or two the red dust lay again as thickly before their doors as the winter mud had lain. The waters of Rattlesnake Creek dropped below its banks, the stage coach from Marysville no longer made a detour of the settlement. There was even a singular compensation to this amicable invasion; the inhabitants sometimes found gold in those breaches in the banks made by the overflow. To wait for the "old Rattlesnake sluicing" was a vernal hope of the trusting miner.

The history of "Jules'," however, was once destined to offer a singular interruption of this peaceful and methodical process. The winter of 1859-60 was an exceptional one. But little rain had fallen in the valleys, although the snow lay deep in the high Sierras. Passes were choked, ravines filled, and glaciers found on their slopes. And when the tardy rains came with the withheld south-westerly "trades" the regular phenomenon recurred; Jules' Flat silently, noiselessly, and peacefully went under water; the inhabitants moved to the higher ground, perhaps a little more expeditiously from an impatience born of the delay. The stage coach from Marysville made its usual detour and stopped before the temporary hotel, express offices, and general store of "Jules'" under canvas, bark, and the limp leaves of a spreading alder. It deposited a single passenger—Miles Hemmingway of San Francisco, but originally of Boston—the young secretary of a mining company, despatched to report upon the alleged auriferous value of "Jules'." Of this he had been by no means impressed as he looked down upon the submerged cabins from the box-seat of the coach and listened to the driver's lazy recital of the flood and of the singularly patient acceptance of it by the inhabitants.

It was the old story of the south-western miner's indolence and incompetency—utterly distasteful to his northern habits of thought and education. Here was their old fatuous endurance of Nature's wild caprices, without that struggle against them which brought others strength and success; here was the old philosophy which accepted the prairie fire and cyclone and survived them without advancement, yet without repining. Perhaps in different places and surroundings a submission so stoic might have impressed him; in gentlemen who tucked their dirty trousers in their muddy boots and lived only for the gold they dug, it did not seem to him heroic. Nor was he mollified as he stood beside the rude refreshment bar—a few planks laid on tressels—and drank his coffee beneath the dripping canvas roof with an odd recollection of his boyhood and an inclement Sunday-school picnic. Yet these men had been living in this shiftless fashion for three weeks! It exasperated him still more to think that he might have to wait there a few days longer for the water to subside sufficiently for him to make his examination and report. As he took a proffered seat on a candlebox which tilted under him, and another survey of the feeble

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makeshifts around him, his irascibility found vent.

"Why, in the name of God! didn't you, after you had been flooded out *once*, build your cabins *permanently* on higher ground?"

Although the tone of his voice was more disturbing than his question, it pleased one of the loungers to affect to take it literally.

"Well, ez you've put it that way—'in the name of God!'"—returned the man lazily, "it mout hev struck us that ez *He* was bossin' the job, so to speak, and handlin' things round here generally, we might leave it to Him. It wasn't *our* flood to monkey with."

"'It wasn't *our* flood to monkey with.'"

"And as He didn't coven-ant, so to speak, to look arter this higher ground 'speshally, and make an Ararat of it for us, ez far ez we could see, we didn't see any reason for *settlin'* yer," put in a second speaker with equal laziness.

The secretary saw his mistake instantly, and had experience enough of Western humour not to prolong the disadvantage of his unfortunate adjuration. He coloured slightly and said with a smile, "You know what I mean; you could have protected yourselves better. A levee on the bank would have kept you clear of the highest water-mark."

"Hev you ever heard *what* the highest water-mark was?" said the first speaker, turning to another of the loungers without looking at the secretary.

"Never heard it—didn't know there was a limit before," responded the man.

The first speaker turned back to the secretary. "Did you ever know what happened at 'Bulger's,' on the North Fork? They had one o' them levees."

"No. What happened?" asked the secretary impatiently.

"They was fixed suthin' like us," returned the first speaker. "*They* allowed they'd build a levee above *their* highest water-mark, and did. It worked like a charm at first; but the water hed to go somewhere, and it kinder collected at the first bend. Then it sorter raised itself on its elbows one day, and looked over the levee down upon whar some of the boys was washin' quite comf'ble. Then it paid no sorter attention to the limit o' that high water-mark, but went six inches better! Not slow and quiet like ez it uster to, ez it does *here*, kinder fillin' up from below, but went over with a rush and a current, hevin' of course the whole height of the levee to fall on t'other side where the boys were sluicing." He paused, and amidst a profound silence added, "They say that 'Bulger's' was scattered promiscuous-like all along the Fork for five miles. I only know that one of his mules and a section of sluicing was picked up at Red Flat, eight miles away!"

Mr. Hemmingway felt that there *was* an

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answer to this, but being wise, also felt that it would be unavailing. He smiled politely and said nothing, at which the first speaker turned to him—

"Thar ain't anything to see to-day, but to-morrow, ez things go, the water oughter be droppin'. Mebbee you'ld like to wash up now and clean yourself," he added, with a glance at Hemmingway's small portmanteau. "Ez we thought you'ld likely be crowded here, we've rigged up a corner for you at Stanton's shanty—with the women."

The young man's cheek flushed slightly at some possible irony in this, and he protested with considerable stress that he was quite ready "to rough it" where he was.

"I reckon it's already fixed," returned the man decisively, "so you'ld better come and I'll show you the way."

"One moment," said Hemmingway, with a smile; "my credentials are addressed to the manager of the Boone Ditch Company at 'Jules'.' Perhaps I ought to see him first."

"All right; he's Stanton."

"And——" hesitated the secretary, "*you*, who appear to understand the locality so well—I trust I may have the pleasure——"

"Oh, I'm Jules."

The secretary was a little startled and amused. So "Jules" was a person, and not a place!

"Then you're a pioneer?" asked Hemmingway, a little less dictatorially, as they passed out under the dripping trees.

"I struck this Creek in the fall of '49, comin' over Livermore's Pass with Stanton," returned Jules, with great brevity of speech and deliberate tardiness of delivery. "Sent my wife and two children the next year; wife died same winter, change bein' too sudden for her, and contractin' chills and fever at Sweetwater. When I kem here first thar wasn't six inches o' water in the Creek; but there was a heap of it over there where you see them yallowish green patches and strips o' brush and grass; all that war water then, and all that growth hez sprung up since."

"'Bulger's' was scattered promiscuous-like all along the Fork for five miles."

Hemmingway looked around him. The "higher ground" where they stood was in reality only a mound-like elevation above the dead level of the flat, and the few trees were merely recent young willows and alders. The area of actual depression was much greater than he had imagined, and its resemblance to the bed of some prehistoric

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inland sea struck him forcibly. A previous larger inundation than Jules' brief experience had ever known had been by no means improbable. His cheek reddened at his previous hasty indictment of the settlers' ignorance and shiftlessness, and the thought that he had probably committed his employers to his own rash confidence and superiority of judgment. However, there was no evidence that this diluvial record was not of the remote past. He smiled again with greater security as he thought of the geological changes that had since tempered these cataclysms, and the amelioration brought by settlement and cultivation. Nevertheless, he would make a thorough examination to-morrow.

Stanton's cabin was the furthest of these temporary habitations, and was partly on the declivity which began to slope to the river's bank. It was, like the others, a rough shanty of unplaned boards, but, unlike the others, it had a base of logs laid lengthwise on the ground and parallel with each other, on which the flooring and structure were securely fastened. This gave it the appearance of a box slid on runners, or a Noah's Ark whose bulk had been reduced. Jules explained that the logs, laid in that manner, kept the shanty warmer and free from damp. In reply to Hemmingway's suggestion that it was a great waste of material, Jules simply replied that the logs were the "flotsam and jetsam" of the Creek from the overflowed mills below.

Hemmingway again smiled. It was again the old story of Western waste and prodigality. Accompanied by Jules, however, he climbed up the huge slippery logs which made a platform before the door and entered.

The single room was unequally divided; the larger part containing three beds, by day rolled in a single pile in one corner to make room for a table and chairs. A few dresses hanging from nails on the wall showed that it was the women's room. The smaller compartment was again subdivided by a hanging blanket, behind which was a rude bunk or berth against the wall, a table made of a packing-box, containing a tin basin and a can of water. This was his apartment.

"The women folks are down the Creek, bakin', to-day," said Jules, explanatorily; "but I reckon that one of 'em will be up here in a jiffy to make supper, so you just take it easy till they come. I've got to meander over to the claim afore *I* turn in, but you just lie by to-night and take a rest."

He turned away, leaving Hemmingway standing in the doorway still distraught and hesitating. Nor did the young man recognise the delicacy of Jules' leavetaking until he had unstrapped his portmanteau and found himself alone, free to make his toilet, unembarrassed by company. But even then he would have preferred the rough companionship of the miners in the common dormitory of the general store to this intrusion upon the half civilisation of the women, their pitiable little comforts and secret makeshifts. His disgust of his own indecision which brought him there naturally recoiled in the direction of his host and hostesses, and after a hurried ablution, a change of linen, and an attempt to remove the stains of travel from his clothes, he strode out impatiently into the open air again.

It was singularly mild even for the season. The south-west trades blew softly, and whispered to him of San Francisco and the distant Pacific, with its long, steady swell. He turned again to the overflowed Flat beneath him, and the sluggish yellow water that scarcely broke a ripple against the walls of the half-submerged cabins. And this was the water for whose going down they were waiting with an immobility as tranquil as the waters themselves! What marvellous incompetency—or what infinite patience! He knew, of course, their expected compensation in this "ground sluicing" at Nature's own hand; the long rifts in the banks of the Creek which so often showed "the colour" in the sparkling scales of river gold disclosed by the action of the water; the heaps of reddish mud left after its subsidence around the walls of the cabins—a deposit that often contained a treasure a dozen times more valuable than the cabin itself! And then he heard behind him a laugh, a short and panting breath, and turning, beheld a young woman running towards him.

In his first astounded sight of her, in her limp nankeen sunbonnet, thrown back from her head by the impetus of her flight, he saw only too much hair, too much white teeth, too much eye-flash, and, above all—as it appeared to him—too much confidence in the power of these qualities. Even as she ran, it seemed to him that she was pulling down ostentatiously the rolled-up sleeves of her pink calico gown over her shapely arms. I am inclined to think that the young gentleman's temper was at fault, and his conclusion

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hasty; a calmer observer would have detected nothing of this in her frankly cheerful voice. Nevertheless, her evident pleasure in the meeting seemed to him only obtrusive coquetry.

"Lordy! I reckoned to git here afore you'ld get through fixin' up, and in time to do a little prinkin' myself, and here you're out already." She laughed, glancing at his clean shirt and damp hair. "But all the same, we kin have a talk, and you kin tell me all the news afore the other wimmen get up here. It's a coon's age since I was at Sacramento and saw anybody or anything." She stopped, and instinctively detecting some vague reticence in the man before her, said, still laughing, "You're Mr. Hemmingway, ain't you?"

Hemmingway took off his hat quickly with a slight start at his forgetfulness. "I beg you pardon; yes, certainly."

"Aunty Stanton thought it was 'Hummingbird,'" said the girl, with a laugh, "but I reckoned not. I'm Jinney Jules, you know; folks call me 'J. J.' It wouldn't do for a Hummingbird and a Jay Jay to be in the same camp, would it? It would be just *too* funny!"

Hemmingway did not find the humour of this so singularly exhaustive, but he was already beginning to be ashamed of his attitude towards her. "I'm very sorry to be giving you all this trouble by my intrusion; for I was quite willing to stay at the store yonder. Indeed," he added, with a burst of frankness quite as sincere as her own, "if you think your father will not be offended, I would gladly go there now."

If he still believed in her coquetry and vanity he would have been undeceived and crushed by the equal and sincere frankness with which she met this ungallant speech. "No! I reckon he wouldn't care if you'ld be as comf'ble and fit for to-morrow. But ye *wouldn't*," she said reflectively. "The boys thar sit up late over euchre, and swear a heap, and Simpson, who'd sleep alongside of ye, snores pow'ful, I've heard. Aunty Stanton kin do her level at that, too, and they say"—with a laugh—"that *I* kin, too, but you're away off in that corner, and it won't reach you. So, takin' it all, by the large, you'ld better stay whar ye are. We wimmen—that is, the most of us—will be off and away down to Robinson's Bar shoppin' afore sun up, so ye'll sleep ez long ez ye want to, and find yer breakfast ready when ye wake. So I'll jest set to and get ye some supper, and ye kin tell me all the doin's in Sacramento and 'Frisco while I'm workin'."

In spite of her unconscious rebuff to his own vanity, Hemmingway felt a sense of relief and less constraint in his relations to this decidedly provincial hostess.

"Can I help you in any way?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, ye *might* bring me an armful o' wood from the pile under the alders of ye ain't afraid o' dirtyin' your coat," she said tentatively.

Mr. Hemmingway was not afraid, he declared himself delighted. He brought a generous armful of small cut willow boughs, and deposited them before a small stove, which seemed a temporary substitute for the usual large adobe chimney that generally occupied the entire gable of a miner's cabin. An elbow and short length of stove pipe carried the smoke through the cabin side. But he also noticed that his fair companion had used the interval to put on a pair of white cuffs and a collar. However, she brushed the green moss from his sleeve with some towelling, and although this operation brought her so near to him that her breath—as soft and warm as the south-west trades—stirred his hair, it was evident that this contiguity was only frontier familiarity, as far removed from conscious coquetry as it was, perhaps, from educated delicacy.

"The boys gin'rally kem to take up enough wood for me to begin with," she said; "but I reckon they didn't know I was comin' up so soon."

Hemmingway's distrust returned a little at this obvious suggestion that he was only a substitute for their general gallantry, but he smiled and said somewhat bluntly, "I don't suppose you lack for admirers here."

The girl, however, took him literally. "Lordy, no! Me and Mamie Robinson are the only girls for fifteen miles along the Creek. *Admirin'!* I call it jest *pesterin'* sometimes! I'll reckon I'll hev to keep a dog!"

Hemmingway shivered! Yes, she was not only conscious, but spoilt already. He pictured to himself the uncouth gallantries of the settlement, the provincial badinage, the feeble rivalries of the young men whom he had seen at the general store. Undoubtedly this was what she was expecting in *him!*

"Well," she said, turning from the fire she had kindled, "while I'm settlin' the table tell me what's a doin' in Sacramento! I reckon you've got heaps of lady friends thar—I'm told there's lots of fashions just from the States."

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"I'm afraid I don't know enough of them to interest you," he said drily.

"Go on and talk," she replied. "Why, when Tom Flynn kem back from Sacramento, and he warn't thar more nor a week, he jest slung yarns about his doin's thar to last the hull rainy season."

Half amused and half annoyed, Hemmingway seated himself on the little platform beside the open door and began a conscientious description of the progress of Sacramento, its new buildings, hotels, and theatres, as it had struck him on his last visit. For a while he was somewhat entertained by the girl's vivacity and eager questioning, but presently it began to pall. He continued, however, with a grim sense of duty, and partly as a reason for watching her in her household duties. Certainly she was graceful! Her tall, lithe, but beautifully moulded figure, even in its characteristic south-western indolence, fell into poses as picturesque as they were unconscious. She lifted the big molasses-can from its shelf on the rafters with the attitude of a Greek waterbearer. She upheaved the heavy floursack to the same secure shelf with the upraised palms of an Egyptian caryatid. Suddenly she interrupted Hemmingway's perfunctory talk with a hearty laugh. He started, looked up from his seat on the platform, and saw that she was standing over him and regarding him with a kind of mischievous pity.

"Look here," she said, "I reckon that'll do! You kin pull up short! I kin see what's the matter with you; you're jest plumb tired, tinkered out, and want to turn in! So jest you sit that quiet until I get supper ready and never mind me." In vain Hemmingway protested, with a rising colour. The girl only shook her head. "Don't tell me! You ain't keering to talk, and you're only playin' Sacramento statistics on me," she retorted with unfeigned cheerfulness. "Anyhow, here's the wimmen comin' and supper is ready."

There was a sound of weary, resigned ejaculations and pantings, and three gaunt women in lustreless alpaca gowns appeared before the cabin. They seemed prematurely aged and worn with labour, anxiety, and ill nourishment. Doubtless somewhere in these ruins a flower like Jay Jules had once flourished; doubtless somewhere in that graceful nymph herself the germ of this dreary maturity was hidden. Hemmingway welcomed them with a seriousness equal to their own. The supper was partaken with the kind of joyless formality which in the south-west is supposed to indicate deep respect, even the cheerful Jay falling under the influence, and it was with a feeling of relief that at last the young man retired to his fenced-off corner for solitude and repose. He gathered, however, that before "sun up" the next morning the elder women were going to Rattlesnake Bar for the weekly shopping, leaving Jay as before to prepare his breakfast and then join them later. It was already a change in his sentiments to find himself looking forward to that *tête-à-tête* with the young girl, as a chance of redeeming his character in her eyes. He was beginning to feel he had been stupid, unready, and withal prejudiced. He undressed himself in his seclusion, broken only by the monotonous voices in the adjoining apartment. From time to time he heard fragments and scraps of their conversation, always in reference to affairs of the household and settlement, but never of himself—not even the suggestion of a prudent lowering of their voices—and fell asleep. He woke up twice in the night with a sensation of cold so marked and distinct from his experience of the early evening, that he was fain to pile his clothes over his blankets to keep warm. He fell asleep again, coming once more to consciousness with a sense of a slight jar, but relapsing again into slumber for he knew not how long. Then he was fully awakened by a voice calling him, and opening his eyes beheld the blanket partition put aside, and the face of Jay thrust forward. To his surprise it wore a look of excited astonishment dominated by irrepressible laughter.

"Get up quick as you kin," she said gaspingly; "this is about the killingest thing that ever happened!"

She disappeared, but he could still hear her laughing, and to his utter astonishment with her disappearance the floor seemed to change its level. A giddy feeling seized him; he put his feet to the floor, it was unmistakably wet and oozing. He hurriedly clothed himself, still accompanied by the strange feeling of oscillation and giddiness, and passed through the opening into the next room. Again his step produced the same effect upon the floor, and he actually stumbled against her shaking figure, as she wiped the tears of uncontrollable mirth from her eyes with her apron. The contact seemed to upset her remaining gravity. She dropped into a chair, and pointing to the open door gasped, "Look thar! Lordy! How's that for high?" threw her apron

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"A strong grasp seized his coat collar."

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over her head, and gave way to an uproarious fit of laughter.

Hemmingway turned to the open door. A lake was before him on the level of the cabin. He stepped forward on the platform; the water was right and left, all around him. The platform dipped slightly to his step. The cabin was afloat, afloat upon its base of logs like a raft, the whole structure upheld by the floor on which the logs were securely fastened. The high ground had disappeared—the river—its banks—the green area beyond. They, and *they* alone, were afloat upon an inland sea.

He turned an astounded and serious face upon her mirth. "When did it happen?" he demanded. She checked her laugh, more from a sense of polite deference to his mood than any fear, and said quietly, "That gets me. Everything was all right two hours ago when the wimmen left. It was too early to get your breakfast and rouse ye out, and I fell asleep, I reckon, until I felt a kind o' slump and a jar." Hemmingway remembered his own half-conscious sensation. "Then I got up and saw we wez adrift. I didn't waken ye, for I thought it was only a sort of wave that would pass. It wasn't until I saw we were movin' and the hull rising ground gettin' away, that I thought o' callin' ye."

He thought of the vanished general store, of her father, the workers on the bank, the helpless women on their way to the Bar, and turned almost savagely on her.

"But the others—where are they?" he said indignantly. "Do you call that a laughing matter?"

She stopped at the sound of his voice as at a blow. Her face hardened into immobility, yet when she replied it was with the deliberate indolence of her father. "The wimmen are up on the hills by this time. The boys hev bin drowned out many times afore this and got clear off, on sluice boxes and timber, without squealing. Tom Flynn went down ten miles to Sawyer's once on two bar'ls, and I never heard that *he* was cryin' when they picked him up."

A flush came to Hemmingway's cheek, but with it a gleam of intelligence. Of course the inundation was known to them *first*, and there was the wreckage to support them. They had clearly saved themselves. If they had abandoned the cabin it was because they knew its security, perhaps had even seen it safely adrift.

"Has this ever happened to the cabin before?" he asked, as he thought of its peculiar base.

"No."

He looked at the water again. There was a decided current. The overflow was evidently no part of the original inundation. He put his hand in the water. It was icy cold. Yes, he understood it now. It was the sudden melting of snow in the Sierras which had brought this volume down the cañon. But was there more still to come?

"Have you anything like a long pole or stick in the cabin?"

"Nary," said the girl, opening her big eyes and shaking her head with a simulation of despair, which was, however, flatly contradicted by her laughing mouth.

"Nor any cord or twine?" he continued.

She handed him a ball of coarse twine.

"May I take a couple of these hooks?" he asked, pointing to some rough iron hooks in the rafters, on which bacon and jerked beef were hanging.

She nodded. He dislodged the hooks, greased them with the bacon rind, and affixed them to the twine.

"Fishin'?" she said demurely.

"Exactly," he replied gravely.

He threw the line in the water. It slackened at about six feet, straightened, and became taut at an angle, and then dragged. After one or two sharp jerks he pulled it up. A few leaves and grasses were caught in the hooks. He examined them attentively.

"We're not in the Creek," he said, "nor in the old overflow. There's no mud or gravel on the hooks, and these grasses don't grow near water."

"Now that's mighty cute of you," she said admiringly, as she knelt beside him on the platform. "Let's see what you've caught. Look yer!" she added, suddenly lifting a limp stalk, "that's 'old man,' and thar ain't a scrap of it grows nearer than Springer's Rise—four miles from home."

"Are you sure?" he asked quickly.

"Sure as pop! I used to go huntin' it for smellidge."

"For what?" he said, with a bewildered smile.

"For this"— she thrust the leaves to his nose and then to her own pink nostrils; "for—for——" she hesitated, and then with a mischievous simulation of correctness, added, "for the perfume."

He looked at her admiringly. For all her five feet ten inches, what a mere child she was, after all! What a fool he was to have taken a resentful attitude towards her! How

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charming and graceful she looked, kneeling there beside him!

"Tell me," he said, suddenly, in a gentler voice, "what were you laughing at just now?"

Her brown eyes wavered for a moment, and then brimmed with merriment. She threw herself sideways, in a leaning posture, supporting herself on one arm, while with her other hand she slowly drew out her apron string, as she said in a demure voice—

"Well, I reckoned it was jest too killin' to think of you, who didn't want to talk to me, and would hev given your hull pile to hev skipped out o' this, jest stuck here alongside o' me, whether you would or no, for Lord knows how long!"

"But that was last night," he said, in a tone of raillery. "I was tired, and you said so yourself, you know. But I'm ready to talk now. What shall I tell you?"

"Anything," said the girl, with a laugh.

"What I am thinking of?" he said, with frankly admiring eyes.

"Yes."

"Everything?" he said boldly.

"Yes, everything." She stopped, and leaning forward, suddenly caught the brim of his soft felt hat, and drawing it down smartly over his audacious eyes, said, "Everything *but that*."

It was with some difficulty and some greater embarrassment that he succeeded in getting his eyes free again. When he did so, she had risen and entered the cabin. Disconcerted as he was, he was relieved to see that her expression of amusement was unchanged. Was her act a piece of rustic coquetry, or had she resented his advances? Nor did her next words settle the question.

"Ye kin do your nice talk and philanderin' after we've settled whar we are, whar we're goin', and what's goin' to happen. Jest now it 'pears to me that ez these yere logs are the only thing betwixt us and 'kingdom come,' ye'd better be hustlin' round with a few spikes to clinch 'em to the floor."

She handed him a hammer and a few spikes. He obediently set to work, with little confidence, however, in the security of the fastening. There was neither rope nor chain for lashing the logs together; a stronger current and a collision with some submerged stump or wreckage would loosen them and wreck the cabin. But he said nothing. It was the girl who broke the silence.

"What's your front name?"

"Miles."

"*Miles*—that's a funny name. I reckon that's why you war so *far off* and *distant* at first."

Mr. Hemmingway thought this very witty, and said so. "But," he added, "when I was a little nearer a moment ago, you stopped me."

"But you was moving faster than the shanty was. I reckon you don't take that gait with your lady friends at Sacramento! However, you kin talk now."

"But you forget I don't know 'where we are,' nor 'what's going to happen.'"

"But *I* do," she said quietly. "In a couple of hours we'll be picked up, so you'll be free again."

Something in the confidence of her manner made him go to the door again and look out. There was scarcely any current now and the cabin seemed motionless. Even the wind, which might have acted upon it, was wanting. They were apparently in the same position as before, but his sounding line showed that the water was slightly falling. He came back and imparted the fact with a certain confidence born of her previous praise of his knowledge. To his surprise she only laughed and said lazily, "We'll be all right, and you'll be free, in about two hours."

"I see no sign of it," he said, looking through the door again.

"That's because you're looking in the water and the sky and the mud for it," she said with a laugh. "I reckon you've been trained to watch them things a heap better than to study the folks about here."

"I daresay you're right," said Hemmingway cheerfully, "but I don't clearly see what the folks about here have to do with our situation just now."

"You'll see," she said with a smile of mischievous mystery. "All the same," she added with a sudden and dangerous softness in her eyes. "I ain't sayin' that *you* ain't kinder right neither."

An hour ago he would have laughed at the thought that a mere look and sentence like this from the girl could have made his heart beat. "Then I may go on and talk?"

She smiled, but her eyes said, "Yes," plainly.

He turned to take a chair near her. Suddenly the cabin trembled, there was a sound of scraping, a bump, and then the whole structure tilted to one side and they were both thrown violently towards the corner, with a swift inrush of water. Hem-

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mingway quickly caught the girl by the waist; she clung to him instinctively, yet still laughing, as with a desperate effort he succeeded in dragging her to the upper side of the slanting cabin, and momentarily restoring its equilibrium. They remained for an instant breathless. But in that instant he had drawn her face to his and kissed her.

"They both stood silent, watching the canoe."

She disengaged herself gently with neither excitement nor emotion, and pointing to the open door said, "Look there!"

Two of the logs which formed the foundation of their floor were quietly floating in the water before the cabin! The submerged obstacle or snag which had torn them from their fastenings was still holding the cabin fast. Hemmingway saw the danger. He ran along the narrow ledge to the point of contact and unhesitatingly leaped into the icy cold water. It reach his armpits before his feet struck the obstacle—evidently a stump with a projecting branch. Bracing himself against it he shoved off the cabin. But when he struck out to follow it he found that the log nearest him was loose and his grasp might tear it away. At the same moment, however, a pink calico arm fluttered above his head and a strong grasp seized his coat collar. The cabin half revolved as the girl dragged him in the open door.

"You bantam!" she said with a laugh, "why didn't you let *me* do that? I'm taller than you! But," she added, looking at his dripping clothes and dragging out a blanket from the corner, "I couldn't dry myself as quick as you kin!" To her surprise, however, Hemmingway tossed the blanket aside, and pointing to the floor, which was already filmed with water, ran to the still warm stove, detached it from its pipe, and threw it overboard. The sack of flour, bacon, molasses, and sugar, and all the heavier articles followed it into the stream. Relieved of their weight the cabin base rose an inch or two higher. Then he sat down and said, "There! that may keep us afloat for that

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'couple of hours' you speak of. So I suppose I may talk now!"

"Ye haven't no time," she said in a graver voice. "It won't be as long as a couple of hours now. Look over thar!"

He looked where she pointed across the grey expanse of water. At first he could see nothing. Presently he saw a mere dot on its face which at times changed to a single black line.

"It's a log, like these," he said.

"It's no log. It's an Injin's dug out*—comin' for me."

"Your father?" he said joyfully.

She smiled pityingly. "It's Tom Flynn. Father's got suthin' else to look arter. Tom Flynn hasn't."

"And who's Tom Flynn?" he asked, with an odd sensation.

"The man I'm engaged to," she said gravely, with a slight colour.

The rose that blossomed on her cheek faded in his. There was a moment of silence. Then he said frankly, "I owe you some apology. Forgive my folly and impertinence a moment ago. How could I have known this?"

"You took no more than you deserved, or that Tom would have objected to," she said, with a little laugh. "You've been mighty kind and handy."

She held out her hand; their fingers closed together in a frank pressure. Then his mind went back to his work, which he had forgotten—to his first impressions of the camp and of her. They both stood silent, watching the canoe, now quite visible, and the man that was paddling it, with an intensity that both felt was insincere.

"I'm afraid," he said, with a forced laugh, "that I was a little too hasty in disposing of your goods and possessions. We could have kept afloat a little longer."

"It's all the same," she said, with a slight laugh, "it's jest as well we didn't look too comf'ble—to *him*."

He did not reply, he did not dare to look at her. Yes! It was the same coquette he had seen last night. His first impressions were correct.

The canoe came on rapidly now, propelled by a powerful arm. In a few moments it was alongside, and its owner leaped on the platform. It was the gentleman with his trousers tucked in his boots, the second voice in the gloomy discussion in the general store last evening. He nodded simply to the girl and shook Hemmingway's hand warmly.

Then he made a hurried apology for his delay: it was so difficult to find "the lay" of the drifted cabin. He had struck out first for the most dangerous spot—the "old clearing" on the right bank, with its stumps and new growths—and it seems he was right. And all the rest were safe, and "nobody was hurt."

"All the same, Tom," she said, when they were seated and paddling off again, "you don't know *how near you came to losing me*." Then she raised her beautiful eyes and looked significantly, not at *him*, but at Hemmingway.

When the water was down at "Jules'" the next day, they found certain curious changes, and some gold, and the secretary was able to make a favourable report. But he made none whatever of his impressions "when the water was up at 'Jules'," though he often wondered if they were strictly trustworthy.

* A canoe made from a hollowed log.

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From a photo by] [*R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

SIGNALLING AND AMBULANCE WORK.

SOLDIERS ON CYCLES.

By Frank Orwell.

Illustrated from Photographs.

THE conservatism of our War Office authorities is proverbial. Innovations or radical changes are regarded askance by those who control the destinies of our military. The result of this fear of the unorthodox sometimes means that we only begin to think about introducing a certain new feature into our Army when other more enterprising nations have utilised it for several years. When the idea was first mooted by Colonel Stracey, of the Scots Guards, of the potentialities of the cycle in case of war, "my lords of Pall Mall" considered the suggestion as the idiosyncrasy of some fertile but irresponsible brain, and treated it accordingly. But Colonel Savile, another ardent devotee of the wheel and one of the early promoters of military cycling, hammered away upon this pet theory with commendable persistency and energy, so that now, after some twelve years' spasmodic though successful efforts on the part of one or two Volunteer corps, during which time the cycle has adequately proved its indispensability and efficacy in certain branches of work upon the battlefield, the authorities have decided to adopt the idea and to establish drilled cycling corps in the regular Army.

MAJOR LILES.
(*Commanding officer, 26th Middlesex Cyclist Volunteers.*)

SERGT.-MAJOR SENIOR.
(*Drill-instructor of the 26th Middlesex Cyclist Volunteers.*)

The history of the military cycling movement may be said to have commenced in 1887. It occurred to Colonel Stracey that military cyclists would be exceptionally useful for reconnaissance, skirmishing, and similar work, while in the conveyance of despatches and obtaining of information they would be vastly superior to the existing methods, often carried on under

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adverse circumstances. He was a well known cyclist himself, and it was not long before he obtained the co-operation of other enthusiasts, the most important being Colonel Savile, who was at that time Professor of Tactics at the Military College, Sandhurst. A communication was sent round to various Volunteer corps, requesting all those Volunteers who were cyclists and who felt so disposed to bring their machines with them to the Volunteer manœuvres in East Kent at Easter, 1887, to see if the scheme were at all practicable. It was a motley gathering. The unwieldy "ordinary" was just being superseded by the now ubiquitous "safety," but the former style of machine predominated, though there were one or two safeties —of the obsolete bone-shaker pattern —with a sprinkling of tricycles. All, of course, were supplied with the solid tyres, as the more comfortable pneumatic was unknown in those days. But, ill-assorted though the array was, it sufficiently convinced Colonel Stracey and his coadjutors of the feasibility of their scheme.

A RECENT PARADE OF THE 26TH MIDDLESEX.

The matter was now laid before the War Office, who promptly put a wet blanket upon it, yet granted permission to the Volunteer corps, if they felt inclined, to organise a cycling section, though no financial assistance was to be forwarded from the Government towards the support of such a body.

On April 1st—not generally regarded as an auspicious date—1888, was founded the first military Volunteer cycling corps, the 26th Middlesex. Unlike the other cycling sections since formed, this corps is not attached to any battalion of infantry Volunteers, being a cycling Volunteer corps simply and independently. To-day it is the largest, smartest, and most efficient corps in the country, and it is mainly due to its exertions that the War Office has been induced ultimately to adopt the cycle in connection with the Regular services. Although not attached to any particular battalion, this corps always accompanies the South London Brigade upon its marches. At the present moment it can mobilise a force of 120 men. It is a curious circumstance, that when this corps was founded, it applied in the natural course of things to the War Office for an official drill; but even this formality was denied the cyclists, and they were thus compelled to formulate their own drill. Colonel Savile, when he severed his connection with the Regular forces, held the commandership of this corps for two years. When Lord Wolseley stepped into the position of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army vacated by the Duke of Cambridge, it was anticipated that some concession to the cyclists would be made, as Lord Wolseley had declared "that they would be invaluable, especially upon the fine roads in India." But the anticipation was not realised, and it was only recently that the Army authorities relented, and now propose to draw a certain number of men from the Regulars and thoroughly to inculcate them in cycling drill at Aldershot.

Any Volunteer corps is now at liberty, if it can, to raise a cycling section, which, by the way, must be at least twenty-one strong - twenty men and an officer. As the Volunteer cyclist receives no subsidy whatever from the Government, he is left free to select the style of machine that appeals most particularly

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to his fancy. But any standard pattern, so long as it is strong and durable, and averaging between 25 and 30 lbs. in weight, is suitable. It must be fitted with a brake, and also mud-guards to preserve the uniforms of the riders. The machine is thoroughly overhauled and examined by the corps' cycling mechanic, and if it survives his captious scrutiny, is stamped as good for service. Skilled cycling mechanics are attached to the corps in case of any accident. The Government does not recompense a man for any damage his machine may sustain while actually on service, and, in order that the owners may suffer no pecuniary loss through reparation of accidents while the machines are serving an unappreciative State, the expense is borne by the staff fund of the corps. If the machine is doctored by an outside repairer, the staff mechanic quotes a figure which in his estimation is sufficient to cover the cost of repair, and this is paid out of the fund. Any difference there may be has to be settled by the owner himself.

Before entering the cycling corps the cyclists have to undergo the regulation infantry drill, after which follows instruction in the cycling drill. The latter is very similar to that of the foot soldiers, with one or two ameliorations which are impossible to men mounted on cycles, such as "marking time."

The cyclist's equipment, although as compact as possible, is still weighty, but being well distributed over the machine, does not cause much inconvenience. His Lee-Metford rifle, which alone, with the magazine, weighs about 9½ lbs. unloaded, is adjusted securely to the top bar of the frame of the machine by means of clips; in his belt are carried the pouches containing about 200 rounds of ammunition, while another similar supply is also conveyed on the machine; his haversack and water-bottle are suspended by means of a kind of brace over his shoulder, and his chest is left free from any encircling trappings which might hamper his breathing facilities. On the handle bar his valise is strapped, while an indispensable part of his accoutrement is a complete repairing outfit, comprising wrenches, tyre-mending necessaries, inflator, etc.

In action a battalion of cyclists require a large amount of space, so that the manœuvres may be executed smartly. When extended in a lateral line, one yard must be left between each man to enable him to ground his machine without clashing with his neighbour. When marching in file, or single file—that is, one behind the other in one longitudinal line—a distance of one foot at the least, or, as it is called in the military vernacular, a "cycle distance," must be regulated between each cycle. As may be naturally supposed, to maintain anything like order and uniformity the speed of marching has to be gauged by the pace of the slowest rider; but the average marching speed is about ten miles per hour. This fluctuates, however, according to the conditions of the road and weather. It is almost impossible to maintain an absolutely compact order, as accidents to the machine, such as a puncture, compel a man to drop out. As a rule, while *en route* the cyclists "march at ease," and, although they may not leave their positions, they have a little more latitude extended to them than the ordinary soldiers, being permitted to talk and to smoke.

In the event of a machine becoming temporarily disorganised, the cyclist falls out of the column and reports himself to the officer in command of the rearguard, with whom travel the cycling mechanics and stretcher bearers. The mechanics take the machine in hand and repair the damage, the battalion continuing its journey as if nothing had happened. When the accident has been repaired the cyclist has to scorch along in order to catch up with the main body, though he is not permitted to fall into the ranks again until the company halts. If it be only his driving-gear that has become disorganised, he is taken in tow until the next halting place is reached, when the damage is repaired.

At first sight, it must be confessed, the military cyclist does not appear to be a very formidable foe, yet he is a great mainstay to the infantry which he supports, and to which he constitutes the advance guard. In the first place, he has two great characteristics in his favour. He is very difficult to hit, owing to the remarkable celerity with which he moves and the small target he offers to the opposing party. The only way to bring him to the ground is by seriously wounding him —in short, knocking him off his machine, for it is well nigh impossible to incapacitate the cycle. When he is hotly pursued, nothing but an utter collapse of his steel steed will effectively stop him, for if his tyre becomes punctured he can still ride along without much inconvenience upon the rims of the wheels, which, although it may be detrimental to the cycle, is of secondary importance in a matter of life or death.

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Then, again, a body of cyclists may prove a great source of anxiety and trouble to cavalry and harass them exceedingly, whether it be while advancing or retiring. Cavalry depend mostly for their success upon "shock action"—that is, the tremendous force with which they hurl themselves into a body of infantry, and their vigorous usage of the sword. The result is, that unless the infantry are well supported, they are thrown into confusion and cut to pieces. But with a company of cyclists it is different. The cyclists have plenty of room in which to move, and if compelled by force of numbers to retire, after discharging a volley at the onrushing cavalry, can in a moment mount their machines and race away. Presently they dismount, rest the machine against their side, disengage their rifles, take deliberate aim, fire a volley or two, mount again and fly away. These tactics are repeated every few minutes, so that the cavalry are completely nonplussed, their numerical strength being at the same time reduced considerably by the intermittent and deadly rifle volleys. Nothing demoralises cavalry so much as to find that they cannot get to close quarters with their enemy. Then there is another disadvantage under which they labour. Supposing they wish to dismount in order to use their carbines, one man out of every four must hold the bridles of the horses of his three comrades, so that their attacking force is thereby reduced by 25 per cent. Even when driven to bay, a *posse* of cyclists is by no means a despicable foe. In this eventuality they take up their position behind the grounded cycles, from whence they can maintain a terrible rifle fire. One hundred cyclists in such a position could fire about 40,000 rounds, so that they could account for a fairly good number of their opponents before their ammunition was expended.

CYCLISTS SIGNALLING BY HELIOGRAPH.

From a photo by] [*R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

CYCLISTS READY FOR VOLLEY FIRING.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the cycle is not an instrument of warfare,

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but is employed simply as a means of expeditious conveyance. The cyclist's paramount business is skirmishing, reconnoitring, carrying despatches, and obtaining information, in which departments he is eminently successful, being able to hold out longer than horses. It is pre-eminence in these duties of war which has earned for the cycle corps the apposite cognomen of "the eyes and ears of the Army." After nightfall, owing to the rapidity and silence with which he moves, the cyclist is especially efficacious, being able to creep along noiselessly in the shadow, and at the psychological moment whizz by the sentry, to that worthy's absolute consternation. Before the latter can utter the challenge, "Who goes there?" the mysterious visitor is "gone," swallowed up in the darkness of the night. As to attempting to bowl him over, the sentry might just as well try to hit the moon—the chances in each case are about equal.

COVERING A RETREAT.

One of the most important and indispensable duties of the military cyclist corps is signalling, and the 26th Middlesex possess an eminently smart and very efficient staff for this purpose. A squad consists of six signallers, and two supernumeraries to translate the messages as they are received. Eight men out of 120 does not appear a very significant number on the face of it, but this branch is one of the most exacting in the service, efficient signallers who are able to pass the requisite examination being few and far between. In battalions of 800 men great difficulty is often experienced in raising even the small number of eight men. The reason for this dearth is that the instruction is tedious and difficult, necessitating several hours a day and constant practice to maintain efficiency for the yearly recurring examinations. Signallers of the Volunteer corps have to pass annually the same examination as the Regulars before they can qualify for their badges. They have to devote at least two evenings every week, and, in addition, Saturday afternoons, to practice, while even Sundays have to be given up to the work when the examination time is approaching. The cyclist signallers take part in the long distance signal work connected with the South London Brigade. The methods of signalling employed are the flag—semaphore and Morse—and heliograph, which reflects the sun's rays, causing the flashes to be read at a very great distance. This instrument is chiefly utilised in India. By night the foregoing, being ineffective, are supplanted by the limelight and an ordinary oil-lamp, the messages transmitted by which can be easily read at a distance of three miles on a clear night. It is only recently that the semaphore has been requisitioned in the Service, so that a cyclist, when riding along or towards the coast, can communicate by this means with a friendly ship lying off the shore, the semaphore, as is well known, being employed for signalling in the Navy. A movement is on foot compelling every cyclist to have a certain knowledge of signalling. The wisdom of this decision is at once apparent. Suppose, for instance, a body of infantry are marching through a country infested with the enemy. Cyclists are thrown out as scouts. When the enemy is descried, the cyclist immediately mounts an eminence, so as to be in

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full view of the body of infantry he is supporting, and communicates with them, often giving important information by so doing.

But war has its horrors, and, as provision for the wounded, stretcher-bearers are attached to the rear guard, carrying portable and collapsible stretchers. The manner in which they are carried when in use is shown in our illustration on page 374. One cyclist is stationed at each corner of the stretcher upon which their unfortunate comrade is reclining, secured to the saddles of the two leading bearers and upon the handle bars of those in the rear. In cases of emergency, when the staff stretcher is not available, a hurdle or gate is improvised.

Several experiments have been made by which the corps may be equipped, as an additional strength, with quick-firing machine-guns such as the Maxim or Gardner. Our illustrations on this page represent the result of one of these experiments as utilised by the cycling section of the 1st Tower Hamlets Volunteers. It consists of a tandem tricycle specially constructed of gun metal fitted with two Maxim guns, with an adequate supply of ammunition. The first illustration is of the machine when not in use. It is very complex in construction, and extremely heavy, to withstand the necessary strain and vibration from firing. The ammunition is carried in the box-like appliances at each side of the machine. In the next illustration the guns are shown in action, the belt containing the cartridges being placed in position ready for firing. If necessary the guns can be detached from the cycle and fitted upon tripods. The main objection to this cycle is that it is too heavy, and though it would be of invaluable assistance in checking an advance along a road, it would be very unwieldy over rough ground.

From a photo by] [*Gregory & Co., Strand.*

ON THE MARCH.

From a photo by] [*Gregory & Co., Strand.*

TANDEM MAXIM GUN OF THE 1ST TOWER HAMLETS VOLUNTEERS (CYCLING SECTION) IN ACTION.

In conclusion, we might mention that some very good displays have been given by a section of the 26th Middlesex Cycling Volunteers at the Royal Military Tournament.

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The Gorges of the Chiffa, Algiers.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD.

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POLLIE PALMER.

By F. Fitzgerald.

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

A boy and girl, if the good Fates please,
Making love, say—
The happier they!—*De Gustibus.*

"ONE fella longa 'randah. Him gib mine ticket. I say, 'No wanta tea. Good day.' He laugh. I say, 'No wanta sewin' 'chine. Good day. Got five, eighty, twenty.' He laugh; say, 'Gib missy ticket,'" and Daley, the black boy, grinned and held out a visiting card to Pollie, who was washing up.

"Him big fella; budgeree cloes. Mine tink it he sell tea," repeated Daley. "Mine say, 'No wanta tea; got ten, five hunerd cases.'"

"The Hon'ble E. Randolph Stanbury," read Pollie. The colour flew to her cheeks, and she gave a little gasp of bewilderment. "You stupid boy, Daley! it isn't a tea agent, it is Mr. Ted Stanbury's father. Go and ask him to come in at once; say I will be there in a moment."

"Daley, the black boy, grinned and held out a visiting card to Pollie."

Daley disappeared instantly with a chuckle, and Pollie dried her hands hurriedly, took off her apron, straightened her tie and belt, and followed him. Ted Stanbury's father! Whatever had he come for? Her heart was beating furiously as she paused before a looking-glass in the hall to straighten her hair. Daley came up on tip-toe to whisper in her ear, "Ole white Mary longa white fella. Mine tink her bin out in buggy. In there"—pointing to the drawing-room—"longa white fella." Then he disappeared with exaggerated caution.

Who could the old white Mary be? Probably Ted's mother. It was hateful of them to come like this, without warning, when she had no one to help her except Daley. At least Ted might have come with them. What must they have thought of Daley's greeting? She pushed back the curtains and entered, thankful that her manner was self-possessed, and that her nervousness only betrayed itself in her flushed cheeks.

"How do you do?" She extended her hand to the tall, handsome lady, who stood by the open French window.

"How d'ye do?" Mrs. Stanbury returned the greeting frigidly, conveying to Pollie the idea that she had committed a fatal breach of manners in offering her hand. However, she pretended not to have noticed the snub, and turned to her other visitor, to receive a hearty grip, which somehow reminded her of Ted.

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"How are you? Unexpected visitors, Mrs. Stanbury and I—eh? Only arrived from England last week."

Pollie murmured something about "being delighted," and drew forward a comfortable cushioned chair for Mrs. Stanbury. "You will like some tea," she said. "I'll just tell Daley about it, if you will excuse me," wondering, meanwhile, if her brother Charlie had left any cake in the store-room, and if the butter had been put under the cooler. But Mrs. Stanbury's measured tones recalled her.

"Please do not trouble on our account, Miss——" she appeared to have some difficulty in remembering the name—"Miss—er—Palmer."

Pollie made a protest, but was overruled; they did not want tea—in fact, were only going to stay a few minutes. She again felt that she had been reproved, and wondered what she had done wrong on this occasion.

"How did you like Melbourne—was it what you expected?" she asked, addressing Mr. Stanbury as she seated herself opposite him.

"A fine city, very fine!" he replied nervously.

Pollie was bewildered. No topic of conversation seemed congenial. What on earth had they come for?

"I am sorry Daley was so stupid and rude," she said. "The fact is, visitors hardly ever come to the front door; they drive into the yard, put their horses up, and come in anywhere."

"Certainly—of course." Mr. Stanbury glanced at his wife, who was taking notes of Pollie and her surroundings in a keen, well-bred manner.

"You have been to your son's place, I suppose?" ventured Pollie.

Really it was too bad of these people to leave the whole burden of conversation on her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stanbury, clipping her words and giving the vowels a value very new to colonial Pollie. "We went to see Edward before coming here, but he was away."

Pollie longed to laugh. Was there anyone on earth more unlike an Edward than wild, jolly, reckless Ted Stanbury?

"Oh, of course," she returned politely. "I remember he told me he was going into Dwaroon with cattle. I wonder you did not meet him on the way."

Mr. Stanbury grew more uneasy, he crossed and recrossed his legs, looked with vague interest at his nails, and wished to heaven that he could think of some reason for getting outside while his wife declared the object of their visit. It was confoundedly awkward—worse than that. And in his mind he qualified the adjective with words that would have almost turned Mrs. Stanbury's waving hair from brown to grey. How the devil was she going to tell this pretty, elegant girl that she was not good enough for that precious scapegrace, their son? It was more than he could do, no matter what the bribe might be, and he glanced at Pollie's somewhat square chin, firm lips, and bright eyes. Eleanor would have to do the whole business herself—he'd have no hand in it.

"No, we certainly did not meet him, but it was in connection with him that we came to-day to see you."

Mr. Stanbury cleared his throat as if wishing to disclaim his share in the matter.

"Really!"

Pollie met her eyes fairly.

Mrs. Stanbury smoothed an imaginary wrinkle out of an irreproachable glove.

"When we arrived in Melbourne we were distressed to receive a letter from our son announcing his immediate intentions concerning a Miss Palmer."

"Indeed!" returned Pollie calmly.

"We understand that you are the Miss Palmer in question, and believed that the wisest course was to see you at once and talk over the matter in a business-like way."

Mr. Stanbury glanced at his wife with admiration. What pluck the woman had! But he saw what she did not, an ominous glitter in Pollie's brown eyes.

"We trust," continued Mrs. Stanbury, "that in time Edward will give up this foolish fad for farming, and return to England, to take his rightful position in the country. Of course you must be aware that he will have large means, and that it would be wrong, even wicked, to bury himself in a place like this."

Mr. Stanbury had been vaguely glancing about the low room, with its French windows, bowls of flowers, and air of daintiness and comfort; even to his masculine mind it conveyed an impression of prettiness and elegance. Pollie's tone made him start, however.

She was sitting very upright, looking at her guest from under half-closed eyelids, her voice was calm, and her manner some slight imitation of the elder lady's.

"Would you be so kind as to tell me in what way all this affects or concerns me?"

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A smile flickered across Mr. Stanbury's lips. Ted was no fool. This girl was worth a dozen ordinary society beauties. Mrs. Stanbury showed some surprise, and her next move showed her a judge of character and an able diplomatist.

"Well"—her lip curled slightly, and there was the suggestion that she believed Pollie was attempting to deceive her. "Well, Edward wrote saying he intended to marry you, and wished us to make your acquaintance on the earliest opportunity."

Pollie laughed. "I am sorry, Mrs. Stanbury, that you have needlessly placed yourself in an uncomfortable position, for I have not the faintest intention of marrying your son. You might have spared yourself this interview."

Mrs. Stanbury coloured slightly. She had gone beyond the facts in her son's letter; had been successful, certainly; but the girl was most irritating. She was about to reply when Mr. Stanbury began—

"Ted did not exactly——"

"'Would you be so kind as to tell me in what way all this affects or concerns me?'"

Pollie's lips were very tightly set, but she made no remark.

"From an ordinary point of view," continued Mrs. Stanbury, "I am sure he has made a sensible choice. But you must remember, my dear Miss Palmer, that the position he will occupy in England is very different to the one he chooses to fill here, and his wife must be a woman of means and of standing in the country. I put the matter plainly, even vulgarly, but I think it is wise to be explicit, and I am sure that, with your good sense, you will not misunderstand me."

But he was cut short, and Mrs. Stanbury so far forgot herself as to exclaim sharply, "For goodness' sake leave the matter to me, Edward!"

Pollie stood up. "There is really nothing more to be said, I think. You came here under a misapprehension, which I am glad to have removed. Shall I ask the driver to bring round your buggy?"

But at that moment Daley poked his black head in between the curtains and cried excitedly, "Fred Hignett say horse lame. Ole brumby baal, mine tink it. No take white

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fella back. No horse here, oney Dolly an' Lil."

Pollie smiled. "Very well, Daley. Tell him to wait till Mister Charlie comes in; he will see what is to be done." Then she turned to Mr. Stanbury. "Your horse has gone lame; Hignett cannot use him to drive you home, and the only two horses in our yard are plough horses that have been at work all day. You must accept my hospitality until this evening, then my brother will be in and will arrange matters."

Mr. Stanbury emitted a disconsolate whistle, and Mrs. Stanbury had the grace to look considerably disconcerted. The Christian action of heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head loses something of its virtue when done in the spirit in which Pollie displayed her hospitality. She was kind and gracious in a manner which galled Mrs. Stanbury, as she meant it should. She conducted her to the spare room to take off her bonnet, brought hot water and eau-de-cologne, chased out several flies, and finally, conducting her back to the drawing-room, asked to be excused for an hour as she had many duties which must be attended to. "I have no servant at present," she explained, "and Charlie likes tea as soon as he comes in, which should be in an hour."

Half an hour later, as she took a batch of scones from the oven, she heard the clatter of horse's hoofs in the yard, and, looking through the window, saw Ted Stanbury fling himself from the saddle, throw the reins over the fence, and come with brisk steps towards the kitchen.

"Hallo!" he said; "busy, as usual? May I stay to tea?"

"Yes, if you wish," returned Pollie, pushing some wood into the stove. "There are visitors."

"Who?" Ted seated himself on the table, and taking a hot scone from the tray, buttered it liberally. "Little Jones, or the Cramonds?"

"Neither."

"Who, then? Surely not that blessed ass Len Probat again?"

Pollie shook her head. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow and her hands were covered with flour. She poured some water into a tin dish and proceeded to leisurely wash them.

"No, not Len Probat."

There was no mistaking the coldness of her manner, though at first he had affected not to notice it. He lost interest in the visitors, and inquired anxiously, "What's wrong, Pollie?"

She did not answer beyond a shrug of her shoulders, dried her hands carefully, and then turned to stir something in a saucepan on the stove. He slipped down and came towards her.

"What is it, dear?"

"Don't call me dear."

"I can't help it. What have I done?"

She laughed unpleasantly and turned to the dresser, where she placed cups, plates and saucers on a tray. He followed her.

"You must tell me what is the matter."

"Must I? I will tell you first that the visitors are your father and mother; they have been here for the last two hours."

"The devil!"

Ted Stanbury had possibly some inkling of what was coming. Pollie lifted the tray and went towards the door, then turned her head to say, "You had better go in and entertain them, hadn't you? They came to ask me not to marry you, and are quite satisfied because I assured them I had not the faintest intention of doing so."

"Great Heavens! Pollie——"

"Don't you think you were premature in writing such things to them before you had even asked me?"

"But I didn't, I swear I didn't! Good Heavens! what mayn't their stupid meddling mean to me?"

"Of course it means this, that this is your last visit to this house. You must consider your position in the country. But of course we'll be glad to have you to tea to-night," and she disappeared with the tray.

Ted followed her.

"Pollie, for Heaven's sake——!"

"I won't hear any more," she said sharply. "You've allowed me to be insulted grossly. I don't wish to see you again. Go at once!" And she stamped her foot imperiously, and the china rattled on the tray.

Ted Stanbury passed her, went along the covered way, luxuriantly covered with a big vine, and entered the drawing-room, determined to state pretty clearly what he thought of this unwarrantable interference.

From a cook's point of view, tea was a decided success. Pollie had a genius for curries; the rice was in smooth, separate grains, the scones and bread, brawn and preserves, the best of their kind. Yellow and white roses decorated the table. The china, silver and glass were dainty. Through the open French windows came varied sweet scents from the big garden, and beyond stretched the wide plains, showing a low line of blue hills on the distant horizon.

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Charlie, who was not in the secret, chatted briskly to Mr. Stanbury, who, glad to find a congenial spirit, proceeded to forget his sulky son, dignified wife, and outraged hostess. He was interested in everything—the station, station work, shearing (which was in prospect), the possible drought, which must affect northern properties so keenly.

"This isn't a big station as stations go," said Charlie, "but it would interest you, I am sure. You had better give up all idea of going back to Dwaroon to-night, or even as far as Ted's place. If you and Mrs. Stanbury would stay we would be delighted. Eh, Pollie?"

Pollie agreed politely, and Mr. Stanbury glanced at his wife; he wished with all his heart to stay; he knew he was weak, but he had taken a fancy to these Palmers, with their pretty home, genial manners, and open hospitality. He felt very sorry for his son, and found himself harbouring a wish that he had come to Australia by himself, as he had intended to do in the first instance. However, Mrs. Stanbury replied coldly that she would prefer to go to Edward's place for the night, she could not think of imposing further on Miss Palmer.

"An hour later the Stanburys had departed."

"Imposing! That's nonsense!" cried hearty Charlie. "You must stay, of course. This is just as much Ted's home as his own place, so therefore his people are quite as welcome here as there."

"We'll talk about it after, old man," said Ted.

It was almost the first time he had spoken during the meal.

"Oh, all right," returned Charlie. "But it is perfect nonsense for Mr. and Mrs. Stanbury to return to Melbourne to-morrow; why, they must see something of the country first."

However, all Charlie's genial persuasion was of no avail, and an hour later the Stanburys had departed, and Pollie set to work to wash up with briskness and celerity, endeavouring to choke back the ready tears. Ted had detained her for a moment on the verandah.

"You must let me see you to-morrow," he said. "I insist, in fairness to you and to myself. As for my mother, she shall apologise. The old dad never wished to have a hand in it, you could see that."

But Pollie had replied decidedly, "You are not to come here again; I do not wish to have anything more to do with you,"

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and then turned from him and walked away.

However, she heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs in the yard next morning, soon after daylight. He came into the kitchen, where she was making the porridge, a note in his hand.

"Read that, please," he said, and stood gazing at her as she opened and read it. He had not slept all night; he wondered if she had. She looked provokingly fresh and cool, and yet he fancied and hoped he saw traces of tears.

The note contained a complete and full apology from Mrs. Stanbury. It apologised for her visit, for the intention of her visit; declared that she had acted entirely on impulse, and never for a moment considered anything or anyone but herself and her pride. That she had made a mistake in saying so much of Edward's intentions; that she enclosed his letter for Miss Palmer to read, and that she would see there had been a mistake. That she hoped to be forgiven; and that as she was an old woman, and a too impulsive one, she trusted Miss Palmer would weigh her offence as lightly as possible.

Pollie's breath came very quickly, and she turned away that he might not see the tears in her eyes. Possibly she realised to some extent what Ted must have said to extort such an apology from his mother. How long and excited the argument had been she could not know, nor how at length Ted had solemnly declared that unless she wrote an apology of which he could approve, he would never see her nor speak to her again. Coaxing, threatenings, tears had been of no avail; he meant what he said, and his mother saw it, and so the note was written.

"I do not want to read your letter," she said. "It has been a most unfortunate affair. I need not answer your mother's letter, I think."

"Pollie, I can't stand the suspense; the answer is to me. If you will read what I wrote, even you can take no exception to it, and you know how much it means to me."

"I don't want to read it." She held it out to him.

"You must, in justice to me, you must!"

She shook her head.

"Pollie, dear, you are to—I tell you to!"

She smiled, and then he saw the tears in her eyes. "I believed you last night; there is no need to give me the proof. But I was too angry then. I am still rather angry. Go away now—but——"

"But what?" He came towards her eagerly.

"But you may come back in a month or so. Then we'll talk of it."

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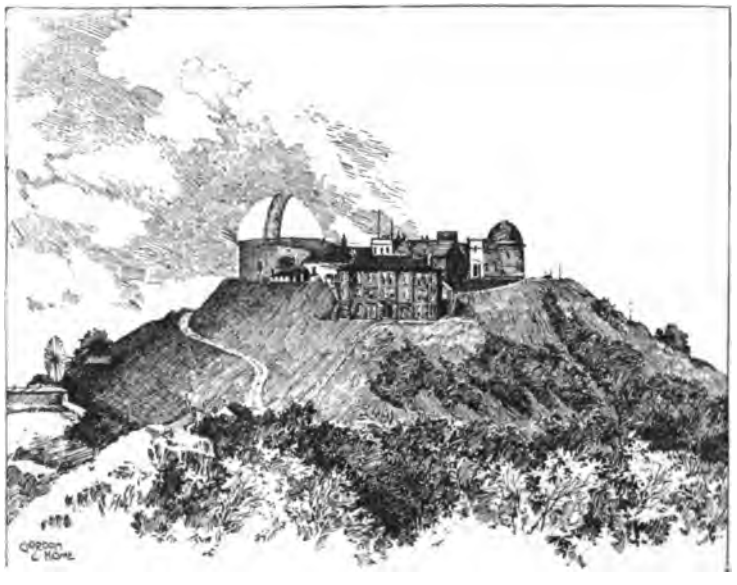
THE "OTHER SIDE" OF THE MOON.*

By Walter George Bell.

AN Irishman once maintained that the moon was worth two of the sun, because, he argued, the moon shines at night, when light is wanted, whereas the sun only shines by day. This appreciation of the moon is shared, though not exactly for the same reason, by all astronomers, who have devoted to its study more painstaking care than has been given to any one other of the heavenly bodies. It has been mapped out more accurately than has the African continent, but a limitation of our knowledge of lunar things is always enforced by the fact that so large a portion of its surface is turned away from us.



THE LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA.

What is on this "other side" of the moon? It does not seem at first blush a very profitable subject to inquire into. A fact in lunar lore which everybody in the street observes and understands, is that the moon always turns the same face to the earth, that one half of it is visible to us at night when illuminated by the sun's rays, and the other half is for ever hidden from our sight. Consequently, that half may be numbered among the things which we shall never know.

Lord Beaconsfield was troubled over a more simple matter than this. "What puzzles me," he once observed, "is how they find out the names of the stars!"

It would be hopeless work trying to peer into the mystery of the "other side" of the moon but for the fact that the moon always turning the same face to the earth is true only in a general sense. They will tell you at Greenwich that the face of the moon—that so-called "constant face"—is never alike on two successive nights; that its aspect is continually changing, not only by varying illumination as the crescent waxes and wanes, but by the actual shifting in position of the orb itself — in short, that the popular idea of a changeless moon is all wrong.

So far from "the other side" of the moon being entirely hidden from us, we are enabled to glimpse a complete zone of it, and nearly one-fifth of its entire area, and from this, and from our knowledge of the surface always exposed, make out a tolerably good case for what remains. It is rather a complicated matter to explain, but a few simple illustrations make it clear.

First, it must be understood that in each circuit it makes of the earth the moon makes one revolution on its own axis. We do not see this movement, and, not seeing it, some people find it difficult to believe; but the mere fact of the moon turning always the same face to the earth is itself proof. If it did not rotate on its axis, then a chain of lunar mountains pointing, say, towards a

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star in the west, would always point in that direction, and, as the moon made its circuit round the earth, all its sides would be presented to us in turn.

This rotation of the moon on its axis is constant, but the speed at which the moon moves along its elliptical orbit is not. As it approaches nearer the earth there is a stronger gravitational pull, and it hurries its pace to get away; as it recedes the gravitation is weakened, and the moon slackens its speed. Consider these two motions together, and it will be seen that at times the moon hastens along its circuit

SOUTH POLE OF THE MOON.

round the earth at a speed out of correspondence with its time of rotation, and a part of "the other side" is then brought round into view before the balance is restored—while, of course, an equivalent part on the opposite edge of the disc is taken out of sight. When the moon travels slower there is the same phenomena reversed. So, east and west, small regions of "the other side" of the moon are brought round for our inspection.

North and south we are also permitted to take furtive glimpses of "the other side" of the moon, but after a somewhat different method. Let us call the path along which the earth travels round the sun level. Then the path along which the moon travels round the earth is not level, but tilted. Sometimes the moon is above our level in space, sometimes below it. When the moon is above us, we look up under the south pole into the regions rising beyond; when below us, we look over the north pole and spy out regions falling away to the south.

Yet another factor adds a further narrow strip to the visible area of "the other side" of the moon. An observer situated at the extreme east or west point on earth from which the moon is visible will see further round the eastern and western hemispheres of the moon than one whose position is central, the diameter of the earth being four times greater than that of the moon.

This constant change in the face of the moon presented towards us is clearly illustrated in the accompanying photographs, taken at different librations, as these changes are termed. They were kindly sent to me by Dr. Edward Holden, the distinguished astronomer who for ten years directed the work at the Lick Observatory. In the pictures showing the nearly full moon, there is a dark area, named the "Mare Crisium" when these dark grey plains were supposed to be lunar seas, distinguished in both by the mark of a little white cross. In the narrower of the two pictures it is seen close to the edge of the moon's visible disc; in the fuller view of the moon it has been brought nearer the centre of the disc.

The change in the moon's face is shown even more clearly in the two photographs of the thin crescent. In both is seen a long walled gully, or ravine, near the south pole, again marked by a white cross. In the first picture this ravine is near the edge of the moon's visible disc; in the second it lies at a considerable distance from it, while a crowded volcanic area from "the other side" of the moon, invisible when the first photograph was taken, has now been brought round into view. It should be mentioned that two of the illustrations here shown are from excellent prints by the Taber Photographic Company, San Francisco, from the Lick negatives.

Speaking with strict accuracy, instead of presenting an unchanging face towards us, the moon appears to be never still, but always rocking backwards or forwards,

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falling towards us or away from us, and by the amount of these variations—small, it is very true—regions of the hemisphere turned away from us are disclosed.

They are placed, unhappily, in the situation best calculated to defeat curiosity. We are permitted to take just a glimpse of "the other side," but to bring away only the minimum of information as to its condition. Seen only on the edge of the disc, our view is subjected to all the disadvantages of foreshortening, and, besides, the sunlight concentrated around the edge of the visible moon is too strong to allow the fine detail to be made out at all clearly, either visually or in a photograph.

They tell us nothing very startling, it is true, but sufficient to destroy the fanciful pictures of romancers who have made the other side of the moon a pleasant habitation, peopled it with weird, winged creatures, and made its landscape picturesque with forests and vegetation, oceans and rivers. They tell us just this:

So far as human beings can ever know, the other side of the moon is a counterpart of the side we know so well.

Every part that is brought into view by libration shows exactly those appearances which characterise the face of the moon with which we are familiar—everywhere the same huge volcanoes, many larger in area than an English county, and now for long æons of time inactive; everywhere the same mountain ranges, ravines, and plains. Everywhere the scene is one of utter desolation. It is a dead world that we are looking at—dead as at some future age our own world must be.

Around the south pole the face of the moon is pitted with craters of volcanoes crowded together, their sides piled one against another, showing saucer-like depressions, which throw back a dazzling brilliancy when the sun is shining full upon them. We trace them over and beyond the pole until we can see no farther. Flat, grey plains, once supposed to be seas, and probably dry sea-bottoms, go round the moon east and west until out of sight, and still we find no limit to them. It must be on "the other side" of the moon as on this—a waste of arid rocks, without air, without water, without any of those elements which are essential to life as we know it.

"Absence of winds and currents, absence of motion everywhere, in the sky as on the surface. At the most, under the influence of alternations of heat and cold, the disintegration of the rocks and the destruction of equilibrium of the heavy bodies, causing the fall of *débris*, break the monotony of the stillness and eternal silence." Silence, because sound cannot be communicated without air. After a night of fourteen days, without twilight the sun blazes up in the sky for a day of equal duration.

In the fierce glare of the sun a temperature never higher than that of frozen water, and in the long lunar night colder than anything we can imagine on earth. What a place to build up a romance in! No wonder that it has fascinated the lively imagination of countless writers, and continues to be a perennial theme for the novelist as well as the scientist. Neither will exhaust its possibilities.

THE MOON WAXING FULL.

Some years ago there was a curious theory started by an eminent German astronomer, Professor Hansen, which gave a new lease to the speculations as to the possibilities of life on the "other side" of the moon. He thought the hemisphere of the moon turned towards us was in the condition of a high mountain plateau, and that the moon was not a true circular globe. Consequently, we need not be surprised at finding little or no trace of an atmosphere. Round the "other side" the atmosphere had gathered in doubled quantity.

This theory had the advantage of solving an at that time inexplicable problem; but it has since been discounted, though theory requires that the figure of the moon should be slightly greater—peg-top fashion—on the

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side turned towards us than on the concealed hemisphere. The amount, however, need not be so great as the height of the mountains

THIN CRESCENT OF THE MOON.

rising from the lunar plains, which are seen in the accompanying photographs.

The great 36-inch telescope of the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, California, with which these photographs were taken, is shown in a drawing on the next page, beneath its huge revolving dome. It was until last autumn the largest telescope in the world, the gift to science of a Californian millionaire, of whom it remains the most splendid monument. Now there is a still larger refractor in the observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, equipped by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes; but the Lick telescope still maintains its pre-eminence for the purposes of photography. One of the most important tasks to which it has been recently put is to complete a photographic chart of the moon at a scale of several feet to the moon's diameter.

Large charts such as these are invaluable to students of the moon, because they show in greater detail and with absolute exactness features of the moon's surface which astronomers in times gone by spent years of patient toil in drawing. They will settle an old question on which some vague doubt still lingers, whether there is any activity left in the old lunar volcanoes, or subterranean fires in the moon sufficient to break out new vents in the crust. They may also tend to unsettle some established beliefs. Quite recently, on lunar photographs taken by the French astronomers at Mendun Observatory have been found marks, not yet satisfactorily explained, which may indicate river beds; while evidence accumulates that some vestiges of an atmosphere on the moon, though exceedingly rare, may yet remain in the deep craters.

Perhaps it is rash to say we shall never know more of the "other side" of the moon, so marvellous have been the recent advances in astronomy. Half a century ago, before the utility of the spectroscope was found, it was held that we could never know the constitution of the stars. Now we know their principal chemical elements, their motions towards us or away from us, and have some basis for speculating which are old stars and which are young. Some day, perhaps, new discoveries after the manner of Röntgen rays may enable us to get a photograph through the moon.

Short of that, we must needs wait for some stray visitor from outer space to come into collision with the moon and turn it round, in order to enable us to satisfy our curiosity; and patience may well be stimulated by the knowledge that the results of

DARK AREAS INDICATING LUNAR PLAINS.

such a collision, should it ever occur, would in all probability be not less disastrous to the earth than to the moon itself.

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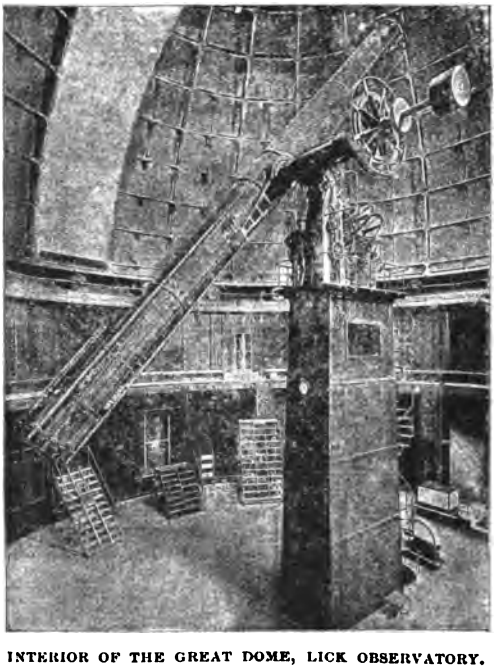
It is disappointing that our nearest neighbour should always conceal so large a portion of her surface from us. There is no other celestial body, save, possibly, a stray comet, which ever comes within one hundred times our distance from the moon. Most astronomical distances are so vast as to be beyond adequate conception, but this is not the case with the moon. It is merely nine times that of the circumference of the earth at the Equator. Many of our sailors have travelled as far in their voyages, and our racing trains would easily accomplish the journey within two hundred days.

If out of the realms of romance interplanetary communication is ever established, one of the first objects of our quest should be "the other side" of the moon.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY.
(Seventy-five feet in diameter.)

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Memories.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

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PHAROS THE EGYPTIAN.

By Guy Boothby.

Illustrated by John H. Bacon.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

The Preface contains a letter from Sir W. Betford to George Trevelyan detailing the receipt, under peculiar circumstances, of a MS. and letter from their mutual friend, Cyril Forrester, a highly successful artist, and son of a famous Egyptologist. The letter closes with vague allusions to the writer's hopeless state of existence—practically a non-existence. Chapter I. records an encounter between Forrester and a most weird and hideous personage known as Pharos the Egyptian. As the story progresses, Forrester becomes better acquainted with Pharos, and also meets his beautiful ward, Fräulein Valerie de Vocxqal. Pharos next appears most mysteriously in Forrester's studio at one o'clock in the morning, his purpose being to obtain a mummy which he has heard is in Forrester's possession. The artist declining to part with it, Pharos hypnotises him and disappears, taking the coveted treasure with him. With some difficulty Forrester at length tracks him to Naples, where, though he loathes the Egyptian, some strange power compels him to cease his hostile attitude and to accept his invitation to dinner, and ultimately he agrees to accompany Pharos to Egypt, where he proposes to replace the mummy in the tomb from which Forrester's father originally abstracted it. Valerie secretly begs Forrester to sever all connection with Pharos, and hints that nothing but ruin can come of it. Forrester, who loves her, says he will only go away on condition that she comes too. But this she says she cannot do. Eventually they sail for Egypt, and Forrester is horrified to discover that Pharos is little short of a fiendish ghoul. The chapter closes with a terrible storm at sea, in which the yacht nearly founders.

CHAPTER X.

IT was almost dark when the yacht entered the harbour of Port Said, though the sky at the back of the town still retained the last lingering colours of the sunset, which had been more beautiful that evening than I ever remembered to have seen it before. Well acquainted as I was with the northern shores of the Mediterranean, this was the first time I had been brought into contact with the southern, and, what was more important, it was also the first occasion on which I had joined hands with the Immemorial East. In the old days I had repeatedly heard it said by travellers that Port Said was a place not only devoid of interest, but entirely lacking in artistic colour. I take the liberty of disagreeing with my informants *in toto*. Port Said greeted me with the freshness of a new life. The colouring and quaint architecture of the houses, the vociferous boatmen, the monotonous chant of the Arab coalers, the string of camels I could just make out turning the corner of a distant street, the donkey boys, the Soudanese soldiers at the barriers, and last, but by no means least, the crowd of shipping in the harbour, constituted a picture that was as full of interest as it was of new impressions.

As soon as we were at anchor and the necessary formalities of the port had been complied with, Pharos's servant, the man who had accompanied us from Pompeii and who had brought me on board in Naples, made his way ashore, whence he returned in something less than an hour to inform us that he had arranged for a special train to convey us to our destination. We accordingly bade farewell to the yacht and were driven to the railway-station, a primitive building on the outskirts of the town. Here an engine and a single carriage awaited us. We took our places, and five minutes later were steaming across the flat sandy plain that borders the Canal and separates it from the Bitter Lakes.

Ever since the storm, and the unpleasant insight it had afforded me into Pharos's character, our relations had been somewhat strained. As the Fräulein Valerie had predicted, as soon as he recovered his self-possession, he hated me the more for having been a witness of his cowardice. For the remainder of the voyage he scarcely put in an appearance on deck, but spent the greater portion of his time in his own cabin, though in what manner he occupied himself there I could not imagine.

Now that we were in our railway carriage, *en route* to Cairo, looking out upon that dreary landscape, with its dull expanse of water on one side, and the high bank of the Canal, with, occasionally, glimpses of the passing stations, on the other, we were brought into actual contact, and, in consequence, things improved somewhat. But even then we could scarcely have been described as a happy party. The Fräulein Valerie sat for the most part silent and preoccupied, facing

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the engine in the right-hand corner; Pharos, wrapped in his heavy fur coat and rug, and with his inevitable companion cuddled up beside him, had taken his place opposite her. I sat in the further corner, watching them both and dimly wondering at the strangeness of my position. At Ismailia another train awaited us, and when we and our luggage had been conveyed to it, we continued our journey, entering now on the region of the desert proper. The heat was almost unbearable, and to make matters worse, as soon as darkness fell and the lamps were lighted, swarms of mosquitoes emerged from their hiding-places and descended upon us. The train rolled and jolted its way over the sandy plain, past the battlefields of Tel-el-Kebir and Kassassin, and still Pharos and the woman opposite him remained seated in the same position, he with his head thrown back, and the same deathlike expression upon his face, and she staring out of the window, but, I am certain, seeing nothing of the country through which we were passing. It was long after midnight when we reached the capital. Once more the same obsequious servant was in attendance. A carriage, he informed us, awaited our arrival at the station door, and in it we were whirled off to the hotel, at which rooms had been engaged for us. However disagreeable Pharos might make himself, it was at least certain that to travel with him was to do so in luxury.

Of all the impressions I received that day, none struck me with greater force than the drive from the station to the hotel. I had expected to find a typical Eastern city; in place of it I was confronted with one that was almost Parisian, as far as its handsome houses and broad tree-shaded streets were concerned. Nor was our hotel behind it in point of interest. It proved to be a gigantic affair, elaborately decorated in the Egyptian fashion, and replete, as the advertisements say, with every modern convenience. The owner himself met us at the entrance, and from the fact that he informed Pharos, with the greatest possible respect, that his old suite of rooms had been retained for him, I gathered that they were not strangers to each other.

"At last we are in Cairo, Mr. Forrester," said the latter, with an ugly sneer, when we had reached our sitting-room, in which a meal had been prepared for us, "and the dream of your life is realised. I hasten to offer you my congratulations."

In my own mind I had a doubt as to whether it was a matter of congratulation to me to be there in his company. I, however, made an appropriate reply and then assisted the Fräulein Valerie to divest herself of her travelling cloak. When she had done so we sat down to our meal. The long railway journey had made us hungry, but, though I happened to know that he had tasted nothing for more than eight hours, Pharos would not join us. As soon as we had finished we bade each other good-night and retired to our various apartments.

On reaching my room I threw open my window and looked out. I could scarcely believe that I was in the place in which my father had taken such delight and where he had spent so many of the happiest hours of his life.

When I woke, my first thought was to study the city from my bedroom window. It was an exquisite morning, and the scene before me more than equalled it in beauty. From where I stood I looked away across the flat roofs of houses, over the crests of palm trees, into the blue distance beyond, where, to my delight, I could just discern the Pyramids peering up above the Nile. In the street below stalwart Arabs, donkey boys, and almost every variety of beggar could be seen, and while I watched, emblematical of the change in the administration of the country, a guard of Highlanders, with a piper playing at their head, marched by *en route* to the headquarters of the Army of Occupation.

As usual, Pharos did not put in an appearance when breakfast was served. Accordingly, the Fräulein and I sat down to it alone. When we had finished we made our way to the cool stone verandah, where we seated ourselves, and I obtained permission to smoke a cigarette. That my companion had something upon her mind I was morally convinced. She appeared nervous and ill at ease, and I noticed that more than once, when I addressed some remark to her, she glanced eagerly at my face as if she hoped to obtain an opening for what she wanted to say, and then, finding that I was only commenting on the stateliness of some Arab passer-by, the beautiful peep of blue sky permitted us between two white buildings opposite, or the graceful foliage of a palm overhanging a neighbouring wall, she would heave a sigh and turn impatiently from me again.

"Mr. Forrester," she said at last, when she could bear it no longer; "I intended to have spoken to you yesterday, but I was not vouchsafed an opportunity. You told me

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on board the yacht that there was nothing you would not do to help me. I have a favour to ask of you now. Will you grant it?"

Guessing from her earnestness what was coming, I hesitated before I replied.

"Would it not be better to leave it to my honour to do or not to do so after you have told me what it is?" I asked.

"No; you must give me your promise first," she replied. "Believe me, I mean it when I say that your compliance with my request will make me a happier woman than I have been for some time past." Here she blushed a rosy red, as though she thought she had said too much. "But it is possible my happiness does not weigh with you."

"It weighs very heavily," I replied. "It is on that account I cannot give my promise blindfold."

On hearing this she seemed somewhat disappointed.

"I did not think you would refuse me," she said, "since what I am going to ask of you is only for your own good. Mr. Forrester, you have seen something on board the yacht of the risk you run while you are associated with Pharos. You are now on land again and your own master. If you desire to please me, you will take the opportunity and go away. Every hour that you remain here only adds to your danger. The crisis will soon come, and then you will find that you have neglected my warning too long."

"Forgive me," I answered, this time as seriously as even she could desire, "if I say that I have not neglected your warning. Since you have so often pointed it out to me, and judging from what I have already seen of the character of the old gentleman in question, I can quite believe that he is capable of any villainy; but, if you will pardon my reminding you of it, I think you have heard my decision before. I am willing, nay, even eager to go away, provided you will do the same. If, however, you decline, then I remain. More than that I will not, and less than that I cannot, promise."

"What you ask is impossible; it is out of the question," she continued. "As I have told you so often before, Mr. Forrester, I am bound to him for ever, and by chains that no human power can break. What is more, even if I were to do as you wish, it would be useless. The instant he wanted me, if he were thousands of miles away and only breathed my name, I should forget your kindness, my freedom, his old cruelty—everything, in fact—and go back to him. Have you not seen enough of us to know that where he is concerned, I have no will of my own? Besides—but there, I cannot tell you any more! Let it suffice that I cannot do as you ask."

Remembering the interview I had overheard that night on board the yacht, I did not know what to say. That Pharos had her under his influence I had, as she had said, seen enough to be convinced. And yet, regarded in the light of our sober, every-day life, how impossible it all seemed. I looked at the beautiful, fashionably-dressed woman seated by my side, playing with the silver handle of her Parisian parasol, and wondered if I could be dreaming, and whether I should presently waken to find myself in bed in my comfortable rooms in London once more, and my servant entering with my shaving water.

"I think you are very cruel!" she said, when I returned no answer. "Surely you must be aware how much it adds to my unhappiness to know that another is being drawn into his toils, and yet you refuse to do the one and only thing which can make my mind easier."

"Fräulein," I said, rising and standing before her, "the first time I saw you I knew that you were unhappy. I could see that the canker of some great sorrow was eating into your heart. I wished that I could help you, and Fate accordingly willed that I should make your acquaintance. Afterwards, by a terrible series of coincidences, I was brought into personal contact with your life. I found that my first impression was a correct one. You were miserable, as, thank God! few human beings are. On the night that I dined with you in Naples you warned me of the risk I was running in associating with Pharos, and implored me to save myself. When I knew that you were bound hand and foot to him, can you wonder that I declined? Since then I have been permitted further opportunities of seeing what your life with him is like. Once more you ask me to save myself, and once more I make you this answer. If you will accompany me, I will go; and if you do so, I swear to God that I will protect and shield you to the best of my ability. I have many influential friends who will count it an honour to take you into their families until something can be arranged, and with whom you will be safe. On the other hand, if you will not go, I pledge you my word that so long as you remain in this man's company I will do so too. No argument

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will shake my determination and no entreaty move me from the position I have taken up."

I searched her face for some sign of acquiescence, but could find none. It was bloodless in its pallor, and yet so beautiful that at any other time and in any other place I should have been compelled by the love I felt for her—a love that I now knew to be stronger than life itself—to take her in my arms and tell her that she was the only woman in the wide world for me, that I would protect her, not only against Pharos, but against his master Apollyon himself. Now, however, such a confession was impossible. Situated as we were, hemmed in by dangers on every side, to speak of love to her would have been little better than an insult.

"What answer do you give me?" I said, seeing that she did not speak.

"Only that you are cruel," she replied. "You know my misery, and yet you add to it. Have I not told you that I should be a happier woman if you went?"

"You must forgive me for saying so, but I do not believe it," I said, with a boldness and a vanity that surprised even myself. "No, Fräulein, do not let us play at cross purposes. It is evident you are afraid of this man and that you believe yourself to be in his power. I feel convinced it is not as bad as you say. Look at it in a matter-of-fact light and tell me how it can be so? Supposing you leave him now, and we fly, shall we say, to London. You are your own mistress and quite at liberty to go. At any rate, you are not his property to do with as he likes, so if he follows you and persists in annoying you, there are many ways of inducing him to refrain from doing so."

She shook her head.

"Once more, I say, how little you know him, Mr. Forrester, and how poorly you estimate his powers. Since you have forced me to it, let me tell you that I have twice tried to do what you propose. Once in St. Petersburg and once in Norway. He had terrified me, and I swore that I would rather die than see his face again. Almost starving, supporting myself as best I could by my music, I made my way to Moscow, thence to Kiev and Lemburg, and across the Carpathians to Buda-Pesth. Some old friends of my father's, to whom I was ultimately forced to appeal, took me in. I remained with them a month and during that time heard nothing either of or from Monsieur Pharos. Then, one night, when I sat alone in my bedroom, after my friends had retired to rest, a strange feeling that I was not alone in the room came over me—a feeling that something, I do not know what, was standing behind me, urging me to leave the house and to go out into the wood which adjoined it, to meet the man whom I feared more than poverty, more than starvation, more even than death itself. Unable to refuse, or even to argue with myself, I rose, drew a cloak about my shoulders and, descending the stairs, unbarred a door and went swiftly down the path towards the dark wood to which I have just referred. Incredible as it may seem, I had not been deceived. Pharos was there, seated on a fallen tree, waiting for me."

"And the result?"

"The result was that I never returned to the house, nor have I any recollection of what happened at our interview. The next thing I remember was finding myself in Paris. Months afterwards I learnt that my friends had searched high and low for me in vain and had at last come to the conclusion that my melancholy had induced me to make away with myself. I wrote to them to say that I was safe, and to ask their forgiveness, but my letter has never been answered. The next time was in Norway. While we were there a young Norwegian pianist came under the spell of Pharos's influence. But the load of misery he was called upon to bear was too much for him and he killed himself. In one of his cruel moments Pharos congratulated me on the success with which I had acted as his decoy. Realising the part I had unconsciously played, and knowing that escape in any other direction was impossible, I resolved to follow the wretched lad's example. I arranged everything as carefully as a desperate woman could do. We were staying at the time near one of the deepest fjords, and if I could only reach the place unseen, I was prepared to throw myself over into the water five hundred feet below. Every preparation was made, and when I thought Pharos was asleep I crept from the house and made my way along the rough mountain path to the spot where I was going to say farewell to my wretched life for good and all. For days past I had been nerving myself for the deed. Reaching the spot, I stood upon the brink gazing down into the depths below, thinking of my poor father, whom I expected soon to join, and wondering when my mangled body would be found. Then, lifting my arms above my head, I was about to let myself go, when a voice behind me ordered me to stop. I recognised it, and though I knew that before he could approach

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me it was possible for me to effect my purpose and place myself beyond even his power for ever, I was unable to do as I desired.

"'Come here,' he said; and, since you know him, you can imagine how he would say it: 'this is the second time you have endeavoured to outwit me. First you sought refuge in flight, but I brought you back. Now you have tried suicide, but once more I have defeated you. Learn this, that as in life so even in death you are mine, to do with as I will.' After that he led me back to the hotel, and from that time I have been convinced that nothing can release me from the chains that bind me."

"'A feeling that I was not alone in the room.'"

Once more I thought of the conversation I had overheard through the saloon skylight on board the yacht. What comfort to give her or what answer to make I did not know. I was still debating this in my mind when she rose and, offering some excuse, left me and went into the house. When she had gone, I seated myself in my chair again and tried to think out what she had told me. It seemed impossible that her story could be true, and yet I knew her well enough by this time to feel sure that she would not lie to me. But for such a man as Pharos to exist in this prosaic nineteenth century, and, stranger still, for me, Cyril Forrester, who had always prided myself on my clearness of head, to believe in him, was absurd. That I was beginning to do so was, in a certain sense, only too true. I was resolved, however, that, happen what might in the future, I would keep my wits about me and endeavour to outwit him, not only for my own sake, but for that of the woman I loved, whom I could not induce to seek refuge in flight while she had the opportunity.

During the afternoon I saw nothing of Pharos. He kept himself closely shut up in his own apartment and was seen only by that same impassive man-servant I have elsewhere described. The day, however, was not destined to go by without my coming in contact with him. The Fräulein Valerie and I had spent the evening in the cool hall of the hotel, but being tired she had bidden me good-night and gone to her room at an early hour. Scarcely knowing what to do with myself, I was making my way upstairs to my room, when the door of Pharos's apartment opened and to my surprise the old man emerged. He was dressed for going out—that is to say, he wore his long fur coat and curious cap. On seeing him I stepped back into the shadow of the doorway, and was fortunate enough

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to be able to do so before he became aware of my presence. As soon as he had passed I went to the balustrading and watched him go down the stairs, wondering as I did so what was taking him from home at such a late hour. The more I thought of it the more inquisitive I became. A great temptation seized me to follow him and find out. Being unable to resist it, I went to my room, found my hat, slipped a revolver into my pocket, in case I might want it, and set off after him.

On reaching the great hall, I was just in time to see him step into a carriage, which had evidently been ordered for him beforehand. The driver cracked his whip, the horses started off, and, by the time I stood in the porch, the carriage was a good distance down the street.

"Has my friend gone?" I cried to the porter, as if I had hastened downstairs in the hope of seeing him before he left. "I had changed my mind and intended accompanying him. Call me a cab as quickly as you can."

One of the neat little victorias which ply in the streets of Cairo was immediately forthcoming, and into it I sprang.

"Tell the man to follow the other carriage," I said to the porter, "as fast as he can go."

The porter said something in Arabic to the driver, and a moment later we were off in pursuit.

It was a beautiful night, and, after the heat of the day, the rush through the cool air was infinitely refreshing. It was not until we had gone upwards of a mile, and the first excitement of the chase had a little abated, that the folly of what I was doing came home to me, but even then it did not induce me to turn back. Connected with Pharos as I was, I was determined if possible to find out something more about him and his doings before I permitted him to get a firmer hold upon me. If I could only discover his business on this particular night, it struck me, I might know how to deal with him. I accordingly pocketed my scruples, and slipping my hand into my pocket to make sure that my revolver was there, I permitted my driver to proceed upon his way unhindered. By this time we had passed the Kasr-en-Nil Barracks, and were rattling over the great Nile Bridge. It was plain from this that whatever the errand might be that was taking him abroad, it at least had no connection with old Cairo.

Crossing the Island of Bulak, and leaving the caravan depôt on our left, we headed away under the avenue of beautiful Lebbek-trees along the road to Gizeh. At first I thought it must be the Museum he was aiming for, but this idea was dispelled when we passed the great gates and turned sharp to the right-hand. Holding my watch to the carriage-lamp, I discovered that it wanted only a few minutes to eleven o'clock.

Although still shaded with Lebbek-trees, the road no longer ran between human habitations, but far away on the right and left a few twinkling lights proclaimed the existence of Fellahin villages. Of foot-passengers we saw none, and save the occasional note of a night-bird, the howling of a dog in the far distance, and the rattle of our own wheels, scarcely a sound was to be heard. Gradually the road, which was raised several feet above the surrounding country, showed a tendency to ascend, and just as I was beginning to wonder what sort of a will-o'-the-wisp chase it was upon which I was being led, and what the upshot of it would be, it came to an abrupt standstill, and, towering into the starlight above me, I saw two things which swept away all my doubts, and told me, as plainly as any words could speak, that we were at the end of our journey. *We had reached the Pyramids of Gizeh.* As soon as I understood this, I signed to my driver to pull up, and, making him understand as best I could that he was to await my return, descended and made my way towards the Pyramids on foot. Keeping my eye on Pharos, whom I could see ahead of me, and taking care not to allow him to become aware that he was being followed, I began the long pull up to the plateau on which the largest of these giant monuments is situated. Fortunately for me the sand not only prevented any sound from reaching him, but its colour enabled me to keep him well in sight. The road from the Mena House Hotel to the Great Pyramid is not a long one, but what it lacks in length it makes up in steepness. Never losing sight of Pharos for an instant, I ascended it. On arriving at the top, I noticed that he went straight forward to the base of the huge mass, and when he was sixty feet or so from it, called something in a loud voice. He had scarcely done so before a figure emerged from the shadow and approached him. Fearing they might see me, I laid myself down on the sands behind a large block of stone, whence I could watch them, remaining myself unseen.

As far as I could tell, the new-comer was undoubtedly an Arab, and, from the way in which he towered above Pharos, must have

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been a man of gigantic stature. For some minutes they remained in earnest conversation. Then, leaving the place where they had met, they went forward towards the great building, the side of which they presently commenced to climb. After a little they disappeared, and, feeling certain they had entered the Pyramid itself, I rose to my feet and determined to follow.

The Great Pyramid, as all the world knows, is composed of enormous blocks of granite, each about three feet high, and arranged after the fashion of enormous steps. The entrance to the passage which leads to the interior is on the thirteenth tier, and nearly fifty feet from the ground. With a feeling of awe which may be very well understood, when I reached it I paused before entering. I did not know on the threshold of what discovery I might be standing. And what was more, I reflected that if Pharos found me following him, my life would in all probability pay the forfeit. My curiosity, however, was greater than my judgment, and being determined, since I had come so far, not to go back without learning all there was to know, I hardened my heart, and, stooping down, entered the passage. When I say that it is less than four feet in height, and of but little more than the same width, and that for the first portion of the way the path slopes downwards at an angle of twenty-six degrees, some vague idea may be obtained of the unpleasant place it is. But if I go on to add that the journey had to be undertaken in total darkness, without any sort of knowledge of what lay before me, or whether I should ever be able to find my way out again, the foolhardiness of the undertaking will be even more apparent. Step by step, and with a caution which I can scarcely exaggerate, I made my way down the incline, trying every inch before I put my weight upon it, and feeling the walls carefully with either hand in order to make sure that no other passages branched off to right or left. After I had been advancing for what seemed an interminable period, but could not in reality have been more than five minutes, I found myself brought to a standstill by a solid wall of stone. For a moment I was at a loss how to proceed. Then I found that there was a turn in the passage, and the path, instead of continuing to descend, was beginning to work upwards, whereupon, still feeling my way as before, I continued my journey of exploration. The heat was stifling, and more than once foul things, that

"We had reached the Pyramids of Gizeh."

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could only have been bats, flapped against my face and hands and sent a cold shudder through me. Had I dared for a moment to think of the immense quantity of stone that towered above me, or what my fate would be had a stone fallen from its place and blocked the path behind me, I believe I should have been lost for good and all. But, frightened as I was, a greater terror was in store for me.

After I had been proceeding for some time along the passage, I found that it was growing gradually higher. The air was cooler, and raising my head cautiously in order not to bump it against the ceiling, I discovered that I was able to stand upright. I lifted my hand, first a few inches, and then to the full extent of my arm; but the roof was still beyond my reach. I moved a little to my right in order to ascertain if I could touch the wall, and then to the left. But once more only air rewarded me. It was evident that I had left the passage and was standing in some large apartment; but, since I knew nothing of the interior of the Pyramid, I could not understand what it was or where it could be situated. Feeling convinced in my own mind that I had missed my way, since I had neither heard nor seen anything of Pharos, I turned round and set off in what I considered must be the direction of the wall; but though I walked step by step, once more feeling every inch of the way with my foot before I put it down, I seemed to have covered fifty yards before my knuckles came in contact with it. Having located it, I fumbled my way along it in the hope that I might discover the doorway through which I had entered; but though I tried for some considerable time, no sort of success rewarded me. I paused and tried to remember which way I had been facing when I made the discovery that I was no longer in the passage. In the dark, however, one way seemed like another, and I had turned myself about so many times that it was impossible to tell which was the original direction. Oh, how bitterly I repented having ever left the hotel! For all I knew to the contrary I might have wandered into some subterranean chamber never visited by the Bedouins or tourists, whence my feeble cries for help would not be heard, and in which I might remain until death took pity on me and released me from my sufferings.

Fighting down the terror that had risen in my heart and threatened to annihilate me, I once more commenced my circuit of the walls, but again without success. I counted my steps backwards and forwards in the hope of locating my position. I went straight ahead on the chance of striking the doorway haphazard, but it was always with the same unsatisfactory result. Against my better judgment I endeavoured to convince myself that I was really in no danger, but it was useless. At last my fortitude gave way, a clammy sweat broke out upon my forehead, and remembering that Pharos was in the building, I shouted aloud to him for help. My voice rang and echoed in that ghastly chamber till the reiteration of it well nigh drove me mad. I listened, but no answer came. Once more I called, but with the same result. At last, thoroughly beside myself with terror, I began to run aimlessly about the room in the dark, beating myself against the walls and all the time shouting at the top of my voice for assistance. Only when I had no longer strength to move, or voice to continue my appeals, did I cease, and falling upon the ground rocked myself to and fro in silent agony. Times out of number I cursed myself and my senseless stupidity in having left the hotel to follow Pharos. I had sworn to protect the woman I loved, and yet on the first opportunity I had ruined everything by behaving in this thoughtless fashion.

Once more I sprang to my feet and once more I set off on my interminable search. This time I went more quietly to work, feeling my way carefully and making a mental note of every indentation in the walls. Being unsuccessful, I commenced again, and once more scored a failure. Then the horrible silence, the death-like atmosphere, the flapping of the bats in the darkness, and the thought of the history and age of the place in which I was imprisoned, must have affected my brain, and for a space I believe I went mad. At any rate, I have a confused recollection of running round and round that loathsome place and of at last falling exhausted upon the ground, firmly believing my last hour had come. Then my senses left me and I became unconscious.

How long I remained in the condition I have just described I cannot say. All I know is that when I opened my eyes I found the chamber bright with the light of torches, and no less a person than Pharos kneeling beside me. Behind him, but at a respectful distance, were a number of Arabs, and among them a man whose height could scarcely have been less than seven feet. This was evidently the individual who had met Pharos at the entrance to the Pyramid.

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"Rise," said Pharos, addressing me, "and let this be a warning to you never to attempt to spy on me again. Think not that I was unaware that you were following me, or that the mistake on your part in taking the wrong turning in the passage was not ordained. The time has now gone by for me to speak to you in riddles; our comedy is at an end, and for the future you are my property to do with as I please. You will have no will but my pleasure, no thought but to act as I shall tell you. Rise and follow me."

Having said this, he made a sign to the torch-bearers, who immediately led the way towards the door, which was now easy enough to find. Pharos followed them, and, more dead than alive, I came next, while the tall man I have mentioned brought up the rear. In this order we groped our way down the narrow passage. Then it was that I discovered the mistake I had made in entering. Whether by accident, or by the exercise of Pharos's will, as he had desired me to believe, it was plain I had taken the wrong turning, and, instead of going on to the King's Hall, where no doubt I should have found the man I was following, I had turned to the left and had entered the apartment popularly, but erroneously, called the Queen's Chamber.

It would have been difficult to estimate the thankfulness I felt on reaching the open air once more. How sweet the cool night wind seemed after the close and suffocating atmosphere of the Pyramid I cannot hope to make you understand. And yet, if I had only known, it would have been better for me, far better, had I never been found, and my life come to an end when I fell senseless upon the floor.

When we had left the passage and had clambered down to the sands once more, Pharos bade me follow him, and leading the way round the base of the Pyramid, conducted me down the hill towards the Sphinx.

For fully thirty years I had looked forward to the moment when I should stand before this stupendous monument and try to read its riddle; but in my wildest dreams I had never thought to do so in such company. Looking down at me in the starlight, across the gulf of untold centuries, it seemed to smile disdainfully at my small woes.

"To-night," said Pharos, in that same extraordinary voice he had used a quarter of an hour before, when he bade me follow him, "you enter upon a new phase of your existence. Here, under the eyes of the Watcher of Harmachis, you shall learn something of the wisdom of the ancients."

At a signal the tall man whom he had met at the foot of the Pyramid sprang forward and seized me by the arms from behind with a grip of iron. Then Pharos produced from his pocket a small case containing a bottle. From the latter he poured a few spoonfuls of some fluid into a silver cup, which he placed to my mouth.

"Drink," he said.

At any other time I should have refused to have complied with such a request; but on this occasion so completely had I fallen under his influence that I was powerless to disobey.

The opiate, or whatever it was, must have been a powerful one, for I had scarcely swallowed it before an attack of giddiness seized me. The outline of the Sphinx and the black bulk of the Great Pyramid beyond were merged in the general darkness. I could hear the wind of the desert singing in my ears and the voice of Pharos muttering something in an unknown tongue beside me. After that I sank down on the sand and presently became oblivious of everything.

How long I remained asleep I have no idea. All I know is, that with a suddenness that was almost startling, I found myself awake and standing in a crowded street. The sun shone brilliantly, and the air was soft and warm. Magnificent buildings, of an architecture that my studies had long since made me familiar with, lined it on either hand, while in the roadway were many chariots and gorgeously furnished litters, before and beside which ran slaves, crying aloud in their masters' names for room.

From the position of the sun in the sky, I gathered that it must be close upon midday. The crowd was momentarily increasing, and as I walked, marvelling at the beauty of the buildings, I was jostled to and fro and oftentimes called upon to stand aside. That something unusual had happened to account for this excitement was easily seen, but what it was, being a stranger, I had no idea. Sounds of wailing greeted me on every side, and in all the faces upon which I looked signs of overwhelming sorrow were to be seen.

Suddenly a murmur of astonishment and anger ran through the crowd, which separated hurriedly to right and left. A moment later a man came through the lane thus formed. He was short and curiously misshapen, and as he walked he covered his face with the

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"'Drink,' he said."

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sleeve of his robe, as though he were stricken with grief or shame.

Turning to a man who stood beside me, and who seemed even more excited than his neighbours, I inquired who the new-comer might be.

"Who art thou, stranger?" he answered, turning sharply on me. "And whence comest thou that thou knowest not Ptahmes, Chief of the King's Magicians? Learn, then, that he hath fallen from his high estate, inasmuch as he made oath before Pharaoh that the first-born of the King should take no hurt from the spell this Israelitish sorcerer, Moses, hath cast upon the land. Now the child and all the first-born of Egypt are dead, and the heart of Pharaoh being hardened against his servant, he hath shamed him and driven him from before his face."

As he finished speaking, the disgraced man withdrew his robe from his face, and I realised the astounding fact *that Ptahmes the Magician and Pharos the Egyptian were not ancestor and descendant, but one and the same person.*

CHAPTER XI.

Of the circumstances under which my senses returned to me after the remarkable vision, for that is the only name I can assign to it, which I have described in the preceding chapter, only the vaguest recollection remains to me.

When Pharos had ordered me to drink the stuff he had poured out, we were standing before the Sphinx at Gizeh; now, when I opened my eyes, I was back once more in my bedroom at the hotel in Cairo. Brilliant sunshine was streaming in through the jalousies, and I could hear footsteps in the corridor outside. At first I felt inclined to treat the whole as a dream; but the marks upon my hands, made when I had beaten them on the rough walls of that terrible chamber in the Pyramid, soon showed me the futility of so doing. I remembered how I had run round and round that dreadful place in search of a way out, and the horror of the recollection was sufficient to bring a cold sweat out once more upon my forehead. Strange to say—I mean strange in the light of all that has transpired since—the memory of the threat Pharos had used to me caused me no uneasiness, and yet, permeating my whole being was a loathing for him and a haunting fear that was beyond description in words. This dislike was the outcome not so much of a physical animosity, if I may so designate it, as of a peculiar description of supernatural fear. Reason with myself as I would, I could not get rid of the belief that the man was more than he pretended to be, that there was some link between him and the Unseen which it was impossible for me to understand. Arguing with myself in this way, I was the more disposed to believe in the vision of the preceding night.

On consulting my watch I was amazed to find that it wanted only a few minutes to ten o'clock. I sprang from my bed, and a moment later came within an ace of measuring my length upon the floor. What occasioned this weakness I could not tell, but the fact remains that I was as feeble as a little child. The room spun round and round until I became so giddy that I was compelled to clutch at a table for support. What was even stranger, I was conscious of a sharp pricking on my left arm a little above the elbow, which eventually became so sharp that it could be felt not only on the tips of my fingers, but for some distance down my side. To examine the place was the work of a moment. On the fleshy part of the arm, three inches or so above the elbow, was a small spot, such as might have been made by some sharp pointed instrument—a hypodermic syringe, for instance—and which was fast changing from a pale pink to a purple hue. My wonderment was increased when I discovered that the spot itself, and the flesh surrounding it for more than an inch, was incapable of sensation. I puzzled my brains in vain to account for its presence there. I could not remember scratching myself with anything in my room, nor could I discover that the coat I had worn on the preceding evening showed any signs of a puncture.

After a few moments the feeling of weakness which had seized me when I first left my bed wore off. I accordingly dressed myself with as much despatch as I could put into the operation, and my toilet being completed, left my room and went in search of the Fräulein Valerie. To my disappointment she was not visible. I, however, discovered Pharos seated in the verandah, in the full glare of the morning sun, with the monkey, Pehtes, on his knee. For once he was in the very best of tempers. Indeed, since I had first made his acquaintance I never remembered to have known him so merry. At a sign I seated myself beside him.

"My friend," he began, "I am rejoiced to

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see you. Permit me to inform you that you had a narrow escape last night. However, since you are up and about this morning, I presume you are feeling none the worse for it."

I described the fit of vertigo which had overtaken me when I rose from my bed, and went on to question him as to what had happened after I had become unconscious on the preceding night.

"I assure you, you came very near being a lost man," he answered. "As good luck had it, I had not left the Pyramid, and so heard you cry for help, otherwise you might be in the Queen's Hall at this minute. You were unconscious when we found you, and you had not recovered by the time we reached home again."

"Not recovered?" I cried in amazement. "But I walked out of the Pyramid unassisted, and accompanied you across the sands to the Sphinx, where you gave me something to drink and made me see a vision."

Pharos gazed incredulously at me.

"My dear fellow, you must have dreamt it," he said. "After all you had gone through it is scarcely likely I should have permitted you to walk, while as for the vision you speak of—well, I must leave that to your own common sense. If necessary my servants will testify to the difficulty we experienced in getting you out of the Pyramid, while the very fact that you yourself have no recollection of the homeward journey would help to corroborate what I say."

This was all very plausible; at the same time I was far from being convinced. I knew my man too well by this time to believe that because he denied any knowledge of the circumstance in question he was really as innocent as he was plainly anxious I should think him. The impression the vision—for I shall always call it by that name—had made upon me was still clear and distinct in my mind. I closed my eyes and once more saw the street filled with that strangely dressed crowd, which drew back on either hand to make a way for the disgraced Magician to pass through. It was all so real and yet, as I was compelled to confess, so improbable that I scarcely knew what to think. Before I could come to any satisfactory decision Pharos turned to me again.

"Whatever your condition last night may have been," he said, "it is plain you are better this morning, and I am rejoiced to see it, for the reason I have made arrangements to complete the business which has brought us here. Had you not been well enough to travel I should have been compelled to leave you behind."

I searched his face for an explanation.

"The mummy?" I asked.

"Exactly," he replied. "The mummy. We leave Cairo this afternoon for Luxor. I have made the necessary arrangements, and we join the steamer at midday—that is to say, in about two hours' time."

I inquired after the Fräulein Valerie, whom I had not yet seen, whereupon Pharos informed me that she had gone to her room to prepare for the excursion up the Nile.

"And now, Mr. Forrester," he said, rising from his chair and returning the monkey to its place of shelter in the breast of his coat, "if I were you I should follow her example. It will be necessary for us to start as punctually as possible."

Sharp on the stroke of twelve a carriage made its appearance at the door of the hotel. The Fräulein Valerie, Pharos, and myself took our places in it, the gigantic Arab whom I had seen at the Pyramid on the preceding night, and who I was quite certain had held my arms when Pharos compelled me to drink the potion before the Sphinx, took his place beside the driver, and we set off along the road to Bulak *en route* to the Embabeh. Having reached this, one of the most characteristic spots in Cairo, we made our way along the bank towards a landing-stage, beside which a handsome steamer was moored. If anything had been wanting to convince me of the respect felt for Pharos by the Arabs, I should have found it in the behaviour of the crew of this vessel. Had he been imbued with the powers of life and death, they could scarcely have stood in greater awe of him.

Our party being on board, there was no occasion for any further delay; consequently, as soon as we had reached the upper deck, the ropes were cast off, and with prodigious fuss the steamer made her way out into mid stream, and began the voyage which was destined to end in such a strange fashion for all our party.

Full as my life had been of extraordinary circumstances during the last few weeks, I am not certain that my feelings as I stood upon the deck of the steamer, while she made her way up stream, past the Khedive's Palace, the Kasr-en-Nil barracks, Kasr-el-Ain, the Island of Rodah, and Gizeh, did not eclipse them. Our vessel was a most luxurious one, and to charter her must have cost Pharos a pretty penny. Immediately

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we got under way the latter departed to his cabin, while the Fräulein Valerie and I stood side by side under the awning, watching the fast changing landscape in silence. The day was hot, with scarcely a breath of wind to cool the air. Ever since the first week in June the Nile had been rising, and was now running a swift and muddy river only a few feet below the level of her banks. I looked at my companion, and as I did so thought of all that we had been through together in the short time we had known each other. Less than a month before, Pharos and I had to all intents and purposes been strangers, and Valerie and I had not met at all. Now I was embarking on a voyage up the Nile in their company, and for what purpose? To restore the body of Merenptah's Chief Magician to the tomb from which it had been taken by my own father nearly twenty years before. Could anything have seemed more unlikely, and yet could anything have been more true? Amiable as were my relations with my host at present, there was a feeling deep down in my heart that troublous times lay ahead of us. The explanation Pharos had given me of what had occurred on the preceding night had been plausible enough, as I have said, and yet I was far from being convinced by it. There were only two things open to me to believe. Either he had stood over me saying, "For the future you are mine, to do with as I please. You will have no will but my pleasure, no thought but to act as I shall tell you," or I had dreamt it. When I had taxed him with it some hours before, he had laughed at me, and had told me to attribute it all to the excited condition of my brain. But the feeling of reality with which it had inspired me was, I felt sure, too strong for it to have been imaginary; and yet, do what I would, I could not throw off the unpleasant belief that, however much I might attempt to delude myself to the contrary, I was in reality more deeply in his power than I fancied myself to be.

One thing struck me most forcibly, and that was the fact that now we were away from Cairo, the Fräulein Valerie was in better spirits than I had yet seen her. Glad as I was, however, to find her happier, the knowledge of her cheerfulness, for some reason or another, chilled and even disappointed me. Yet, Heaven knows, had I been asked, I must have confessed that I should have been even more miserable had she been unhappy. When I joined them at lunch I was convinced that I was a discordant note. I was thoroughly out of humour, not only with myself, but with the world in general, and the fit had not left me when I made my way up to the deck again.

Downcast as I was, however, I could not repress an exclamation of pleasure at the scene I saw before me when I reached it. In the afternoon light the view, usually so uninviting, was picturesque in the extreme. Palm groves decorated either bank, with here and there an Arab village peering from among them, while, as if to afford a fitting background, in the distance could be seen the faint outline of the Libyan Hills. At any other time I should have been unable to contain myself until I had made a sketch of it; now, however, while it impressed me with its beauty, it only served to remind me of the association in which I found myself. The centre of the promenade deck, immediately abaft the funnel, was arranged somewhat in the fashion of a sitting-room, with a carpet, easy-chairs, a sofa, and corresponding luxuries. I seated myself in one of the chairs, and was still idly watching the country through which we were passing, when Pharos made his appearance from below, carrying the monkey Pehtes in his arms, and seated himself beside me. It was plain that he was still in a contented frame of mind, and his opening speech, when he addressed me, showed that he had no intention of permitting me to be in anything else.

"My dear Forrester," he said, in what was intended to be a conciliatory tone, "I feel sure you have something upon your mind that is worrying you. Is it possible you are still brooding over what you said to me this morning? Remember, you are my guest; I am responsible for your happiness. I cannot permit you to wear such an expression of melancholy. Pray tell me your trouble, and if I can help you in any way, rest assured I shall be only too glad to do so."

"I am afraid, after the explanation you gave me this morning, that it is impossible for you to help me," I answered. "To tell the truth, I have been worrying over what happened last night, and the more I think of it, the less able I am to understand it."

"What is it you find difficult to understand?" he inquired. "I thought we were agreed on the subject when we spoke of it this morning."

"Not as far as I am concerned," I replied. "And if you will consider for a moment, I

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fancy you will understand why. As I told you then, I have the best possible recollection of all that befell me in the Pyramid, and of the fright I sustained in that terrible room. I remember your coming to my assistance, and I am as convinced that, when my senses returned to me, I followed you down the passage, out into the open air, and across the sands to a spot before the Sphinx, where you gave me some strange concoction to drink, as I am that I am now sitting on this deck beside you."

"And I assure you with equal sincerity that it is all a delusion," he replied. "You must have dreamt the whole thing. Did you recognise him? Should you know his face again?"

"I scarcely know how to tell you," I answered diffidently, a doubt as to whether I had really seen the vision I had described coming over me for the first time, now that I was brought face to face with the assertion I was about to make. "It seems so impossible, and I am weak enough to feel that I should not like you to think I am jesting. The truth of the matter is, the face of the disgraced Magician was none other than your own. You were Ptahmes, the man who walked with his face covered with his mantle, and before whom the crowd drew back as if

"'The slaves! the craven curs!' muttered Pharos fiercely to himself."

Now I come to think of it, I *do* remember that you said something about a vision which I enabled you to see. Perhaps, as your memory is so keen on the subject, you may be able to give me some idea of its nature."

I accordingly described what I had seen. From the way he hung upon my words it was evident that the subject interested him more than he cared to confess. Indeed, when I had finished he gave a little gasp that was plainly one of relief, though why it should have been so I could not understand.

"And the man you saw coming through the crowd, this Ptahmes—what was he like? they feared him, and yet hated him the more because they did so."

"The slaves! the craven curs!" muttered Pharos fiercely to himself, suddenly oblivious to my presence, his sunken eyes looking out across the water, but, I am convinced, seeing nothing. "So long as he was successful they sang his praises through the city, but when he failed and was cast out from before Pharaoh, there were only six in all the country brave enough to declare themselves his friends."

Then, recollecting himself, he turned to me, and with one of his peculiar laughs, to which I had by this time grown accustomed, he

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continued, "But there, if I talk like this you will begin to imagine that I really have some association with my long deceased relative, the man of whom we are speaking, and whose mummy is in the cabin yonder. Your account of the vision, if by that name you still persist in calling it, is extremely interesting, and goes another step towards proving how liable the human brain is, under stress of great excitement, to seize upon the most unlikely stories, and even to invest them with the necessary *mise-en-scène*. Now I'll be bound you could reproduce the whole picture, were such a thing necessary—the buildings, the chariots, the dresses, nay, even the very faces of the crowd."

"I am quite sure I could," I answered, filled with sudden excitement at the idea, "and, what is more, I will do so. So vivid was the impression it made upon my mind that not a detail has escaped my memory. Indeed, I really believe it will be found that a large proportion of the things I saw then I had never seen or heard of before. This, I think, should go some way towards proving that my story is not the fallacy you suppose."

"You mistake me, my dear Forrester," he hastened to reply. "I do not go so far as to declare it to be altogether a fallacy; I simply say that what you think you saw must have been the effect of the fright you received in the Pyramid. But your idea of painting the picture is distinctly a good one, and I shall look forward with pleasure to giving you my opinion upon it when it is finished. As you are well aware, I am a fair Egyptologist, and I have no doubt I shall be able to detect any error in the composition, should one exist."

"I will obtain my materials from my cabin, and set to work at once," I said, rising from my chair; "and when I have finished you shall certainly give me your opinion on it."

As on a similar occasion already described, under the influence of my enthusiasm, the feeling of animosity I usually entertained towards him left me entirely. I went to my cabin, found the things I wanted, and returned with them to the deck. When I reached it I found the Fräulein Valerie there. She was dressed in white from head to foot, and was slowly fanning herself with the same large ostrich feather fan which I remembered to have seen her using on that eventful night when I had dined with Pharos in Naples. Her left hand was hanging by her side, and as I greeted her and reseated myself in my chair, I could not help noticing its exquisite proportions.

"Mr. Forrester was fortunate enough to be honoured by a somewhat extraordinary dream last night," said Pharos, by way of accounting for my sketching materials. "The subject was Egyptian, and I have induced him to try and make a picture of the scene for our benefit."

"Do you feel equal to the task?" Valerie inquired, with unusual interest, as I thought. "Surely it must be very difficult. As a rule, even the most vivid dreams are so hard to remember in detail."

"This was something more than a dream," I answered confidently, "as I shall presently demonstrate to Monsieur Pharos. Before I begin, however, I am going to ask a favour in return."

"And what is that?" asked Pharos.

"That while I am at work you tell us, as far as you know it, the history of Ptahmes, the King's Magician. Not only does it bear upon the subject of my picture, but it is fit and proper, since we have his mummy on board, that we should know more than we at present do of our illustrious fellow-traveller."

"What could be fairer?" said Pharos, after a slight pause. "While you paint I will tell you all I know, and since he is my ancestor, and I have made his life my especial study, it may be supposed I am acquainted with as much of his history as research has been able to bring to light. Ptahmes, or, as his name signifies, the man beloved of Ptah, was the son of Netruhôtep, a Priest of the High Temple of Ammon, and a favourite of Rameses II. From the moment of his birth great things were expected of him, for, by the favour of the Gods, he was curiously misshapen, and it is well known that those whom the Mighty Ones punish in one way are usually compensated for it in another. It is just possible that it may be from him I inherit my own unpleasing exterior. However, to return to Ptahmes, whose life, I can assure you, forms an interesting study. At an early age the boy showed an extraordinary partiality for the mystic, and it was doubtless this circumstance that induced his father to entrust him to the care of the Chief Magician, Haper, a wise man, by whom the lad was brought up. Proud of his calling, and imbued with a love for the sacred mysteries, it is small wonder that he soon outdistanced those with whom he was brought in contact. So rapid, indeed, were the strides he made that the news of his attainments reached

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the ears of Pharaoh. He was summoned to the royal presence and commanded to give an exhibition of his powers, whereupon the King ordered him to remain at court and to be constantly in attendance upon his person. From this point the youth's career was assured. Year by year, and step by step, he made his way up the ladder of fame till he became a mighty man in the land, a councillor, Prophet of the North and South, and Chief of the King's Magicians. Then, out of the land of Midian rose the star that, as it had been written, should cross his path and bring about his downfall. This was the Israelite Moses, who came into Egypt and set himself up against Pharaoh, using magic the like of which had never before been seen. But that portion of the story is too well known to bear repetition. Let it suffice that Pharaoh called together his councillors, the principal of whom was Ptahmes, now a man of mature years, and consulted with them. Ptahmes, foreseeing what would happen, was for acceding to the request made by the Hebrews and letting the Israelites depart in peace from the kingdom. To this course, however, Pharaoh would not agree, and he gave his favourite to understand that, not only was such advice the reverse of palatable, but that a repetition of it would in all probability deprive him of the royal favour. Once more the Hebrews appeared before Pharaoh and gave evidence of their powers, speaking openly to the King and using threats of vengeance in the event of their demands not being acceded to. But Pharaoh was stiff-necked and refused to listen, and in consequence evil days descended upon Egypt. By the magic of Moses the fish died, and the waters of the Nile were polluted so that the people could not drink; frogs, in such numbers as had never been seen before, made their appearance and covered the face of the land. Then Pharaoh called upon Ptahmes and his Magicians, and bade them imitate all that the others had done. They did so, and by their arts frogs came up out of the land, even as Moses had made them do. Seeing this, Pharaoh laughed the Israelites to scorn and once more refused to consider their request, whereupon came plagues of lice and flies, and boils broke out upon man and beast, with mighty storms, and a great darkness, in which no man could see another's face. Once more Pharaoh, whose heart was still hardened against Moses, called Ptahmes to his presence and bade him advise him as to the course he should pursue. Being already at war with his neighbours, he had no desire to permit this horde to cross his borders only to side with his enemies against himself. And yet to keep them and to risk further punishment was equally dangerous. Moses was a stern man, and, as the King had already had good reason to know, was not one to be trifled with. Only that morning he had demanded an audience, and had threatened Pharaoh with a pestilence that should cause the death of every first-born son throughout the land should he still persist in his refusal.

"Now Ptahmes, who, as I have said, was an astute man, and who had already been allowed to see the consequences of giving advice that did not tally with his master's humour, found himself in a position not only of difficulty, but also of some danger. Either he must declare himself openly in favour of letting the Hebrews go, and once more run the risk of Pharaoh's anger and possible loss of favour, or he must side with his master, and, having done so, put forth every effort to prevent the punishment Moses had decreed. After hours of suspense and overwhelming anxiety he adopted the latter course. Having taken counsel with his fellow Magicians, he assured Pharaoh, on the honour of the Gods, that what the Israelite had predicted could never come to pass. Fortified with this promise, Pharaoh once more refused to permit the strangers to leave the land. As a result the first-born son of the King, the child whom he loved better than his kingdom, sickened of a mysterious disease and died that night, as did the first-born of all the Egyptians, rich and poor alike. In the words of your own Bible, 'There was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead.' Then Pharaoh's hatred was bitter against his advisers, and he determined that Ptahmes in particular should die. He sought him with the intention of killing him, but the Magician had received timely warning and had escaped into the mountains, where he hid himself for many months. Little by little his health gave way, he grew weaker, and in the fiftieth year of his life Osiris claimed him for his own. It was said at the time that for the sin he had caused Pharaoh to do, and the misery he had brought upon the land of Egypt, and swearing falsely in the name of the Gods, he had been cursed with perpetual life. This, however, could not have been so, seeing that he died in the mountains and that his mummy was buried in the tomb whence your father

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took it. Such is the story of Ptahmes, the beloved of Ptah, son of Netruhôtep, Chief of the Magicians and Prophet of the North and South."

CHAPTER XII.

STRANGE as it may seem, all the circumstances attending it being taken into consideration, that voyage up the Nile was one of the most enjoyable I have ever undertaken. It is true the weather was somewhat warmer than was altogether agreeable; but if you visit Egypt at midsummer you must be prepared for a little discomfort in that respect. From the moment of rising until it was time to retire at night our time was spent under the awning on deck, reading, conversing, and watching the scenery on either bank, and on my part in putting the finishing touches to the picture I had commenced the afternoon we left Cairo.

When it was completed to my satisfaction, which was on the seventh day of our voyage, and that upon which we expected to reach Luxor, I showed it to Pharos. He examined it carefully, and it was some time before he offered an opinion upon it.

"I will pay you the compliment of saying I consider it a striking example of your art," he said, when he did speak. "At the same time, I must confess it puzzles me. I do not understand whence you drew your inspiration. There are things in this picture, important details in the dress and architecture, that I feel convinced have never been seen by this century. How, therefore, you could have known them passes my comprehension."

"I have already told you that that picture represents what I saw in my vision," I answered.

"You still believe that you saw a vision, then?" he asked, with a return to his old sneering habit, as he picked the monkey up and began to stroke its ears.

"I shall always do so," I answered. "Nothing will ever shake my belief in that."

At this moment the Fräulein Valerie joined us, whereupon Pharos handed her the picture and asked for her opinion upon it. She examined it carefully, while I waited with some anxiety for her criticism.

"It is very clever," she said, still looking at it, "and beautifully painted; but, if you will let me say so, I do not know that I altogether like it. There is something about it that I do not understand. And see, you have given the central figure Monsieur Pharos's face."

She looked up at me as if to inquire the reason of this likeness, after which we both glanced at Pharos, who was seated before us, wrapped as usual in his heavy rug, with the monkey Pehtes peering out from his invariable hiding-place beneath his master's coat. For the moment I did not know what answer to return. To have told her in the broad light of day, with the prosaic mud-banks of the Nile on either hand, and the Egyptian sailors washing paint-work at the farther end of the deck, that in my vision I had been convinced that Pharos and Ptahmes were one and the same person, would have been too absurd. Pharos, however, relieved me of the necessity of saying anything by replying for me.

"Mr. Forrester has done me great honour, my dear," he said gaily, "in choosing my features for the central figure. I had no idea that my unfortunate person was capable of such dramatic effect. If at any time, Forrester, you should desire to dispose of that picture, I shall be delighted to take it off your hands."

"You may have it now," I answered. "If you think it worthy of your acceptance, I will gladly give it you. To tell the truth, I, myself, like the Fräulein here, am a little afraid of it, though why I should be, seeing that it is my own work, Heaven only knows."

"As you say, Heaven only knows," returned Pharos solemnly, and then making the excuse that he would put the picture in a place of safety, he left us and went to his cabin, Pehtes hopping along the deck behind him.

For some time after he had left us the Fräulein and I sat silent. The afternoon was breathless, and even our progress through the water raised no breeze. We were passing the town of Keneh at the time, a miserable collection of buildings of the usual Nile type, and famous only as being a rallying place for Mecca pilgrims, and for the Kulal and Ballas (water bottles), which bear its name.

While her eyes were fixed upon it I was permitted an opportunity of studying my companion's countenance. I noted the proud poise of her head and the luxuriance of the hair coiled so gracefully above it. She was a queen among women, as I had so often told myself—one whom any man might be proud to love; and then I added, as another thought struck me, one for whom the man she loved might willingly lay down his life. That I

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loved her with a sincerity and devotion greater than I had ever felt for any other human being, I was fully aware by this time. If the truth must be told, I believe I had loved her from the moment I first saw her face. But was it possible that she could love me?

"I have noticed that you are very thoughtful to-day, Fräulein," I said, as the steamer dropped the town behind her and continued her journey up stream in a somewhat more westerly direction.

"Have I not good reason to be?" she answered. "You must remember I have made this journey before."

"But why should that produce such an effect upon you?" I asked. "To me it is a pleasure that has not yet begun to pall, and as you will, I am sure, admit, Pharos has proved a most thoughtful and charming host."

I said this with intention, for I wanted to see what reply she would make.

"I have not noticed his behaviour," she answered wearily. "It is always the same to me. But I *do* know this, that after each visit to the place for which we are now bound, great trouble has resulted for someone. Heaven grant it may not be so on this occasion."

"I do not see what trouble *can* result," I said. "Pharos is simply going to replace the mummy in the tomb from which it was taken, and after that I presume we shall return to Cairo, and probably to Europe."

"And then?"

"After that——"

But I could get no further. The knowledge that in all likelihood as soon as we reached Europe I should have to bid her good-bye and return to London was too much for me, and for this reason I came within an ace of blurting out the words that were in my heart. Fortunately, however, I was able to summon up my presence of mind in time to avert such a catastrophe, otherwise I cannot say what the result would have been. Had I revealed my love to her and asked her to be my wife, and she had refused me, our position, boxed up together as we were on board the steamer, and with no immediate prospect of release, would have been uncomfortable in the extreme. So I crammed the words back into my heart and waited for another and more favourable opportunity.

The sun was sinking behind the Arabian hills in a wealth of gold and crimson colouring as we obtained our first glimpse of the mighty ruins we had come so far to see. Out of a dark green sea of palms to the left rose the giant pylons of the Temple of Ammon at Karnak. A few minutes later Luxor itself was visible, and within a quarter of an hour our destination was reached and the steamer was at a standstill.

We had scarcely come to an anchor before the vessel was surrounded by small boats, the occupants of which clambered aboard, despite the efforts of the officers and crew to prevent them. As usual they brought with them spurious relics of every possible sort and description, not one of which, however, our party could be induced to buy. The Fräulein Valerie and I were still protesting when Pharos emerged from his cabin and approached us. Never shall I forget the change that came over the scene. From the expressions upon the rascals' faces I gathered that he was well known to them; at any rate, within five seconds of his appearance they were all gone. Pushing, struggling, even jumping headlong into the water, they made their way over the side.

"They seem to know you," I said to Pharos, with a laugh, as the last of the gang took a header from the rail.

"They do," he answered grimly. "I think I can safely promise you that after this not a man in Luxor will willingly set foot upon this vessel. Would you care to try the experiment?"

"Very much," I said, and taking an Egyptian pound piece from my pocket I stepped to the side and invited the rabble to come aboard and claim it. But the respect they entertained for Pharos was evidently greater than their love of gold; at any rate, not a man seemed inclined to venture.

"A fair test," said Pharos. "You may rest assured that unless you throw it over to them your money will remain in your own pocket. But see, someone of importance is coming off to us. I am expecting a messenger, and in all probability it is he."

A somewhat better boat than those clustered around us was putting off from the bank, and seated in her was an Arab, clad in white burnoose and wearing a black turban upon his head.

"Yes, it is he," said Pharos, as with a few strokes of their oars the boatmen brought their craft alongside.

Before I could inquire who the person might be whom he was expecting, the man I have just described had reached the deck, and, after looking about him, approached the spot where Pharos was standing. Accus-

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"Pushing, struggling, even jumping headlong into the water."

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tomed as I was to the deference shown by the Arabs towards their superiors, I was far from expecting the exhibition of servility I now beheld. So overpowered was the newcomer by the reverence he felt for Pharos that he could scarcely stand upright.

"I expected thee, Salem Awad," said Pharos, in Arabic. "What tidings dost thou bring?"

"I come to tell thee," the man replied, "that he whom thou didst order to be here has heard of thy coming, and will await thee at the place of which thou hast spoken."

"It is well," continued Pharos. "Has all of which I wrote to thee been prepared?"

"All has been prepared and awaits thy coming."

"Return, then, and tell him who sent thee to me that I will be with him before he sleeps to-night."

The man bowed once more and made his way to his boat, in which he departed for the bank. When he had gone Pharos turned to me.

"We are expected," he said, "and, as you heard him say, preparations have been made to enable us to carry out the work we have come to do. After all his journeying Ptahmes has at last returned to the city of his birth and death. It is a strange thought, is it not? Look about you, Mr. Forrester, and see the mightiest ruins the world has known. Yonder is the Temple of Luxor, away to the north you can see the remains of the Temple of Ammon at Karnak; five thousand years ago they were connected by a mighty road. Yonder is the Necropolis of Thebes, with the tombs that once contained the mortal remains of the Mighty Ones of Egypt. Where are those Mighty Ones now? Scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth, stolen from their resting-places to adorn glass cases in European and American museums, and to be sold at auction by Jew salesmen at so much per head, the prices varying according to their dates and state of preservation. But there, time is too short to talk of such indignity. The Gods will avenge it in their own good time. Let it suffice that to-night we are to fulfil our errand. Am I right in presuming that you desire to accompany me?"

"I should be sincerely disappointed if I could not do so," I answered. "But if you would prefer to go alone I will not force my presence upon you."

"I shall only be too glad of your company," he answered. "Besides, you have a right to be present, since it is through you I am permitted an opportunity of replacing my venerable ancestor in his tomb. Perhaps you will be good enough to hold yourself in readiness to start at eleven o'clock. Owing to the publicity now given to anything that happens in the ruins of this ancient city, the mere fact that we are returning a mummy to its tomb, of the existence of which the world has no knowledge, would be sufficient to attract a concourse of people whose presence would be in the highest degree objectionable to me."

"You must excuse my interrupting you," I said, thinking I had caught him tripping, "but you have just said that you are going to open a tomb of the existence of which the world has no knowledge. Surely my father opened it many years ago, otherwise how did he become possessed of the mummy?"

"Your father discovered it, it is true, but he stumbled upon it quite by chance, and it was reburied within a few hours of his extracting the mummy. If he were alive now I would defy him to find the place again."

"And you are going to open it to-night?"

"That is my intention. And when I have done so it will once more be carefully hidden, and may woe light upon the head of the man who shall again disturb it!"

I do not know whether this speech was intended to have any special significance, but as he said it he looked hard at me, and never since I have known him had I seen a more diabolical expression upon his countenance. I could scarcely have believed that the human face was capable of such malignity. He recovered himself as quickly, however, and then, once more bidding me prepare for the excursion of the evening, took himself off to his cabin and left me to ponder over all he had said.

Eleven o'clock had only just struck that night when the tall Arab, my acquaintance of the Pyramids, came along the deck in search of me. I was sitting with the Fräulein Valerie at the time, but as soon as he told me that Pharos was waiting and that it was time for us to start, I made haste to rise. On hearing our errand my companion became uneasy.

"I do not like it," she said. "Why could he not do it in the daytime? This going off under cover of the night savours too much of the conspirator, and I beg you to be careful of what you do. Have you a revolver?"

I answered in the affirmative, whereupon she earnestly advised me to carry it with me,

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a course which I resolved to adopt. Then, bidding her good-bye, I left her and went to my cabin, little dreaming that upwards of a week would elapse before I should see her again.

When I joined Pharos on deck I discovered that he had made no difference in his attire, but was dressed just as I had always seen him, even to the extent of his heavy coat, which he wore despite the heat of the night.

"If you are ready," he said, "let us lose no time in starting." Then turning to the tall Arab, he bade him call the boat up, and as soon as it was at the ladder we descended and took our places in it. A few strokes of the oars brought us to the bank, where we found two camels awaiting us. On closer inspection I discovered that the individual in charge of them was none other than the man who had boarded the steamer that afternoon, and whom I have particularised as having shown such obsequious respect to Pharos.

At a sign from the latter, one of the camels was brought to its knees, and I was invited to take my place in the saddle. I had never in my life ridden one of these ungainly brutes, and it was necessary for the driver to instruct me in the art. Pharos, however, seemed quite at home, and as soon as he had mounted, and the camels had scrambled to their feet once more, we set off.

If my drive to the Pyramids, a week before, had been a singular experience, this camel ride among the ruins of ancient Thebes at midnight was much more so. On every side were relics of that long departed age when the city had been the centre of the civilised world.

After the heat of the day the coolness of the night was most refreshing. Overhead the stars shone brilliantly, while from the desert a little lonely wind came up and sighed for the desolation of the place. Nothing could have been in better keeping with the impressiveness of the occasion. One thing, however, puzzled me, for so far

"Stopped and held up his hand."

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I had seen nothing of the chief, and indeed the only reason of the expedition, namely, the mummy of the dead Magician. I questioned Pharos on the subject, who answered briefly that it had been sent on ahead to await our coming at the tomb, and

"A flight of steps leading down into a dark vault."

having given this explanation lapsed into silence.

It must have been upwards of half an hour later when the tall Arab, who had all the way walked in front of the camel upon which Pharos was seated, stopped and held up his hand. The animals immediately came to a standstill. Peering into the darkness ahead, I found that we were standing before a gigantic building which towered into the starlight. This proved to be the main pylon of the great Temple of Ammon, the most stupendous example of human architecture ever erected on the surface of our globe. On either side of the open space upon which we stood, rows of kriosphinxes showed where a noble road had once led from the Temple to the river.

At a signal from Pharos the man who had boarded the steamer that afternoon left us and entered the building, leaving us outside.

Fully five minutes must have elapsed before he returned. When he did so he said something to Pharos in a low voice, who immediately descended from his camel and signed to me to do the same. Then we, in our turn, approached the gigantic pylon, at the entrance of which we were met by a man carrying a lighted torch. Viewed by this dim and uncertain light the place appeared indescribably mysterious. Overhead the walls towered up and up until I lost sight of them in the darkness. Presently we entered a large court—so large, indeed, that even with the assistance of the guide's torch we could not see the farther end of it. Then passing through a doorway formed of enormous blocks of stone, the architrave of which could scarcely have been less than a hundred feet from the ground, we found ourselves standing in yet another and even greater hall. Here we paused, while Pharos went forward into the darkness alone, leaving me in the charge of the tall Arab and the man who carried the torch. Where he had gone, and his reason for thus leaving me, I could not imagine, and my common sense told me it would only be waste of time on my part to inquire. Minutes went by until perhaps half an hour had elapsed, and still he did not return. I was about to make some remark upon this when I noticed that the man holding the torch, who had hitherto been leaning against a pillar, suddenly drew himself up and looked towards another side of the great hall. I followed the direction of his eyes and saw an old man approaching me. He was clad in white from head to foot, and with a long white beard descending to within a few inches of his waist. He signed to me to follow him, and then turning, led me across the hall in the direction he had come. I followed close at his heels, threaded my way among the mighty pillars carved all over with hieroglyphics, and so passed into yet another court. Here it was all black darkness, and so lonely that I found my spirits

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sinking lower and lower with every step I took. Reaching the centre of the court my guide stopped and bade me pause. I did so, whereupon he also departed, but in what direction he went I could not tell.

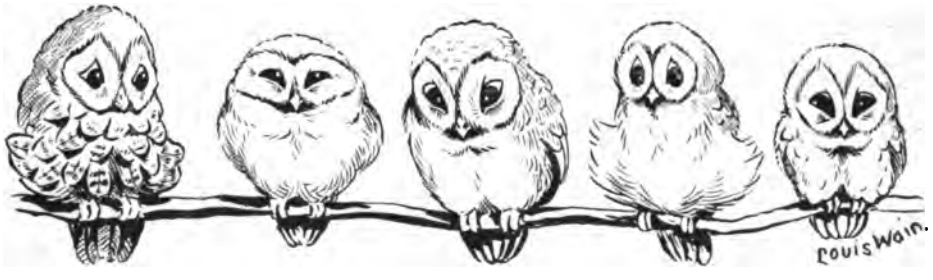
Had it been possible, I think at this stage of the proceedings I should have left Pharos to his own devices, and have made my way out of the ruins and back to the steamer without waste of time. Under the circumstances I have narrated, however, I had no option but to remain where I was, and in any case I doubt whether I should have had time to make my escape, for the old man presently returned, this time with a torch, and once more bade me follow him. I accordingly accompanied him across the court, and among more pillars, to a small temple, which must have been situated at some considerable distance from the pylon through which we had entered the ruins.

Approaching the farther corner of this temple he stooped and, so it seemed to me, touched something with his hand. At any rate, I distinctly heard the jar of iron on stone. Then a large block of masonry wheeled round on its own length and disappeared into the earth, revealing a cavity possibly four feet square at our feet. As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I was able to detect a flight of steps leading down into a dark vault below. These the old man descended, and feeling certain that I was intended to accompany him, I followed his example. The steps were longer than I expected them to be, and were possibly some fifty in number. Reaching the bottom, I found myself standing in a subterranean hall. The roof or ceiling was supported by a number of elegantly sculptured *papyrus-bud* columns, while the walls were covered with paintings, every one of which was in a perfect state of preservation. For what purpose the hall had been used in bygone days I could not, of course, tell, but that it had some connection with the mysterious rites of the God Ammon was shown, not only by the frescoes, but by the trouble which had been taken to conceal the entrance to the place.

When we had reached the centre of the hall the old man turned and addressed me.

"Stranger," he said in a voice as deep and resonant as the tolling of a bell, "by reason of the share that has been allotted thee in the vengeance of the Gods, it has been decreed that thou shalt penetrate the mysteries of this holy place, the like of which not one of thy race or people has ever yet beheld. Fear not that evil will befall thee; thou art in the hands of the Mighty Ones of Egypt. They will protect thee. Follow me."

(*To be continued.*)



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"Teufel."

By J. Yates Carrington.

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THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND HIS HIGHLAND HOME:

I.—A PEN PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE.

By Archibald Cromwell.

ONE of the most interesting and complex personalities in this country is the Duke of Argyll. He was once called by a fellow senator "an amalgam," and no member of the House of Lords possesses more indisputably what Lord Granville designated as a "cross-bench mind."

Born on April 30th, 1823, he was educated privately. As a youth he was supposed to bear a striking resemblance to the poet Keats, and at all times in his life his face has been one which would arrest attention anywhere. When he was only twenty-four years old he was called to succeed his father in the dukedom, to which is attached more titles than we have room to specify. Previous to his accession he had married Elizabeth, daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and by this union had eleven children. The Duchess died in 1878, and three years later the Duke married a daughter of Dr. Claughton, Bishop of St. Albans. She died in 1894. Three years ago he contracted a third marriage with Miss Ina McNeill, Extra Bedchamber Woman to the Queen. Eight of his children are living at the present time. The Marquis of Lorne has held the high post of Governor-General of Canada, and is now the Unionist member for South Manchester. He is Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. Lord Archibald Campbell is a senior partner in Coutts's Bank; his wife's partiality for pastoral plays is well known. The Duke's eldest daughter is the Countess Percy, wife of the heir to the Duke of Northumberland. Lord George Granville Campbell is a retired lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Other daughters are Lady Victoria Campbell, Lady Evelyn Baillie-Hamilton, Lady Frances Balfour, Lady Mary Glyn (wife of the Bishop of Peterborough), and Lady Constance Emmott.

From a photo by [*Bassano.*

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., K.T.

The Duke through his long political career has held the office of Lord Privy Seal in three Ministries. He was Postmaster-General from 1855 to 1858, and was Secretary of State for India in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1868. Since the Home Rule question came to the front, and even before, he ceased to have very much attachment to the Liberal Party. In the great debate in the House of Lords, when the Home Rule Bill was thrown out, he made an eloquent speech against Mr.

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Gladstone's measure and spared no effort on behalf of the Unionist cause.

In the Duke's style of oratory there is a survival of the rhetoric which found favour half a century ago. His manner towards the Assembly is always somewhat dictatorial; and it was once remarked that he began educating the House of Lords in 1847 and has gone on educating it ever since. Still, one cannot resist admiration for the impassioned speeches delivered with immense energy by the stern-faced and solemn orator. We owe more than one happy phrase, such as "Mervousness," a word coined by the Duke at the period when Merv and Russian intentions were much in the public mind. He has

Marquis of Lorne, married Princess Louise, daughter of the Queen, has naturally brought him into close relationship with the Court. The Queen has conferred upon him not only the Knighthood of the Garter, but the Knighthood of the Thistle; and in 1892 he received the further honour of the Dukedom of Great Britain.

There are few subjects on which the Duke is not prepared to write with a considerable amount of knowledge, and his pen has been busy on theological and philosophical themes during the last fifty years. He has tried his hand at fiction, a branch of literature which has also attracted his son, the Marquis of Lorne. Four years ago he issued a volume

INVERARAY CASTLE, ARGYLLSHIRE, THE HOME OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

indomitable courage and persistence, as was exemplified when, after fainting in the midst of a speech in Scotland, he was removed to Lord Kelvin's house, but later on he dictated to a reporter all that he had intended to say. Another instance of his strength of mind was shown quite lately, when he delivered a long address in the open air, despite a heavy shower of rain, which did not serve to curtail the full force of his eloquence.

The Duke holds several important offices. He is Hereditary Master of the Royal Household in Scotland, Lord-Lieutenant of Argyllshire, a trustee of the British Museum, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's, and an Elder Brother of Trinity House. The fact that his eldest son and heir, the

of poetry. With the late Poet Laureate he was especially friendly, and there are many references to the Duke in the "Life of Lord Tennyson." He has considerable skill in painting and is particularly fond of natural history. Perhaps geology, among all the sciences, has been his favourite study for many years. In politics he represents the effect of a mind which is too much concerned with subtle distinctions; in literature his work has been too various to be authoritative in these days of specialists. But there is no doubt that the Duke is a man of fine culture, and is animated with a passion for righteousness. He is a picturesque figure in an unpicturesque age, for whom we ought to be very thankful.

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II.—INVERARAY CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE DUKE.

Written and Illustrated by H. C. SHELLEY.

FIVE or six miles from the head of Loch Fyne a small bay indents the western side of the lake, and on a gently sloping lawn in the centre of that bay stands Inveraray Castle, the chief seat of the illustrious family of Argyll. It is a fitting home for the head of a great Highland clan. To the left rises the conical hill of Duniquaich, with its sombre watch-tower on the summit, recalling those lawless days the memory of which contributes not a little to the romance of the Scottish Highlands. On the left, nestling almost under the shadow of the Castle, lies the royal town of Inveraray, the latter-day reminder of a time when the followers of a great noble were safest within bowshot of his fortress. The background is shut in by tree-clad hills, which sweep down to the right and left on either side of the River Aray.

INVERARAY CROSS.

Turner's etching of Inveraray Castle is most remarkable for its intolerable deal of landscape to one halfpennyworth of Castle, and yet it is a characteristic transcript of the district, for, no matter from what distant standpoint the upper reaches of Loch Fyne are viewed, the pointed turrets of the Duke of Argyll's home cannot fail to arrest the eye. But it is from the public grounds of the Castle that the most picturesque views of the building can be obtained. Whether seen through glades of trees, with the sunshine transforming its sombre stone into deceptive brightness, or blocking the end of one of the many avenues which stretch away into the

A WINTER VIEW OF INVERARAY CASTLE.

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park, or with a background of threatening thunder-clouds massed up Glen Aray, the Castle asserts itself as the central point in

IN THE ARMOURY.

these wide domains. If an uninterrupted view of the building is desired, it may be had either from the bridge over the Aray, on the road out to Dalmally, or from the private gardens of the Castle. It is quadrangular in shape, with four round towers, and comprises a sunk basement, two main floors, and an attic storey, and is dominated in the centre by a square tower, which rises some feet above the main building. When Dr. Johnson visited the Castle in 1773, he told Boswell that the building was too low, and expressed a wish that it had been a storey higher—a criticism that has been met to a certain extent, for the dormer-windowed storey is a later addition. It is to the third Duke of Argyll that the present structure is mainly due. Lord Archibald Campbell states that when this ancestor of his had planned a new abode, he, in 1745, ordered the old Castle to be blown up, as no longer fit for habitation. The new building dates from 1744–61, but there was an interruption in the work for a considerable period during the anxious times of '45. The third Duke of Argyll is also credited with re-planning the grounds round the Castle.

Appropriate in its outward setting as the chief home of Mac Cailean Mhor, Inveraray Castle also betrays by its interior that it is the abode of a Highland noble. The vestibule leads directly into the central tower already referred to. This handsome apartment, known as the armoury, extends upwards to the full height of the building, and is flooded with light from Gothic windows at the top. Mingling with innumerable family portraits and other works of art are arms and armour of infinite variety and absorbing historical interest. Here are old flint-lock muskets which dealt many a death wound at Culloden, claymores which have known the red stain of blood, battle-axes which have crashed through targe and helmet, and halberds which have survived from fierce war to grace the peaceful ceremonials of modern times. From either side of the armoury a spacious staircase leads to the second floor, and on one of the landings hangs a full-length portrait of Princess Louise, flanked by a charming cabinet which is surmounted by an exquisite harp.

To the left of the main entrance is the apartment in which Dr. Johnson and Boswell

THE ROOM IN WHICH DR. JOHNSON AND BOSWELL WERE RECEIVED.

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were entertained, now used principally as a business and reception room. The three chief apartments of the Castle extend the whole length of one side of the building, their windows commanding unrivalled views of mountain and glen. One corner is taken up with the private drawing-room of the Duke and Duchess, their respective writing-tables being seen to the right and left in the photograph. It is a dainty apartment, furnished in exquisite taste, and hung with costly Flemish tapestry. This is not the only room so draped. More Flemish tapestry may be seen in the state bedrooms, and this originally hung in the old Castle. Again, the large dining-room is decorated with tapestry of the French school, the colours being as vivid as when the cloth left the loom. Next to the private drawing-room, and opening out of it, is the saloon, a spacious apartment richly decorated and containing many noble family portraits. The third room is the library, and here, at a small table on the left, the Duke of Argyll reads prayers.

FREW'S BRIDGE.

There are abundant signs all over the Castle that the present head of the Argyll family is a student—books overflow into nearly every room. The Duke possesses the sole complete copy of the first book printed in Gaelic. Another literary treasure is Bishop Carsewell's translation of John Knox's Liturgy, dating back more than three centuries. There are many relics of Mary Queen of Scots, and some fine specimens of Gainsborough's art. Under a tree in the gardens may be seen his Grace's special collection of geological specimens.

THE DUKE'S LIBRARY.

The grounds of Inveraray Castle are both spacious and well-kept, and the Duke generously grants the public free admission even when he is in residence. One of the principal roads leads towards Dalmally, and it passes over a bridge—Frew's Bridge, it is called—to which a legend with a dash of humour is attached. At his first attempt the builder of this bridge failed, and his

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structure collapsed, whereupon he ran away. But the Duke of that time fetched him back and made him do his work over again, with happier results, as the present soundness of the structure bears witness. Close to this bridge, and within a few yards of the river Aray, the Queen planted a silver fir when on a visit to the Castle in 1875, and the tree bids fair to attain proportions rivalling some of its famous fellows in this park; for the trees of Inveraray Castle are among its chief attractions.

THE PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE, ON THE STAIRCASE.

Boswell writes, "I had a particular pride in showing him [Dr. Johnson] a great number of fine old trees to compensate for the nakedness which had made such an impression on him on the eastern coast of Scotland." There are many magnificent avenues in the park, notably one of limes which leads to Eas-a-chosain Glen, that glen of which Archibald, the ninth Earl, declared that "if heaven were half as beautiful he would be satisfied."

THE SILVER FIR PLANTED BY THE QUEEN IN 1875.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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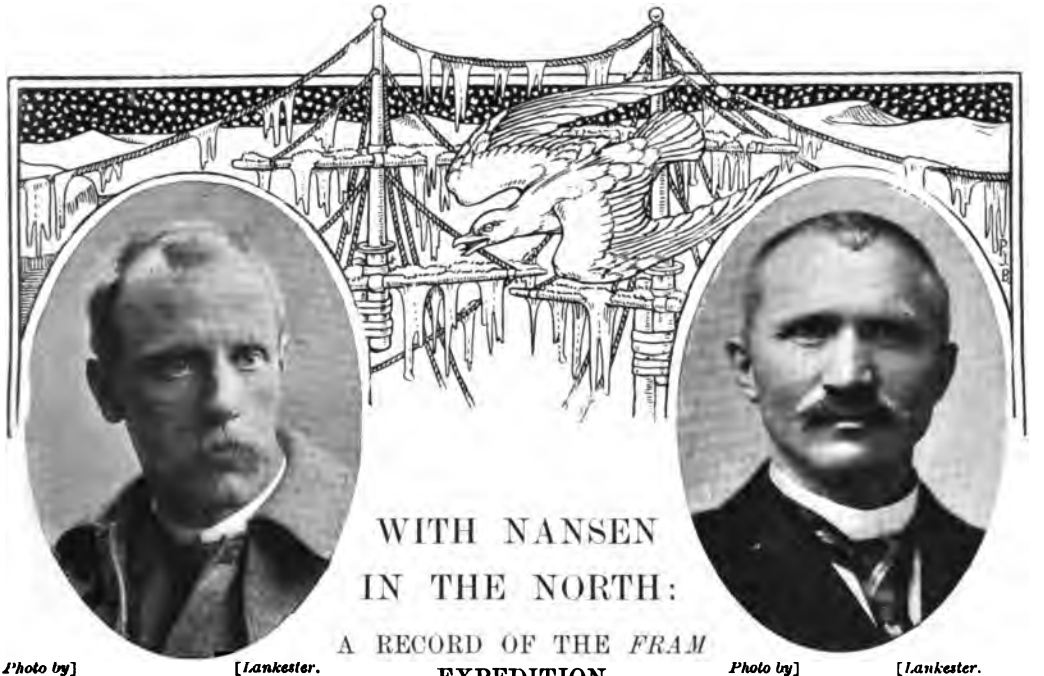

Photo by] [Lankester.
DR. NANSEN.

WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH:

A RECORD OF THE *FRAM* EXPEDITION.

Photo by] [Lankester.
LIEUT. JOHANSEN.

By Lieutenant Hjalmar Johansen.

CHAPTER XII.

Snow-blindness—Mistaking a dog for a bear—A real bear—A retrospect—Nansen asks me if I will accompany him to the Pole.

DURING the last days of July we had constant westerly winds and drifted slowly to the south. Now and then we were troubled a little with snow-blindness. Peder, who had sailed in the polar regions since he was a boy, had never been troubled with it, and would not believe there was any such thing. But even he himself had at last to resort to Blessing and get some cocaine, and used snow-spectacles thenceforth. We had also brought with us veils for protection against snow-blindness. They were pretty, red, blue, and black silk veils, which, however, were not used very often. I remember Sverdrup walking about with a blue veil covering his eyes and nose, which looked rather ludicrous just above his bright red beard. He, too, was somewhat careless about his eyes, and had to consult Blessing eventually and ask him "to look in his eyes, as he thought he had something in them."

One evening, as I was going on board after a stroll on the ice, I chanced to catch a glimpse of the hind part of a retreating bear some distance off. I seized the watch-gun, which always stands loaded near the companion leading to the cabin. The others thought it was merely fun on my part; but soon Blessing saw the bear as well, and all hands were speedily on deck. Some ran up the rigging and began shouting to one another, so that the bear was frightened and made off. Nansen and Sverdrup set off in pursuit, but, of course, it was impossible to overtake it, the ground being in such a terribly bad condition.

In the beginning of August we had the loveliest summer weather it is possible to conceive. Scott-Hansen talked about having a dip, but perhaps it was as well that he did not carry out his intention, for the water was only 32·70° at the surface. We were on deck the whole of the day, while in the evening we smoked our pipes and played cards.

Scott-Hansen and Nordahl went away on an excursion and found two pieces of drift-wood in the ice, probably pine-logs from the Siberian forests. Peder, who is always on the look-out for anything curious, found a tuft of grey moss among some sand on a floe—another message from some land or other.

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The examination of the temperature and the saltness of the water at different depths began on the 2nd of August. It is conducted in the following manner; four men heave the line up on a winch with two handles. The line passes out through a metre-wheel, so that we can read how much has been paid out. We reached the bottom at a depth of about 2,000 fathoms.

About this time we one day discovered a virtuous point in "Cannibal," one of our dogs. He had, no doubt, been accustomed to look after things. For several days now he had been lying continuously on a bag of biscuits which we kept on the ice for feeding the dogs. He never stirred away from the bag, and showed his teeth to every dog that approached it. Yet he never attempted to steal anything from the bag himself!

August 10.—A clammy, wet fog during the morning. In the forenoon the weather cleared up, and Scott-Hansen and I decided to start on a short expedition to the north to measure the ice-pressures with the photogrammeter. There were enormous accumulations of ice to the north of us, and when one sees such colossal masses of it piled up from twenty to thirty feet in height, three or four times as long as the *Fram*, and a good deal broader, and how even the biggest ice-blocks are ground to pieces and lifted high up on to the top, then one is apt to lose all faith in the stability of any kind of ship if it were exposed to a pressure such as this. We had splendid warm weather during our expedition, so that we were able to take off our anoraks and walk in our shirt-sleeves, just as we do at home in the summer.

We put up our apparatus and began our work, feeling quite lonely in the midst of this silent desert of ice. We could just catch a glimpse of the ship in the distance, the only object which indicated that man had penetrated so far; we gazed at it with pleasure and admiration, and felt that we were fortunate to be so comfortable as we were on board her. This excursion gave us a foretaste of what it would be to work our way across the ice if ever we should have to leave the ship. We should not be able to make great progress if we had to proceed over ice like this in search of some land or other, and it would be in any case an arduous and fatiguing undertaking.

August 16.—Fine rain this morning. Last night after twelve, when it was my watch, I was nicely taken in. There was a thick fog which made all objects loom unnaturally large in the distance. I fancied I saw a bear over by the big hummock, scratching and digging his way into the meat-cellar, so that the ice flew about his ears. I could only see part of his back and his paws; but feeling that it could not be anything else but a bear, I fetched the watch-gun, rested it on the railing, and took aim carefully, as the distance was about two hundred yards. I took my time and waited, in order to be able to see something more of the animal. At last more of its body came into view and I pulled the trigger. Then all was silent for a moment. Nansen came at once on deck and asked what was the matter. I told him I had fired a shot over to the big hummock, as I thought there was something over there. The next moment we saw the supposed bear advancing leisurely across the ice towards us; but as it came nearer to us we discovered it was one of our dogs, to which, curiously enough, we had given the name of "Icebear." The fog had magnified it into a big bear; at the same time it was partly due to the fog that I, fortunately enough, missed it, for "Icebear" was one of our very best dogs. I heard frequently from my comrades of this exploit afterwards!

We have several times seen seals in the lanes about here; Sverdrup shot one, one day, but it sank before anyone could manage to get it on to the ice. "We had not expected to be drifting back during the summer. We had been depending so much upon it. It is the winter in which we now put our faith. We believe, of course, we shall reach our goal; but we also believe we shall have to fortify ourselves with a good deal of patience."

Towards the end of August it began to grow cold again, and the pools were soon covered with ice. After a fall of snow on the new ice the ground was in excellent condition for ski-running, which was soon in full swing. At three o'clock one morning, when I came on deck to relieve Blessing on his watch, we discovered, while standing by the railing, something moving about on an ice-floe about five hundred yards away. It was a bear, which was lying on its back rolling itself luxuriously in the newly-fallen snow. A strong north-westerly wind was blowing towards it, at the rate of nine metres in the second, and the windmill was going at full speed. But it did not seem to mind this in the least, for we plainly saw it raise itself, first with its fore-legs, and leisurely begin to move towards the ship,

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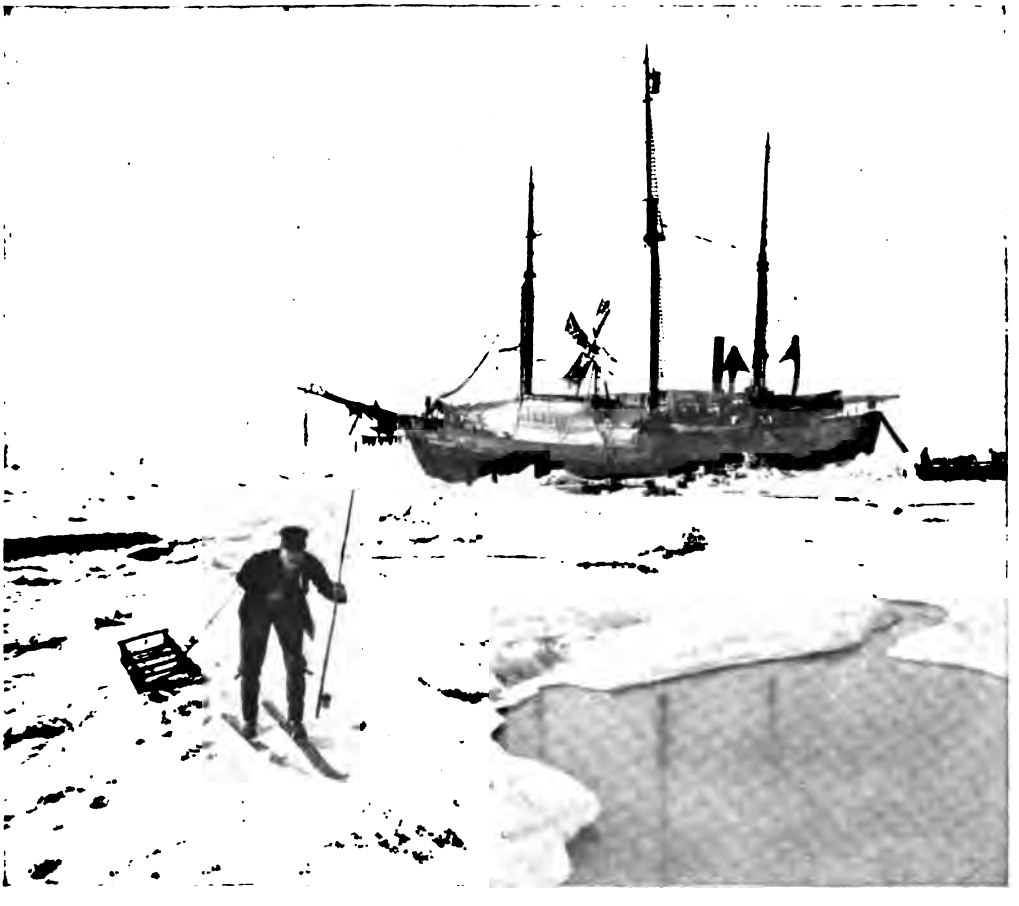
moving its head from side to side as bears usually do when they are after their prey. With its extraordinary sense of smell it had, of course, scented the dogs.

The watch-gun was full of vaseline, so I went quietly into the saloon for a couple of guns, whereupon we went cautiously forward and laid ourselves in ambuscade on the fore-castle. The bear came steadily nearer; the fellow was not in the least afraid, although the windmill was making a great noise. We lay quietly with our fingers on the trigger. When it had reached the other side of the lane in front, about 100 yards off, it crossed this on the thin ice and jumped up on to the other side. Now was our time. As the bear was making a tack eastwards we both fired at the same time, and the monster fell backwards over the edge of the floe. We found that it had been hit by both shots. One had cut the artery just where it issues from the heart, so the bear had, of course, been killed on the spot. The dogs, which were tied up on the ice and had thus escaped danger, had not noticed the bear till they heard the shots and saw us on the ice with our guns, when they became quite frantic with excitement. We hauled the bear up from the thin ice, but not before Blessing had fallen through, and dragged it up to the side of the ship, where we left it with its jaws wide open, so that the next watch, which happened to be Nordahl, might have a surprise.



THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE DURING THE SUMMER, 1894.

The dogs sat the whole day barking in the direction from which the bear had come. I suppose they remembered the bear of last winter which came on board, stretched its paws into the kennels, tore a couple of the dogs away from their chains, and carried them off to make a meal of them. Such things are not easily forgotten even by a dog.

On the 28th of August our observations

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showed we were in 80° 53′ north latitude, having thus drifted back past the 81° again, but on the 4th of September we were again in 81° 14′ north latitude, and 123° 36′ east longitude, although the wind had been easterly and even north-easterly. During the next few days we again drifted south.

The daily routine of life on board goes on somewhat in this fashion :—

The cook (Juell and Petterson take the post in turns, a fortnight each) gets up at six o'clock, when the last watch goes to bed. The coffee or chocolate is on the table at eight o'clock, when all hands are called. But there is not much breakfasting till a little later on; the two doctors, Nansen and Blessing, are generally the last. Mogstad, who is an early riser, reminds us of the old saying, "In the morning hours the finest gold is found"; but Blessing thinks this is a mistake, and that it should run, "Morning slumbers are sweet and sound." After breakfast everyone commences his particular work. The dogs are fed and let loose. (Later on it was decided that every man should take exercise on ski for two hours daily. This was carried out in all sorts of weather, and we found it agreed splendidly with us.) Nansen has been busily employed in making a kayak to hold one person. Blessing and Sverdrup have for a long time been making some canvas coverings. We have dinner at one o'clock and supper at six. In the evening we either play cards or search the treasures of our library. Amundsen will never touch cards—"They are the devil's playthings," he affirms. Jacobsen goes early to bed and seldom joins us at cards. But some of the others go in frequently for gambling, and they are in the habit of paying their losses with I.O.U.'s, which run up to such big amounts that it is difficult to keep account of them, and then we wipe them out altogether and begin afresh again. There is generally a good deal of betting and bartering of bread going on. Sometimes we have heated discussions on the state of affairs in Tromsö or Horton.

JOHANSEN AND AMUNDSEN RECONNOITRING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE "FRAM."

September 22.—It is a year to-day since we became fixed in the ice. We can now look back upon the year's drift. Scott-Hansen has made a chart of it, and so we can see what our progress has been. Notwithstanding the many zigzags which we have made, we see that the drift has gone on in one particular direction, viz., N. 36° W., and about 120 miles in length from east to west, and about 140 miles towards the north. The progress has been slow, but it has been in the right direction. We fully believe that during the coming year we shall drift more rapidly northwards than we have hitherto done, and that we shall not be driven back to the same extent as during the last twelve months. At the rate we have drifted during this time we should want about seven years before we could get out of the ice. We do not think we shall be able to drift right across the Pole, or in its neighbourhood, but we may most likely traverse the Polar Sea in 86° north latitude.

September 29.—Blessing's birthday. We have been keeping high festival on mackerel and meat-pudding, with cauliflowers, rice with cloudberries, and malt extract, for dinner. When we occasionally get malt extract, it is not served out in spoonfuls as suggested in the directions on the labels, but in bottlefuls, and it does us a lot of good.

We have been experimenting in drawing loaded sledges on ski and on foot. About 250 lbs. were placed on the sledge, but we had no proper harness for drawing, and, in the present condition of the ground, it seems as if "trug"—something like the Canadian snow-shoes—would be better than ski. We tried three dogs to the same sledge, and they managed the load exceedingly well.

October 10.—To-day it is Nansen's birthday. The flag is flying from the mizzen-masthead and the saloon is decorated. The thermometer is 22° below zero, and in the forenoon we took a long ski-tour. Petterson did his best to provide a specially choice dinner, and Blessing treated us to Lysholm's Aquavitæ (a favourite Norwegian gin). After dinner we had coffee and cigars, the

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JOHANSEN SHOOTING AT THE DOG, "ICEBEAR," IN MISTAKE FOR A BEAR, IN THE FOG.

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latter being Nansen's gift. In the evening followed the usual fêting.

October 21.—We have passed the eighty-second degree.

In the course of the day we discovered tracks of a bear and two cubs; they had evidently not scented the ship, but the tracks of the ski had apparently interested them greatly. We have taken soundings again, and found the bottom at a depth of 1,800 fathoms. In the evening there was such merry-making on board as had not

A MONSTER BEAR.

been witnessed for some time. We played on the organ and danced like mad, although the dance music was not of the best.

October 31. — We have again had a festival on board, this time in celebration of Sverdrup's fortieth birthday. "No one is quite sure about the date," he says, "for I have two different birth certificates."

November 4.—To-day we had a change in our otherwise monotonous life. Peder discovered a she-bear with two cubs west of the ship. The whole crew became animated. Sverdrup, Mogstad, Peder, and I set out at once after it. It was not light enough for shooting. We had all the dogs with us and in about a quarter of an hour we saw the three bears quietly pursuing their course to the south, much more quietly now than by daylight. The dogs were very courageous, as they had us at their heels. We quickly overtook the bears, but we had to get quite close to them, as there was not light enough to take aim properly, and even then we had just to look along the barrel and fire at random.

The bears stopped and turned round when they found that the dogs were getting at close quarters. The latter at once struck off at a right angle, as if by word of command, and began worrying the bears sideways. The mother now helped us in obtaining a good aim at her in the dark, as she, followed by the cubs, made straight for us, now and then making a rush at the dogs and striking out at them with her paws. We dropped on our knees and fired at the mother. Peder's gun, as usual, would not go off, and Mogstad's also missed fire twice; but just as Sverdrup and I fired, his gun also went off. The first volley practically settled the bear, so that she could not, in any case, get away. One of the cubs was killed outright by a bullet, and the other was set upon by the dogs, which, having thrown it down on its back, were biting and tearing at it. Some of the others wanted to try on the same game with the old bear when they noticed she was disabled, but she raised herself on her legs and struck out viciously with her paws. Peder was going to settle her for good, but the gun missed fire again. "You give her a shot! mine won't fire!" he cried, and one of us sent a bullet through her head. The dogs were tearing away so madly at one of the cubs that Mogstad had the greatest difficulty in sending a bullet into it, after which they tore and pulled away furiously at the carcases, "Ulinka" and "Suggen" being the worst. All this passed in less than no time; twelve shots were fired in all, and in a very few minutes the three bears lay there dead. At this moment Nansen arrived upon the scene. He had seen us in the distance, and could not make out at what we were driving, as we lay there firing in all directions. The bears' flesh was a welcome addition to our larder, as it was a long time since we had tasted any fresh meat. On our return on board all the guns were cleaned of the vaseline, so that there should be no missing

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fire again when we had bears about. Peder had gone about with his gun in this state on long excursions with the dogs, thinking that as long as he had a gun he was safe and all right. If he had met a beast like the one which "struck him in his side," I fancy he would have been badly handicapped.

We have had magnificent displays of the Northern Lights every evening. They flash in all the colours of the rainbow, and notwithstanding the bright moonlight the aurora is exceedingly brilliant. With an incredible speed it travels silently across half the vault of the heavens in incessantly changing flames, bands, streamers, spirals and arches. It seems as if we have passed north of the belt of the Northern Lights, as there is less of the aurora in the northern sky.

November 17.—To-day, again, we have a south-westerly wind, 5–6 metres in the second. The temperature is −20°. We are now mostly engaged in mending our clothes in our leisure moments. Old trousers and woollen shirts are cut up and made into swathing-bands for the feet, or used for mending socks. We have all become accomplished clothes-patchers. The work is not exactly what you may call superfine, but it is strong and durable, and that is the main thing.

November 19.—Nansen asked me to-day if I was willing to go with him on an expedition to the North Pole. He explained his plan to me in the presence of Sverdrup. His idea is to leave the ship at the end of February or in the beginning of March next. We are to take all the twenty-eight dogs with us—four sledges with seven dogs to each. The course will be direct north to the Pole; thence, under favourable circumstances, to Spitzbergen, or, if unfavourable, to Franz Josef Land. According to his calculation we should be at Cape Fligely * (82° 5′ north latitude) in the beginning of June—that is, if progress could be made at the rate of eight miles a day on an average, when there still would be left provisions for eighteen days, after all the dogs, with the exception of five, had been killed in order to feed the others. We should only take provisions for the dogs for fifty days. Two kayaks, to carry one man each, would be used. From Franz Josef Land we should make for Spitzbergen or Novaya Zemlya, in the hope of falling in with the whalers. As soon as we reached the coast of one of these islands we should have to depend upon hunting for our subsistence.

This is in rough outline the plan which Nansen explained to me most carefully in the course of nearly three hours.

He laid stress upon the dangerous nature of this expedition. We should both be running the same risk; if we were attacked by scurvy we should be hopelessly lost. He had decided upon asking me, he said, because he thought I was specially fit for such an expedition, but he begged me to consider my answer well.

As of late I had been thinking a good deal about such a journey, I had been imagining to myself that I was likely to be asked to take part in such an expedition, particularly as this also seemed to be the general opinion among my comrades on

A FROZEN SEA.

board, when its possible undertaking had been talked about. I was, therefore, able to answer that I did not require any time for consideration, as I had already been thinking it over, and that I was willing to go with him. I looked upon it, of course, as a distinction that the choice had fallen upon me. I should, at any rate, do my best to obtain a successful result. And if we were to fail, it would be no disgrace to die in such an attempt.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nansen's lecture — Fitting out the sledge expedition — Christmas and New Year once more—Our worst pressures.

NOVEMBER 20.—We are now north of the eighty-second degree. This evening Nansen called us all together in the saloon, where he

* The most northerly point of the group of islands known as Franz Josef Land.

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had hung up a polar map, for the purpose of giving a lecture. He began with the origin and theory of the expedition, and dwelt upon the knowledge possessed of the conditions of the ice in the Polar Sea, and upon the discoveries we had made with regard to ice drift. In all probability the *Fram* would be able to keep to the route originally laid down, perhaps a little more to the south. But it had always been the object of mankind to get as far north as possible, even to reach the Pole, and the question now was whether we ought not to make an attempt in that direction. There would scarcely be such a good opportunity for some time to come as we should have in the coming spring, when a sledge expedition for the Pole would have a starting-point much further to the north than that from which any former expedition had set forth.

He had decided that two men should set out on such an expedition—he and myself. He then recounted his plan and calculations regarding the expedition. It was possible, of course, that something might happen to the *Fram* during her drift. The ice pressure might become too severe, she might be forced on to the land, or she might be burnt, which would be the worst of all. He then went on to explain that it would be quite possible for the crew to save themselves and reach land, for there was little or no chance of the *Fram* drifting so far to the north as to render any difficulty in getting to land. Next summer the *Fram* would most probably lie in open waters. The lecture was most interesting and we all listened intently to it.

A busy time now began on board the *Fram* in fitting out the sledge expedition. No little work was put into its equipment; it had cost our chief a good deal of brain-work to think out all its details. Nothing must be forgotten. A Russian expedition to Novaya Zemlya, for instance, could not attain anything because its members had forgotten snow-spectacles. Success depends upon getting everything as serviceable and as light as possible. The question of weight is especially an important one; three or four pounds saved in packing means provisions for a couple of days more.

My duties as assistant in taking the meteorological observations on board have now ceased, and Nordahl is assisting Scott-Hansen instead. Nansen has finished a one-man kayak, and Mogstad is going to make another. These are necessary craft on such an expedition in order to get across lanes and open water with which we are likely to meet near land, whether it be Franz Josef Land or Spitzbergen. The frame of the kayak is made of bamboo cane and is afterwards covered with sail-cloth. Nansen and I are busy making these coverings. The kayaks are broader, but not so long as those of the Eskimos, in order that they should be more durable and easier to manœuvre on the sledges while going across the ice. In the middle of the upper covering of the kayak there is a hole encircled by a wooden ring, over which we can turn down the lower part of our kayak fur coats. After having pulled the hood tightly round our faces and tied the sleeves round our wrists, we can sit perfectly dry in the kayak, no matter how much the sea may wash over us. In order to get easily at the provisions and other things which are stowed away in the kayak, we have trap-doors fore and aft in the deck.

Scott-Hansen and I are each wearing two watches, and are comparing them daily with the large chronometers, in order to check their rate exactly, so that we may take the two best watches with us on our expedition. Sverdrup is making our two sleeping-bags of the skin of reindeer calves, in order to make them as light as possible. Juell is our saddler. He has measured the dogs, and is now making new, strong harness of canvas for them. For those which are the worst at biting the harness in pieces he puts wire inside the canvas, upon which they will have an opportunity of trying their teeth. Mogstad, who is very handy at almost everything, is going to make the sledges which we are to take with us.

The sledge expedition is now, of course, the topic of the day. We have discussions for and against it—about the condition of the ice, about open water, the endurance of the dogs, the provisions, the cold, etc., etc. All of us, of course, wish it every success and good fortune. We are going to take letters with us for dear ones at home. The post we shall thus carry will be rather a unique one. The letters, as a matter of course, will not be heavy ones. The writers, in fact, will have to count their words and keep down their number.

The days are passing rapidly. We shall soon enter upon our second Arctic night, which will bring with it the same cheerless darkness that we experienced last winter. I do not feel the cold so much this year as last, and I believe we are all of the same opinion. As a contrast to this, I may mention that the members of the Tegethoff

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Expedition found that they stood the cold best the first year.

Our cooking arrangements for the coming expedition are of the greatest importance, and we are carrying on experiments in cooking in the tent, which has been erected close to the ship. The tent we are going to use is of silk, and of the same size as a military tent for four men. It is made in one piece, and has a small opening in one of the corners for a door. We fix it up with a ski-staff, and use plugs for the straps.

Nansen and I have been out on a ski-tour in the moonlight to try how the wolfskin clothes suited us.

During December we had a good deal of south-easterly wind, and on the 13th we were able to hold a festival in honour of the *Fram*, as being the ship which had travelled farthest north of all, the observations showing that we were in 82° 30′ north latitude.

From this time all of us followed the observations with the greatest attention. As soon as Scott-Hansen had got hold of the stars, he had always to determine our position. It was especially after south-easterly winds that we were intent about the result of his calculations, and many a wager was lost in betting upon how far we had gone.

In the hole in the ice, where we took samples of the water and the temperature of the sea, we also had hanging on a long line a bag net made of thin silk for catching small animals, and according to the direction taken by this line, we could guess the drift. If it showed to the south, we knew that the ice was drifting to the north. Peder was even able to say almost to a minute how much we had drifted, according to the more or less slanting position of the line. Never were we in better spirits than when the line "lay dry" under the ice in a southerly direction, and when the windmill was going round with reefed sails before a regular "south-easter." We then knew that we were making headway to the north and getting nearer to the open water on the other side of the Pole, and we two who were soon to start were glad, because it made the way to the Pole shorter for us.

From time to time we tried the dogs with fully laden sledges, using different teams, bad and good together. The trials went off satisfactorily.

Christmas Eve.—The wind is blowing hard from the south-east, and the barometer has fallen right down to 726·65 mm. While the storm is raging over our heads across the ice-fields in the dark arctic night, a feeling of real comfort and security comes over one at the thought of being so well housed as we are on board the *Fram*. Christmas Eve comes upon us like any other day, lying here as we do far away from the noisy world and all the Christmas fun. It is a quiet Christmas which we thirteen are celebrating. To-day we have had a kind of cleaning up of the saloon and the cabins. It has not exactly been a thorough one, but we feel satisfied for all that. The weather just now is cloudy and overcast both night and day, so we cannot take any observations. In the meantime, however, we can safely say that we are a good way north of the eighty-third degree. Perhaps it is as a sort of

Johansen. Scott-Hansen.

RACING TO THE SHIP ON THE WAY BACK FROM A SLEDGE DRIVE.

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Christmas present that we have had the satisfaction of reaching 83° 24′ north latitude, the most northerly point of the world that any human being has ever reached.

Nansen and Blessing were up in the work-room the whole of the day, busy with some mysterious brew. When the bottles came upon the table in the evening it turned out to be nothing less than champagne — "polar champagne 83°" — undoubtedly the most unique in the world. It was made from spirits of wine, cloudberry jam, water, and baking powder, and there was as much as two half-bottles for each of us.

It seemed, however, as if the true festive spirit was wanting, for this Christmas was not a very lively one. We spoke little, and there often occurred pauses in our conversation, which plainly showed that our thoughts were far away.

And there was nothing wonderful in that. There was nothing strange that we thirteen, on an eve like this, should let our thoughts dwell where we ourselves should like to be. No, no one can find fault with us for being so quiet on board, although we were so comfortably off. In regard to food we were perhaps better off than a good many that Christmas Eve; we were well and warmly housed in the ice-desert, but we were prisoners. We lay far away from the world, fast in a frozen sea, where all life was extinct, and in the exploration of which so many lives have been sacrificed. With such surroundings one might well, after a long absence from home, think of those left behind.

On Christmas Day we were treated to "polar curaçoa," which was really good, and in the evening we danced to Mogstad's fiddle.

The ice began cracking last night not far from the thermometer house, and we had to set to work and save the instruments. The crack occurred in the ice on the old channel, which has now been frozen for nearly six months.

Next day we took soundings with a line 1,700 fathoms long, without reaching the bottom. In the afternoon the *Fram* received a very violent shock, which reminded us that the ice was in motion. The following day the pressure was again violent and continuous in the lane ahead of us, and the *Fram* shook herself several times in her firm bed. A large upheaval of ice-floes took place not far from the bow.

December 31, 1894.—The last day in the Old Year. A welcome to the New, and may it bring good luck with it! Light it will bring with it in any case. Will it also, through us, shed more light upon these unknown parts of the globe? Let us hope so! To-day we are in 83° 20·7′ north latitude, and 105° 2′ east longitude. The temperature is −42°.

In the evening we sat round a bowl of "polar toddy" waiting for the New Year. Nansen spoke about the Old Year, which had passed by more rapidly than he and we others had expected; and that, he believed, was due to the good relations existing between us. There had been frictions now and then —each of us had had his own dark hours— but that was unavoidable; there had, at any rate, been a good understanding between us. As the clock struck twelve we drank to each other in Lysholm's Aquavitæ, to which Blessing treated us. Sverdrup then took his glass and, in his quiet manner, wished the whole expedition every success in the New Year, and success especially as far as the sledge expedition was concerned. Nansen spoke to those who were to remain behind on board the *Fram*. There was, he said, an Irish saying something to this effect—"Be happy; and if you can't be happy, take it easy; and if you can't be easy, be as easy as you can." He would ask those who were to remain behind to take this to heart. If they would act according to the old saying, the New Year would, no doubt, pass quickly for them also, and that would probably be their last year in the ice.

January 2, 1895.—Nearly all hands have now begun their letters for home. The thing is to get as much as possible into a minimum of space. Fine pens and thin, strong paper are therefore in great demand; all are going in for a fine, microscopical hand. Scott-Hansen's letter is a masterpiece of this kind. The writing is so small that it can only be read with a magnifying glass. The ice has again been in motion of late. Last night the ship received a severe shock; we have not had such a violent one since last winter.

Thursday, January 3.—Last night everything was quiet, but early this morning, at half-past four, the pressure began again and continued till about nine o'clock. On the port side the ice packed and pressed closer and closer upon the ship, which from time to time trembled from the pressure which transferred itself to the ice under the ship. Scott-Hansen and I took a walk round about it to have a look at the havoc. There was a high ridge on the port side, with a fissure

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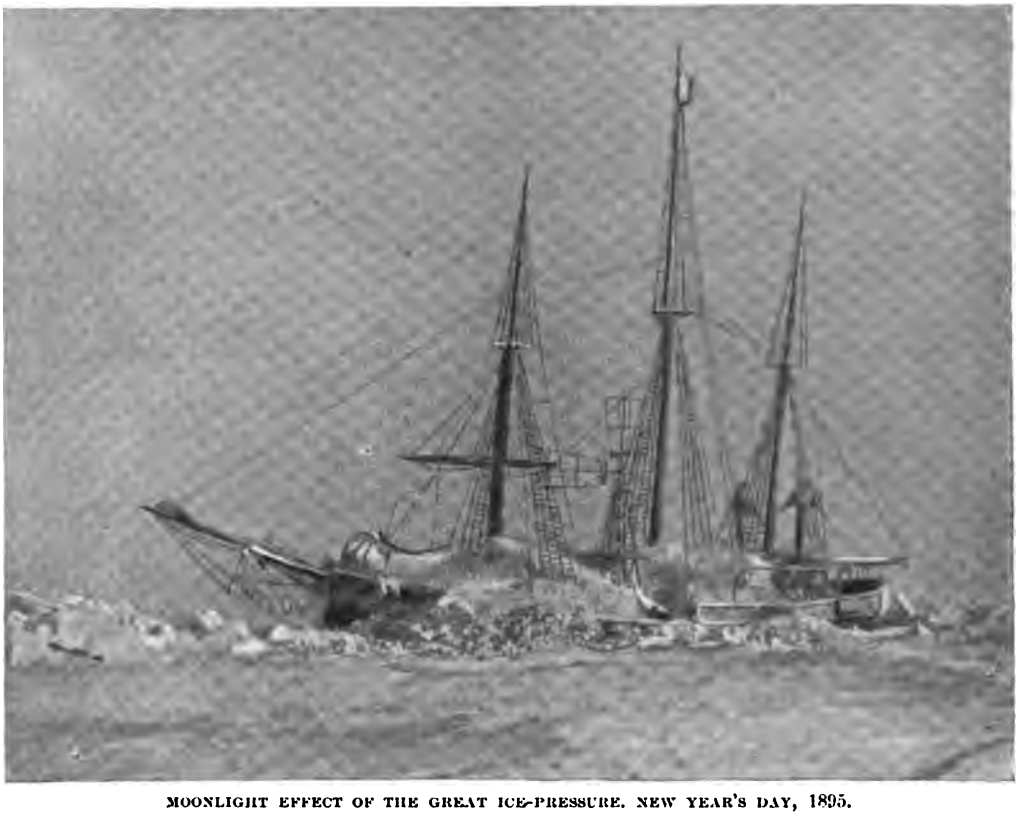
on the side near to the ship, about eighteen paces distant from it.

On the other side of the ridge behind the tent and the observation hut was a lane, extending in an oblique direction towards the stern of the ship. In two places the ice in the lane was unbroken, and they bore the pressure of the floe against the vessel. The pressure has been going on from time to time in the forenoon and the ice cracked in several places over in the neighbourhood of the new lane. After dinner came a fresh pressure. The ridges on the port side came tumbling down, reaching up to the big fissure near the ship. The Samoyede sledge with the sounding apparatus and another loaded sledge, which were on the ice, had to be placed in safety.



MOONLIGHT EFFECT OF THE GREAT ICE-PRESSURE. NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1895.

While we were at supper we felt another shock. We found that our floe had cracked again in several places, both amidships and in front of the bow. This solid floe, of which we were so proud and on which we felt so safe, is thus breaking up into pieces and being pressed together. To-day we have got everything in readiness in case we should have to leave the *Fram* suddenly. The sledges are placed ready on deck, provisions have been brought up and put in a safe place, the cases containing dog-biscuits are out on the ice, and the kayaks are made clear. As yet the main body of our floe—the thickest part of it, in which the *Fram* lies embedded—has not been attacked. We all agree that, to move these great masses of ice in the way which we are now witnessing, terrific forces must be at work.

"It represents millions of horse-power," says Amundsen, and had not the *Fram* been so built that she was lifted up so as to let the pressure under her bottom go on as much as it liked, she would not have been able to withstand the enormous squeezing. But the vessel has been so constructed that she is able to withstand any pressure whatever, and she could hardly have got into a more dangerous position than that in which she was on this occasion, when she lay as if in a vice, resisting the pressure from the pack-ice as it advanced against her side.

On Friday night the watch was placed, as usual, at eleven o'clock. The ice was uneasy,

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and was packing hard on the port side. The part between the ship and the lane was exposed to a severe pressure, and masses of snow fell in here and there over the ship. New fissures were being formed crosswise in the ice, the edges of which were being doubled upwards by the continuous pressure of the ice.

I was on watch from one till two, and during this time the same incessant pressure continued. Sometimes it roared and moaned in loud and exceedingly deep tones, like a thing of life. In the dark night it made one's flesh creep. It lasted the whole night, until five o'clock in the morning, when all hands were called. The pack-ice was by this time close upon us, and had crept up almost to the gangway. We had then to

TAKING SOUNDINGS.

transport the remaining boxes of provisions to our depôt by the big hummock, and we had the same trudging backwards and forwards with the sledges in the dark as that of a day or two ago.

We have had a regular rummaging in the hold to find the boxes containing provisions, and we were hard at work until dinner-time getting them on deck. Cartridges were taken from our stores, ten being apportioned to each of us to carry in his bag, and a box containing shot and ball cartridges was sent over to the depôt. To-night we had supper later than is usual on Saturdays. We hoped we should be able to get some good rest for the night, but it was to be otherwise. About eight o'clock the pressure began again, and this time with a vengeance. The mass of ice on the port side came rushing in over the awning on the fore-deck and piled itself up aft on the deck to a level with the bridge. It was now high time to save ourselves, as Nansen called out, "All hands on deck." He had hurried on deck and set loose the dogs, which the awning had protected from the masses of ice that had fallen upon it, and it was really a wonder that the awning withstood the strain.

I was in the galley at the time, waiting my turn for a wash after Sverdrup had done, and had just managed to dip my hands into the water. I was barefooted, and only lightly dressed. It was not at all pleasant to sit there dressing while one after the other of my comrades vanished on deck and the pressure went on with deafening noise, the *Fram* groaning in every timber. I did not get on deck till nearly all was over and the others came down again to fetch up their bags, clothes, and sleeping-bags. Everything was in readiness, but at the last moment we found that there were still a good many things which we ought to take with us. Fortunately the temperature was only about 8° below zero.

If the *Fram* were to be lost, we were so far in safety on the ice, with provisions for a year, clothes, sleeping-bags, tents, sails, sledges, and dogs; but we should, of course, be in the midst of the polar ice, about a thousand miles away from the nearest known land. We did not feel despondent, but we thought ourselves remarkably lucky when the pressure suddenly stopped. It seemed as if it had spent its fury, and was satisfied now that it had driven us out upon the ice. We found afterwards that the *Fram* had been lifted up about a foot and shifted somewhat backwards, also righting herself a little towards the port side. She is now listing over 6½°; on Friday night it was 7°.

It was decided that we should remain on board for the night. The watch was taken in turn, while we settled down in the empty bunks, ready to jump out at a moment's warning. Soon after the pressure began the door on the port side had been shut up, as it was dangerous to pass the ice on that side.

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On account of the present state of things we slept even less than the night before. We dozed for a while, then went on watch, and then back to doze again. But during the night, and up to the present moment—Sunday dinner-time — when I am sitting making these notes on a piece of paper, as our journals are now over at the depôt, the ice has been at rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

Beating the world's record—More about the equipment of the sledge expedition.

SUNDAY, January 6, 1895.—This afternoon all hands were hard at work clearing the ice away from the side of the ship. It was not such an easy job as we imagined, for a mass of ice and snow slush had forced its way in and filled the deck between the windmill and the half-deck.

To-day we have beaten the world's record. The observations show that we are in 83° 34·2′ north latitude, and 102° 2′ east longitude. The occasion was duly celebrated this evening, but we were all tired and sleepy.

From time to time Petterson is prophesying that we shall have fair winds. If his prophecy does not come true, which happens now and then, he does not get off without a good deal of chaffing. Not long ago he expressed himself something like this: "I am not a sailor, but I feel sure that, very shortly, we shall get a devil of a hiding from the south." As the "devil of a hiding" did not come, Petterson was asked for it at every meal-time. When a south-westerly wind sprang up a long time afterwards, blowing at the rate of ten metres to the second, and accompanied by snow, Petterson was again in his glory.

January 15.—We are in 83° 27·3′ north latitude, and 103° 41′ east longitude. We have been drifting south again on account of the north-westerly wind.

One of the dangers of which we were most apprehensive on the sledge expedition was that of breaking a leg or an arm. In order that we might be prepared for any such accident, it was necessary that we should understand how to splint and bandage broken limbs. Blessing gave a lecture on the subject one evening, with practical demonstrations of the treatment to be used. Nansen sat on the top of the table in the saloon, representing a person with a broken leg. The rest of us stood round and watched the operations. When Nansen was ready, I was placed under treatment, and was supposed to have a broken collar-bone. Blessing's instructions were clear and interesting, but we both hoped that the time might never come when we should require each other's aid.

Jacobsen, assisted by some of the others, built a fine smithy of ice-blocks over by the ridges on the port side. Fire was now constantly in the forge, and Petterson let his hammer dance merrily on the anvil, feeling not a little proud at being the world's most northerly smith, working away in a temperature of 40° below zero, in a smithy where he was quite safe from fire, and where he need not trouble about insurance or anything else.

He made an axe for the sledge expedition, the blade of which was no bigger than a matchbox. He could not understand what we wanted with anything so "devilish small." He also made a small bear-spear for Nansen. This was, however, never used upon any bear, but as a soldering-iron when we had to make our kayaks watertight in the seams with stearine. We made the spear hot by warming it over our train-oil lamps. We had a regular soldering-iron with us, which we also used for the same purpose.

But the smithy was also used for many other purposes. For instance, the many pairs of ski which we took with us had to be carefully impregnated with a mixture of tar, tallow and stearine, so as to stand better the wear and tear over all kinds of ground. The runners for the sledges were steamed over a cauldron on the forge in order that they might be more easily bent. Afterwards they were impregnated with the same composition as that applied to the ski before the German silver plates were fixed under the runners. Mogstad had prepared thin guard-runners of maple to be fixed outside the German silver plates.

We found it was far easier to draw sledges with wooden runners impregnated with the above composition of tar, etc., than with metal plates under the runners; and, besides, these double runners strengthened the sledges considerably. Petterson is also manufacturing small nails in his smithy. Mogstad is using silver for soldering the German silver plates. This is the only occasion upon which the question of money has been raised on board the ship. Scott-Hansen had a five kroner note, but that was of no use. It was real silver that was

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wanted, and Mogstad managed finally to raise some half kroners, which he used for solder. We had a miniature fire on one of these occasions; the lamp exploded, and our table now bears the marks of this conflagration.

Our departure, for the present, has been fixed for the 20th of February—that is to say, if it should not be too dark at that time. I have been busy copying all our meteorological and deep-water observations on thin, strong paper with ink which will resist water. We must take every precaution to preserve and bring these home safely.

We are again taking deep-sea soundings, and all hands are thus fully occupied, so that all are contributing in some way or other towards the success of the expedition.

On a sledge expedition such as ours it was, of course, of the greatest importance that the provisions should be chosen with the greatest care; above all, they must be wholesome and nutritious, so as to avoid scurvy, and they must be prepared and preserved in a light and concentrated form.

It was also important that they should be so prepared that they could be eaten without any cooking or preparation. The principal food on sledge expeditions is generally pemmican, which experience has proved to be the best. Pemmican is, as everyone knows, fresh meat dried in the wind. On Nansen's expedition across Greenland they suffered from want of fat, the pemmican being too dry. Nansen had taken precautions that this should not happen again. Our pemmican was made from the very best kind of beef cut from the solid, fleshy parts, dried quickly, and pulverised, to which the same quantity of fine beef suet was afterwards added. It was almost entirely free from water. We had also some liver *pâté* prepared in the same way. Then we had some pemmican which had been prepared with vegetable oil instead of suet, but this was not a success. We took a good supply of this staple food, as the dogs had also to be fed upon it. The pemmican came from the makers in the form of small cheeses in tins, but as we did not care for loading ourselves unnecessarily with any heavy packing, we took the contents out of the tins and made boat-grips of them in the following manner. It was necessary to use grips under the kayaks, so that they could rest safely and steadily when passing over the uneven ice. Instead of making these grips of wood, Sverdrup sewed some canvas bags of a shape to fit the bottom of the kayaks, and after having warmed the pemmican, we filled these bags with it, just as one does a mattress. As soon as they came into the open air they became hard and solid.

Professor Waage's fish-meal proved to be an excellent food during the sledge expedition. Mixed and boiled with flour and butter it made a splendid dish; one actually became warm all over the body after a meal of it. We took also some dried potatoes with us; mixed with pemmican it was the most delicious lobscouse in the world. Nansen preferred the "fish-gratin," as we called it, while I fancied the lobscouse—at any rate, at first.

When Nansen and his companions crossed Greenland they were always feeling hungry. In order that we should feel properly satisfied and comfortable now and then, we took some steamed oaten groats and maize with us for making porridge. We had also some "vril-food," a kind of sweet meal, which we soon learnt to appreciate; in fact, sugar and flour were most highly prized. And we did not forget chocolate, of which we had both the ordinary kind and another sort made with powdered meat, the latter being hardly distinguishable in taste from the former.

Of "serin," or whey powder, we had a good supply with us. This is really nothing else than pulverised whey, which we mixed with boiling water. We used to drink it at night, before we put our frozen bodies to rest in the sleeping-bag. It did us a wonderful amount of good, and we often longed for this drink on our laborious journeys in the cold.

The bread we took, of course, contained as little moisture as possible; we had two kinds—wheaten bread and aleuronate bread.* Peder saw to the butter, and kneaded all the water out of it, but it became very hard, for all that—in fact, so hard that on one occasion on our journey I broke a knife in trying to cut off a piece.

Sverdrup made three small sails for the sledges, as we should have to make as much use as possible of the wind, both on the ice and on the water. He also made some special oar-blades to be fixed on to our ski-staffs and to be used as oars. The blades consisted of frames made of cane covered with canvas. A small sledge with a white shooting-sail, such as is used by the Eskimos when they hunt the seal, was also made ready for us.

* Bread made of wheaten flour mixed with aleuronate (vegetable albumen).

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Guns and ammunition were, of course, matters of paramount importance. After much deliberation and many trials, we decided to use the same guns which Nansen had with him on his Greenland expedition. These were two double-barrelled guns, each having a barrel for ball of 360 calibre, and one for shot of 20 bore. Our ammunition consisted of 180 rifle-cartridges and 150 shot-cartridges.

We took several knives with us. Nansen had a large, fine, Lapp knife, of the same kind as the Lapps use in the summer, with a large, flat, broad blade of iron and steel. This knife could also be used as a hatchet. One of the excellent "tolleknives," from Toten, with handle covered with birch-bark, turned out a most useful implement. We also had several small knives.

Of foot-gear we had each two pairs of Lapp shoes and one pair of "komager." The former are made of the skin of the hind legs of reindeer oxen, not of the skin of the head, which, although it may be warm, is not so durable. The "komager" are made of tanned sealskin, well impregnated with tar and train oil. We used "senne" grass (*carex æsicaria*) inside the shoes and socks of wolfskin and hair, and foot-bandages of thick "vadmel" (Norwegian homespun tweed). Stockings we did not use. We took a pair each with us, however, but these we cut in two so that we could use the legs and the feet separately.

DR. NANSEN AND JOHANSEN LEAVING THE "FRAM" ON THEIR SLEDGE EXPEDITION ACROSS THE POLAR ICE.

Our cooking apparatus was so arranged that we could cook our food and melt as much ice as possible for drinking purposes, with the least possible expenditure of fuel. It consisted of several vessels, the innermost being the cooking vessel proper, made of German silver. This was inside a ring-shaped vessel, which was filled with ice. Above the two was placed a flat vessel, also for melting ice. The whole was surrounded by a thin, light mantle or cap of aluminium, and outside this we again placed a hood of wolfskin, so that none of the heat should be lost. For heating, we used petroleum in the "Primus" lamp; this apparatus proving itself the most economical of all in regard to fuel.

On the 23rd of January we took two soundings, and reached the bottom at a depth of 1,800 and 1,850 fathoms respectively.

January 25.—I have been in the hold to-day with Nansen, getting our ski ready. The weather is clear; the streak of light on the horizon in the south at noon, which heralds the approach of day, is gradually growing bigger. We have now fought through the worst part of the arctic night. The temperature has to-day, like yesterday, been down to 58° below zero. We have had hardly any wind to-day, but Petterson has been prophesying again.

Nansen and I tried the two sleeping-bags which Sverdrup had made for us, to ascertain if they were warm enough. They only weighed 6½ and 4½ lbs. respectively. We lay out on the ice for a couple of nights, but we felt rather cold; the bags were evidently too thin. Sverdrup had then to set to work to make a double bag from the thick skins of grown-up reindeer, so we did not save anything in weight here.

February 22.—To-day we have got over the worst. The ski are now all ready, with fastenings and a double layer of birch-bark; the provisions have been carefully stowed away on the sledges, all four of which are now at last standing ready packed by the ship's side. We have made a list of the provisions, and find that there is about 200 lbs. of overweight when the instruments and ammunition are included. Our equipment will have to be gone through again and rearranged. As the time drew near a number of small things were added which

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had not been thought of before, such as small harpoons for fixing on our ski-staffs, pumps for the kayaks, dogs' shoes of seal-skin, and two wire ropes, provided with short, double leashes for stretching between the sledges and fastening the dogs to when we encamp for the first few nights. We imagine that they will prefer their old quarters to remaining with us on the ice, but with the aid of these leashes we need not be afraid of their getting back to the ship.

CHAPTER XV.

The departure—We make two starts—I act as snow-plough.

SUNDAY, February 24.—Yesterday and to-day were to have been days of rest before our departure, but instead of this they turned out to be two of the busiest days we have had. We are in a regular bustle; everything is being hurried on, and before long we shall be ready to start.

In spite of all the commotion, however, our comrades have found time, in the course of the night, to decorate the saloon with flags, and three new electric lamps, embellished with coloured paper, over the sofa.

The dinner to-day was a solemn affair. Scott-Hansen produced some claret, which he had been carefully keeping all the time. Blessing made a speech, in which he congratulated Nansen on the result the expedition had obtained up to the present time, and wished us both a successful journey, hoping we should find everything well at home.

Nansen, on behalf of us both, replied that we should be sure to think with pleasure of our life on board the *Fram*, and that as surely as we reached home safely we would remember our comrades in the ice. He hoped that no one on board would ever regret having joined the expedition, and asked us to drink to our next meeting—a happy meeting of all of us home in Norway. After dinner we had to set to work again with sewing, loading cartridges, and packing away fishing tackle, sewing materials, and kayak pumps. Some of our clothing had also to be looked to, and bands and straps had to be sewn on our wind-clothes. There was something to do up to the last moment.

I am writing this in the middle of the night, and to-morrow, Monday morning, we are starting. I have also my letters for home to finish, and finally I have been thinking of having a good wash. We all keep awake, and Bentsen is sitting in our cabin telling yarns. We had a festive gathering in the evening, with polar toddy, raisins, almonds, and other fruit. Captain Sverdrup spoke a few hearty words, wishing us all success on our journey. Afterwards Nansen went back to his work, which consisted of dictating to Blessing a lot of instructions relating to his observations of the small marine animals.

On Tuesday, the 26th of February, we were at last ready to say farewell. But the weather was anything but inviting for a start. The morning was grey; there was a slight snowfall, and the wind was east to south. The last good-bye was said to those who were to remain on board, while Sverdrup, Scott-Hansen, Blessing, Mogstad, and Hendriksen were to accompany us some distance on the way. They took a tent and the necessary equipment with them, in order to spend the night with us in our first encampment. Nansen glided off in front on his ski, leading the way, and next came the first sledge, with "Kvik" as the first dog in the team. But the journey did not last long. We had not proceeded very far from the ship, and the sound of the guns had only just died away, when one of the heavily-laden sledges broke down in being dragged across a ridge; a projecting piece of ice had smashed three of the crossbars, and there we were left standing. There was nothing else to do but to return whence we came. We should not have believed that we should see each other again so soon; we had only just said good-bye.

It was fortunate, however, that we had not gone very far away with our things. It appeared that the sledges were not strong enough for the heavy load we had put upon them. We should have to strengthen them. Nansen decided that we should add two new sledges to the four we had, making in all six, and the load on each would thus be considerably less. The same activity began again on board; Sverdrup and I were once more in the smithy, busy tarring the two new sledges. All were now fitted with a long broad board, which was lashed underneath the cross-bars with steel wire, so that any projecting pieces of ice should not again damage them. The sledges were once more overhauled. We had finished all the repairs and outfitting on Wednesday night, and the next day we were to start for the second time.

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Thursday, February 28. — We set out this morning with our six sledges, accompanied by Sverdrup, Blessing, Mogstad, Scott-Hansen, and Hendriksen, who had fitted out a sledge with a tent and other necessities for one or two days' journey. Our other comrades also accompanied us for some distance, Jacobsen and Bentsen being the last to leave us. Although we now had a man to each sledge to assist it over ridges and other obstacles, we travelled very slowly. It took us all our time to assist in pushing on, and helping the sledges over when the dogs pulled up, and this not only when there were obstacles, but even when we were on flat ice. It was clear that the loads were too heavy, and after having journeyed some distance we pulled up and took off two boat-grips with pemmican, and a bag of the same, which lightened the sledges to some extent.

At this point Bentsen and Jacobsen returned to the ship, the latter expressing his opinion that we were sure to have to come back to the *Fram* once more.

We then proceeded on our journey with the reduced loads, but we did not make much progress, and soon decided upon pitching our tents and encamping for the night. The dogs were fastened in couples, side by side, and fed. We thus obtained an idea of how long a time it would take us to encamp when we two were left to ourselves. It appeared that we must be prepared to find it taking a considerable time, especially at the beginning. We spent a pleasant evening in the great tent which our comrades had brought with them. But we did not get much sleep, owing to the dogs, which fought and howled during the whole night.

Next day the weather was dark, the wind east to south. After several hours of work, occupied in cooking and getting the sledges and dogs ready, we broke up, and the whole party set out again.

In the afternoon came the hour for leave-taking. The weather was cold and depressing, and so were our spirits; the arctic night had not yet come to an end. All were moved as we shook hands for the last time and sent greetings to all at home.

And then Nansen and I were left alone on the desert ice-fields with the dogs and sledges. We did not get very far during the rest of the day, as we found progress very difficult. Nansen was in front, leading the way, when the sledges came to a stop through some impediment or other—and we could hardly proceed many paces at a time without this happening. We were continually running backwards and forwards in order to be able to make any progress at all.

Next day things went on in much the same way. We soon discovered that the loads were yet too heavy, both for the dogs and ourselves, although they were becoming somewhat lighter the farther we proceeded northwards. The ice, moreover, was in a very rough condition and difficult to get over. We therefore made a halt, and Nansen declared that the loads would have to be still more reduced. "If the others had not gone back to the ship," he said, "the best thing would have been to have returned with them at once." He then went some distance to the north to reconnoitre, while I fed the dogs and got our encampment in order. When he came back we lighted our cooking apparatus, had our supper, and then crept into our sleeping-bag.

CROSSING A RIDGE.

When the morning came, Nansen selected a strong team of dogs and set off on one of the sledges for the ship to get assistance in bringing back the sledges. Thus I was left entirely alone in the solitude. This was on Sunday, the 3rd of March.

Instead of lying inactive in the tent waiting for the others to return, I thought I would begin moving in the direction of the ship with the whole caravan. I began the

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return journey in the following manner. I started with three of the sledges, using all the dogs, and leaving the other two sledges behind. Then, when I had proceeded some distance on the way, I took the dogs from the sledges to go back and fetch the remaining two, and tied the traces round my waist. I tried first to stand on my ski and let the dogs drag me along; but I soon had to give this up, as the ice was rough and uneven, and the progress became too violent and jerky. The dogs set off at a great pace as soon as they became aware of the lightened load, but the speed was too much for me. Down I went, sprawling in the snow, and the next moment I was being dragged along with the ski on my feet as if I were a snow-plough. At last this undignified method of progress was stopped by a ridge, over which the dogs scrambled, while I was landed right up against it. The wild creatures tore themselves loose, dragging my knife-belt away with them on their mad career. I was afraid they had left me for good; but, strange to say, they pulled up as soon as they felt themselves free, and stood staring at me just as if they wanted to see how I was getting on.

I enticed them back to me, and giving up the ski, I fastened the dogs again to my waist, and set off trotting behind them in my Lapp boots till the snow flew about my ears.

In this way I reached the sledges, which were brought up to the others one by one. The chief difficulty was to get them over the rather high edge of a frozen lane near the camp, but, owing to my "free and easy" method of travelling, we managed to get on quickly enough; so much so, that when the evening came we had travelled back a greater distance than we had advanced the day before.

I found a nice place for encamping, gave the dogs some pemmican, and began getting my supper. While I was attending to the cooking apparatus "Suggen" began to bark, and presently I heard some one answer away on the ice. I turned out, and could now hear voices not far off. Soon afterwards I caught a glimpse now and then, between the hummocks, of dogs drawing a sledge, on which sat two men. In a few minutes they came driving at full speed into the camp, while the dogs made a terrible row. It was Scott-Hansen and Nordahl, who had come to keep me company during the night.

Next morning Nansen, Sverdrup, and Peder arrived from the ship on ski. We broke up the encampment and returned for the second time to the *Fram*.

When we started for the first time with the four sledges, each load weighed about 550 lbs.—we could not tell to a few pounds, for every little thing was not weighed. The total weight of the provisions was not quite 2,000 lbs. On starting the second time the same weight was distributed over the six sledges, but shortly afterwards two boat-grips and one bag with pemmican were left behind, reducing the weight by about 300 lbs. There were thus about 300 lbs. on each of our six sledges. On the two sledges with the kayaks, however, we had rather heavier loads. besides the weight of the sledges themselves. The larger of these, with guard-runners and ski, weighed 70 lbs.

It was clear that we could not manage so many sledges, or so great a load upon each sledge. After renewed deliberations and calculations, Nansen decided that we should take only three sledges with 440 lbs. on each. This would give us sufficient food for 100 days and the dogs sufficient for 30 days. The wolfskin clothes had not turned out suitable for our journey. By using them at night in the sleeping-bag they, as well as the bag, became damp, the latter having the hairy side out; and when we put on the wolfskin clothes in the evening before going into the bag they were so stiff that we could hardly pull the hood over our heads.

We made our blankets into a sort of nightshirt, so that we could button them round us when we crept into the bag. We also used this garment to throw over our shoulders when making a halt on the journey. Sverdrup made the sleeping-bag somewhat larger, as it proved to be too small when we turned the hairy side in.

The third equipment was now ready, and the time had arrived for us to exchange our third and last farewell with our comrades and the *Fram*. I had been down in the hold with Jacobsen, lashing iron fittings to the sledges, and while there he told me that he would not say good-bye any more to us, since we kept on coming back every time. We were sure, he declared, to come back the third time as well.

Well, we did come on board again, but that was not until we met again in the harbour of Tromsö, after many a long day had passed.

(*To be continued.*)

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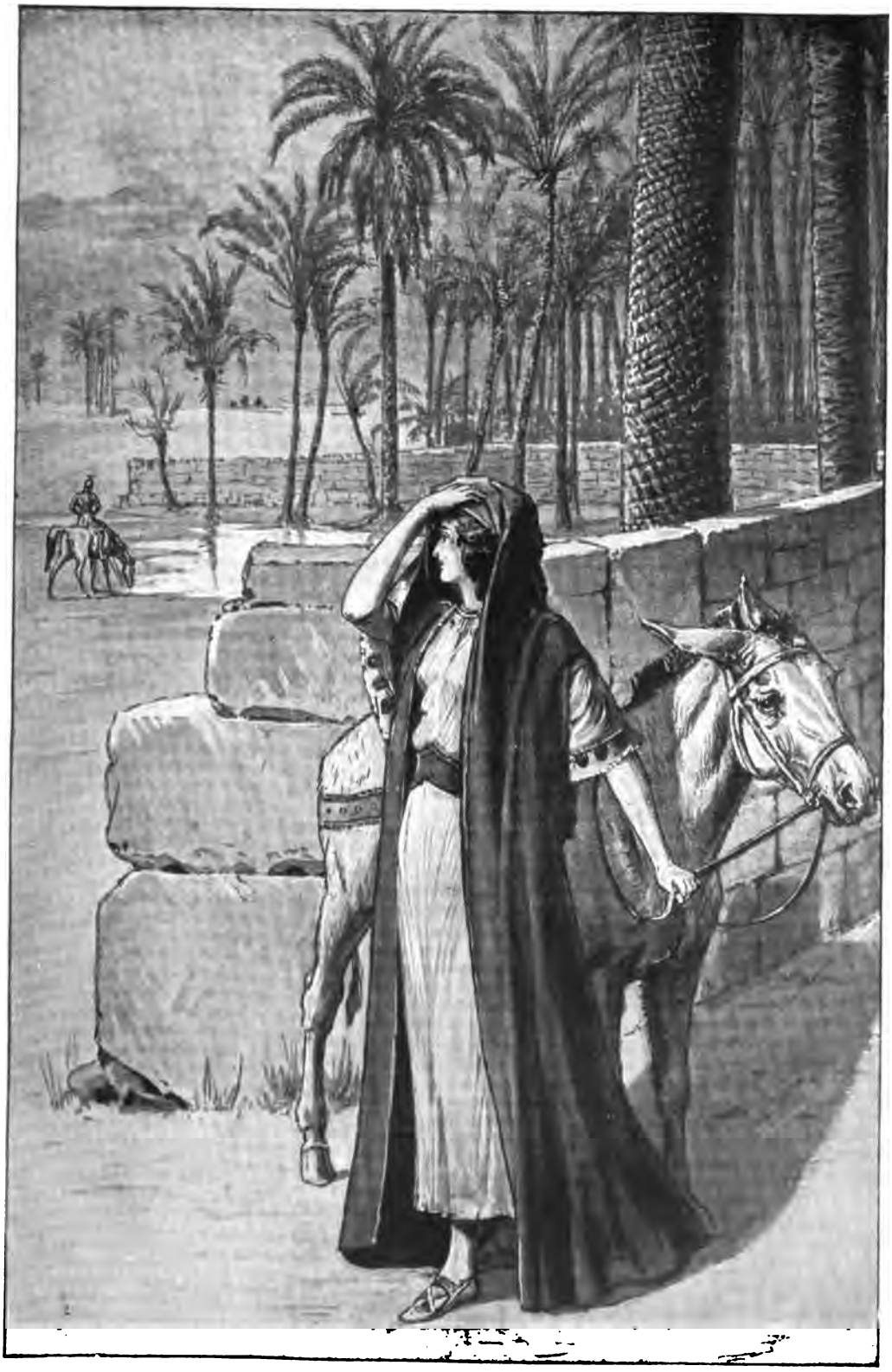

The Well of the Palms.

FROM THE PICTURE BY S. E. WALLER.

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TEACHING CHILDREN HOUSEKEEPING.

By Alice Stronach.

Illustrated by Special Photographs.

FOR at least a generation girls in the higher standards of elementary schools have been taught domestic economy. But they have been taught by precept only, and houses kept by book and dinners cooked by theory are apt to prove failures. So the London School Board, wisely determined to revive the almost forgotten art of housewifery, has at last begun to teach domestic economy by practice as well as precept. Beginning with the practical teaching of cookery and laundry work, the Board has now gone a step further, and has added practical lessons in housewifery to the subjects for girls in the higher standards. Three domestic economy centres, each with its separate school for laundry work, cookery, and housewifery, have already been opened. Other centres are preparing to open, and before long every district in London will be provided with one of these schools for young housewives. The complete course in domestic economy in the scheme drawn up by Mrs. Lord, the organising teacher of these classes, covers two years, and is so arranged that a girl who remains at school until she has passed through the seventh standard can hardly fail to be an efficient housewife. Beginning in standard six—that is, when she is eleven or twelve years old—the Board School housewife has short courses of twelve lessons each in cookery, laundry work, and housewifery, the housewifery lessons dealing only with kitchen and scullery work. In the seventh standard she has a second course of lessons in each of the three branches, the housewifery lessons including lessons on drainage and ventilation, on the chemistry of food, on sick nursing, and some lessons on thrift and on simple ethical subjects.

The most novel part of the scheme is the practical housewifery teaching, which is given in a small house or in rooms arranged and furnished as an artisan's dwelling. Needless to say, the lessons are hugely enjoyed by the little housewives, for has not "playing at house" been from time immemorial the favourite pastime of the average little girl? And even with the element of seriousness introduced by the use of *real* furniture, *real* fires, *real* food, and even *real* money for marketing at *real* shops, there is still plenty of fun to be had out of these lessons, especially when a teacher combines with an innate gift for teaching, a kindly sense of humour, and infinite tolerance for the funny mistakes made by very juvenile housewives. Fortunately such teachers have been secured for the two housewifery schools already opened when this article was written—one in Abbey Street, Bethnal Green, the other in Alma Road, Bermondsey.

From a photo by [*W. H. Bennett.*

LEARNING THE CHEMISTRY OF FOOD.

Visiting the Bethnal Green centre one morning, I was ushered into a large school-

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room, where eight little housewives, each wearing a big brown canvas apron, were having a theoretic lesson on the chemistry of

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

IN THE KITCHEN.

foods. Evidently they knew all about foodstuffs, and could have held their own with some of the chemistry students in secondary schools. But, what was more to the point, they were learning, for instance, why fresh fruit is an important article of diet, and why milk, and not "just wot we has ourselves," is the proper food for infants—a lesson that should help to lower the rate of infant mortality in East London. The lecturer, Miss Horner, an ex-student of Bedford College, and a born teacher, seemed to miss no opportunity of making her theoretic lessons of practical value to the future mothers of the working classes.

The theoretic lesson over, the young housewives were assembled in the bright little kitchen to be assigned their practical work. Two were set to scrub—the envy, these, of their companions; for scrubbing is, perhaps, next to marketing, the favourite occupation—two to clean knives, one to blacklead the grate and light a fire in the small sitting-room, one to lay the table for dinner, and so on. Already two had been to market to buy the dinner and stores for the day, and on their return had cooked the dinner. Presumably it was Sunday, or the artisan would not have been treated to such a feast of roast beef, potatoes, French beans, and batter pudding. Miss Horner, looking like a hospital sister in her pretty cap and apron, flitted from room to room, giving hints to the little kitchenmaids and housemaids, and, above all, to the young tablemaid, who evidently thought that a carving knife and fork and tablespoons were useless commodities. It also wanted a gentle hint from Miss Horner to remind the little maid that the angles of the table were not the places that diners would choose to sit at. "It is in laying the table that most mistakes are made," remarked Miss Horner; and, listening to her instructions, one thought of the debt of gratitude that future employers of these young tablemaids would owe her. At last the table was laid, and the two young cooks were called to dish up the dinner. But the proof of the pudding was yet to come. In the Belgian schools of housewifery the young cooks eat the dinners that they cook. In Bethnal Green the pudding and its preliminaries are put to a more severe proof, for they serve as lunch for the teachers at the domestic economy centre. On the day of my visit the young cooks scored a triumph with their nicely browned meat, potatoes boiled to perfection, and everything else to match.

Cooking, and scrubbing, and window cleaning were in full swing at the newly opened domestic economy centre in Alma Road, Bermondsey, on the morning of my visit to it last September. Two little housewives, wearing blue checked aprons, had been out to market, and had returned in triumph with just the right piece of meat. As a rule, these

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

LEARNING HOW TO MAKE A BED.

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young cooks are adepts at laying out money to the best advantage, and could possibly give hints to their teacher in this branch of housewifery. Having set the two little cooks to prepare a dinner of boiled mutton, potatoes, French beans, and rice pudding, Miss Skillman led the way to a room that at the Alma Road school, as in many an artisan's abode, does duty both as parlour and bedroom. Two little housemaids had made a bed that hooked up against the wall behind a curtain. Bed-making, by the way, affords a text for a useful little sermon on sanitation and ventilation, and a double sheet of brown paper, neatly bound and perforated, that did duty as a top blanket, showed that the children are taught to make the most of small resources. A demonstration lesson given by Miss Skillman to the assembled class on the right and the wrong way of sweeping a floor reminded one of certain well-worn lines, also of the fact that even in so simple a matter there is a science and an art.

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

LAYING A TABLE FOR A MEAL.

The selection of a house and furniture, and the portioning out of the weekly income, are some of the subjects included in the scheme of housewifery lessons that give a clever teacher excellent opportunities. In the tiny houses used for the lessons the rooms are daintily simple and neat, with good, substantial furniture, and none of the superfluous draperies and ornaments, so-called, that serve merely as so many dust-traps. This in itself should be a useful lesson to the embryo housewives.

"Do you have the support of the mothers for the scheme?" I asked one of the housewifery teachers.

"Yes, for the most part," was the answer. "At first there were some who insisted that they could teach their girls housework at home. But even when the mothers are capable of teaching their girls systematically, they have no opportunity of doing so except on Saturdays. But usually the mothers highly approve of the lessons, and sometimes when a girl leaves school they wish her to continue her housewifery classes. We have messages to tell us how much more useful the girls are in their homes since they attended these lessons. Indeed, that may prove a danger with selfish or overworked mothers, and may lead to the girls being even more frequently kept at home to help with the housework than they are at present. We try to interest the mothers in the classes by inviting them to come and see the lessons, and by encouraging the children to bring such articles as an old metal teapot or rusty fire-irons to be cleaned. Nothing proves so convincing as some miracle accomplished on these or on the parlour furniture by the polish made by the girls at school."

"Funny mistakes? Oh, yes, we certainly have these. There are recipes for milk puddings that, if carried out, would produce startling results; and one girl, asked how she would cater for a dinner for a family of four, suggested as a preliminary the ordering in of a stone of beef. Then, as you know, their notions of laying a dinner table are peculiar. Very few of the girls who come to us have ever seen a kitchener, and the cleaning of flues is a sad puzzle to them at first."

Of course it is not the object of such training to provide a supply of reliable domestic servants; but, possibly, if a leaving certificate for skill in housewifery were supplied to girls who had satisfactorily completed a two years' course at one of these schools, the domestic servant difficulty would be satisfactorily solved. But, in any case, the good results which may be expected from this new experiment in practical education can hardly be overestimated, and we may reasonably look forward to a new era of domestic comfort in the homes presided over by the little housewives who are now being trained in the Board's schools of domestic economy. These schools, it should be mentioned, owe much of their success to Mrs. Homan, who, as a member of the Domestic Economy Committee of the London School Board, has taken an active part in organising the Board's domestic economy centres.

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JENNIE BAXTER, JOURNALIST.*

By Cottrel Hoe.

Illustrated by Adolf Thiede.

NUMBER IX.—AN UNLOOKED-FOR ENCOUNTER.

T nine o'clock the long train came to a standstill, seventeen minutes late at Luga, and ample time was allowed for a leisurely breakfast in the buffet of the station. The restaurant was thronged with numerous passengers, most of whom seemed hardly yet awake, while many were unkempt and dishevelled, as if they had had little sleep during the night.

Jennie found a small table and sat down beside it, ordering her coffee and roll from the waiter who came to serve her. Looking round at the cosmopolitan company, and listening to the many languages, whose clash gave a Babel air to the restaurant, Jennie fell to musing on the strange experiences she had encountered since leaving London. It seemed to her she had been taking part in some ghastly nightmare, and she shuddered as she thought of the lawlessness, under cover of law, of this great and despotic empire, where even the ruler was under the surveillance of his subordinates, and could not get a letter out of his own dominion in safety, were he so minded. In her day-dream she became conscious, without noting its application to herself, that a man was standing before her table; then a voice which made her heart stop said—

"Ah, lost Princess!"

She placed her hand suddenly to her throat, for the catch in her breath seemed to be suffocating her, then looked up and saw Lord Donal Stirling, in the ordinary everyday dress of an English gentleman, as well groomed as if he had come, not from a train, but from his own house. There was a kindly smile on his lips and a sparkle in his eyes, but his face was of ghastly pallor.

"Oh, Lord Donal!" she cried, regarding him with eyes of wonder and fear, "what is wrong with you?"

"Nothing," the young man replied, with an attempt at a laugh; "nothing, now that I have found you, Princess. I have been making a night of it, that's all, and am suffering the consequences in the morning. May I sit down?"

He dropped into a chair on the other side of the table, and went on—

"Like all dissipated men, I am going to breakfast on stimulants. Waiter," he said, "bring me a large glass of your best brandy."

"And, waiter," interjected Jennie in French, "bring two breakfasts. I suppose it was not your breakfast that you ordered just now, Lord Donal?"

"I have ordered my breakfast," he said; "still, it pleads in my favour that I do not carry brandy with me, as I ought to do, and so must drink the vile stuff they call their best here."

"You should eat as well," she insisted, taking charge of him as if she had every right to do so.

"All shall be as you say, now that I have found you, but don't be surprised if I have but little appetite."

"What is the matter?" she asked breathlessly. "You certainly look very ill."

"I have been drugged and robbed," he replied, lowering his voice. "I imagine I came to close quarters with death itself. I have spent a night in Hades, and this morning am barely able to stagger; but the sight of you, Princess—— Ah, well, I feel once more that I belong to the land of the living!"

"Please do not call me Princess," said the girl, looking down at the tablecloth.

"Then what am I to call you, Princess?"

"My name is Jennie Baxter," she said in a low voice.

"*Miss* Jennie Baxter?" he asked eagerly, with emphasis on the first word.

"Miss Jennie Baxter," she answered, still not looking up at him.

He leaned back in his chair and said—

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"Well, this is not such a bad world, after all. To think of meeting you here in Russia! Have you been in St. Petersburg, then?"

"Yes. I am a newspaper woman," explained Jennie hurriedly. "When you met me before, I was there surreptitiously, fraudulently, if you like; I was there to—to write a report of it for my paper. I can never thank you enough, Lord Donal, for your kindness to me that evening."

"Your thanks are belated," said the young

"Then looked up and saw Lord Donal Stirling."

man, with a visible attempt at gaiety. "You should have written and acknowledged the kindness you are good enough to say I rendered to you. You knew my address, and etiquette demanded that you should make your acknowledgments."

"I was reluctant to write," said Jennie, a smile hovering round her lips, "fearing my letter might act as a clue. I had no wish to interfere with the legitimate business of Mr. Cadbury Taylor."

"Great heavens!" cried the young man, "how came you to know about that? But of course the Princess von Steinheimer told you of it. She wrote to me charging me with all sorts of wickednesses for endeavouring to find you."

"No, Lord Donal, I did not learn it from her. In fact, if you had opened the door of the inner room at Mr. Cadbury Taylor's a little quicker, you would have come upon me, for I was the assistant who tried to persuade him that you really met the Princess von Steinheimer."

Lord Donal, for the first time, laughed heartily.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all! And I suppose Cadbury Taylor hasn't the slightest suspicion that you are the person he was looking for?"

"No, not the slightest."

"I say! that is the best joke I have heard in ten years," said Lord Donal; and here, breakfast arriving, Jennie gave him his directions.

"You are to drink a small portion of that brandy," she said, "and then put the rest in your coffee. You must eat a good breakfast, and that will help you to forget your troubles—that is, if you have any real troubles."

"Oh, my troubles are real enough," said the young man. "When I met you before, Princess, I was reasonably successful. We even talked about ambassadorships, didn't we, in spite of the fact that ambassadors were making themselves unnecessarily obtrusive that night? Now you see before you a ruined man. No, I am not joking; it is true. I was given a commission, or, rather, knowing the danger there was in it, I begged that the commission might be given me. It was merely to take a letter from St. Petersburg to London. I have failed, and when that is said, all is said."

"But, surely," said the girl, "you could not be expected to ward off such lawless robbery as you have been the victim of?"

"That is just what I expected, and what I supposed I could ward off. In my pro-

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fession—which, after all, has a great similarity to yours, except that I think we have to do more lying in ours—there must be no such word as fail. The very best excuses are listened to with tolerance, perhaps, and a shrug of the shoulders; but failure, no matter from what cause, is fell doom. I have failed. I shall not make any excuses. I will go to London and say merely, 'The Russian police have robbed me.' Oh, I know perfectly well who did the trick, and how it was done. Then I shall send in my resignation. They will accept it with polite words of regret, and will say to each other, 'Poor fellow, he had a brilliant career before him, but he got drunk, or something, and fell into the ditch.' Ah, well, we won't talk any more about it."

"Then you don't despise the newspaper profession, Lord Donal?"

"Despise it! Bless you, no; I look up to it, belonging myself to a profession very much lower down in the scale of morality, as I have said. But, Princess," he added, leaning towards her, "will you resign from the newspaper if I resign from diplomacy?"

The girl slowly shook her head, her eyes on the tablecloth before her.

"I will telegraph my resignation," he said impetuously, "if you will telegraph yours to your paper."

"You are feeling ill and worried this morning, Lord Donal, and so you take a pessimistic view of life. You must not resign."

"Oh, but I must. I have failed, and that is enough."

"It isn't enough. You must do nothing until you reach London."

"I like your word *must*, Jennie," said the young man audaciously. "It implies something, you know."

"What does it imply, Lord Donal?" she asked, glancing up at him.

"It implies that you are going to leave the 'Lord' off my name."

"That wouldn't be very difficult," replied Jennie.

"I am delighted to hear you say so," exclaimed his lordship; "and now, that I may know how it sounds from your dear lips, call me Don."

"No; if I ever consented to omit the title, I should call you Donal. I like the name in its entirety."

He reached his hand across the table. "Are you willing, then, to accept a man at the very lowest ebb of his fortunes? I know that if I were of the mould that heroes are made of, I would hesitate to proffer you a blighted life. But I loved you the moment I saw you; and, remembering my fruitless search for you, I cannot run the risk of losing you again; I have not the courage."

She placed her hand in his and looked him for the first time squarely in the eyes.

"Are you sure, Donal," she said, "that I am not a mere effigy on which you are hanging the worn-out garments of a past affection? You thought I was the Princess at first."

"No, I didn't," he protested. "As soon as I heard you speak, I knew you were the one I was destined to meet."

"Ah, Donal, Donal, at lover's perjuries they say Jove laughs. I don't think you were quite so certain as all that. But I, too, am a coward, and I dare not refuse you."

Lord Donal glanced quickly about him; the room was still crowded. Even the Berlin Express gave them a long time for breakfast, and was in no hurry to move westward. His hurried gaze returned to her and he sighed.

"What an unholy spot for a proposal!" he whispered; "and yet they call Russia the Great Lone Land. Oh, that we had a portion of it entirely to ourselves!"

The girl sat there, a smile on her pretty lips that Lord Donal thought most tantalising. A railway official announced in a loud voice that the train was about to resume its journey. There was a general shuffling of feet as the passengers rose to take their places.

"Brothers and sisters kiss each other, you know, on the eve of a railway journey," said Lord Donal, taking advantage of the confusion.

Jennie Baxter made no protest.

"There is plenty of time," he whispered. "I know the leisurely nature of Russian trains. Now I am going to the telegraph office to send in my resignation, and I want you to come with me and send in yours."

"No, Lord Donal," said the girl.

"Aren't you going to resign?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, all in good time; but *you* are not."

"Oh, I say," he cried, "it is really imperative. I'll tell you all about it when we get on the train."

"It is really imperative that you should not send in your resignation. Indeed, Donal, you need not look at me with that surprised air. You may as well get accustomed to dictation at once. You did it

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yourself, you know. You can't say that I encouraged you. I eluded the vigilant Cadbury Taylor as long as I could. But, if there is time, go to the telegraph office and send a message to the real Princess, Palace Steinheimer, Vienna. Say you are engaged to be married to Jennie Baxter, and ask her to telegraph you at Berlin."

"I'll do it," replied the young man.

When Lord Donal came out of the telegraph office, Jennie said to him, "Wait a moment while I go into the sleeping car and get my rugs and handbag."

"I'll go for them," he cried impetuously.

"Oh, no," she said. "I'll tell you why, later. The conductor is a villain and was in collusion with the police."

"Oh, I know that," said Lord Donal. "Poor devil, he can't help himself; he must do what the police order him to do, while he is in Russia."

"I'll get my things and go into an ordinary first class carriage. When I pass this door, you must get your belongings and come and find me. There is still time, and I don't want the conductor to see us together."

"Very well," said the young man with exemplary obedience.

When the train started, they were seated together in a far forward carriage.

"One of my failings," said the girl, "is that I act first, and think afterwards. I am sorry now that I asked you to send that telegram to the Princess."

"Why?"

"Because I have a great deal to tell you, and perhaps you will wish to withdraw from the rash engagement you have undertaken."

"A likely thing!" cried the ardent lover. "Indeed, Miss Princess, if you think you can get rid of me as easily as all that, you are mistaken."

"Well, I want to tell you why I did not allow you to resign."

Slowly she undid the large buttons of her jacket, then, taking it by the lapel and holding it so that no one else could see, she drew partly forth from the inside pocket the large envelope, until the stamp of the Embassy was plainly visible. Lord Donal's eyes opened to their widest capacity, and his breath seemed to stop.

"Great heavens!" he gasped at last, "do you mean to say you have it?"

"Yes," she said, buttoning up her jacket again. "I robbed the robbers. Listen, and I will tell you all that happened. But, first, are you armed?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have a trumpery revolver in my pocket; little good it did me last night."

"Very well, we shall be across the frontier by noon to-day. If the Russian authorities find before that time how they have been checkmated, and if they have any suspicion that I am the cause of it, is it not likely that they will have me stopped and searched on some pretence or other?"

Lord Donal pondered for a moment. "They are quite capable of it," he said; "but, Jennie, I will fight for you against the whole Russian Empire, and somebody will get hurt if you are meddled with. The police will hesitate, however, before interfering with a messenger from the Embassy, or anyone in his charge in broad daylight on a crowded train. We will not go back into that car, but stay here, where some of our fellow countrymen are."

"That is what I was going to propose," said Jennie. "And now listen to the story I have to tell you, and then you will know exactly why I came to Russia."

"Don't tell me anything you would rather not," said the young man hurriedly.

"I would rather not, but it must be told," answered the girl.

The story lasted a long time, and when it was ended the young man cried enthusiastically in answer to her question—

"Blame you? Why, of course I don't blame you in the slightest. It wasn't Hardwick who sent you here at all, but Providence. Providence brought us together, Jennie, and my belief in it hereafter will be unshaken."

Jennie laughed a contented little laugh, and said she was flattered at being considered an envoy of Providence.

"It is only another way of saying you are an angel, Jennie," remarked the bold young man.

They crossed the frontier without interference, and, once in Germany, Jennie took the object of so much contention and placed it in the hands of her lover.

"There," she whispered, with a tiny sigh, for she was giving up the fruits of her greatest achievement, "put that in your despatch box, and see that it doesn't leave there until you reach London. I hope the Russians will like the copy of the *Daily Bugle* they find in their envelope."

The two chatted together throughout the long ride to Berlin, and when 11 p.m. and the Schleischer station came at last they still seemed to have only begun their conversation, so much more remained to be told.

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The telegram from the Princess was handed to Lord Donal at Berlin.

"I congratulate you most sincerely," she wired; "and tell Jennie the next time you see her"—Lord Donal laughed as he read this aloud—"that the Austrian Government has awarded her thirty thousand pounds for her share in enabling them to recover their gold, and little enough I think it is, considering what she has done."

"Now, I call that downright handsome of the Austrian Government," said Lord Donal. "I thought they were going to fight us when I read the speech of their Prime Minister, but, instead of that, they are making wedding presents to our nice girls."

"Ah, that comes through the good-heartedness of the Princess, and the kindness of the Prince," said Jennie. "He has managed it."

"But what in the world did you do for the Austrian Government, Jennie?"

"That is a long story, Donal, and I think a most interesting one."

"Well, let us thank Heaven that we have a long journey for you to tell it and me to listen."

And saying this, the unabashed, forward young man took the liberty of kissing his fair companion good-night, right there amidst all the turmoil and bustle of the Schleischer Bahnhof in Berlin.

"'Great heavens!' he gasped at last, 'do you mean to say you have it?'"

It was early in the morning when the two met again in the restaurant car. The train had passed Cologne and was now rushing up that picturesque valley through which runs the brawling little river Vesdre. Lord Donal and Jennie had the car to themselves, and they chose a table near the centre of it and there ordered their breakfast. The situation was a charming one. The broad, clear plate glass windows on each side displayed, in rapid succession, a series of pictures well worth viewing; the densely wooded hills, the cheerful country houses, the swift roaring stream lashing itself into fleecy foam; now and then a glimpse of an old ruined castle on the heights, and, in the deep valley, here and there a water mill.

It was quite evident that Jennie had slept well, and, youth being on her side, her rest had compensated for the nightmare of the Russian journey. She was simply but very effectively dressed and looked as fresh and pretty and cool and sweet as a snowdrop. The enchanted young man found it impossible to lure his eyes away from her, and when, with a little laugh, Jennie protested that he was missing all the fine scenery, he answered that he had something much more beautiful to look upon; whereat Jennie blushed most enticingly, smiled at him, but made no further protest. Whether it was his joy in meeting Jennie, or the result of his night's sleep, or his relief at finding that his career was not wrecked, as he had imagined, or all three together, Lord Donal seemed his old self again, and was as bright, witty, and cheerful as a boy home for the holidays. They enjoyed their breakfast with the relish that youth and a healthy appetite gives to a dainty meal well served. The rolls were brown and toothsome, the butter, in thick corrugated spirals, was of a delicious golden colour, cool and crisp. The coffee was all that coffee should be, and the waiter was silent and attentive. Russia, like an evil vision, was far behind, and the train sped through splendid scenery swiftly towards England and home.

The young man leaned back in his chair,

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interlaced his fingers behind his head, and gazed across at Jennie, drawing a sigh of deep satisfaction.

"Well, this *is* jolly," he said.

"Yes," murmured Jennie, "it's very nice. I always did enjoy foreign travel, especially when it can be done in luxury; but, alas! luxury costs money, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you don't need to mind, you are rich."

"That is true; I had forgotten all about it."

"I hope, Jennie, that the fact of my travelling on a *train de luxe* has not deluded you regarding my wealth. I should have told you that I usually travel third class when I am transporting myself in my private capacity. I am wringing this pampered elegance from the reluctant pockets of the British taxpayer. When I travel for the British Government I say, as *Pooh Bah* said to *Koko* in the 'Mikado,' 'Do it well, my boy,' or words to that effect."

"'Well, this *is* jolly,' he said."

"Indeed," laughed Jennie, "I am in a somewhat similar situation; the newspaper is paying all the expense of this trip, but I shall insist on returning the money to the *Bugle* now that I have failed in my mission."

"Dear me, how much more honest the newspaper business is than diplomacy! The idea of returning any money never even occurred to me. The mere suggestion freezes my young blood and makes each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Our motto in the service is, Get all you can, and keep all you get."

"But, then, you see, your case is different to mine; you did your best to succeed, and I failed through my own choice; and thus I sit here a traitor to my paper."

"Well, Jennie," said the young man, picking up the despatch-box, which he never allowed to leave his sight, and placing it on the table, "you've only to say the word, and this contentious letter is in your possession again. Do you regret your generosity?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no, I would not have it back on any account. Even looking at the matter in the most materialistic way, success means far more to you than it does to me. As you say, I am rich, therefore I am going to give up my newspaper career. I suppose that is why women very rarely make great successes of their lives. A woman's career so often is merely of incidental interest to her; a man's career is his whole life."

"What a pity it is," mused the young man, "that one person's success generally means another person's failure. If I were the generous, whole-souled person I sometimes imagine myself to be, I should refuse to accept success as the price of your failure. You have actually succeeded, while I have actually failed. With a generosity that makes me feel small and mean, you hand over your

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success to me, and I selfishly accept it. But I compound with my conscience in this way. You and I are to be married; then we will be one. That one shall be heir to all the successes of each of us, and shall disclaim all the failures of each. Isn't that a good idea?"

"Excellent," replied Jennie; "nevertheless, I cannot help feeling just a little sorry for poor Mr. Hardwick."

"Who is he—the editor?"

"Yes. He *did* have such faith in me that it seems almost a pity to disappoint him."

"You mustn't trouble your mind about Hardwick. Don't think of him at all; think of me instead."

"I am afraid I do, and have done for some time past; nevertheless, I shall get off at Liége and telegraph to him that I am not bringing the document to London."

"I will send the telegram for you when we reach there; but, if I remember rightly what you told me of his purpose, he can't be very deeply disappointed. I understood you to say that he did not intend to publish the document, even if he got it."

"That is quite true. He wished to act as the final messenger himself, and was to meet me at Charing Cross Station, secure the envelope, and take it at once to its destination."

"I must confess," said the young man, with a bewildered expression, "that I don't see the object of that. Are you sure he told you the truth?"

"Oh, yes. The object was this. It seems that there is in the Foreign Office some crusty old curmudgeon who delights in baffling Mr. Hardwick. This official—I forget his name; in fact, I don't think Mr. Hardwick told me who he was—seems to forget the *Daily Bugle* when important items of news are to be given out, and Mr. Hardwick says that he favours one of the rival papers, and the *Bugle* has been unable, so far, to receive anything like fair treatment from him; so Mr. Hardwick wanted to take the document to him, and thus convince him there was danger in making an enemy of the *Daily Bugle*. As I understood his scheme, which didn't commend itself very much to me, Hardwick had no intention of making a bargain, but simply proposed to hand over the document, and ask the Foreign Office man to give the *Bugle* its fair share in what was going."

"Do you mean to say that the official in question is the man to whom I am to hand this letter?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle! Why, that is Sir James Cardiff, the elder brother of my mother; he is a dear old chap, but I can well understand an outsider thinking him gruff and uncivil. If the editor really means what he says, then there will be no difficulty and no disappointment. If all that is needed is the winning over of old Jimmy to be civil to Hardwick, I can guarantee that. I am the especial *protégé* of my uncle. Everything I know I have learned from him. He cannot understand why the British Government does not appoint me immediately Ambassador to France; Jimmy would do it to-morrow if he had the power. It was

"'Ah, Donal, Donal, you always had a keen eye for the beautiful.'"

through him that I heard of this letter, and I believe his influence had a good deal to do with my getting the commission of special messenger. It was the chagrin that my uncle Jimmy would have felt, had I failed, that put the drop of bitterness in my cup of sorrow when I came to my senses after my encounter with the Russian police. That would have been a stunning blow to Sir James Cardiff. We shall reach Charing Cross Station about 7.30 to-night, and Sir James will be there with his brougham to take charge of me when I arrive. Now, what do you say to our settling all this under the canopy of Charing Cross? If you

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telegraph Mr. Hardwick to meet us there, I will introduce him to Sir James, and he will never have any more trouble in that quarter."

"I think," said the girl, looking down at the tablecloth, "that I'd rather not have Mr. Hardwick meet us."

"Of course not," answered the young man quickly. "What was I thinking about? It will be a family meeting, and we don't want any outsiders about, do we?"

Jennie laughed, but made no reply.

They had a smooth and speedy passage across from Calais to Dover, and the train drew in at Charing Cross Station exactly to time. Lord Donal recognised his uncle's brougham waiting for him, and on handing the young lady out of the railway carriage he espied the old man himself closely scrutinising the passengers. Sir James on catching sight of him came eagerly forward and clasped both his nephew's hands.

"Donal," he cried, "I am very glad indeed to see you. Is everything right?"

"As right as can be, uncle."

"Then I am glad of that, too, for we have had some very disquieting hints from the East."

"They were quite justified, as I shall tell you later on; but meanwhile, uncle, allow me to introduce to you Miss Baxter, who has done me the honour of promising to be my wife."

Jennie blushed in the searching rays of the electric light as the old man turned quickly towards her. Sir James held her hand in his for some moments before he spoke, gazing intently at her. Then he said slowly, "Ah, Donal, Donal, you always had a keen eye for the beautiful."

"Oh, I say," cried the young man, abashed at his uncle's frankness, "I don't call that a diplomatic remark at all, you know."

"Indeed, Sir James," said the girl, laughing merrily, "it is better than diplomatic, it is complimentary, and I assure you I appreciate it. The first time he met me he took me for quite another person."

"Then, whoever that person is, my dear," replied the old man, "I'll guarantee that she was a lovely woman. And you mustn't mind what I say; nobody else does, otherwise my boy Donal here would be much higher in the service than he is; but I am pleased to tell you that the journey he has now finished will prove greatly to his advantage."

"Indeed, uncle, that is true," said the young man, looking at his betrothed, "for on this journey I met again Miss Baxter, whom, to my great grief, I had lost track of for some time. And now, uncle, I want you to do me a great favour. Do you know Mr. Hardwick, editor of the *Daily Bugle?*"

"Yes, I know him; but I don't like him, nor his paper either."

"Well, neither do the Russians, for that matter, by this time, and I merely wish to tell you that if it hadn't been for his action, and for the promptness of a member of his staff, I should have failed in this mission. I was drugged by the Russian police and robbed. Miss Baxter, who was on the train, saw something of what was going forward, and succeeded, most deftly, in despoiling the robbers. I was lying insensible at the time and helpless. She secured the document, and handed it back to me when we had crossed the frontier, leaving in the hands of the Russians a similar envelope containing a copy of the *Daily Bugle;* therefore, uncle, if in future you can do anything to oblige Mr. Hardwick, you will help in a measure to cancel the obligation which our family owes to him."

"My dear boy, I shall be delighted to do so. I am afraid I have been rather uncivil to him. If you wish it, I will go at once and apologise to him."

"Oh, no," cried Jennie, "you must not do that; but if you can help him without jeopardising the service, I, for one, would be very glad."

"So should I," said Donal.

The old man took out his card-case, and on the back of his card scribbled a most cordial invitation to Hardwick, asking him to call on him. He handed this to Jennie, and said—

"Tell Mr. Hardwick that I shall be pleased to see him at any time."

"And now," said Lord Donal, "you must let us both escort you home in the carriage."

"No, no. I shall take a hansom, and will go directly to the office of the *Bugle*, for Mr. Hardwick will be there by this time."

"But we can drive you there."

"No, please."

She held out her hand to Sir James and said, with the least bit of hesitation before uttering the last word, "Good night—uncle."

"Good night, my dear," said the old man, "and God bless you," he added with a tenderness which his appearance, so solemn and stately, left one unprepared for.

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Lord Donal saw his betrothed into a hansom, protesting all the while at thus having to allow her to go off unprotected.

"What an old darling he is," murmured Jennie, ignoring his protests. "I think if Mr. Hardwick had allowed me to look after the interests of the paper at the Foreign Office, Sir James would not have snubbed me."

"If the Foreign Office dared to do such a thing, it would hear of something not to its advantage from the Diplomatic Service; and so, good night, my dear." And, with additions, the nephew repeated the benediction of the uncle.

Jennie drove directly to the office of the *Daily Bugle*, and, mounting the stairs, entered the editorial rooms. She found Mr. Hardwick at his desk, and he sprang up quickly on seeing who his visitor was.

"Ah, you have returned," he cried. "You didn't telegraph to me, so I suppose that means failure."

"I don't know, Mr. Hardwick. It all depends on whether or not your object was exactly what you told me it was."

"And what was that? I think I told you that my desire was to get possession of the document which was being transmitted from St. Petersburg to London."

"No; you said the object was the mollifying of old Sir James Cardiff, of the Foreign Office."

"Exactly; that was the ultimate object, of course."

"Very well. Read this card. Sir James gave it to me at Charing Cross Station less than half an hour ago."

The editor took the card, turned it over in his hands once or twice, and read the cordial message which the old man had scribbled on the back of it.

"Then you have succeeded," cried Hardwick. "You got the document; but why did you give it to Sir James himself, instead of letting me hand it to him?"

"That is a long story. To put it briefly, it was because the messenger carrying the document was Lord Donal Stirling, who is—who is—an old friend of mine. Sir James is his uncle, and Lord Donal promised that he would persuade the old man to let other newspapers have no advantages which he refused to the *Daily Bugle*. I did not give the document to Sir James, I gave it back to Lord Donal."

"Lord Donal Stirling — Lord Donal Stirling," mused the editor. "Where have I heard that name before?"

"He is a member of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, so you may have seen his name in the despatches."

"No. He is not so celebrated as all that comes to. Ah, I remember now. I met the detective the other night and asked him if anything had come of that romance in high life, to solve which he had asked your assistance. He said the search for the missing lady had been abandoned, and mentioned the name of Lord Donal Stirling as the foolish young man who had been engaged in the pursuit of the unknown."

Jennie coloured at this and drew herself up indignantly.

"Before you say anything further against Lord Donal," she cried hotly, "I beg to inform you that he and I are to be married."

"'He and I are to be married.'"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the editor icily. "Then, having failed to find the other girl, he has speedily consoled himself by——"

"There was no other girl. I was the person of whom Mr. Cadbury Taylor was in search. I willingly gave him valuable assistance in the task of failing to find myself. Having only a stupid man to deal with, I had little difficulty in accomplishing my purpose. Neither Mr. Taylor nor Mr. Hardwick ever suspected that the missing person was in their own employ."

"Well, I'm blessed!" ejaculated Hardwick. "So you baffled Cadbury Taylor in searching for yourself, as you baffled me in getting hold of the Russian letter. It seems to me,

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"Lord Donal was very popular and the bride was very beautiful."

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Miss Baxter, that where your own inclinations do not coincide with the wishes of your employers, the interests of those who pay you fall to the ground."

"Mr. Cadbury Taylor didn't pay me anything for my services as amateur detective, and he has, therefore, no right to grumble. As for the St. Petersburg trip, I shall send you a cheque for all expenses incurred as soon as I reach home."

"Oh, you mistake me," asserted Mr. Hardwick earnestly. "I had no thought of even hinting that you have not earned over and over again all the money the *Daily Bugle* has paid you; besides, I was longing for your return, for I want your assistance in solving a mystery that has rather puzzled us all. Paris is in a turmoil just now over the——"

Jennie's clear laugh rang out.

"I am going over to Paris in a day or two, Mr. Hardwick, to solve the mystery of dressmaking, and I think, from what I know of it already, it will require my whole attention. I must insist on returning to you the cost of the St. Petersburg journey, for, after all, it proved to be a rather personal excursion, and I couldn't think of allowing the paper to pay for it. I merely came in to-night to hand you this card from Sir James Cardiff, and I also desired to tender to you personally my resignation. And so I must bid you good-bye, Mr. Hardwick," said the girl, holding out her hand; "and I thank you very much indeed for having given me a chance to work on your paper."

Before the editor could reply, she was gone, and that good man sat down in his chair bewildered by the suddenness of it all, the room looking empty and dismal, lacking her presence.

"Confound Lord Donal!" he muttered under his breath, and then, as an editor should, he went on impassively with his night's work.

* * * * *

It was intended that the wedding should be rather a quiet affair, but circumstances proved too strong for the young people. Lord Donal was very popular and the bride was very beautiful. Sir James thought it necessary to invite a great many people, and he intimated to Lord Donal that a highly placed personage desired to honour the function with his presence. And thus the event created quite a little flutter in society. The society papers affirmed that this elevated personage had been particularly pleased by some diplomatic service which Lord Donal had recently rendered him; but then, of course, one can never believe what one reads in the society press. However, the man of elevated rank was there, and so people said that perhaps there might be something in the rumour. Naturally there was a great turn-out of ambassadors and ministers, and their presence gave colour and dignity to the crush at St. George's, Hanover Square. The Princess von Steinheimer made a special journey from Vienna to attend, and on this occasion she brought the Prince with her. The general opinion was that the bridegroom was a very noble-looking fellow, and that the bride, in her sumptuous wedding apparel, was quite too lovely for anything.

The Princess was exceedingly bright and gay, and she chatted with her old friends the Ambassadors from Austria and America.

"I'm *so* sorry," she said to the Ambassador from America, "that I did not have time to speak with you at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball, but I was compelled to leave early. You should have come to me sooner. The Count here was much more gallant. We had a most delightful conversation, didn't we, Count? I was with Lord Donal, you remember."

"Oh, yes," replied the aged Austrian, bowing low; "I shall not soon forget the charming conversation I had with your Highness, and I hope you, on your part, have not forgotten the cordial invitation you gave me to visit again your castle at Meran."

"Indeed, Count, you know very well how glad I am to see you at any time, either in Vienna or at Meran."

The American Ambassador remained silent, and glanced alternately from the bride to the Princess with a puzzled expression on his face.

The mystery of the Duchess of Chiselhurst's Ball proved too much for him, as the search for the missing lady had proved too much for Mr. Cadbury Taylor.

THE END.

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SIR ALGERNON PEYTON'S COACH WHIPS.

By Basil Tozer.

With Special Photographs by Messrs. Varney, *Buckingham.*

Here's to the heroes of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, sir;
Here's to the dragsmen that after them came,
Ford, and the Lancashire lord, sir.

So ran the first verse of a song, "The Tantivy Trot," popular early in the century; but not until about the year 1850 did Thackeray publish his famous papers, "The Four Georges," the last of which contains a passage of particular interest here. "For," exclaims Thackeray, in his scathing satire on the fourth King George, "where my Prince did actually distinguish himself was in driving. All the young men of that day were fond of the sport. But the fashion of rapid driving deserted England, and, I believe, trotted over to America. Where are the amusements of our youth? I hear of no driving now but amongst obscure ruffians; and no boxing except amongst the lowest rabble. One solitary four-in-hand still drove round the Parks in London last year, but that charioteer must soon disappear. He was very old; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of the Styx before long, where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revellers who boxed and gambled, and drank and drove, with him who died George IV." In the Bicester country, at Swift's House of happy memory, the home of the present Sir Algernon Peyton, may be seen to-day an absolutely unique and most interesting collection—an assortment of coach whips presented from time to time to old Sir Henry Peyton, the "solitary charioteer" referred to by Thackeray in the above passage, the great-uncle of Sir Algernon Peyton of to-day. A more remarkable collection of its sort it would not be possible to find, for no less than eighty-seven coach whips hang round the walls of the little room, eighty-seven whips, each of which could tell many a tale of the road now, alas! relegated to oblivion, many a story of ancestors gathered to the majority towards the close of the last century.

Sir Algernon Peyton, Bart.

First comes the whip given to Sir Henry by George IV. himself. It bears an inscription characteristic of the donor. As a whip it is perfect in balance, in finish, and in workmanship. As a relic it is unique of its kind, and it has massive gold mounts, an implied delicate compliment on the part of the King, who well knew that Sir Henry had then lately designed thumb ferrules for whips, and was anxious to see them generally adopted. Indeed, King George seems to have had a great admiration for the quiet old charioteer, for he calls him in one of his letters "the finest coachman on the road," as Sir Henry

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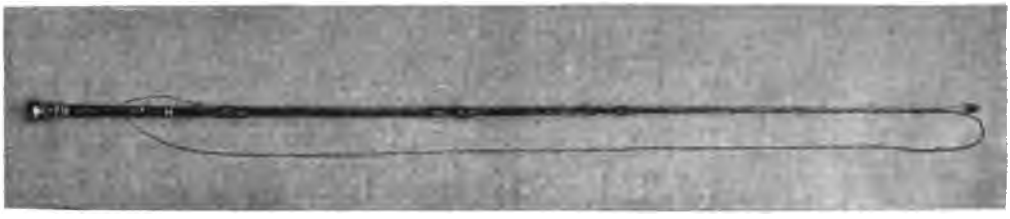
undoubtedly was at that period. At first, whips fitted with mounts were treated with general contempt, and, by professional coach-



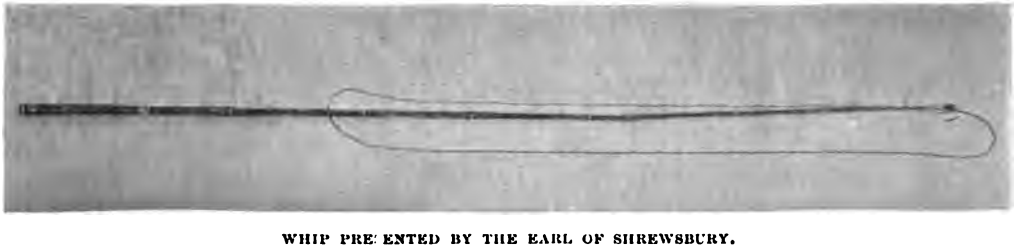
WHIP PRESENTED BY KING GEORGE IV.

men, openly laughed at, much as percussion guns, and then breech-loaders, and then hammerless weapons were each in turn looked upon with suspicion and disfavour when first introduced, and as coloured forehead-bands for bridles are, rightly enough, looked upon in the hunting-field today. When, however, King George had given to Sir Henry Peyton the gold-mounted coach whip which now hangs in Swift's House, thumb ferrules or "collars" began to grow fashionable, and the fashion of using mounted whips is now, of course, an established custom.

REV. ALGERNON PEYTON.

Next we have a whip from the late Earl of Shrewsbury, which, according to a statement contained in an old manuscript, "he gave in order to mark an event which nearly brought both donor and donee to unutterable mischief." Two more whips were given to "the father of coaching," as Sir Henry Peyton was aptly named by the members of the Benson, or Bedfont, Driving Club. Driving men of to-day, indeed, owe a debt of gratitude to the able old sportsman whose barouche-landau and four bays were known as "Sir Henry's" to everybody in London about the year 1808, and whose drag and team of greys were almost the sole representatives of coaching that survived the introduction of the "steam kettle." In his younger days Sir Henry chanced upon several occasions to be mixed up in "highway scuffles," to use the old-fashioned phrase, and, during the closing years of his life, he loved after dinner to recount some of his own or his acquaintances' experiences with highwaymen. One story in particular he related frequently. It seems that early in the present century a rider for

SIR H. PEYTON, BART.



WHIP PRESENTED BY THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

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a mercantile house in the City of London was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a highwayman, who, taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. "Sir," said the rider, with great presence of mind, "I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss of it cannot do him much harm; but, as it will look very cowardly of me to have been robbed without making any resistance, I should take it kindly of you just to fire a pistol through my coat." "With all my heart," replied the highwayman; "where will you have the ball?" "Here," said the rider, "just by the side of the button." The highwayman was as good as his word, but the moment he fired the rider knocked him off his horse; and, having stunned him with the blow, aided by a labourer who came up at the time, he lodged him safely in Winchester Gaol.

The B.D.C. and the Richmond Driving Club were in their prime when the two whips above referred to were presented, and it would be impossible to obliterate from the memory of the contemporaries of coachmen such as Jemmy Macdonald and Lord Chesterfield, of Count D'Orsay and Prince Batthyany, of Charley Twyrhitt and George Payne, the familiar figure of Sir Henry seated upon his coach-box and accompanied only by two liveried servants as he proceeded at a slow pace through the squares of Mayfair and Belgravia. Referring to the B.D.C., "Nimrod," in his "Essays on the Road," speaks very highly of Sir Henry, and describes how upon one occasion, in a crowd in London, he saw him "pull back his team,

THE WHIP ROOM AT SWIFT'S HOUSE.

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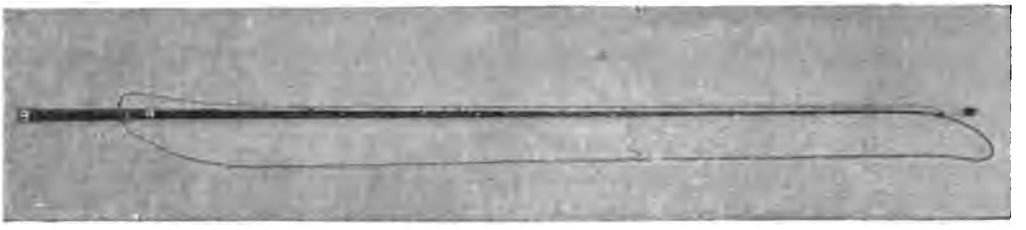
and as he did so every rein told as true as if it had been single."

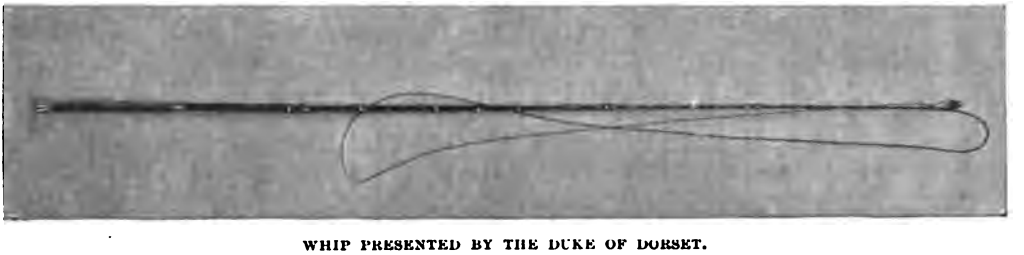
Passing several whips of minor interest we come to one presented by the late Viscount Valentia. As a coaching enthusiast Lord



WHIP PRESENTED BY THE LATE VISCOUNT VALENTIA.

Valentia would perhaps have equalled old Sir Henry himself, and evidently the whip, to judge from its worn appearance, was not set aside as a relic and never made use of. One point noticeable about all these coach whips is the splendid way they "handle" or are balanced. Not one has a weighty stock of the sort so often met with in the driving whips of certain modern makers, a fault found chiefly in tandem whips. The whip presented by Captain John Probyn, for instance, is quite perfect in this respect, and, as Sir Algernon Peyton remarked, "You could almost distinguish these old whips from new ones if you handled them in the dark." Also, the sticks are uniformly excellent and were evidently seasoned with great care before being bound up. Most of them are made of holly wood, some of yew, and nearly all are more or less knotty, while several have the well-known "dog's leg" crook. Also, the majority are about the same length as modern coach whips—that is, rather over five feet—and are stained a dark colour. Apparently in our grandfathers' days light-coloured whips "with dark knots all the way up," of which the present Duke of Beaufort speaks so disparagingly, were not common. Some of the sticks have the bark on them and seem none the worse for being nearly a century old. If any one whip of this sort is better preserved than the rest, it is the one presented by Mr. Okeover, though the whip soon afterwards added to the collection by Mr. Henry Villebois, and the one given by the famous old coachman, John Hicks of Hillingdon, are also in splendid condition. Many of the handles are bound round and round with narrow strips of leather or washleather; but it is noticeable that the whips presented to the collection more recently have a wide piece of leather stitched on in the ordinary way.

Presently we come across a whip given by the Duke of Dorset. The title is now extinct, and a wealthy American, upon hearing this, offered a fancy price for the whip, an offer which Sir Algernon wisely declined to accept. It would, indeed, be more than a pity to render so unique and interesting a collection of coaching relics incomplete by removing some of its finest "specimens," as the American called them. The same individual also expressed his willingness to pay a fabulous figure for the privilege of taking home not only the "specimen" given by George IV., but several more "specimens" which he gazed upon with greedy eyes, and he would well-nigh have bartered his birthright for the collection complete.



WHIP PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF DORSET.

Sir Henry Peyton, as well as Major-General Sir Thomas Peyton, Bart., who died in 1888 at the age of seventy, were extremely particular about the make of the whips which they used, and neither was ever known to

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handle an indifferent one. For this reason, probably, the late C. S. Lowndes, Esq., had great difficulty in finding one suitable to add to the collection; but after expending much time and trouble he at last satisfied himself, and to-day his valuable gift hangs in the whip room in Swift's House. This house, I may mention, was originally a coaching inn kept by a man named Swift. It was purchased and pulled down, and the present house built by Sir Thomas Mostyn, about the end of the last century. Sir Thomas Mostyn lived there for many years with the Rev. Griff Lloyd, whom Leech has immortalised, and it was there that Sir Thomas kept the hounds of the Mostyn Hunt, which hunted what is now the Bicester country. From him old Sir Henry Peyton bought the place, and there he died. His son, Sir Henry, also lived and died there—the "young Henry Peyton" referred to in "Nimrod's" capital article in the *Quarterly Review* as being so well to the front during the imaginary run with Squire Osbaldeston's hounds in the Quorn country. That article is generally considered the best that "Nimrod" ever wrote; certainly the descriptions are powerful, and the writer's accuracy of touch more than lifelike. Afterwards the father of the present Sir Algernon Peyton occupied the quaint old house, where he eventually died. But, to return to the whips, we find one "from Godfrey FitzHugh," another from the late Lord Abingdon, another from W. A. Roberts, Esq., one from Lord Clonmell, and one from Lord Sefton, one from Sir Charles Bamfylde, one from Sir Felix Agar, one from Sir Bellingham Graham, one from Sir John Lade, one from the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, two from Mr. Annesley, one from "Tommy Onslow," and so on. Apparently there was hardly a coachman of note early in the century who did not contribute to the Peyton collection. And not only whips are there; rare prints and pictures abound, one of the former showing us Tattersall's as it used to be in its early days. But by far the most interesting among the latter rarities is a set of five Stubbs paintings that Sir Walter Gilbey and others might pine for in vain.

Governor Sir J. Peyton. Dorothy (wife of Sir J. Peyton).

Sir Sewster Peyton. Sir Thomas Peyton.

A GROUP OF FAMILY PORTRAITS.

The late Major-General Sir Thomas Peyton, father of the present Captain Sir Algernon Francis Peyton, late of the 11th Hussars, was the fifth baronet, a son of the late Reverend Algernon Peyton, Rector of Doddington, in Cambridgeshire, who was a second son of the first baronet and long known as the incumbent of the richest living in the United Kingdom, a living worth in those days some £10,000 per annum. The parish contained

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over 38,000 acres, which were subsequently distributed by the Act of 1855 among seven rectories, five of which are still in the gift of the Peyton family. All the Peyton family, from the time of Sir Sewster Peyton, master of buckhounds to Queen Anne, have been devoted to sport of all kinds, though more especially to coaching and to the chase, and the present Sir Algernon, who, in 1888, married a daughter of James Mason, Esq., of Eynsham Hall, Oxon, certainly maintains the reputation of the family. During his ten years' service in the 11th Hussars he won many steeplechases, as well as hurdle races and flat races. One of the chief trophies in the dining-room at Swift's House is the 11th Hussars' Regimental Challenge Cup, which Sir Algernon won in 1880, 1881, and 1883. It is now his property absolutely, and so is the Cavalry Brigade Cup, Aldershot, won with different horses in 1879 and 1880, and there are several more cups which he won in races run under the Jockey Club rules. Then, for several years, Captain Peyton took part in all the principal polo matches played at Hurlingham, and twice he was in the winning team of the Open Cup. He is, of course, devoted to hunting. Had it not been for the agricultural depression, he would have taken on the mastership of the Bicester long ago, for his cousin and namesake, the late Sir Algernon Peyton, who died suddenly in 1872, had twice been master of the famous pack, and was anxious that the mastership should remain in the family. As it is, the present baronet often acts as deputy-master. I need hardly add that he is very fond of coaching. For several seasons he drove a coach in London, upon which occasions he always favoured a team of greys as his ancestors had done before him.

SWIFT'S HOUSE, BICESTER (THE RESIDENCE OF SIR ALGERNON PEYTON, BART).

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE WHIP ROOM.

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MANLY: THE BRIGHTON OF AUSTRALIA.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

MANLY BEACH is known as the Brighton of Australia. Why it should be so called is a mystery; for though the trip by steamer across Sydney Harbour to Manly is really beautiful, there is no more resemblance between Manly and our Brighton than between Sydney Harbour and the Grand Canal. London-by-the-Sea, as Brighton is often called, possesses no naturally attractive features. It is simply a city by the sea, whereas Manly is topographically picturesque, boasting of excellent cliffs and a good sea front. The arrangements upon its beach, however, are worthy of a pantomime. There is a row of structures resembling sheep-pens, each one of which encloses some presumably valuable, though diminutive, botanical treasure. These are arrayed in a painfully straight line, and are flanked by an equally rigid line of toy Noah's-Ark-like fir trees. Grass grows near the beach, which is tastefully decorated with broken bottles, thoughtfully left behind by kind-hearted beanfeasters.

The only point of similarity between our seaside resort and Manly is the large flock of itinerant photographers that flourish at both places, and here they seem to thrive well upon Australian vanity. I saw Manly in the winter, but undoubtedly it is most popular during the summer season, and the place appears to be well suited to the crowd who fly thither to escape the heat of Sydney.

Looking eastward from the beach, the cliffs are surmounted by a Catholic college, presided over by a celebrated Australian cardinal. On the occasion of my visit the beach below

AN ARTISTIC LANDLORD.

seemed to be reserved for clerical visitors, who had evidently been paying their respects to the cardinal, and who were now discussing Church matters by the sad sea waves.

About ten or twelve miles along the coast is a fine hotel, the enterprising proprietor of which runs vehicles, for the convenience of tourists, from Manly to his establishment

SOME CLERICS.

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ON THE BOAT.

ON THE BEACH.

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and back. It is well worth the journey, if only for the sake of the drive, which is through interesting bush scenery, opening out upon a bold sea front, while at the hotel the landlord offers further picturesque attractions in the shape of mural decorations of a somewhat remarkable character. A Frenchman is this courteous host, with decidedly artistic tastes—or, shall I say, energy—for he has covered his walls with paintings in oil—replicas of well-known pictures, which have reached him through the medium of the coloured supplements to the illustrated papers. The pictures resemble frescoes, and have lost nothing of their brilliant colouring in the copying process. If monsieur the artist is modest and cares not to dilate upon his work, madame is always ready to act as cicerone and expatiate upon the beauties of the artist-proprietor's self-apportioned labours while the *déjeuner* is being prepared. The latter is certain to be excellent, and will be particularly gratifying after the long journey. The meal ended, the gardens will well repay a visit, containing as they do quite a menagerie of native and foreign birds and animals, while the curious little Australian bears, asleep in all sorts of attitudes in the trees of the gardens, are certain to evoke a great deal of interest. These harmless and docile little animals are very tame and inoffensive, and so lazy that they will scarcely move if a bird settles upon them, as is frequently the case. It is very curious to notice how they stow themselves away in the forked branches of the trees, and adapt themselves to the apparently uncomfortable positions which they are forced to assume.

A VISITOR FROM ALBANY.

Driving back, one is shown a gaunt-looking shell of a house, which is reputed to be haunted; and the thought is impressed upon one's mind that it can no longer be said of Australia, as of America, that the country is too young to be able to possess a ghost. The steamers which ply between Manly and Sydney present all the features of the small steamers to be seen on the Thames; and the scene on the deck of one of these Antipodean small craft is one which might be witnessed on any summer's day at Gravesend or Greenwich, save for the fact that here the garb of the mounted police is rather more picturesque than that of Tommy Atkins, and that the Irish element is rather more in evidence. The son of Erin depicted in the sketch is evidently ruminating, as he gazes across the harbour, upon the hardships which befell his ancestors in these same waters many years gone by. As the steamer passes the heads of the harbour the sea becomes boisterous, as in the Atlantic.

ON THE BOAT: AN IRISHMAN.

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JACOB.

By Alfred Hurry.

Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

POSSIBLY she felt my gaze, for she turned. And her face was worthy of her figure. Two bright blue eyes met mine for an instant before their owner walked on. I stood still. I was in love with that girl, whom ten seconds before I had never seen.

I gazed after her till she was out of sight. Then I gazed at the sacred spot on the pavement where she had stood, and behold, there lay a little purse. I picked it up reverently and hastened after her; but she was lost in the throng of Regent Street.

I reached Oxford Circus and turned and retraced my steps, and presently I saw the girl again. She was gazing into another shop window. I picked my way delicately through the feminine crowd. My arm brushed hers, and the blood rushed from my heart to my ears. She turned. Our eyes met. And, by all the saints in Heaven, her eyes were brown! It was not she, but some other girl dressed exactly like her.

My hand fell from my hat, and I gasped an apology. I was wriggling away, when a hand grasped my wrist and tried to wrest the purse from me. I turned and beheld a large man in ill-fitting clothes.

"Ah, would you?" he said. "Quiet!"

He dug his knuckles into the back of my hand. I restrained a fierce desire to inflict similar treatment on his countenance, and said, "Let go, you ass! Can't you *see* I'm not a pickpocket? I picked up this purse five minutes ago, and——"

"Yes, I've heard all that before, several times; I don't want to hear it again. Have you lost your purse, miss?"

The girl with the brown eyes searched for her pocket, found it, and then felt in it.

"Yes, I have!" she exclaimed.

I broke out into a cold perspiration. Wrenching my wrist free I held out the purse. "But this is not your purse."

"But it is. Oh, you bad, wicked man! *I felt you take it!*"

This settled the matter. I was marched off to Vine Street between two policemen. The girl and the detective went in a cab.

The magistrate was sitting. Having been searched, I was placed in the dock and the girl in the witness-box. She made a pretence of being dissolved in tears, and pathetically besought the authorities to release me. But the magistrate—a white-haired, fatherly old gentleman—soothingly explained to her how necessary it was for the protection of honest people that rogues should be punished. At length this wretched

"A hand grasped my wrist."

woman, committing perjury for the sake of a paltry purse, suffered the oath to be administered, and swore the purse was hers.

"Silence, prisoner," said the fatherly magistrate—still fatherly, but in a different way; "you will not mend matters by blasphemy. A month. Take him away!"

I was taken away to the cells, and a litt'e later to Pentonville.

In this impolite retirement I spent the

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seven most hideous days and nights of my life. But on the eighth day came release. A warder entered my cell, and with more respect than I had yet received in the prison, told me that my innocence had been discovered, and that I had been pardoned for the offence I had not committed.

My good name and my clothes having been restored to me, I was requested—a refreshing change from being ordered—to step into a private room. Here I found three ladies—a majestic matron, the girl with the brown eyes who had procured me a week's living free of expense, and, marvellous to relate, the girl with the blue eyes, with whom I was still in love. Both girls were, except for their eyes, exactly alike. Twins. I began to see.

"'I, too, had a new dress on the day in question.'"

The girl with the brown eyes had tears in them. The girl with the blue eyes also had her handkerchief to her face. But this, she has since informed me, was because the humour of the affair had just struck her. She was hiding what might have seemed to me indecent mirth. The matron said gravely—

"Sir, an awful wrong has been done to you, for which I question whether we can make adequate amends. I can, however, express my most deep and sincere regret. But before I endeavour to explain, permit me to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Geoffrey Featherstone, and these are my daughters, Mabel and Alice."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Featherstone," I said, "I have already had the honour of an introduction to Miss Alice Featherstone, and the result of the introduction was such that, having no natural taste for penal servitude, I would rather not pursue the acquaintance."

"Your anger is just, Mr. Felix. But you will at least permit me to explain. On the day on which this awful thing happened, my daughters wore new dresses exactly alike."

"Ah, *that* explains it. I see now. Doubtless *that* young lady in the fulness of her heart was desirous that others should share her good fortune. I, too, had a new dress on the day in question."

Miss Mabel Featherstone put her handkerchief to her face again. Mrs. Featherstone bit her lip, but proceeded. "The dressmaker had made the pockets of these dresses ridiculously shallow. Mabel declared that she would never dare to put anything in her pocket for fear of having it taken; but Alice laughed at the idea, and declared that she was competent to guard her pocket if Mabel was not. They went shopping, and Alice insisted on putting her purse in her pocket. It had not been there for five minutes before Mabel, from pure love of mischief, took it out unperceived by Alice, and put it in her own pocket. The girls became separated in Regent Street, and the purse must have fallen out of Mabel's pocket when you saw her. Alice did not miss it till she saw it in your hand; and then—what could she think?"

"Oh, Mr. Felix," exclaimed Alice, "please forgive me! Oh, please say you will *try* to forgive me! Mabel and I had a tiff over those wretched pockets, and we did not speak for a whole week till this morning, when she came to make it up. To my horror she presented me with another purse in place of the one she had lost, and then I saw what a fearful thing I had done."

There was a short silence. And then I laughed, heartily and long. I dined with the Featherstones that evening. And—er—well, to put the matter in a nutshell, my wife has blue eyes, clear and bright, like glimpses of heaven. To some extent I deserve my Rachel. Did I not serve seven days for her?

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[Photo by] [Frith & Co., Reigate.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

MUSICAL ENGLAND:

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

BY F. KLICKMANN.

MUSICAL ENGLAND is, after all, a wide place, when viewed from all points of the compass. To the foreigner it merely means London—and only a few weeks out of the year at that—and he consequently announces that, in his opinion, we are not a musical nation.

As a matter of fact, however, England is practically permeated with music from north to south, and from east to west, and the London concert season supplies only a small fraction of the good music that is to be heard through the length and breadth of the land from one year's end to another.

Before the London season is ended, choristers are gathering together in other parts of the country, and steady, hard work is being done in order to prepare for one or another of the great provincial festivals that take place every autumn; and the gentlemen of the orchestra have scarcely breathing space, after the Philharmonic and Richter concerts, before they are in earnest requisition at these provincial concerts.

Photo by [*Watson, Gloucester.*

MR. A. HERBERT BREWER.

One of the most important of these gatherings is the annual "Festival of the Three Choirs." This is held alternately at Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, and the proceeds are devoted to the benefit of the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses.

This month the "Three Choirs" will meet at Gloucester, it being their 175th Annual Festival. In addition to the choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, the forces are further augmented by choristers from Bristol, Cheltenham, and Tewkesbury.

During the week of the

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Festival (which starts this year on September 11th) the whole town is practically *en fête*; indeed, these concerts may be said to be the great feature of the year a kind of landmark in the provincial calendar from which personal and local affairs can be reckoned.

The first day of the Festival—Sunday—will be devoted to special services in the Cathedral. Monday is a day of rest in this case, the music being resumed on Tuesday. Without giving a detailed account of the programme of the Festival, I may mention that "Elijah," Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," "The Creation," "The Golden Legend," Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," "Judas Maccabæus," and the "Eroica" symphony are amongst the items to be performed.

But our primary interest here is with the personal side of the Festival. The first name on the programme is the ever welcome one of Madame Albani, the most popular of all our singers. At the time I am writing this, Madame Albani is the honoured guest of our Australian cousins, and is being fêted in a royal manner in that most hospitable

Photo by [*Russell.*

MDLLE. GIULIA RAVOGLI.

Photo by [*Alfred Ellis.*

MISS ELLA RUSSELL.

"island set in the seas." Her Majesty the Queen cabled a message of congratulation to Madame Albani, on her arrival in Australia, expressing her gratification that she had reached there safely; and during the whole of the tour the Australians seem to be as charmed with the famous *prima donna* as she is with them. Government and other officials have vied with each other in doing everything in their power to promote her comfort when travelling, and to contribute to her enjoyment while in their midst. At each city her reception has been as enthusiastic and brilliant as it could possibly be. And once again we English shake hands with Australia across the seas, and say how much we appreciate the generous, open-handed welcome that is always given to those who visit her "from home"; but at the same time we add, "Please send our lady back to us in good time, for we want her ourselves for the Gloucester Festival; and the following month we need her for the Leeds Festival. And what would a festival be without her?"

Madame Albani is already a familiar figure in the pages of the WINDSOR

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MAGAZINE, and next month, when dealing with the Leeds Festival, I shall hope to give yet another portrait of this gifted musician.

Miss Ella Russell, who has a world-wide reputation, will share with Madame Albani the honours of the principal soprano music at Gloucester. To attempt to extol the ability of Miss Ella Russell savours somewhat of "gilding the rose." Both in opera and in oratorio her name is synonymous with success. As an operatic star she is, perhaps, best known to the public, though latterly she has appeared regularly at the Crystal Palace and other great musical festivals.

Musical England is certainly cosmopolitan in its affections, and of all the foreign musicians whom we are proud to welcome from time to time to our shores, none are more enthusiastically received than the two Roman singers, Giulia and Sophia Ravogli.

Photos by] [Frith & Co., Reigate.

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL: THE CHOIR.

THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST.

The majority of English people associate the name of Giulia Ravogli with *Orfeo*, and with nothing else. For us, indeed, there could be no *Orfeo* now without this incomparable singer. But magnificent as she is in this *rôle*, it is good for us that she lets us hear her in other parts. We stand sorely in need of another "Patey," and every fresh performance of "Elijah" only emphasises the fact. I have never yet heard Mdlle. Ravogli in that oratorio; but I am fully prepared to be as enraptured with her rendering of "O, Rest in the Lord," at the coming Festival, as I was when first I heard her sing that oft repeated tale, "Che faro."

Gloucester deserves to have a festival of its own if for no other reason than the surprisingly large number of musicians the county has produced. She is loyal to her own, too, and no festival would be complete without the smiling, happy face of Miss Hilda Wilson, who, though born in Monmouth, removed with her parents at an early age to Gloucester, which is practically the city of her adoption. It was here that she made her *début* when fourteen years of age.

Her brother, Mr. H. Lane Wilson, who is also appearing this year, is a native of the cathedral city. This young baritone originally intended to devote his time to composition, and many of his songs have met with unusual success. But Nature ruled it otherwise, and gave him a voice that it would have been a sin to neglect. Mr. Charles Santley urged him to study singing, and as a result he is now one of the most promising of our coming men.

Mr. Watkin Mills is another product of this fortunate county, and he possesses all the thorough, unaffected straightforwardness that seems to be inherent in the west country

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men. The strength of his voice appears to be equalled by the strength of his physique. He is an ardent golfer, and maintains that

Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MISS ROSALIND ELLICOTT.

the exercise is most beneficial to him in his profession. But have you ever met a confirmed golfer who did not make similar protestations?

The principal tenor this year will be Mr. Ben Davies, who, though scarcely a Gloucestershire man, comes very near to it, having been born in Wales, and still in the "magic west." Ever welcome as Mr. Ben Davies is, one regrets to notice that Mr. Edward Lloyd is not likewise singing this year. I believe this will be the first of these festivals that he has missed for twenty-seven years.

Miss Jessie King is always popular at the Three Choirs Festivals, her first public appearance having been made at an organ recital given by Mr. C. Lee Williams in Gloucester Cathedral.

Mr. David Bispham will, of course, be a host in himself, but I shall have more to say about him when dealing with the Leeds Festival. Mr. Hirwen Jones is another vocalist whose portrait has appeared quite recently in our pages.

Mr. Henry Sunman, who takes part in "The Creation," is a prominent man in Oxford, where he is one of the leading teachers of singing, and also a soloist in Christ Church Cathedral.

Miss Agnes Nicholls is yet another native of Gloucestershire, Cheltenham being her birthplace. She was a student at the Royal College of Music, where she obtained one of the open scholarships in 1894. She made her *début* at Windsor Castle in 1895, before her Majesty the Queen. On that occasion Delibes' opera, "Le Roi l'a dit," was performed by some of the students of the Royal College, Miss Nicholls playing the principal soprano part. She also sang some of the "Parsifal" music at a Mottl Concert in May last year, and a few weeks later sang the same music at a State Concert. At the thanksgiving service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on June 20, 1897, Miss Nicholls sang with Madame Albani the duet, "I Waited for the Lord," from the "Hymn of Praise"; and to commemorate the occasion her Majesty afterwards sent Miss Nicholls a pretty brooch. Last winter she won golden opinions in the chief cities of the kingdom as principal soloist in the Mendelssohn and other music of Mr. F. R. Benson's beautiful revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

One great advantage that is the outcome of our provincial festivals must receive special mention, and that is the opportunities they afford for the production of new works by native composers. The programme of the forthcoming Gloucester Festival shows a

Photo by [*Russell.*

MISS HILDA WILSON.

goodly array of new works. To mention only a few: Miss Rosalind Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop, has written for the occasion

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Photo by] [Russell.
MR. BEN DAVIES.

and though he is now the organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, he commenced his musical studies at Bristol under Mr. George Risely and Mr. and Mrs. Roeckel.

That very promising musician, Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor, will conduct a "Ballade" in A minor, which he has specially composed for the occasion. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is an Anglo-African, born in London, 1875. He studied at the Royal College of Music, where he obtained a scholarship for composition. In addition to his success as a composer, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is an accomplished violinist, and the conductor of an orchestral society at Croydon.

Photo by] [Bender, Croydon.
MR. S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

a choral ballad for men's voices, "Henry o' Navarre." Miss Ellicott, who is one of the cleverest of our women composers, is most popular in musical circles generally, and in the West of England in particular. Another Gloucestershire composer who will be represented at this Festival is Mr. Basil Harwood, whose setting of Psalm lxxxvi., "Inclina Domine" will be performed by Madame Ella Russell and the choir. Mr. Basil Harwood is the son of Mr. Edward Harwood, J.P., of Olverton, Gloucestershire;

Photo by] [Kilpatrick, Belfast.
MISS AGNES NICHOLLS.

I have reserved the most important of the Festival musicians till the last. To Mr. A. Herbert Brewer, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, is allotted the arduous task of conductor of the Festival. Mr. Brewer—yet another of the geniuses that seem so prolific in the county—was born in Gloucester in 1865. Before he was eleven years old he

Photo by] [Russell.
MR. WATKIN MILLS.

became a chorister in the Cathedral of which he is now the organist. Later on he obtained the first open organ scholarship at the Royal College of Music. In 1896, Mr. Brewer was appointed organist of Gloucester Cathedral, owing to the retirement, through ill-health, of Mr. C. Lee Williams. His position is no sinecure, but Mr. Brewer is the embodiment, not only of ability and energy, but also of enthusiasm; and, as Dr. Hans Richter once said to me with his inimitable smile, "Zere iss plenty off musicke in Englandt, but vot iss vanted iss more entoosum!"

Photo by] [Gillman, Oxford.
MR. HENRY SUNMAN.

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THE G. B.

By E. Nesbit.

Illustrated by Raymond Potter.

WE thought of all sorts of ways to restore the fallen fortunes of our house. You see, we had been rich once. Oswald and Dora can remember when father was always bringing nice things home from London, and there used to be game and wine and cigars sent as Christmas presents, and boxes of candied fruit, and French plums in boxes with silk and velvet and gilt on them. They were called prunes; but the prunes you buy at the grocer's are quite different. But now there is very seldom anything nice at Christmas or any other time. I suppose the people have forgotten father's address; so we used to look at the advertisements in the *Daily Chronicle*, and one day Dickie read out this:—

£100 secures partnership in lucrative business for sale of useful patent. £10 weekly. No personal attendance necessary. Jepson, 106, Old Street Road.

"I wish *we* could secure that partnership," said Oswald. He is twelve, and a very thoughtful boy for his age.

"'I wish *we* could secure that partnership.'"

Alice looked up from her painting. She was trying to paint a fairy queen's frock with green bice, and it wouldn't rub. There is something funny about green bice; it will never rub off, no matter how expensive your paint box is, and even boiling water is very little use.

She said, "Bother the bice; and, Oswald, it's no use thinking about that. Where are we to get a hundred pounds?"

"Ten pounds a week is five pounds to *us*," Oswald went on—he had done the sum in his head while Alice was talking—"because partnership means halves. It would be A 1."

Noel sat sucking his pencil. He had been writing poetry, as usual. I saw the first two lines:—

I wonder why green bice
Is never very nice.

Suddenly he said, "I wish a fairy would come down the chimney and drop a jewel on the table—a jewel worth just a hundred pounds."

"She might as well give you the hundred pounds while she was about it," said Dora.

"Or, while she was about it, she might as well give us five pounds a week," said Alice.

"Or fifty," said I.

"Or five hundred," said Dickie.

I saw H. O. open his mouth—his name is Horace Octavius, but the other is shorter—and I knew he was going to say, "Or five thousand"; so I said, "Well, she won't give us five pence;

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but if you would only do as I am always saying, and rescue a wealthy old gentleman from deadly peril, he would give us a pot of money, and we could have the partnership and five pounds a week. Five pounds a week would buy a great many things."

Then Dickie said, "Why shouldn't we borrow it?" So we said, "Who from?" And then he read this out of the paper :—

> Money privately, without fees. The Bond Street Bank (manager, Z. Rosenbaum) advances cash from £20 to £10,000 on ladies' or gentlemen's note of hand alone, without security. No fees. No inquiries. Absolute privacy guaranteed.

"What does it all mean?" asked H. O.

"It means that there is a kind gentleman who has a lot of money, and he doesn't know enough poor people to help, so he puts it in the paper that he will help them by lending them his money; that's it, isn't it, Dickie?"

"Then he called her a disagreeable cat, and she began to cry."

Dora explained this, and Dickie said, "Yes," and H. O. said he was a Generous Benefactor, like in Miss Edgeworth. Then Noel wanted to know what a note of hand was, and Dickie knew that, because he had read it in a book, and it was just a letter saying you will pay the money when you can, and signed with your name.

"No inquiries," said Alice. "Oh, Dickie, do you think he would?"

"Yes, I think so," said Dickie. "I wonder father doesn't go to this kind gentleman. I've seen his name before on a circular in father's study."

"Perhaps he has," said Dora; but the rest of us were sure he hadn't, because, of course, if he had there would have been more money to buy nice things.

Just then Pincher jumped up and knocked over the painting water. He is a very careless dog. I wonder why painting water is always such an ugly colour. Dora ran for a duster to wipe it up, and H. O. dropped drops of the water on his hands and said he had got the plague. So we played at the plague a bit, and I was an Arab physician and cured the plague with magic acid drops.

After that it was time for dinner, and after dinner we talked it all over and settled that we would go and see the Generous Benefactor the very next day. Of course we all wanted to go, but we thought perhaps the G. B.—it is short for Generous Benefactor—would not like it if there were so many of us. I have often noticed that it is the worst of our being six—people think six a great many when it's children. That sentence looks wrong somehow. I mean they don't mind six pairs of boots, or six pounds of apples, or six oranges, especially in equations, but they seem to think you ought not to have five brothers and sisters. Of course Dickie was to go, because it was his idea. Dora had to go to Blackheath to see an old lady, a friend of father's, so she couldn't go. Alice said she ought to go, because it said "ladies and gentlemen," and perhaps the G. B. wouldn't let us have the money unless there were both kinds of us.

H. O. said Alice wasn't a lady, and she said he wasn't going, any way. Then he called her a disagreeable cat, and she began to cry.

But Oswald always tries to make up quarrels, so he said, "You're little sillies, both of you."

And Dora said, "Don't cry, Alice; he only meant you weren't a grown-up lady."

Then H. O. said, "What else did you think I meant, disagreeable?"

So Dickie said, "Don't be disagreeable yourself, H. O. Let her alone and say you're sorry, or I'll jolly well make you."

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So H. O. said he was sorry. Then Alice kissed him and said she was sorry, too, and after that H. O. gave her a hug, and said, "Now I'm really and truly sorry"; so it was all right.

Noel went the last time we went to London, so he was out of it, and Dora said she would take him to Blackheath if we'd take H. O. So, as there'd been a row, we thought it was better to take him, and we did. At first we thought we'd tear our oldest things a bit more and put some patches of different colours on them to show the G. B. how much we wanted money. But Dora said that it would be a sort of cheating, pretending we were poorer than we were; and Dora is right sometimes, though she is a girl. Then we thought we'd better wear our best things, so that the G. B. might see we weren't so very poor that he couldn't trust us to pay his money back when we had it. But Dora said that would be wrong, too. So it came to our being quite honest, as Dora said, and going just as we were, without even washing our faces and hands; but when I looked at H. O.'s in the train, I wished we had not been quite so particularly honest.

Everyone who reads this knows what it is like to go in the train, so I shall not tell about it, though it was rather fun, especially the part where the guard came for the tickets at Vauxhall, and H. O. was under the seat, and pretended to be a dog without a ticket. We went to Charing Cross, and we just went round by Whitehall to see the soldiers, and then by St. James's Palace for the same reason, and when we'd looked in the shops a little we got to Grafton Street. It was a brass plate on a door next to a shop —a very grand place, where they sold bonnets and hats, all very bright and smart, and no tickets on them to tell you the price. We rang a bell, and a boy opened the door, and we asked for Mr. Rosenbaum. The boy was not polite—he did not ask us in. So then Dickie gave him his visiting card; it was one of father's, really, but the name is the same —Mr. Richard Bastable—and we others wrote our names underneath. I happened to have a piece of pink chalk in my pocket, and we wrote them with that.

Then the boy shut the door in our faces, and we waited on the step. But presently he came down and asked our business. So Dickie said—

"Money advanced, young shaver, and don't be all day about it!"

And then he made us wait again, till I was quite stiff in my legs, but Alice liked it, because of looking at the hats and bonnets; and at last the door opened and the boy said, "Mr. Rosenbaum will see you."

So we wiped our feet on the mat, which said so, and we went up stairs with soft carpets and into a room. It was a beautiful room. I wished then we had put on our best things, or at least washed a little; but it was too late now.

The room had velvet curtains and a soft, soft carpet, and it was full of the most splendid things—inlaid cabinets, and china, and statues, and pictures. There was a picture of a cabbage and a pheasant and a dead hare that was just like life, and I would have given worlds to have it for my own. The fur was so natural, I should never have got tired of looking at it; but Alice liked the one of the girl with the broken jug best. Then, besides the pictures, there were clocks, and candlesticks, and vases, and gilt looking-glasses, and boxes of cigars and scent and things littered all over the tables and chairs. It was a wonderful place; and in the middle of all the splendour was a little old gentleman with a very long black coat and a very long white beard and a hooky nose like a falcon. And he put on a pair of gold spectacles and looked at us as if he knew exactly how much our clothes were worth; and while we elder ones were thinking how to begin—for we had all said "Good morning" as we came in, of course—H. O. began before we could stop him. He said—

"Are you the G. B.?"

"The *what?*" said the little old gentleman.

"The G. B.," said H. O., and I winked at him to shut up, and he didn't see me, and the G. B. did. He waved his hand at *me* to shut up, so I had to, and H. O. went on—

"It stands for Generous Benefactor."

The old gentleman frowned. Then he said, "Your father sent you here, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't," said Dickie. "Why did you think so?"

The old gentleman held out the card, and I explained that we took that because father's name happens to be the same as Dickie's.

"Doesn't he know you've come?"

"No," said Alice. "We shan't tell him till we've got the partnership, because his own business worries him a good deal, and we don't want to bother him with ours till it's settled, and then we shall give him half our share."

The old gentleman took off his spectacles

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and rubbed his hair with his hands; then he said, "Then what did you come for?"

"We saw your advertisement," Dickie said, "and we want a hundred pounds on our note of hand, and my sister came so that there should be both kinds of us, and we want it to buy a partnership in the lucrative business for sale of useful patent—no personal attendance necessary."

"I don't think I quite follow you," said the G. B.; "but one thing I should like settled before entering more fully into the matter—why did you call me the Generous Benefactor?"

"Now," he said, "you ought to be at school instead of thinking about money. Why aren't you?"

We told him we should go to school again when father could manage it; but, meantime, we wanted to do something to restore the fallen fortunes of the house of Bastable, and we said we thought the lucrative business would be a very good thing. He asked a lot of questions, and we told him everything we didn't think father would mind our telling, and at last he said, "You

"He shook hands with us all, and asked Alice to give him a kiss."

"Well, you see," said Alice, smiling at him to show she wasn't frightened—though I know really she was, awfully—"we thought it was so very kind of you to try to find out the poor people who want money, and to help them, and lend them your money."

"Hum!" said the G. B. "Sit down."

He cleared the clocks and vases and candlesticks off some of the chairs, and we sat down. The chairs were velvet, with gilt legs. It was like a king's palace.

wish to borrow money. When will you repay it?"

"As soon as we've got it, of course." Dickie said.

Then the G. B. said to Oswald, "You seem the eldest." But I explained to him that it was Dickie's idea, so my being the eldest didn't matter.

Then he said to Dickie, "You are a minor, I presume?"

Dickie said he wasn't yet, but he had thought of being a mining engineer and going to Klondyke.

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"Mi*no*r, not mi*ne*r," said the G. B. "I mean you're not of age?"

"I shall be in ten years, though," Dickie said.

"Then you might repudiate the loan," said the G. B., and Dickie said, "What?" Of course he ought to have said, "I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch what you said." That is what Oswald would have said; it is more polite than "What?"

"Repudiate the loan," the G. B. repeated. "I mean you might say you would not pay me back the money, and the law could not compel you to do so."

"Oh, well, if you think we are such sneaks——" said Dickie, and he got up off his chair. But the G. B. said, "Sit down, sit down, I was only joking."

Then he talked some more, and at last he said, "I don't advise you to enter into that partnership. It's a swindle. Many advertisements are. And I have not a hundred pounds by me to lend you; but I will lend you a pound, and you can spend it as you like, and when you are twenty-one you shall pay me back."

"I shall pay you back long before that," said Dickie. "Thanks awfully. And what about the note of hand?"

"Oh," said the G. B., "I'll trust to your honour. Between gentlemen, you know, and ladies"—he made a bow to Alice—"a word is as good as a bond."

Then he took out a sovereign and held it in his hand while he talked to us. He gave us a lot of good advice about not going into business too young, and about doing our lessons—just swatting a bit on our own hook, so as not to be put in a low form when we went back to school. And all the time he was stroking the sovereign, and looking at it as if he thought it very beautiful. And so it was, for it was a new one. Then, at last, he held it out to Dickie, and when Dickie held out his hand for it the G. B. suddenly put the sovereign back into his pocket.

"No," he said, "I won't give you the sovereign; I'll give you fifteen shillings and this nice bottle of scent. It's worth far more than the five shillings I'm charging you for it. And you shall pay me back the pound and only sixty per cent. interest—sixty per cent.—sixty per cent.!"

"What's that?" said H. O.

The G. B. said he'd tell us when we paid him back the sovereign, but sixty per cent. was nothing to be afraid of.

He gave Dickie the money. The boy was made to call a cab, and he put us in and shook hands with us all, and asked Alice to give him a kiss. So she did, and H. O. would do it, too, though his face was dirtier than ever. The G. B. paid the cabman and told him where to go, and so we went home.

That evening father had a letter by the seven o'clock post, and when he had read it he came up into our nursery. He did not look quite so unhappy as usual, but he looked grave.

"You've been to Mr. Rosenbaum," he said.

So we told him all about it. It took a long time, and father sat in the armchair. He doesn't often come and talk to us now; he has to spend all his time thinking about his business. And when we'd told him all about it, he said—

"You haven't done any harm, this time, children—rather good than harm, indeed. Mr. Rosenbaum has written me a very kind letter."

"Is he a friend of yours, father?" Oswald asked.

"He is an acquaintance," said my father, frowning a little. "We have done business together. And this letter——" He stopped, and then said, "No, you didn't do any harm to-day, but I want you for the future not to do anything so serious as to buy a partnership without consulting me. That's all. I don't want to interfere with your plays and pleasures, but you will consult me about business matters, won't you?"

Of course we said we would with pleasure. Then Alice, who was sitting on his knee, said, "We didn't like to bother you."

Father said, "I haven't much time to be with you, for my business takes most of my time. It is an anxious business. But I can't bear to think of your being left alone like this."

He looked so sad, we all said we liked being alone; and then he looked sadder than ever.

Then Noel said, "We don't mean that, exactly, father. It is rather lonely sometimes, since mother died."

Then we were all quiet for a little while.

Father stayed with us till we went to bed, and when he said, "Good-night," he looked quite cheerful. So we told him so, and he said, "That letter took a weight off my mind."

I can't think what he meant, but I am sure the G. B. would be pleased if he knew he had taken a weight off anybody's mind. He is that sort of noble-minded man, I think

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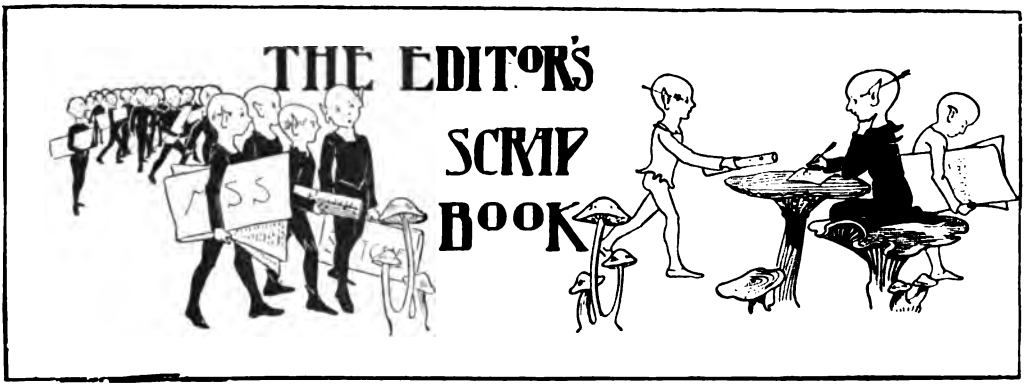

"WHAT is Willie crying about?" asked Mrs. Alford of Bridget, who had the care of the little boy for the afternoon.

"Shure, ma'am, he wants to go across the street to Johnny Jones'."

"Well, why didn't you let him go?"

"They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet?"

TRAVELLER (to an inhabitant of a sleepy little north country hamlet): Are you a native of this place?

NATIVE: Am I what?

TRAVELLER: Are you a native?

At this moment the native's wife, a tall, attenuated, and sallow-complexioned woman, appeared upon the scene, and turning to her spouse said scornfully: "Ain't ye got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when ye wuz born, or wuz ye born before ye begun livin' here. Now answer him."

SISTER: There! You have candy all over your new suit. What will mamma say?

LITTLE BROTHER: Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled.

"IT is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. There are people who can decide in an instant what it would take others a long time to consider. I met a man the other evening who is that way."

"Was he a lawyer?"

"I don't know; but he had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' replied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"

A MAN whom the circumstances of travel caused to sit, during a long journey, opposite to a charming girl who was very friendly, said, as he was leaving, "I thank you for a very pleasant chat, but I am afraid you would not have been so kind to me had you known I am a married man."

"I fear you haven't the advantage," promptly responded the girl; "I am an escaped lunatic."

KITTY: Why not ask for papa's consent to-night, dear? You will have to face the music some time.

JACK (gloomily): It's not the music, but the musician I'm afraid of.

MARY and Martha, two little sisters, had been promoted to the dignity of a big bed, where they slept together.

"I sleep on the front side," announced Mary, with an air of importance.

"And where do you sleep, Martha?" inquired the visitor.

"I sleep where Mary doesn't,' replied Martha, with a rueful glance at her restless little sister.

A POOR man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now, what can I get for you?"

With a wan smile he answered feebly, "Well, I seem to smell a ham a-cooking somewheres. I think I could do with a little bit of that."

"Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral!"

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RODDY, THE RAT.

By Ulyss Rogers.

A KIND-HEARTED, bald-headed, old gentleman came into the office a few days ago, and was so delighted with the smart office boy, Lobbs, that he gave him a shilling to go to the theatre.

That evening there was a great preparation in the Lobbses' household, the result of which was that the literary idol of the hearth eventually sallied forth, radiant in his best suit, and with all the available home-made pomade rendering iridescent his black and waving locks. On his way out he passed the cage containing his pet tame rat.

"It seems a shame to leave you, doesn't it, Roddy, old man?" he said, and he took the animal from his cage and fondled it in his hands.

Roddy's reply was to run up his master's sleeve and nestle snugly somewhere in the recesses of Lobbs's waistcoat.

An hour and a half later Lobbs's raven-coated cranium adorned the front row of the gallery, and Roddy peeped out from behind the boy's glowing necktie, as expectant of what was to follow as was his master.

The play commenced, and Lobbs, his chin resting upon the iron rail, was enthralled. Suddenly a piercing shriek from the boxes beneath rent the heated atmosphere.

In a moment consternation reigned supreme.

"Joe the Bruiser," who was just about to murder the hero of the piece, paused half way and looked round to see what was the matter; the manager rushed out from the wings, and the orchestra ceased their weird music, without which no stage murder could be satisfactorily accomplished. To a man the pit rose, and the gods mounted each other's shoulders and peered forth to see "what bloomin' fight was on now." A lady in evening dress had fainted, and two gentlemen in the same box were slashing away with stick and umbrella, apparently at invisibility. They hit it every time, and nothing else, but still weren't satisfied, and invisibility didn't seem to mind.

Their game was a mystery to all the audience, save one—our genius Lobbs. At the first glimpse of the battle in the box he had suspected what was afoot, and instinctively his hand went to his waistcoat. Roddy was gone.

With a yell, Lobbs scaled the iron bar and prepared to descend one of the supports leading to the circle below.

"Don't hurt him," he cried; "he won't bite. I'll soon catch him."

But the sight of Lobbs's unceremonious performance only created a wilder panic. The impression went abroad that some dangerous animal had got loose, and that the keeper was in chase. People rushed for the doors; a man yelled "'Ware, lion," another shrieked "Fire," and pandemonium was loose.

Meantime, Roddy, all unconscious of the commotion he had caused, yet wondering greatly at the hostile reception accorded him, left the first box he had visited, and, clinging to the curtains, rounded into the adjacent one. The result was to send a fat lady into hysterics, whilst her husband, emitting oaths of sulphuric hue, hurriedly dragged his spouse from the place.

Roddy appropriated the box, took up a position on the cushioned ledge in front, and settled down to enjoy the play. His meditations were interrupted by a walking-stick that whizzed past his nose. Roddy tapped his whisker reflectively.

"Seems a strange place, this," he remarked to himself.

Immediately afterwards a sixpenny book of words skimmed past on the other side.

"Highly dangerous, too," he added, glancing round to follow the course of the book with his eye.

Then an avalanche of missiles descended, and Roddy became really frightened. He skimmed along the fronts of all the boxes, and everywhere he went was met with shrieks from the women and unkind epithets from the men. He clambered up the curtains and got among the upper circlites, and in his fright he dodged between the legs of a big man who was trying to stamp on him, scampered up the back of a lady in evening dress, and ran across her bare shoulders.

Then over the balcony he went in hot haste, and down in double quick time to the pit. A dozen lads took up the chase and chivied him in and out among the stalls. His only refuge was to make for the orchestra. As he climbed the parapet the conductor received him by fiercely jabbing at him with his *bâton*; the bass fiddler slashed wildly with his bow; the flautist slung his flute madly among the players, chipping a piece out of the cornet player's nose, and embedding the whistle in the recesses of the big drum; the euphonium player endeavoured to imprison the intruder in the broad tube of his instrument; but Roddy escaped all, and made for the viola player, a pale-faced nervous youth, who, forgetting everything but the peril of the moment, banged away at the fugitive with his fiddle, smashing the bridge and strings with a loud report like a pistol shot, and impaling the instrument on a gas jet. Panic seized the musicians, and in a body they scaled the barrier and tumbled pell-mell over the footlights on to the stage.

Thither followed Roddy, now blind with excitement, and in a trice the boards were cleared. Then, mad with fright, the rat ran up a canvas tree and disappeared into the flies.

There he remained for some minutes, perched on a piece of scenery, his little heart thumping in a wild tumult against his ribs, and his bright pink eyes rapidly glancing right and left, and up and down, in mortal bewilderment and terror.

Suddenly he was startled by a voice behind him. "Roddy, old fellow; poor old chap! What did they do to him?"

Roddy knew the voice, and turning, saw the beaming face of Lobbs, who had been following his pet in the wild race round the theatre, and who had now, at the risk of his life, climbed his way up to his pet's refuge.

The rodent knew his master, and ran along the ledge to him. A moment more, and a tender hand was stroking his ruffled fur, and then Roddy slipped from the embrace and snuggled down in Lobbs's breast. Roddy has renounced theatre-going.

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The Chaperon.

Drawn by St. Clair Simmons.

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A SMALL boy was ambitious to be considered a skilful artist, which he was not. He drew on the blackboard a long, shapeless something, and, when asked what it was, replied, "It's the tail of a dreadful dragon."

"But where's the dragon?"

"Oh, it wouldn't do to draw him, he's such a dreadful dragon."

JONES: Why, Bridget, this is a very small egg!

BRIDGET: Sure, sir; it was only laid this morning.

DISCERNING CHILD (who has heard some remarks made by his father): Are you our new nurse?

NURSE: Yes, dear.

CHILD: Well, then, I am one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness, so you had better get some sponge cakes and oranges at once.

"So you did not marry Miss Moneybags, after all?"

"No; her family all objected."

"But if the girl herself liked you——"

"Do not misunderstand me; she was as much opposed to it as any of them."

MRS. HUNT (a popular and prosperous pauper): Now, Allbert, what'll yer sy, when I tike yer into the kind lidy's drorin'-room?

ALBERT (a proficient pupil): Oh! all right, I know—put on a beautiful lorst look, and sy, "Oh! muvver, is this 'eaven?"

"Don't you think baby is like mamma, George?" asked Mrs. Honeyton.

"Very. He is always talking, but never manages to say anything."

"HAVE you heard that Miss Gillington's marriage is off?"

"How embarrassing! Her wedding invitations were out."

"Yes, but she just called them in and made it a five o'clock tea."

BACKWOODS BILL: What cost Polecat Pete's death?

ALKALI IKE: Throat trouble.

BACKWOODS BILL: Result of exposure?

ALKALI IKE: No. Result of hoss stealin'.

COUNTRY CHILD: How I'd like to be one of them great actresses or singers!

HER MOTHER: Oh! I dunno. It must be an onhealthy life.

COUNTRY CHILD: Why, mother?

HER MOTHER: Do. 't you allus see their names in the papers tellin' how they've been takin' medicines an' washin' theirselves?

MISTRESS: Have you any references?

SERVANT (applying for situation): Oh, yes, ma'am, I've never stopped more than a week in one place, so I've plenty of references.

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My Lady's Garden.

By A. C. Weatherstone.

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"THE *Maria* 'll have to go into dock this trip, Mr. Baxter," remarked Captain Jarvis to his owners; "her seams are openin', knees loose from her ribs, an' strained a goodish bit, too. By rights, the copper ought to come off her."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the elder of a pair of stout, clean-shaven, moon-faced men who sat in a grimy office fronting the wharves of Port Waratah, in New South Wales; "d'ye want to ruin the firm? You skippers seem to think that Baxter Brothers is only another name for Rothchilds. Dock be hanged! She'll run another couple o' years yet. An' look here, Jarvis, you came down this time nearly 100 ton short. Don't let that happen again, please. You're a single man, you know, and when our agent up yonder, who's got his instructions, says 'Let it rip,' don't you interfere, but just keep her under them shoots till he says it's a fair thing. An', meanwhile, you keep on thinkin' o' this big pile o' letters," and Uriah Baxter, taking a handful of docketed papers out of a pigeon-hole, thrust them rudely under Jarvis's nose. "There," he continued, "those are applications for billets from men with wives and families that'd jump at the chance. Likewise, you might as well bear in mind, when a deck load's mentioned, that you're still workin' a dead horse. Roomatic fever's a lugsury for coastin' skippers to be indulgin' in." And Uriah and his brother James chuckled heartily at the former's little joke.

Captain Jarvis was a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a rugged, bearded face, upon whose bronze sat here and there patches of coal dust from the just discharged cargo. Some months ago, during a severe attack of illness, he had borrowed money from his employers, at heavy interest, in advance of wages, with which to pay the doctor's bill. And now his eyes flashed angrily as he retorted, "Aye, and if it weren't for that same dead horse I'd see you and your old coffin at the bottom afore I'd sail her any more! Nice pair you are, to talk about puttin' a married man into a rotten tub like her! For two pins I'd set Lloyd's surveyor on to the *Maria* and the rest o' the precious fleet. Yah!"

"Seventy-five pounds ten shillings and sixpence first, captain," remarked the junior partner, who had been consulting a ledger, "and then you can do as you please about that. We only want our advance—and interest—back again, eh, Uriah?"

"That's all," snarled his brother. "Now get away, do, and to sea as fast as you like! An' don't let's have any shortage next trip. An' don't you be worryin' about docks and surveyors and such like rubbish."

"Seventy-five pounds!" muttered the captain in a tone of angry dismay as he stepped out on to the wharf. "Good God! at seven pounds a month I'll never get out of their claws. It wouldn't take much—only for the other chaps—to make me sink the old barge. An' that'd be no loss to Baxters'. You bet she's fully covered. Cargo! By Heaven! I'll cargo her this time. Catch me stopping 'em. Let 'em pile it into her up to the crosstrees if they like, the cussed sailor-killing brutes."

Thus it happened that when, in a week or so, the *Maria Baxter* drew from under the Newcastle shoots she was not only stowed full to the hatches with some 1,800 tons of coal, but in addition carried a deck load of three or four hundred tons in bags. Also, she showed so little freeboard as to be hardly worth mentioning Then the mate protested.

"We vos schwamp," said he, "like a dinky-boat dis trip if we get any vedder."

"Oh, go and be hanged!" said Captain Jarvis, in a state of chronic irritation and anger; "if you want your discharge, why

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don't you say so at once?" and the submissive foreigner protested no more.

As for the four men in the fo'c's'le who, together with the cook, made up the *Maria's* company, if they caste dubious glances over what side there was left, they kept their thoughts to themselves. Seamen were more than plentiful, and spare bunks very scarce.

"'At seven pounds a month I'll never get out of their claws.'"

And, anyhow, it was only a short run. And the weather looked like keeping fine.

"A record load, skipper," remarked the boss of the trimming gang, grinning. "Hang me if I'd go with ye if ye paid me! Hope your life's insured."

"'Tain't, then," replied the captain shortly. "But *Maria's* is, eh, Mr. Snape?"

"S'pose so," replied the agent carelessly. "Don't forget I told you you could have ten tons less on deck if you pleased."

"Ten tons!" exclaimed Jarvis, laughing sarcastically. "Wouldn't you like a passage round? It'll do your liver good."

"No, thanks," replied the other, casting a disparaging glance at the poor old brig, "I prefer to travel by rail, not in 'Black *Maria*,'" and with a laugh at his sally he closed his book and sauntered off.

Of her companions, the *Uriah*, *Rachel*, and *James Baxter*, all old worn-out brigs engaged in the coal trade between Port Waratah and Newcastle, the *Maria* was, perhaps, the oldest, most unseaworthy, grimiest and worst found. Eight-and-thirty years ago, in her comparative youth, and before there were any plantations to speak of in Queensland, or on the Clarence, she had been in the sugar trade between Mauritius and the Australian Colonies. Since then many owners had taken her in hand, and from her birth there had always been applied to her the opprobrious name of "slug." Then, as the toilsome years went by, developing a decided partiality for letting salt water in on the property entrusted to her care, she fell lower and lower in the social shipping scale, until at last, long "off the letter" at Lloyd's, strained, decayed, poverty-stricken, she had been purchased by the Baxters for a song, and set to the inevitable destiny of the pauper vessel—"colliering."

Look at her now, as she clears "Nobby's" on her sixty mile trip down the coast, her patched and blackened sails set to a fair wind, her rail almost awash in the slight swell. Above the rail are piled bags of coal, four tiers high; the crew have to crawl over and between them to get to their den down for'ard. The cook simply reaches out of the galley door when he wants fuel. Undermanned and overloaded, she squatters lifelessly along, with the creaking of ungreased parrals and rusty sheaves aloft, and on deck a continuous grinding murmur as the coal is shaken into place.

On the fo'c's'le-head four apparent negroes are having their evening meal. The tea carries on its surface a film of black dust, and the white loaf shows black stencillings of broad fingers and thumbs. It's of no use washing in that trade. Besides, it's said that coal dust is not altogether unhealthy.

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"The ole bark 'as got 'er bellyful this time, right enough," remarks one thoughtfully, spitting out some grains of coal.

"Loaded up on 'er back as well," replies another, nodding towards the pile of cargo. "Be 'ell to pay if a southerly buster catches us! Ole man stacked it into 'er proper, didn't 'e?"

"'E's got 'is rag out this trip 'bout somethin'," continues the first speaker. "'E's been doin' nothin' but swearin' an' cussin' since we left. Dashed if I ever seen 'im so bad afore! Now, Bill, your turn to relieve that Dutch mate ov ours, soon's ye've finished stuffin'!"

And so they talked as they mumbled their soaked crusts and wagged dusky beards that would otherwise have shown grey. Ancient men who, unable any longer to stand the hard fare of the "limejuicers," or deep-water British ships they had most of their lives been accustomed to, had perforce taken to the last resource of the nearly played-out sailor—a coasting collier. Meanwhile, the old "sixty miler" flopped along, a black blot against the purple glory that the dying sun flung across the sky.

* * * * *

"I s'pose she's a goner?" remarked Uriah Baxter to his brother a week later.

"'Spec' so," replied James. "Strange, though, ain't it, that nothin's come ashore from her? They've got lots of stuff out of the others. Can't have weathered it, eh?"

"Would your grandmother have weathered it in a basket?" asked Uriah contemptuously. "Still, it's unfortunate there's no wreckage. The offices won't pay for awhile. Seem to fancy she's got blown away out to sea, an' may turn up yet," and he grinned at the notion.

"However," he continued solemnly, "they'll have to settle in full sooner or later. That poor Jarvis! An' we parted almost in anger!"

"Not on our side, Uriah," remarked James feelingly.

"The Lord be praised for that!" replied Uriah with fervour. "A good man, too! Snape said he never saw such a pile of stuff as the *Maria* took. An' the captain all the time singing out for more against Snape's wishes. Very evidently the poor fellow wanted to make up for his rudeness by a record cargo. Well, well, at least there were no married men amongst 'em. An' that's a cut above what any of the others can say."

"I suppose we must write off Jarvis's debt?" asked James, turning to his ledger.

"Just let it appear as a debit balance, James," sighed Uriah.

"Progress payment on wages account. Actually we're in pocket by the poor man. But it is as well to be business-like. One never knows what inquisitive people may turn up. Let's be thankful there's no widows and orphans howling for subscriptions around *our* office."

But there were plenty elsewhere about the town; for a furious hurricane had suddenly swept up from the south, then, veering all at once to the east, had piled half a dozen coasters and a score of their hands in dismal wrecks and corpses upon many beaches between Cape Byron and the Heads of Port Waratah. And every one of the lost vessels was identified except the *Maria*, of which not a solitary chip could be found.

"Bottom fell out and she went down like a stone," "Opened out like a wool bale when the hoops break," was what the general opinion of those who knew the "poor old slug" amounted to. And presently all doubts were set at rest by the discovery on Cronulla Beach of the battered and grimy dolphin that had served as a figurehead ever since she was first launched under that name; also there washed ashore part of the stern of a decayed longboat with "*Maria Bax*——" still visible upon it. So the insurance people paid up, and with a portion of the money Baxter Brothers bought an old Norwegian brig at auction, and after cleaning her bottom and spending a fiver on putty and paint and oakum, installed her in place of the lost *Maria*, whose very name was forgotten by the public in a week, because of far more stirring happenings than the foundering of a "sixty miler" and a few sailors.

* * * * *

"Jansen," remarked Captain Jarvis to his mate, as, abreast of Bungaree, North Head, looming big to starboard, they braced the *Maria's* yards to a light sou'-wester; "Jansen, it's going to blow like blazes afore mornin'! An' I believe it'll come from the east'ard presen'ly in a regular snorter. If it does, Jansen, an' catches us here, you'll never see that fat Dutch sweetheart o' yours at the fish shop in Erskine Street any more. We'll go ashore and break up in a quarter less no time! I've got a touch o' them roomatics again to-night; an' I notice, ever since I was down with 'em, that an easterly's bound to come with the pains. Square

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away, Jansen, an' let's get out to sea. It's the safest place for us. If we were near enough to Broken Bay, I'd run in; but we haven't a show with the wind as it is."

So the *Maria*, turning her square stern to the land, surged out into the Pacific, making such an offing that, ere the sun rose, Australia had vanished from sight; and before another watch passed the correctness of the skipper's barometer (the only one on board) was proved by their meeting that same easterly gale that was presently to work such woe along the distant coast.

Hove to under her lower foretopsail, the *Maria* sagged wearily to leeward, taking lots of water on board, but otherwise behaving herself quite decently and as if pleased that no exertion was required of her. Every watch she had to be pumped, and then the black streams from her well, mingling with the black streams that poured away from her deck cargo, gushed through the scuppers till the big combers upon which she listlessly rose and fell were of the hue of ink.

The weather was dull and gloomy, with a low-lying heavy sky. The wheel was lashed and the decks deserted, save for the cook, who in his galley kept warm and snug. In the fo'c's'le the men lay in their bunks, and by turns dozed uneasily, and smoked, and swore at the black tricklings that came through the working seams overhead and were flung from side to side in showers with each uneasy roll of the brig. A double-spouted kerosene lamp, with naked wicks, swung and sputtered amidships. Great cockroaches, disturbed by the water, came out of their refuges and crawled heavily about the bulkheads and over the black, damp, and frowsy bedding.

Suddenly the scuttle was thrust aside, and the mate's voice bawled, "Now, den, eight bells! Pomp chip!" And with surly groans of "Aye, aye," the four crawled slowly and deliberately out of their bunks, got into their dirty, ragged oilskins, and crawled up the greasy ladder into the night of wind and water, and felt their tedious way to the pumps. Aft, near the wheel, stood the skipper, sparks from his pipe streaming over the rail, listening to the monotonous clink-clank of the iron brakes working to the accompaniment of a chanty crooned by one of the old men and joined in by the others in a half-hearted way when it came to the chorus of—

> Oh, wake her; oh, shake her!
> Oh, wake her up from down below!
> Do, my Johnnie, do!

"Do, mein Yonnie, do," grunted the mate, putting his weight impartially on each brake till the long-drawn throaty gurgle at last proclaimed that the pumps "sucked"—*i.e.*, that there was not enough water in the well for them to get hold of.

"Grog ho!" shouted the skipper, grasping a square bottle of hollands, out of which he poured each man a tumbler three parts full, swallowed by its recipient with a gasp of satisfaction.

"There'll be ships' bones along the beaches to-night, Jansen," said Jarvis, helping himself and passing the bottle to the mate; "but we've saved the old barge, and a lot of thanks we'll get for it. The worst of the blow's over. My pains is going with it. By Heaven! if it hadn't been for those poor old chaps for'ard, an', well yes, you too, and that there gal o' yours, I'd just as soon she'd been piled up like those others is bound to be. Let her lie as she is till daylight, and then we'll run in for the land."

Sunrise found wind and sea going down rapidly; showed also to those on the brig, a mile or so away, a great white war steamer coming very slowly towards them from the eastward. Smoke was issuing from only one of her triple funnels; she carried two masts with military tops, and a great gun poked half its length out of a sort of semi-circular fort for'ard, whilst her tall sides bristled with smaller cannon.

"She ain't one of our lot from Farm Cove."* said the skipper, ogling her through an old pair of binoculars; "foreigner o' some sort, I s'pose. Aye, aye, Jansen, both tawps'ls an' the main t'g'ans'l. Let's get home out of this. We'll have Uriah and James sacking the crowd unless we hurry. Now, what flag's that? and what does he want hoisting the whole code at us that way. He might have savey enough to know that collier brigs don't carry more bunting than'll make their number. An', anyhow, we can't stop."

By this time the *Maria's* sails had been sheeted home, and the stranger, seeing no notice taken of her signals, and the brig actually drawing away from her, fired a gun to leeward, hauled down the bright string of flags, and lowering the first one she had hoisted to half mast, lay with her way stopped and all the huge mass of her rolling solemnly to the swell of the long seas.

"Now, what the dickens does she mean by that?" asked the bewildered skipper of the

* The bay in Sydney Harbour where the Auxiliary and Imperial Squadrons always lie.

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"Felt their tedious way to the pumps."

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Maria. "What sort of distress can she be in, anyhow? Well, well, back your foreyards there, Jansen. Fancy a great thumpin' man o' war wantin' help from a poor rotten sieve of a collier!"

As Jarvis bent on and ran up to the peak a grimy old British Ensign with its fly all in tatters, the man at the wheel, who had been eyeing the warship very intently, all at once said, "That there's the Spanish flag, captin'—the navy flag. I seen it afore in Manila when I was goin' deep water. Red, yaller, red agin, an' a rampin' lion sparrin' at a cassle. I kin see it quite plain now."

"Well, what about it, Sam?" replied the skipper, belaying the signal halliards.

"Why, you know the Yanks an' the Dagoes is at war," said Sam, "an' this might be what they calls a roose to get 'old on us. Evident 'er's run outer coal—not as much left as ud carry 'er another foot to save 'er bloomin' life. An'——"

"By jingo, I'd clean forgot all about any war!" exclaimed the skipper rather gloomily, as he caught sight of a large boat full of men rowing towards the brig with the deliberate stroke of Southern Europe—pull and pause—pause and pull. "But there," he continued, squinting up at the torn, dirty Ensign flapping overhead, "that's the British Flag, and we're British subjects sailin' to and from British ports. An', anyhow, what harm can they do us? Like enough they'll buy our deck load. Chuck over the ladder there for 'em, one of you."

Out of the boat, as she swung alongside, there presently nimbly clambered an officer in blue and gold uniform, moustached and dark. Gaining the deck, he paused a moment to inspect his white gloves, the palms of which were smothered in coal dust from the ladder-ropes. Then, with a smile, as if well satisfied, he cast a comprehensive glance around at the prevailing darkness, and aloft at the tattered Ensign, and, removing his peaked and gold-braided cap, bowed politely to Jarvis, standing close to it with his hands in the pockets of his pilot jacket.

"Coal?" he remarked, waving his arms and showing a set of perfect teeth as he smiled conciliatingly.

"Aye, aye, moonsheer," replied Jarvis, "lots of it. Newcastle to Waratah. D'ye want to buy a few ton? Of course the figure 'll be higher than if ye was gettin' it straight from the mine. But——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the other eagerly. "We buy all—all! I understand. Cas' ·v. You come 'longside. All buy. Plenty money. Englis' sov'ren—no silver. Big price. You sell quick? Spanis' ship."

For a minute Jarvis stared thoughtfully at the speaker, whilst he revolved in his mind the one chance of a lifetime. At present the advantage was all his. There lay the great war-dragon pathetically powerless, unable, without his help, to ensure a single turn of her screw—at the mercy of the winds and waves. Certainly, if he squared away she could sink him. But that would be hardly likely. On the other hand, once alongside, he and his vessel were wholly in the power of the Spaniards. Still, he fancied having heard or read somewhere that they were honourable people and thought a lot of their word. And that seventy-two pounds odd! Never, he knew well, would he be allowed to work that off. If he left the firm without asking leave, they would give him a "bad discharge," and that meant a return to the fo'c's'le again. Aft was squalid enough. But for'ard! His soul sickened at the thought of going through it all again. Yes, he'd chance it! He had nothing much to lose. However, he'd have some agreement in black and white to show for the business if it turned out "cronk." If otherwise, why, there would be no necessity for anything.

Thus it happened that in a few minutes Jarvis was possessed of a piece of paper signed by Don Miguel y Santos de Zarate, first lieutenant of the Spanish cruiser *Alfonso XIV.*, agreeing to take not only her cargo, but the *Maria* also, at a lump sum that came to something over £5 per ton for ship and coal together.

Jarvis's heart had sunk when he noted the pleased alacrity with which the lieutenant agreed to his terms. No protest, no bargaining! Just a scrape and a flourish of the pen on the smudgy sheet of notepaper! Could it be possible that any people in their senses would pay such an amount of money for what seemed to him of so little worth? Had he known that twice the sum would have been cheerfully given, also that a week ago the *Alfonso* had stopped the American mail-boat and taken over half-a-million of specie out of her, the skipper would probably have had no such misgivings as now assailed him. Actually he had been the salvation of the warship, whose bunkers were scraped clean, and who, having coaled three months before in Singapore, was, even had she been able to get there, barred from Australian ports.

Very quickly a few bags of coal were

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bundled over into the boat. Then she went off to the cruiser; whence, presently, a steam-launch arriving, took the *Maria* in tow and pulled her alongside the *Alfonso* to the sound of much Spanish cheering.

Previous to this, however, Jarvis called Jansen and the crew into the cabin.

"Look here," said he, speaking quick and sharp, "I've sold the whole turn-out to the Dagoes yonder. If they act square, and cash up, I'll give you four chaps an' the cook £200 each. Jansen, you'll get £300. Never mind what I get. That's my business. If they don't act square, why, you'll just have to take your chance, same as me. Are you satisfied?"

They were. Each grimy man of them would almost have sold what remained to him of life for such wealth as heretofore they had only dreamt of. And they added their names as witnesses to the agreement signed by Jarvis and the lieutenant.

"There, now," said the former grimly, "you're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire. This bit of paper may help you to keep quiet tongues. An', anyhow, if you know when you're well off you'll not be goin' back to Australia to spend your money. An' remember, if anyone asks you, I'm master *an'* owner."

Like hawks the Spaniards swooped upon the *Maria* with bags, baskets, and tubs, working all three hatches at once, until in forty-eight hours she was an empty ship, swept and scraped clean to the last ounce of precious sodden coal around her timbers. Meanwhile, the captain of the *Alfonso* had in his own state-room paid Jarvis with bags of gold, seeming to think his bargain cheap at the price, and cheerfully consenting to put the skipper and his crew as rescued castaway sailors on board the first British homeward bound ship they should meet.

Thrusting the bruised and battered old *Maria* from her steel sides, the warship, once more a power, steamed off a couple of miles and began to use her six-inch guns in the port battery. The first shell flew wide; the second burst just astern, throwing a great mound of water on her decks that made her reel and stagger and show the green copper nearly to her keel as she went over; at the third discharge the shell plumped square into her; there was a sullen roar as it exploded; the *Maria* seemed to leap bodily up and then collapse in one universal flattened ruin of spars and timbers, black to the last as it lay for a few minutes on the surface of the sunlit sea.

"Paid Jarvis with bags of gold."

"And a good riddance, too!" muttered Jarvis as he watched the smoke and heard the Spaniards cheering. "But I'm glad I fetched the Flag away."

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British Matrons.

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. M. DOUGLAS.

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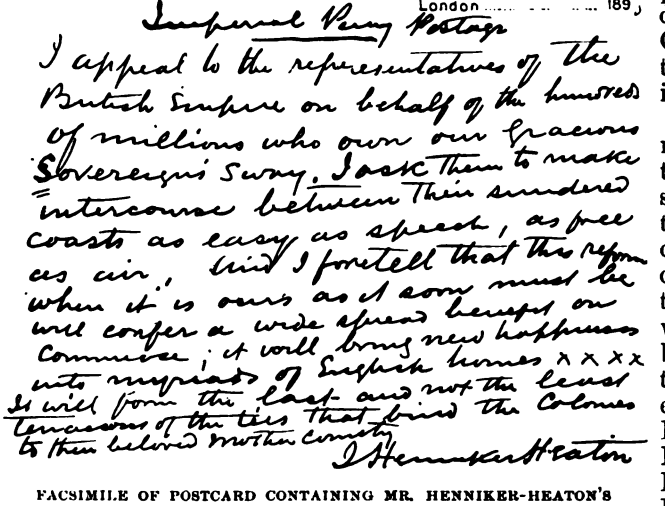
A MAN WITH A PURPOSE:

MR. J. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P., AND IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE.

By John Oldcastle.

THE battle of Imperial Penny Postage has been fought and won—fought hotly and won fairly. There has been ink-shed instead of blood-shed, but the contest has been close, and at moments, perhaps, dispiriting to all but the stoutest hearts among postal reformers. Now, however, it is an accomplished thing that letters will be posted to Canada, to the Cape, and to Natal for a penny, instead of twopence-halfpenny, and will come home at the same reduced rate. That is three-halfpence saved, and therefore gained. But the gain does not end there. The matter is one of good-fellowship and of a closer tie between a Mother-land and her Daughters. That is well understood by the man but for whom Imperial Penny Postage would have had to wait many a weary year—Mr. J. Henniker-Heaton, M.P. His has been the stout heart, the unwearied brain, the hand that has held the pen of power, the tongue that has questioned ministers, in season and out, in the House of Commons. In his "When a Man's Single," Mr. J. M. Barrie has a delightful schoolboy who brags to his sister of the bravery of the captain of the school—he is a boy who will say to the head master at table, "Pass the salt," that is the sort of boy he is. Surely it must have been Mr. Henniker-Heaton, for that is what he is perpetually saying in the assembly of men whom Praed (himself one of them) called "just Eton boys grown heavy." To the Postmaster-General when he has him there), to the Leader of the House, Mr. Henniker-Heaton is constantly issuing the command, "Pass the letter—at a reduced rate." And passed at a reduced rate to Canada and to the Colonies it is to be.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT



London 189

Imperial Penny Postage

I appeal to the representatives of the British Empire on behalf of the hundreds of millions who own our gracious Sovereign's sway. I ask them to make intercourse between their sundered coasts as easy as speech, as free as air, and I foretell that this reform when it is ours as it soon must be will confer a wide spread benefit on Commerce; it will bring new happiness into myriads of English homes, xxxx It will form the last and not the least tenacious of the ties that bind the Colonies to their beloved mother country.

H Henniker Heaton

FACSIMILE OF POSTCARD CONTAINING MR. HENNIKER-HEATON'S APPEAL.

John Henniker-Heaton, though by descent a Lancastrian (being one of the Heatons of Heaton in that county), was himself born in Rochester, being the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Heaton, R.E. It was in the May of the memorable year 1848 that he was born, and he was only sixteen when, after a course at Kent House Grammar School, and at King's College, London, he emigrated to Australia and took to agriculture and to journalism, prospering in both. It was Mr. Heaton's boast (shade of Henry George, hear it not!) that he held

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at one time in his own name 3,000,000 acres —a larger territory than the whole county of Kent. In the newspaper world Mr. Heaton's holding became equally strong, and his marriage with Miss Bennett connected him closely with a great Sydney paper which

MR. JOHN HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P. FOR CANTERBURY.
(From a photograph by Sir J. Benjamin Stone, M.P.)

her family founded and still maintains. It is, however, his public connection with Kent and with Australasia that is our concern. The first was re-formed when Canterbury sent Mr. Heaton to represent it in Parliament in 1885 ; and, having got him there, there it has kept him, and is likely to do so until the day comes when somebody says, "Friend, come up higher," a speech not likely to be heard, Canterbury flatters itself, as long as the Postmaster-General, whose goad Mr. Heaton is proud to be for the public good, has his seat in the gilded chamber. The "Member for Australia" Mr. Heaton has been dubbed, but Canterbury is not jealous—Australia is so very far away.

It is just this distance between England and Australia, the Mother and the Daughter, that Mr. Henniker-Heaton has set himself to lessen. He is a man with a purpose. In his experience as the representative of the Government of New South Wales at the Amsterdam Exhibition of 1883, all he heard and saw as he travelled here and there only confirmed him in the belief that there was a great work to be done for England and for her Colonies by a postal reformer ; and that postal reformer he decided to be. It was a plucky resolve for one to whom English life had become strange. It meant that most hateful of all things to a man of fixed habits—a new start. Two years later he had made a beginning ; for he went to the Berlin International Telegraphic Conference at the instance of the Government of Tasmania, and succeeded in cutting down the cost of cable messages to Australia. That was the first of his triumphs, and it made him long for others.

After a call at Mauritius in 1884, where he had a hand in framing the new constitution, he settled in England, and, a few months after his election at Canterbury, he acted as commissioner for the Government of New South Wales to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. You may be sure that he button-holed everybody who came within his courts on his great purpose. A man with a purpose is mostly a man from whom you flee. But that is because he is apt to be a prig, which nobody ever yet accused Mr. Henniker-Heaton of being. The man with a purpose who is a good fellow to boot is always popular ; and, together with his popularity here, he had a wonderful acquaintance with the men of the

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Colonies, for had he not written in the ancient days "The Australian Dictionary of Dates and Men of the Time"—eight

Photo by] [Elliott & Fry.

MRS. HENNIKER-HEATON.

hundred of such heroes being named? With this double strength he pursued his plans; and, on the 1st of January, 1891, a good slice of the world had the benefit; for the postage to India and to the principal Colonies was reduced on that date to half the former rates.

The halfpenny open-envelope enclosure, the private post-card, the plain stamping on letters of the hour at which they were posted—these were among the reforms that followed. By 1895 Mr. Henniker-Heaton was able to boast that forty of the reforms he advocated had been adopted by Parliament and the post and telegraph authorities. The express letter system came a little later. Meanwhile the anomalies of the telegraph service were a constant butt. By what logic, asked the member for Canterbury, is Edge Hill in Warwickshire charged as one word and Edge Hill, Liverpool, charged as two words? and why is West Derby charged as two words, but West Kirby as one word? Why is "upstairs" taken as one word, and "down stairs" taken as two words; "fish-market" as one, and "cattle market" as two? Why, indeed? Even the Department began to wonder, and something was done to simplify and unify the codification. There was only one point when Mr. Henniker-Heaton seemed temporarily to lose the sympathy of legislators. Theirs, it seems, is the conventional stage-view of that really delightful personage the mother-in-law; so when there was a question of charging one halfpenny instead of three-halfpence for the transmission of her title along the wires, there came forth even from the reformer's best friends what Lord Beaconsfield would call "a superb groan."

"I sha'n't rest until I have gained Imperial Penny Postage throughout the world." That was Mr. Heaton's proclamation years ago, and he has not gone back upon it. The man with a purpose has it still. That idea underlies all his deeds. It was with him when he attended, in 1887, the banquet given in his honour in Sydney, where met the members of the then ruling, and of the late, Governments, with the Mayor in the chair. It was with him when he organised the telegraphic chess match between the Houses of Parliament of England and America, Mr. Walter generously paying for the transmission of the moves, and a vote of thanks to Mr. Henniker-Heaton being proposed in Westminster, seconded in Washington, and passed unanimously all within three minutes. It was with him all the twelve years he lived and laboured at 36, Eaton Square, and it

ENVELOPE OF OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE ASSOCIATION, 1840.

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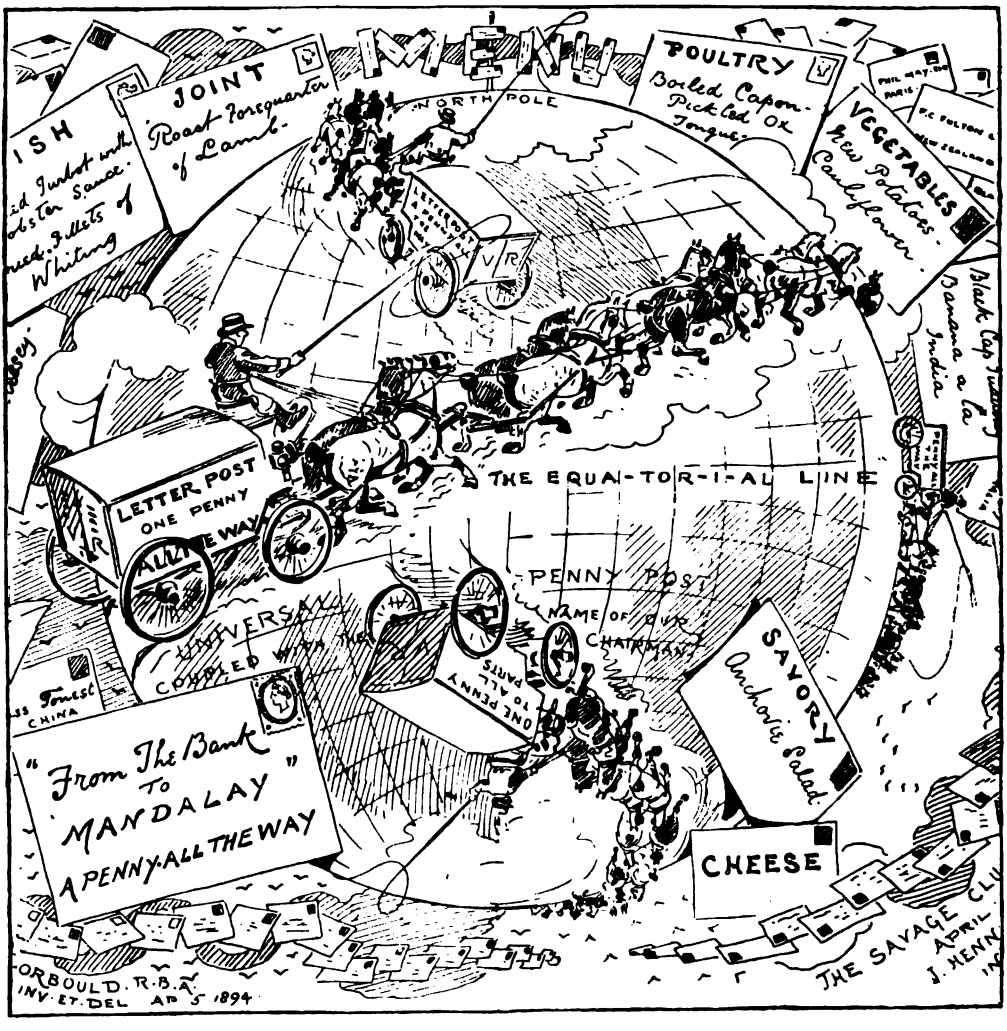
was somehow associated with his favourite hobby—the getting together of a complete collection of books connected with Australasia. It was with him when he went to Court and saw the Queen whose head he wished to multiply a million times the more. The public recognised the purpose and they bestowed titles on him accordingly. He was somehow associated with his favourite hobby—the getting together of a complete collection of books connected with Australasia. It was with him when he went to Court and saw the Queen whose head he wished to multiply a million times the more. The public recognised the purpose and they bestowed titles on him accordingly. He



PART OF THE MENU OF THE DINNER TO MR. J. HENNIKER-HEATON, M.P., AT THE SAVAGE CLUB.

was the Member for Postal Reform; he was Postmaster-General of Greater Britain; he was the Apostle of Imperial Penny Postage; and he was Lord St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Those were popular recognitions of the thousands of days and nights Mr. Henniker-Heaton had devoted to postal and telegraphic reform, of the thousands of pounds he had expended on the propaganda. The officials, whom he kept on the move, were the only persons who did not applaud. Happily for Mr. Henniker-Heaton, the Duke of Norfolk came to be the head official of all—a man not to be exceeded in energy, industry, and goodwill. True, he is in another House, and the captain's constant request to him to hand the salt does not fret his own ear. Mr. Hanbury is the whipping-boy. Little wonder, human nature being what it is, if he sometimes gives a kick. In the interests of the letter-writers of England and her Colonies, may Mr. Henniker-Heaton long remain a man with a purpose.

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THE COLONEL'S GUEST

By W. A. FRASER

Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.

HARRY DAYTON was a tailor in Old England. In Calcutta he was a gents' outfitter, which was a marked distinction without much difference. That was in the good old days, when the partners in the leading houses of that sort made princely incomes.

Harry Dayton the elder was a good judge of many things besides cloth, and when he awoke to the fact that his two boys, Harry and Jack, had come in for a fair share of the brain which had always been his, he determined to give them a little better "send off," as he called it, than he had had himself.

The ethics of the prize-ring, and a few other kindred subjects to the study of which he had devoted many good years of his life, he found of not much practical use in the fulness of his manhood.

"The boys 'll 'ave a better chance than I 'ad," he said, and "'aving the oof," as he always designated her Majesty's current coin, he proceeded to buy them the best things in the educational line to be had in the open market.

But the whirligig of time has a merry way of proving that sevens are threes just after one has figured the whole sum of life out satisfactorily, and thus upsetting the calculation; and Harry, junr., and Jack—fine, manly-looking fellows they were, too—by the same token, having just failed to hit it off in the few things they went in for, had to come back to the business in which their "old man" had made the jam for his bread and butter.

It was in September that Harry, junr., walked into his father's place of business in Old Court House Street, in Calcutta, to take his place as assistant salesman. It mellowed the old man's heart to see his fine, strapping son, with his pleasant manners, in the old place; in fact, he got very mellow that same evening, and wept tears of gratitude to think that the chip of the old block had developed into a finer piece of furniture than the old block itself.

"I'm going to send you up country, Harry," he said, with the promiscuous letting loose of a few h's; "I'm going to send you up country to look up business; and with the advantage you have had in the way of education, and with the good name the house has got, you ought to come back with a tidy bundle of orders. I want you to go and see Colonel Trendenis, at Mugawani. Your uncle Tom was butler in their family at home. He used to be a good customer, but I am afraid that he has been working the native *darzi* racket lately, for we haven't written his name in our books for some time; so you ought to sell him a tidy bit of goods. With his recommendation you ought to get an order from every officer in the regiment. You can work a few of the other places on the way up, and I'll write him a letter asking him to favour you with his patronage. That's the line to play them on, Harry. Call it patronage, and then they have to come down handsome if they do anything at all."

The next day Harry the younger started

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on his tour, but the fate which always juggles things about urged him to skip most of the towns on the way, and put it into his head that it would be better to get up to Mugawani at an early date and work back.

Harry the elder would rather cut a suit of clothes—yes, forty suits—than write one letter; so he put off the hour of tribulation from day to day, keeping a mental reckoning of Harry's movements. "He's at Benares now," he would say to himself, and the next day he would figure him out at Allahabad.

"'I'll be able to knock out an order for a habit and a couple of tailor-made gowns, for sure.'"

After a few days he would pass him on to another town—all in his mind. But in the flesh Harry was up at Mugawani, this wise.

When Harry arrived at Mugawani a crazy old gharry took him and his traps to Bynkles Family Hotel. A good appearance is everything, the old man used to tell Harry, so he spent some time over the good appearance, and then started out to look up Colonel Trendenis.

The Colonel was at the mess, and Harry sent in his card when he arrived there.

Now, Harry's fastidiousness reached out even to his cards. His father, with his superior commercial development, had loaded him up with a few thousand cards bearing the prosaic statement that Harry Dayton, Junr., was representing Harry Dayton, Senr., Gents' Outfitter, etc.

"They're all right for the old man," muttered Harry to himself, as he shovelled them into his box, "but I'm hanged if I'm going to travel around with my pocket full of advertisements like that." So he substituted his own small bits of pasteboard, carrying the plain inscription, "Harry Dayton," and it was because of this that the thing happened as it did.

"Sahib sends salaams," said the tall bearer who had taken his card in to the Colonel, when he returned to Harry.

At the door of the billiard room the Colonel, cue in hand and hat off, met Harry with a boisterous rush of jovial friendship.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he said, holding out his hand, his broad red face one mass of genial friendship. "It does my eyes good to see you again. Come in and sit down and have a peg. You don't mind if I finish the game with the Captain here—oh, excuse me, Captain Melton, Harry Dayton, son of my old friend Harry Dayton, of whom you have often heard me speak."

"He's a warm old party," thought Harry to himself. "I expect he wants to give me a heavy order without paying anything on his bill."

"What sort of a trip did you have out?" said the Colonel, as he slammed the red down in the middle pocket with a vigorous punch.

"Oh, very pleasant; you knew, then, that I had just come out?" said Harry, in order to get a slight grip on the conversation.

"Gad! I should think so," said the Colonel. "Had your father's letter telling me you were coming, you know."

"Oh, yes, of course," ejaculated Harry, thinking how very spry and punctual the old man had gotten with his pen to have sent the letter off in that way.

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"Father told me to look you up."

"Look me up? I should think so! By Jove! Ha, ha! that's rich: look me up—why, bless me! what else would you do, my boy? We're going to keep you with us for two or three weeks. I think Elma has a room tidied up for you that won't be half bad after being cooped up in the cabin on the ship."

"Who in thunder is Elma, I wonder?" whispered Harry to himself. "I'll bet you the old Colonel's going to ask tick for the whole regiment."

"How was the governor looking?" asked the Colonel, as he made a mis-cue and opened up a slit of six inches in the billiard cloth. "A beastly cue!" was the remark this misadventure brought forth; "slippery tip on it—hard as a button. Five rupees an inch, thirty rupees gone. I'll have it cut out of the marker's tollop. You're out, are you, Captain? All right, Harry, my boy, have another peg and we'll go home. Where are your traps? Did you leave them down at the bungalow?"

"No, they're at the hotel," said Harry, quite bewildered by the Colonel's impetuous way of running things.

"By Jove! beastly stupid that. You should have gone straight to the bungalow. Wasn't expecting you yet for a week, or I'd have gone to the train to meet you."

"I'd rather stop at the hotel, Colonel," said Harry, in desperation; but at this the Colonel simply roared with laughter and slapped his thigh in derision.

"Just like your father, Harry, just like your father. Would rather sleep out on a tombstone than put anybody to the trouble of making him up a bed."

Harry remembered that his father had slept out more than one night, but he had always fancied that it was more because the road home was mysterious than owing to any desire not to give trouble.

The end of it was that Harry and his traps were all packed off down to the Colonel's bungalow, Harry in the Colonel's dogcart, and the traps on the old *ticca gharry* that had brought him to the mess.

"Gad!" said the Colonel, as they drove along; "I've a notion to make Elma believe you're somebody else. She's never seen you, you know. I might introduce you as a planter down from Tirhoot, only, I suppose you don't know anything about indigo, even though you are going into it," and the Colonel chuckled softly to himself.

"Oh, oh!" thought Harry; "so I'm going into indigo, am I? Perhaps the Colonel means to adopt me. I don't know what in the world he's driving at, unless it's unlimited time on the orders. The governor was right, though, about him, for he said he was a queer old duck. If he took a fancy to me I could get anything I wanted out of him; but if it was the other way on, he was quite likely to tell me to go to Santa Barbara."

"I often play Elma practical jokes," explained the Colonel, as he flicked at the big roan's quarters with the long whalebone whip; "and she's always trying to get even," and he chuckled again.

Harry felt flattered. A fair leaven of vanity had been bred in him, and the lift in the social scale which his father had endeavoured to give him through educational methods had developed it until now it was a full-sized loaf of self-appreciation.

When they arrived at the bungalow the servants treated Harry with a deferential respect that pleased him mightily; and the Colonel's daughter, Elma, came forward to meet him with hearty responsiveness when her father introduced him as his great friend, Harry Dayton.

"We expect you two to get acquainted pretty fast," he said, winking atrociously at Elma. "By Jove!" he thought to himself, "I wonder if they'll fall in with the idea Harry's father and I have of this thing, or upset the whole arrangement by falling out among themselves."

"Deuced fine girl," thought Harry, as he observed her straight, jaunty, almost military carriage. "I'll be able to knock out an order for a habit and a couple of tailor-made gowns, for sure. But I guess it'll be unlimited time on the whole blooming lot," he thought despairingly, "after this jolly reception; perhaps the old man'll never get the amount of this bill at all, for I've heard that some of these colonels run frightfully close to their income."

"Elma never saw you before," repeated the Colonel; "but your father always used to put up with me when he was in these parts, so she knew him well."

"Gad!" thought Harry, as he dressed for dinner, "I almost wish I was in this swim. I'm beginning almost to hate to ask the old man for an order, he's so awfully friendly."

"How was Tom?" asked the Colonel, as he looked up from his mulligatawny at Harry.

"You mean Uncle Tom, sir, do you?" asked Harry.

"Yes, yes, we all called him 'uncle,' of course. Ha, ha! the butler, I mean."

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"Oh, he was well," answered Harry, joining in the laugh, he hardly knew why.

"Funny old dodger, wasn't he?" continued his host. "Drank more of that choice old port than the governor himself, I always thought, from the look of his nose. Gad! I wish I had some of it here now—the vintage, I mean. I had enough of Tom when I was a youngster at home. When did you arrive in Bombay?" queried the Colonel, as he prodded a prawn in the curry as if he were spearing a pig.

"I didn't come to Bombay, I came to Calcutta," answered Harry.

"How odd! I understood the governor to say you would come to Bombay, and come straight across here from there."

"No, I had to go to Calcutta first to get some samples, you know," answered Harry.

"Ha, ha! deuced good! 'samples.' Deuced good!" and he looked across at Harry and winked. "Samples to take up to Tirhoot, eh?" and he winked again.

As the Colonel had got away with his third peg by this time, Harry figured it out that the old man was getting a little mixed, and let it drop at that.

After dinner he asked Harry if he would rather have a quiet evening, with a little music, or go down to the mess for a game of billiards. Harry elected to stay, thinking that while the Colonel was in a mellow mood he might get a pretty stiffish order out of him; then, when he looked at Elma, he hated the whole business, all but the habit—she'd look wonderfully fine in a well cut habit, he thought.

Harry observed that his host had on a shocking mess jacket—shocking as far as fit went; it scooted off his fat shoulders behind at an angle of forty-five, very much like the turned-down brim of a slouched hat.

"Must have been made by one of the native *darzis*," thought Harry.

As they were smoking their cheroots out on the verandah Harry thought he'd start the ball rolling and work up to clothes a bit.

"You'll be needing some new dinner jackets this cold season, sir, I think?"

"What?" gasped the Colonel, swallowing a piece off the end of his cheroot, as he turned his fat figure in the big, long-sleeved chair.

"Pardon me," continued Harry, "but those you have don't seem to fit very well. May I ask who made them? Couldn't have been the guv'nor."

"The guv'nor!" gasped his companion; "I should say not. Do you suppose when he was here I put him at making mess jackets for me? Gad! no, sir; we never even *talked* clothes. I entertained him like a a prince. But there, there, that's the way with you young fellows. The first, second, and last thing you think of is the cut of a man's coat. The young ass has taken too much of that 'Monopole,'" thought the Colonel, as he sucked at the black Burma cheroot.

"He's a touchy old bounder," thought Harry, "when he's got a peg in. I'll have to wait and tackle him when he's sober."

After they had finished their smoke and gone to the drawing-room they had a little music, and Elma played the Afghan March. Harry, in his strong, fresh young voice, sang one or two of the newest things at home; and then, by special request, sang him his favourite, "The Boys of the Old Brigade." He sang it with so much *vim* that the Colonel rapidly regained his good humour again.

"He's a fine, manly-looking chap," thought the Colonel. "Looks just like the old man."

"I must try and do a little business with Miss Elma," mused Harry. "I can't afford to lose all my time here. I'll have to go slow, though, I see, if I expect to stand well with the regiment through the Colonel. Perhaps I'd better get her to speak to the old man about his clothes. I've been speaking to your father about his mess jackets," he remarked to Miss Elma a little later. "They're a little off, you know. He ought to go in for some new ones. Of course, if he didn't know father so well, and wasn't so friendly, I shouldn't dare take the liberty. You had better persuade him to let me send his measure down to Calcutta for a dozen good-fitting jackets. Very likely all his clothes are as bad."

Miss Elma regarded him critically for a moment and then burst out laughing. "You're trying to take a rise out of father, I'm afraid," she said; "but he's awfully touchy about his clothes, and you'll get into no end of a row with him if you get his dander up."

"You'll likely need a new habit yourself," added Harry, passing over her remark. "I'll show you the latest thing they're wearing at home;" and he excused himself and darted into his room, returning a moment later with a piece of dark green ladies' cloth.

"What a useful man you are! that's just the thing I'm after. I shouldn't wonder if

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"Miss Elma regarded him critically for a moment."

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you could take my measure and all. You seem so well up in these things."

"Yes, I can take it," answered Harry modestly. "I learned how to measure a lady for a habit from the old man. I'll take your measure and send it right off down to Calcutta. That's a start," he thought, as he turned in a little later.

"Have you had a pleasant evening, dear?" queried the Colonel, as Elma woke him up from his strong, porpoise-like sleep in the big chair.

"Yes, father. Harry is quite entertaining—knows all about clothes and kindred things."

"Gad! yes. He wanted me to order a lot of new dinner jackets. Deuced queer fancy!"

The next morning Harry was horrified at the cut of the Colonel's regimentals; but he resolved to wait until evening before he brought the subject up again.

He spoke to Elma about it, and asked her advice about the best way of getting the Colonel to order some new duds.

"I could send his measure to the guv'nor, you know," he said, "and he would send him on whatever he wanted, and the bill could stand until the guv'nor came this way himself. I hated to put in that clause about the credit," thought Harry, "but I fancy it's about the only way to fetch him, and I think he'll be all right about the oof some day."

"What an odd chap Harry is," said Miss Elma to herself; "he's a little queer on the subject of clothes, I'm beginning to think."

"A very fine fellow, that Dayton," said Spilkins to Delmar, down at the "gym" that evening, as the Colonel rode away with his *protégé*. He's going to look me up at my quarters to-morrow, to show me some samples of light tweed some tailor fellow in Calcutta gave him. Fancy him putting himself to all that trouble, and only just acquainted. Have a split, and then I'll drop you at the mess."

Harry had another shy at the Colonel that night. They were out on the verandah for the customary cheroot.

"It's getting pretty cool in the evenings now," remarked the Colonel.

"Yes, it's quite cold; you'll need an ulster if you haven't got one, and one could wear a fairly heavy tweed suit now, with the lining out of the back, say. Did the guv'nor send you any samples when he wrote?"

"He's got too much sense!" exclaimed the old gent angrily.

He was getting annoyed over Harry's persistent attention to his wardrobe.

"I fancy he thought they wouldn't be needed as I was coming," remarked Harry, by way of easing the conversation down a bit.

"No, they wouldn't," answered the Colonel drily.

"He's not a bad chap, at all," said the Colonel to Elma, a little later; "and if he wouldn't make such a *darzi* of himself, I could like him."

Elma, too, found Harry a pleasant enough companion as they took their gallop together in the morning, if it wasn't for that one failing. He was for ever and ever harping on the subject of clothes—clothes good, clothes bad, and *darzi*, native *darzi*-made clothes," she assured a lady friend who came to see her.

Then the devil of procrastination let go his hold of Harry Dayton, senr., and his letter turned up at Mugawani.

"I say, Elma," called out the Colonel to his daughter, "here's a tailor bounder coming up from Calcutta in a few days, and we ought to get him at Harry and let them fight it out between them. By Jove! it looks as though there was a conspiracy on to make me buy some clothes. I'm hanged if I don't put up a job on the two of them. When he shows up I'll tell Harry that he is a man from the cantonments, and wants to order some clothes from Calcutta. By the way, Harry, what do you get for trying to make me get a new lot of togs—a commission? Ha, ha!" and he laughed loud and long.

"No, sir," answered Harry, wondering where the joke came in; "I get a salary and expect to have an interest in the business."

At this the Colonel laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"You're the driest griffin brought out this year," he spluttered between snorts of laughter. "You'd have made your fortune on the stage. Your governor should have put you behind the wings, instead of into the tailoring," and he laughed again at his little joke and slapped Harry on the back with a vigour that made his eyes snap.

Harry was bewildered. He had often heard that the sun touched up some of the old timers and made them a bit eccentric. In fact, he understood that the fifty-five years' service rule had been aimed at this sort of thing.

"By Jove!" he thought, "the Colonel

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must be getting on towards his pension. He seems to have had enough of this land."

"Gad!" muttered Trendenis to himself, "the youngster is as queer as his pater used to be. Very funny, too, that it should develop so soon; the old man's fancies ran to boxing and building an underground railway on his place. Used to imagine that he could knock the middle-weight champion out. I wonder if he still keeps it up. I'll ask the boy. Does the governor still keep up his boxing, Harry?"

"Not much now, sir. Says it takes him away from his work too much; besides, his customers didn't like it—thought it too rowdy."

"Ah!" said the Colonel, wondering who the dickens the customers were. "I suppose it interfered with the underground railway," and his fat sides shook with suppressed laughter.

"Yes, probably!" blankly answered Harry, wondering if it also hadn't something to do with the discovery of the North Pole. "He's as mad as a March hare," he mused, "and I wonder how he manages to command the regiment." Then he remembered having heard of Colonel Magog, who was in charge of a division of the Great Government Railway for many moons, though he was quite off his head about some things. "Deuced strange country this, and I'm right in the middle of the hurly-burly. I'm being entertained by a crazy colonel and can't get an order from him, though he's not got a decent coat to his name."

It was next day down at the gymkhana that the Colonel undertook to give Harry a few pointers about billiards.

The Colonel's score stood fifty-four to Harry's ninety, which put Trendenis in a grumpy mood.

"Where do the officers of your regiment get their clothes made, generally, sir?" asked Harry, as he chalked his cue, making the chalk squeak on the tip with a peculiar rasping noise.

"Their grandmothers make their clothes and send them out from home," answered the irate Colonel; that was because Harry's question and the rasping of his chalk had made the old gentleman miss a very easy cannon, and because he was the fifty-four.

That evening Harry made a last futile effort to get Colonel Trendenis to come down seriously to the subject of clothing.

"I think, sir," he said, "that I had better be moving on to-morrow. I am rather afraid that I am allowing pleasure to interfere with business. Father was anxious that I should go on from here after seeing you."

"Naturally, naturally," repeated the Colonel; "I like to see that spirit in our young men; but, at the same time, you must give us a few days more of your company. I am glad that your father is putting you into business instead of the service. It's gone to the dogs now. I am sure you will do well in business. Indigo isn't what it was, but still it's better than the service. Fine principle the youngster's got," mused the old man, continuing the monologue silently to himself.

"'Captain Featherstone,' read the Colonel."

"He's certainly a little touched," ran through Harry's mind. "He thinks that I'm in indigo now."

The following day, as they were all at

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tiffin together, there was the grinding of gharry wheels on the rubble road, and soon the bearer brought in a card which he tendered to Colonel Trendenis with a grave salaam.

There was a perceptible rising of the grey bristles about the Colonel's mouth as he turned to Harry and said—

"I wish you would go out and speak to this chap. He's from the cantonment, and I told him that you could put him in the way of getting something up-to-date in the way of clothes. Tell him that I'm not available just now. Don't let him in to bother me, whatever you do. Don't spoil sport," he said to Elma, as she began to remonstrate. "You'll see some fine fun between them. It's the tailor's man from Calcutta, and Harry can have it out with him to his heart's content—deuced queer fad that of his, anyway, this clothes business. His father would have gone round in a gunny sack any time—he didn't care a rap how he looked."

"Begins to look a little like business at last," thought Harry, as he made for the verandah; "very kind of the old duck, I'm sure. Did you wish to see me?" he asked the new comer.

"I wished to see Colonel Trendenis," answered the young man who was standing on the steps.

"Well, the Colonel received your card and asked me to make his excuses, as he's engaged just now. He thought that I might do just as well—in fact, better. He said that he thought you were needing some new clothes, and if so I shall be glad to help you in the matter."

The stranger's face flushed and he looked at Harry with eyes that were very wide open with astonishment.

"I'm very much obliged to Colonel Trendenis, I'm sure, but if I need any clothes, I'm quite able to pay——"

"Ah! certainly—of course!" interrupted Harry; "but you needn't worry about the pay; I'll manage all that to your entire satisfaction," and he smiled cheerfully upon the other, whose face was as the face of a red mask now.

"Did Colonel Trendenis say that he was too busy to see me?" said the stranger, mastering his passion with a mighty effort and speaking with a slow, deliberate drawl.

"Yes," answered Harry; "he said that if I would see about your duds, that was about all you needed, he thought."

"May I ask if Miss Trendenis is here?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," answered Harry. "She was with her father when your card came in; but if you'd care to see her I can tell her that you're here."

"Oh, no!" hastily interrupted the other. "Thank you, no! I fancy that I've given trouble enough this morning," and there was just a touch of finely drawn scorn in his voice, like the faint vibrating of a minor chord on a gently touched violin. It was too finely drawn for Harry's prosaic soul, so he answered with breezy good nature, "No trouble at all, I assure you. Should be delighted to fix you up with some new togs."

"Togs be hanged!" rather rudely remarked the other, as he clambered into the ramshackle old gharry.

Nothing daunted, Harry held up his hand to the gharry *wallah* to stop, and rushed down to the gharry.

"Where are you stopping?" he inquired.

"Over in the cantonment," answered the the other evasively.

"If I knew just where," said Harry, "I could call and see what you needed in the way of clothes."

But with a sound of smothered profanity within, and sundry wild Hindoo oaths without, as the gharry *wallah* lashed his skinny *tats* into a shuffling trot, the gharry rolled away over the dusty road.

"Either half the people up here are crazy," mused Harry, "or else some opposition house is putting up a job on me."

"A nice sort of friend of my father's Colonel Trendenis must be," thought Harry number two, as he puffed savagely at a cheroot. "Wonder if he thought the governor had sent me out here to sponge on him for a new outfit. Wouldn't see me, either, but sent that moonfaced secretary, or whatever else he is, out to offer to buy me some clothes. Seems to be a remarkably nice sort of a country."

"How did you get on with him, Harry?" asked the Colonel when Harry reappeared.

"Well, he has gone, anyway. As soon as I commenced to talk about clothes to him, and offered to get him a new outfit, he clambered into the gharry and with the use of much bad language drove off."

And then the Colonel begged Harry, as he valued the life of one of her Majesty's soldiers, which was always worth £100, at least, laid down in India, to desist, for he was killing him; and it did seem as if apoplexy would be the end of it, for Trendenis was

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purple in the face with the laughter which could not get away fast enough.

"Everybody is quite mad," thought Harry, as he sat there very solemn; and he mentally resolved to get out of Mugawani on the morrow if he never got another order.

But the mirth was stopped by the appearance of the solemn old bearer with another "ticket."

"Captain Featherstone," read the Colonel as he looked at the card.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Harry to himself, "that's the man the guv'nor told me to collect that old bill from. Its over a thousand now, and he hasn't paid a rupee for years. I'll nail him when the Colonel gets through with him."

Harry strolled out and Trendenis had his interview with the visitor.

Shortly after Featherstone left him, the Colonel heard rather loud voices out on the verandah. He heard the Captain say, "What in thunder has it to do with you?"

"Everything," he heard an answering voice that was Harry's. "Everything. The governor told me to collect this bill of you, and I spoke to you now civilly enough about it."

"What's up, gentlemen?" exclaimed the Colonel, as he appeared in the doorway.

"I just handed the Captain here father's bill," pointing to a bill which lay on the floor torn in two, "and he's kicking up no end of a row about it; wants to know if you've turned your place into a tailor shop."

"Whose father? what bill? Who's running a tailor shop?" gasped the Colonel in helpless bewilderment. "Is this a joke, Harry?" For he began to have a suspicion that the eccentricity about clothes had developed into a downright streak of insanity.

"Why, father's bill? 'Harry Dayton, Gents' Outfitter,'" and he produced one of the firm's big cards from his pocket.

"And who are you, then?" asked Trendenis in a hoarse whisper. "Are you the son of this man—this tailor? Aren't you the son of my old friend, Harry Dayton, in Maidenscote, England? He wrote me that his son was coming out. Aren't you he?"

A light began to dawn on Harry; in fact, a light began to dawn on all of them, for they could all see that there was some terrible mix up.

"No, sir, I'm not," said Harry. "Father lives in Calcutta, and wrote to you that I was coming up to solicit orders."

"Where in thunder is the other man, then—the son of my friend? For I got his letter right enough. *I've* got it!" he exclaimed. "May I be hamstrung for a drivelling idiot! It was the other Harry who arrived this morning, and this is his card," and he fished the small piece of pasteboard from his pocket.

That was the way it was—the combination was simple enough. Calcutta Harry had arrived in conjunction with the English Harry's letter, and the Harry from England had arrived to fit in with the tailor's letter from Calcutta. But the wearing of coarse cloth and rubbing of the ashes of humiliation were the fruits of the aftermath; and the squaring of the fellows at the mess and the gym., and the hunting up of the right Harry—just in time, too, this last, for he was packing up to shake the dust of Mugawani from feet that ached to be away.

"It was terrible," the Colonel said. Sometimes he swore roundly and loudly; sometimes he cursed softly, inventing divers expressive adjectives to embellish the opinion he held of himself. One phrase that he repeated often was, "Not a single order shall he get in the regiment—yea, not in all Mugawani."

Whether Elma and the real Harry hit it off or not is not of this history. I have wondered since about this—some day I'll write and ask.

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Founded on fragmentary lines communicated to the author by Admiral Sir Windham Hornby, K.C.B., who served under Hardy in 1827.

We lay at St. Helen's, and easy she rode,
With one anchor catted and fresh water stowed;
When the barge came alongside like bullocks we roared,
For we knew what we carried with Nelson aboard.

Our Captain was Hardy, the pride of us all;
I'll ask for none better when danger shall call.
He was hardy by nature and Hardy by name,
And soon by his conduct to honour he came.

The third day the Lizard was under our lee,
Where the *Ajax* and *Thunderer* joined us at sea;
But what with foul weather and tacking about,
When we sighted the fleet we were thirteen days out.

The captains they all came aboard quick enough,
But the news that they brought was as heavy as duff.
So backward an enemy never was seen;
They were harder to come at than Cheeks the Marine.

The lubbers had hares' lugs where seamen have ears,
So we stowed all saluting and smothered our cheers;
And to humour their stomachs and tempt them to dine
In the offing we showed them but six of the line.

One morning the topmen reported below
The old *Agamemnon* escaped from the foe.
Says Nelson, "My lads, there'll be honour for some,
For we're sure of a battle now Berry has come."

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"Up hammocks!" at last cried the bo'sun at dawn;
The guns were cast loose and the tompions drawn,
The gunner was bustling the shot-racks to fill,
And "All hands to quarters" was piped with a will.

We now saw the enemy bearing ahead,
And to east of them Cape Trafalgar, it was said.
'Tis a name we remember, from father to son,
That the days of old England may never be done.

The *Victory* led—to her flag it was due,
Tho' the *Téméraires* thought themselves Admirals too;
But Lord Nelson he hailed them with masterful grace—
"Cap'n Harvey, I'll thank you to keep in your place!"

To begin with, we closed the *Bucentaure* alone—
An eighty gun ship, and their Admiral's own;
We raked her but once, and the rest of the day
Like a hospital hulk on the water she lay.

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To our battering next the *Redoutable* struck,
But her sharpshooters gave us the worst of the luck.
Lord Nelson was wounded, most cruel to tell—
"They've done for me, Hardy!" he cried as he fell.

To the cockpit in silence they carried him past,
And sad were the looks that were after him cast;
His face with a kerchief he tried to conceal,
But we knew him too well, from the truck to the keel.

When the Captain reported a victory won,
"Thank God," he kept saying, "my duty I've done!"
At last came the moment to kiss him good-bye,
And the Captain for once had the salt in his eye.

"Now anchor, dear Hardy," the Admiral cried;
But before we could make it he fainted and died.
All night in the trough of the sea we were tossed,
And for want of ground-tackle good prizes were lost.

Then we hauled down the flag—at the fore it was red—
And blue at the mizzen was hoisted instead
By Nelson's famed Captain, the pride of each tar,
Who fought in the *Victory* off Cape Trafalgar.

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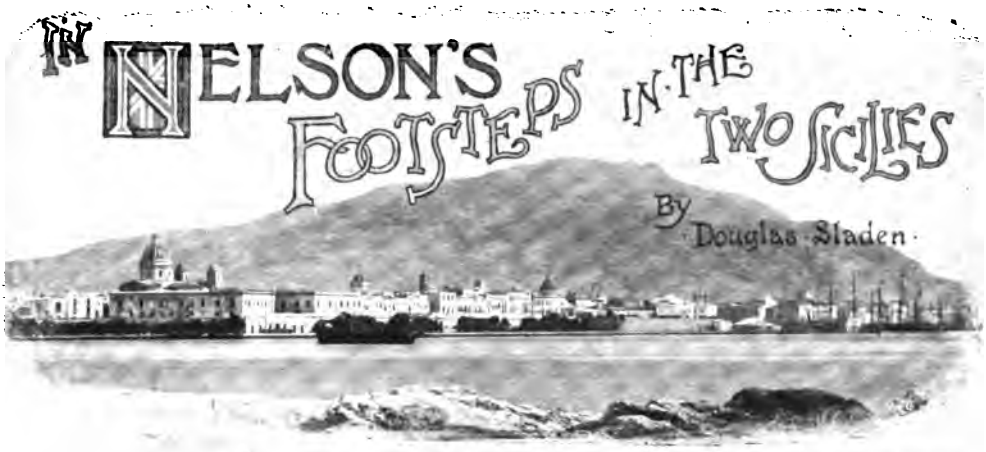
In Nelson's Footsteps in the Two Sicilies

By Douglas Sladen.



TRAPANI, AND MONTE ST. GIULIANO, THE ANCIENT ERYX, WHERE ÆNEAS HELD THE FUNERAL GAMES OF ANCHISES.

IN MARSALA HARBOUR.

I SIT down to write these words on Nelson's Day—the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of the Nile, which was fought on the 1st of August, 1798. From my verandah at Salcombe I look out past the soaring rocks of the Bolt Head to the Channel filled with shipping by the naval supremacy which he founded on that day.

Nelson paid a passing visit to Naples, carrying despatches for Hood, as early as 1793, but his real connection with the Two Sicilies, as the kingdom of Naples and the kingdom of Sicily were called, did not begin till five years later, and he did not so much as set foot in them in the interval. He was in the Bay of Naples on June 17, 1798, before his first voyage to Alexandria in chase of the French fleet with Napoleon on board. But he did not land; nor did he see the Hamiltons. On the 20th of the same month he was off Messina, and on the 21st off Syracuse. On the 22nd, under full sail for Alexandria, he passed Cape Passaro; on the 28th he was off Alexandria, but was disappointed of finding the French, for Napoleon had made a *détour* round Crete to throw off his pursuers.

On July 20 Nelson was back at Syracuse, and there his noteworthy connection with the Two Sicilies began. Nelson did not inhabit any house in Syracuse. He anchored in the "great harbour" a few days to water his ships, and the most notable fact about his visit is the still uncleared-up double-dealing of the Sicilian court.

The French had informed Ferdinand that they should treat it as a *casus belli* if he admitted into any of his ports more than three or four ships at a time belonging to any other power, by which of course they meant England. But Nelson was given to expect secret orders procured from the Queen by the good offices of Lady Hamilton, to supersede this general despatch. As the Queen was the real monarch, this should have been sufficient, but it is now thought that the Governor had received yet more secret orders not to act on those secret orders unless he was compelled to do so by force. But the matter has never been cleared up. At all events, Nelson got the water, and was able to write to Sir William and Lady Hamilton, whom, it must be remembered, he had not seen for five years, on July 22, 1798:—

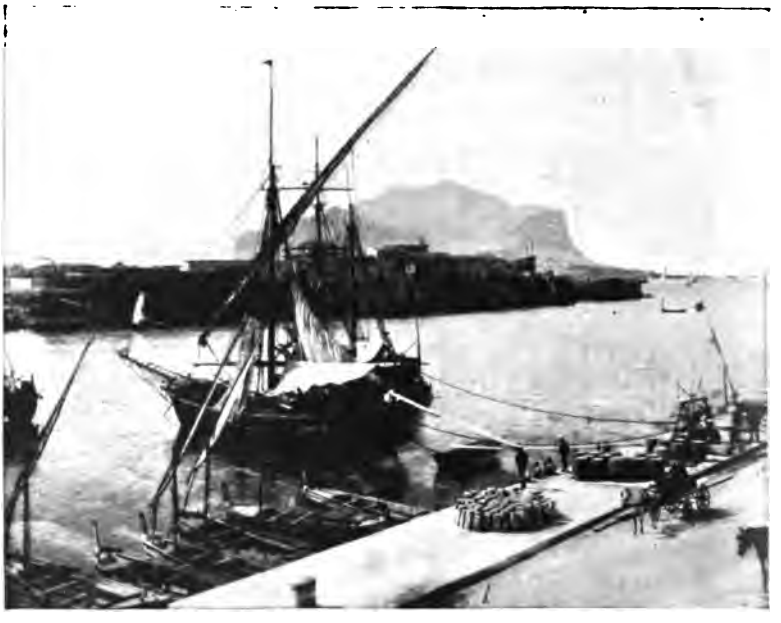
"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered: and, surely, watering at the Fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze, and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress."

In Nelson's day the Fountain of Arethusa sprang, quite a river in volume, out of the natural rock. It is now built into a not unpleasing sort of open alcove, and is dammed back into a clear pool full of waving

papyrus and great grey mullet. The water is now salt, having been disturbed by an earthquake only a year or two after Nelson's visit.

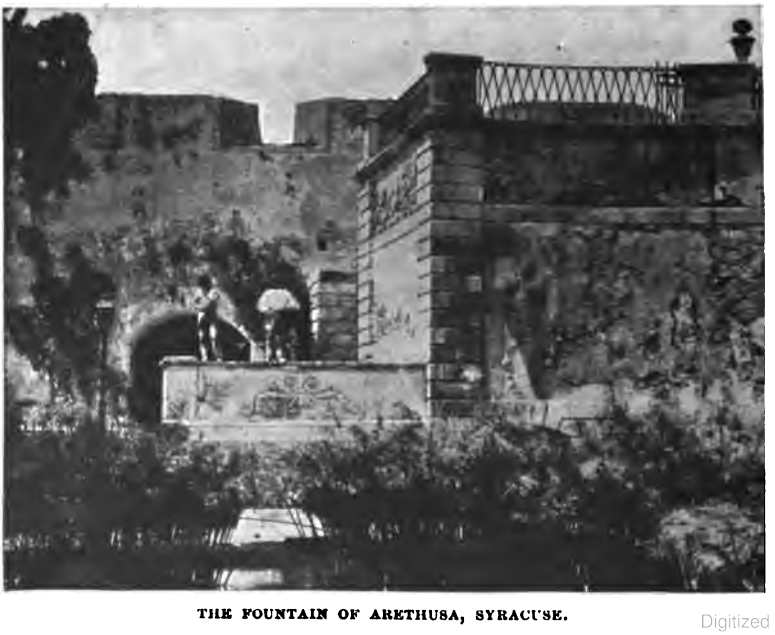
From Syracuse he sailed straight back to Alexandria and won the Battle of the Nile, and on the 22nd of September he arrived at Naples, though he nearly died the day before from the effects of his wound and fever.

Lady Hamilton, who had in the interval, on September 6, written him the delightful letter of congratulation I quoted in "The Admiral," went out in the Ambassador's barge to meet the hero. When she saw him she exclaimed, "Oh, God! is it possible?" and when she noticed the change that five years had made in his appearance she fell into his arms fainting. She would not hear of his going to the inn by the port, where he had thought of establishing his headquarters, but carried him off in the Embassy coach to her palace, which is fortunately still standing, though its surroundings have altered so much. It stands, under the shadow of the acropolis now known as Pizzofalcone, on which the earliest of the classical fore-runners of modern Naples stood, between the Piazza dei Martiri and the Largo Vittoria. It is almost opposite Cook's offices. It is of enormous size and is now let in apartments. It occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth front, that nearest the sea, containing the stables, a comparatively low block of buildings. In the corner of the palace front abutting on the stables, on what we should



THE HARBOUR OF PALERMO.

Lord Nelson's ships probably lay just outside the lighthouse, on the point of Monte Pellegrino.



THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA, SYRACUSE.

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call the second floor, there is a little sort of roof garden. Nelson seems to have had an apartment, now divided up, which opens on to this.

As you enter the great gateway which leads into the courtyard, round which the palace is built, a fine red marble staircase on the right carries you up to the principal apartments. Here Nelson stayed with the Hamiltons all the time he was at Naples, in 1798. In their day the Villa Reale — the public gardens of Naples, which came right up to the palace — had only recently been formed by King Ferdinand I., to receive the splendid statuary he had inherited, including the celebrated Farnese bull. The site was land recovered from the sea, a process which is going on all the time in Naples to such an extent that Nelson would hardly recognise the foreshore of to-day. Besides being at the Hamiltons' palace at Naples, he is known to have stayed in the royal palace of Caserta, and it is probable that he stayed in the Hamiltons' villas at that place and Posilippo. From Naples, on October 15, 1798, he sailed for Malta, and arrived back on November 5. On November 22 he left for Leghorn, taking part in the ill-fated operations against the French which led to the fall of the kingdom of Naples. Nelson personally was unable to have any part in the fighting, or the result might have been very different. The Neapolitans behaved with such poltroonery that on the 23rd of December, 1798, the royal family had to fly to Palermo. By Lady Hamilton's courage and forethought, an enormous treasure of money, plate, diamonds, pictures, and antiques, to the value of two and a half millions sterling, was conveyed by night to her palace and thence on board the ships, the bulk of it on the flagship, to which the royal family themselves were conveyed by the secret passage which still runs from the palace down to the little port called the Arsenal. They made the passage in the most awful weather which Nelson ever experienced in his career at sea. The little Prince Albert, aged seven, died of seasickness in Lady Hamilton's arms, and they did not arrive at Palermo till the 26th.

NELSON WHEN IN SICILY.

From a print, not previously reproduced, described in the British Museum Collection as "Engraved by T. Burke from an original drawing taken at Palermo, in possession of Captain T. B. Savage, of Marines."

At Palermo, Nelson's movements are much more difficult to trace. It is fairly certain that he spent a while in the royal palace, which contains, not only the Cappella Reale—the gem of Norman Byzantine architecture, whose mosaics are, perhaps, in the finest state of preservation of any antique mosaics in the world—but also a Norman dwelling-room, built by King Roger and preserved intact.

He hired for his own use the villa of

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the Marquis de Gregorio, which stands on the edge of the harbour where his fleet lay, and was then outside the city. It is on the Pellegrino side, a short distance from the ancient building known as the Arsenal. A garden of sixty acres, mostly devoted to lemon groves, is still attached to the back of this villa, which is quite unchanged from Nelson's time. It has an ordinary-looking white façade, with a plain iron balcony running along the first floor. A narrow entrance in the centre admits you into a small courtyard containing a fountain and a fine tree. From this a narrow staircase walled in on both sides conducts you to the first floor and you find yourself in a suite of magnificent apartments leading off each other. The finest of these apartments is the Salone — the centre front room, a large vaulted chamber with the very furniture which was there in Nelson's time and when the Viceroys from Spain used it. It was the custom for the Viceroy, on landing, to stay in this villa to recover from the sea voyage and make the proper preparations, in the way of unpacking his plate and fitting his liveries with servants, for his ceremonial entry into the royal palace. In the centre of the room is a huge circular ottoman, with a fine porcelain vase rising from the centre, under a chandelier of rock crystal. In the centre of each wall is a tall mirror running down from the ceiling to a little table with lions' legs. There are several doors, all of them going from floor to ceiling, although the top panels are fixed and have paintings sunk in them. The floor is covered with fine old Spanish tiling, with a huge blue and yellow pattern, each flourish of which occupies several tiles. At each end there is a couch of the stiff eighteenth century pattern, with a number of chairs facing it in the form of a horseshoe. This arrangement the Marquis Antonio di Gregorio, the heir of the house, and one of the most distinguished geologists in Italy, the author of nearly a hundred well-known scientific works, tells me was invariable a hundred years ago. The ladies all stayed at one end of the room and the gentlemen at the other. Passing through one of the great doors, with each panel four feet square, the next chamber you come to but one is the bedroom which was occupied by the Viceroys and the great Admiral—a plain room with an alcove, in which the bed then stood. At the back of the palace, which is of immense size, containing over one hundred rooms, are the stables, divided by handsome park railings from the inner garden, which is very quaint, with its fountain in the centre of a vine arbour, its aviary, and its tiled flower boxes along the borders of the beds. They were constructed for water channels, such as are still in use in the lemon grove, though they are devoted to flowers in the inner garden since the introduction of pipes. There are very fine oleanders, a splendid clump of bananas with (when I saw them) great bunches of ripe fruit, custard apples, pine-apples, and other tropical plants. Beyond this are the shady lemon groves, which contain curious caves and ancient buildings, and

THE FAVORITA, QUEEN MARIA CAROLINA'S SUMMER PALACE AT PALERMO, WHERE SHE OFTEN ENTERTAINED NELSON.

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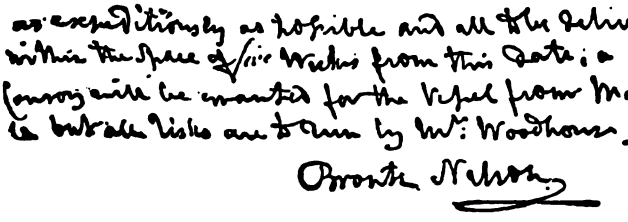
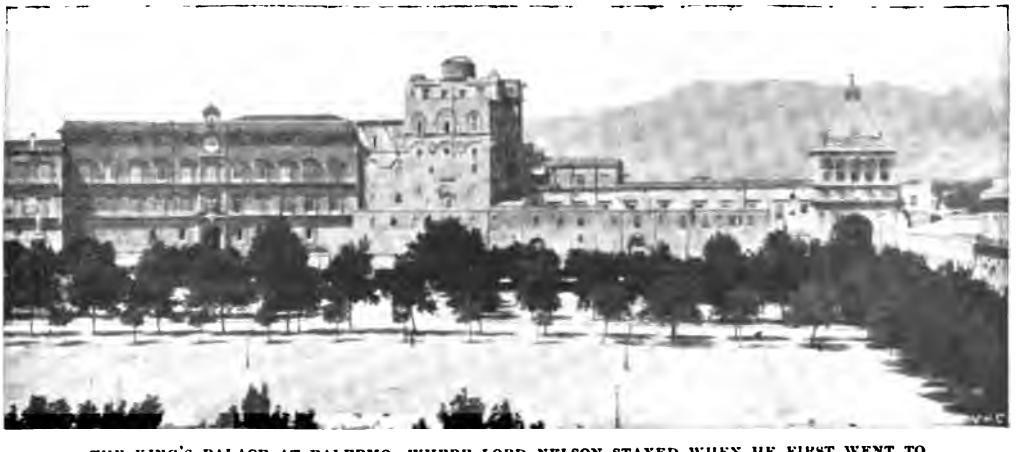
WOODHOUSE'S BAGLIO AT MARSALA, FROM WHICH NELSON BOUGHT FIVE HUNDRED PIPES OF WINE.

extend almost to the foot of Monte Pellegrino.

Nelson, of course, did not hire the whole palace, but what is called an apartment in it, and after a while he seems to have used this chiefly for a sort of fleet office, and to have stayed himself with the Hamiltons in their palace near the Flora, as the public gardens, now known as the Villa Giulia, were then called. It is not quite certain what palace the Hamiltons did occupy, but when I was last in Palermo, I was at a ball in the Princess Baucino's palace which stands on the sea-front, just before you come to the Villa Giulia, and I was informed by a good many of the people present that the Hamiltons' palace probably stood on the site of the Baucino palace, and was partly incorporated in it by Prince Cattolico when he commenced the ambitious alterations which made this palace one of the finest in Palermo. It is very imposing as it rises from the Marina, but the famous Norman room, copied with so much taste from that in the king's palace, and the Moorish ballroom, copied from the Alhambra, were, one regrets to say, not built in Nelson's day; and the splendid collections of armour



FACSIMILE OF NELSON'S ORDER FOR WINE FROM MESSRS. WOODHOUSE.



THE KING'S PALACE AT PALERMO, WHERE LORD NELSON STAYED WHEN HE FIRST WENT TO PALERMO IN DECEMBER, 1798.

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and priceless pottery were brought there by the late Prince Baucino. These are the three sites most intimately connected with Nelson's stay in Palermo.

He was at Palermo from December 26, 1798, to May 19, 1799, and again from May 29 to June 15, 1799; and on June 21, 1799, he was a few hours in the Bay embarking Sir William and Lady Hamilton for Naples. The intervals from the 21st to the 28th of May, and the 16th to the 20th of June, he was off Maritimo. Maritimo is one of the famous Ægatian Islands, where the Romans gained the great sea fight over the Carthaginians which ended the first Punic war. It is a few miles from Marsala, but it was during a subsequent visit that he gave Messrs. Woodhouse and Co., the original and still one of the principal wine firms there, his autograph order (now framed in their office) for 500 pipes of Marsala wine. Maritimo was a favourite *rendezvous* of Nelson's when he was looking out for a French fleet from the west. Another of his letters is dated from Trapano (Trapani), which is about twenty miles up the coast from Marsala, and was founded by Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal. The wine baglios of Marsala still have lofty walls, like fortresses and little towers, which in Nelson's day were mounted with cannon to prevent the descent of privateers on so rich a prize.

From June 24 to August 4, 1799, Nelson was in the Bay of Naples, and during a good part of the time the king and the seat of government were on board his flagship, the *Foudroyant*. On August 5 he carried the king back to Palermo in triumph and remained there till October 5. It was during his second long stay at Palermo that Maria Carolina gave the famous mythological ball, probably out at her summer palace—the Favorita, a curious but elegant villa in the pseudo-Chinese style, of which she was so fond. The king, dressed as Jove, crowned Nelson, dressed as Mars, and presented him with the patent of the dukedom and lands of Bronte, then worth £3,000 a year. Lady Hamilton was dressed as Venus, and the Queen as Juno.

It was from June 1 to June 9, 1800, after several other brief sojourns there, that Nelson was at Palermo for the last time

It does not come within the scope of this article to follow Nelson from Palermo, which he left on June 10, 1800, to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Ancona, and Ancona to Trieste. Sir William had been superseded by the Hon. Arthur Paget, and Nelson felt that he could no longer, with dignity, act under the commands of Lord Keith. After leaving Trieste, he made a triumphal progress across Europe by way of Vienna, and landed at Great Yarmouth in his own county of Norfolk, on the 6th of May, 1800, more than two years after he had immortalised himself by the victory of the Nile.

A curious thing remains to be related, that Nelson, once the idol of the Two Sicilies, now shares the unpopularity of the Bourbon dynasty he served so well, among the lower classes, who in a few years more will probably believe that he actually fought against, and was defeated by Garibaldi.

THE FORO ITALICO, OR MARINA OF PALERMO.

The large building in the centre is the palace of the Princess Baucino, in which the palace occupied by the Hamiltons and Lord Nelson is supposed to be incorporated.

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PHAROS THE EGYPTIAN

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Illustrated by JOHN H. BACON.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAVING said this, the old man led me towards a doorway at the farther end of the room. The posts which supported it, and which must have been something like ten feet in width, were covered with hieroglyphics, as were the neighbouring walls. On either side of the doorway stood two enormous kriosphinxes, similar to those which had once lined the avenue between the Temples of Karnak and Luxor. These had the bodies of lions and heads of rams, and were as perfect as on the day when they had left the sculptor's hands, who knew how many thousand years ago? Entering the archway—for archway I should prefer to call it rather than door—I found myself standing between two rows of life-sized statues, all excelling in workmanship, and in the most perfect state of preservation. Though I was not sufficiently learned in Egyptian history to be able to assign names to them, I was nevertheless quite capable of appreciating their immense value, and could well imagine the find they would prove to any Egyptologist who, in days to come, might discover the secret of the stone and penetrate into this mysterious place.

From what I remember, and speaking at a guess, the passage could scarcely have been less than a hundred feet in length and must have contained at least a dozen statues. At the farther end it opened into a smaller chamber or catacomb, in the walls of which were a number of niches, each one containing a mummy. The place was intolerably close and was filled with an overpowering odour of dried herbs. In the centre, and side by side, were two alabaster slabs, each about seven feet long by three in width. A stone pillar was at the head of each, but for what purpose the blocks were originally intended I have no idea.

At a signal from my conductor two beings —I cannot call them men—who from their looks I should have judged to be as old as Pharos himself, made their appearance, bringing with them certain vestments and a number of curiously shaped bottles. The robes, which were of some white material, were embroidered with hieroglyphics. These they placed about my shoulders, and when they had done so, the old fellow who had conducted me to the place bade me stretch myself upon one of the slabs I have just mentioned.

Under other circumstances I should have protested most vigorously, but I was in such a position now that I came to the conclusion that it would not only be useless, but most impolitic on my part to put myself in opposition against him thus early in the day. I accordingly did as I was ordered. The two attendants, who were small, thin and wizened almost beyond belief, immediately began to anoint my face and hands with some sweet-smelling essences taken from the bottles they had brought with them. The perfume of these unguents was indescribably soothing, and gradually I found myself losing the feeling of excitement and distrust which had hitherto possessed me. The cigarettes Pharos had given me on the occasion that I

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had dined with him in Naples must have contained something of a like nature, for the effect was similar in more than one essential. I refer in particular to the sharpening of the wits, to the feeling of peculiar physical enjoyment, and to the dulling of every sense of fear.

It was just as well, perhaps, that I was in this frame of mind, for, though I did not know it, I was about to be put to a test that surpassed in severity anything of which I could have dreamed.

Little by little a feeling of extreme lassitude was overtaking me; I lost all care for my safety, and my only desire was to be allowed to continue in the state of exquisite semi-consciousness to which I had now been reduced. The figures of the men who continued to sprinkle the essences upon me, and of the old man who stood at my feet, his arms stretched above his head as if he were invoking the blessing of the Gods upon the sacrifice he was offering to them, faded farther and farther into the rose-coloured mist before my eyes. How long an interval elapsed before I heard the old man's voice addressing me again I cannot say. It may have been a few seconds, it may have been hours; I only know that as soon as I heard it I opened my eyes and looked about me. The attendants had departed, and we were alone together. He was still standing before me, gazing intently down at my face.

"Rise, son of an alien race," he said; "rise purified for the time of thy earthly self, and fit to enter and stand in the presence of Ammon-Ra!"

In response to his command I rose from the stone upon which I had been lying. Strangely enough, however, I did so without perceptible exertion. In my new state my body was as light as air, my brain without a cloud, while the senses of hearing, of sight, of smell, and of touch were each abnormally acute.

Taking me by the hand, the old man led me from the room in which the ceremony of anointing had taken place, along another passage, on either side of which, as in the apartment we had just left, were a number of shelves, each containing a mummy case. Reaching the end of this passage, he paused and extinguished the torch he carried, and then, still leading me by the hand, entered another hall, which was in total darkness. In my new state, however, I experienced no sort of fear, nor was I conscious of feeling any alarm as to my ultimate safety.

Having brought me to the place for which he was making, he dropped my hand, and from the shuffling of his feet upon the stone pavement I knew that he was moving away from me.

"Wait here and watch," he said, and his voice echoed and re-echoed in that gloomy place. "For it was ordained from the first that this night thou shouldst see the mysteries of the Gods. Fear not, thou art in the hands of the watcher of the world, the ever mighty Harmachis, who sleepeth neither day nor night, nor hath rested since time began."

With this he departed, and I remained standing where he had put me, watching and waiting for what should follow.

Suddenly, in the far distance, so small as to make it uncertain whether it was only my fancy or not, a pin point of light attracted my attention. It moved slowly to and fro with the regular and evenly-balanced swing of a pendulum, and as it did so it grew larger and more brilliant. Such was the fascination it possessed for me that I could not take my eyes off it, and as I watched it everything grew bright as noonday. How I had been moved I know not, but to my amazement I discovered that I was no longer in that subterranean room below the temple, but was in the open air in broad daylight, and standing on the same spot before the main pylon where Pharos and I had waited while the man who had conducted us to the temple went off to give notice of our arrival. There was, however, this difference: the temple which I had seen then was nothing more than a mass of ruins; now it was restored to its pristine grandeur, and exceeded in beauty anything I could have imagined. High into the cloudless sky above me rose the mighty pylons, the walls of which were no longer bare and weather-worn, but adorned with brilliant-coloured paintings. Before me—not covered with sand as at present, but carefully tended and arranged with a view to enhancing the already superb effect—was a broad and well-planned terrace, from which led a road lined on either side with the same stately kriosphinxes that to-day lie headless and neglected on the sands. From the crowds that congregated round these mighty edifices, and from the excitement which prevailed on every hand, it was plain that some great festival was about to be celebrated. While I watched, the commencement of the procession made its appearance on the farther side of the river, where state barges ornamented with much gold and many brilliant colours were waiting to carry it across. On reaching the steps it

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"I lost all care for my safety."

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continued its march towards the temple. It was preceded by a hundred dancing girls, clad in white and carrying timbrels in their hands. Behind them was a priest bearing the two books of Hermes, one containing hymns in honour of the Gods, and the other precepts relating to the life of the King. Next came the Royal Astrologer bearing the measure of Time, the hour-glass and the Phœnix. Then the King's Scribe, carrying the materials of his craft. Following him were more women playing on single and double pipes, harps, and flutes, and after the musicians the Stolistes, with the sign of Justice and the cup of Libation. Next walked twelve servants of the temple, headed by the Chief Priest, clad in his robes of leopard skins, after whom marched a troop of soldiers with the sun glittering on their armour and accoutrements. Behind, the runners were carrying white staves in their hand, and after them fifty singing girls, strewing flowers of all colours upon the path. Then, escorted by his bodyguard, the Royal Arms bearers, and seated upon his throne of state, which again was borne upon the shoulders of the chief eight nobles of the land and had above it a magnificent canopy, was Pharaoh himself, dressed in his robes of state and carrying his sceptre and the flagellum of Osiris in either hand. Behind him were his fan bearers, and by his side a man whom, in spite of his rich dress, I recognised as soon as my eyes fell upon him. He was none other than the servant whom Pharaoh delighted to honour, his favourite, Ptahmes, son of Netruhôtep, Chief of the Magicians, and Lord of the North and South. Deformed as he was, he walked with a proud step, carrying himself like one who knows that his position is assured. Following Pharaoh were his favourite generals, then another detachment of soldiers, still more priests, musicians, and dancing girls, and last of all a choir robed in white, and numbering several hundred voices.

Reaching the main pylon of the temple, the dancing girls, musicians and soldiers drew back on either side, and Pharaoh, still borne upon the shoulders of his courtiers, and accompanied by his favourite magician, entered the sacred building and was lost to view.

He had no sooner disappeared than the whole scene vanished, and once more I found myself standing in the darkness. It was only for a few moments, however. Then the globule of light which had first attracted my attention reappeared. Again it swung before my eyes, and again I suddenly found myself in the open air. Now, however, it was night time. As I waited a small procession crossed the Nile and made its way, just as the other had done, up the avenue of kriosphinxes. Unlike the first, however, this consisted of but four men, or to be exact, of five, since one was being carried on a bier. Making no more noise than was necessary, they conveyed their burden up the same well-kept roadway and approached the temple. From where I stood I was able to catch a glimpse of the dead man, for dead he certainly was. To my surprise he was none other than Ptahmes. Not, however, the Ptahmes of the last vision. Now he was old and poorly clad, and a very different creature from the man who had walked so confidently beside Pharaoh's litter on the occasion of the last procession.

Knowing as I did the history of his downfall, I was easily able to put two and two together and to ascribe a reason for what I saw. He had been in hiding to escape the wrath of Pharaoh, and now he was dead, and his friends among the priests of Ammon were bringing him by stealth to the temple to prepare his body for the tomb. Once more the scene vanished and I stood in darkness. Then, as before, the light reappeared, and with it still another picture.

On this occasion also it was night, and we were in the desert. The same small party I had seen carrying the dead man before was now making its way towards a range of hills. High up on a rocky spur a tomb had been prepared, and to it the body of the man, once so powerful and now fallen so low, was being conveyed. Unseen by the bearers, I followed, and entered the chamber of death. In front was the Chief Priest, a venerable man, but to my surprise without his leopard-skin dress. The mummy was placed in position without ceremony of any kind. Even the most simple funerary rites were omitted. No sorrowing relatives made an oblation before it, no scroll of his life was read. Cut off from the world, buried by stealth, he was left to take the long rest in an unhallowed tomb from which my own father, three thousand years later, was destined to remove his body. Then, like the others, this scene also vanished, and once more I found myself standing in the dark hall.

"Thou hast seen the splendour and the degradation of the man Ptahmes," said the deep voice of the old man who had warned me not to be afraid. "How he rose and how he fell. Thou hast seen how the mortal body

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of him who was once so mighty that he stood before Pharaoh unafraid, was buried by night, having been forbidden to cross the sacred Lake of the Dead. For more than three thousand years, by thy calculation, that body has rested in an unconsecrated tomb, it has been carried to a far country, and throughout that time his soul has known no peace. But the Gods are not vengeful for ever, and it is decreed that by thy hand, inasmuch as thou art not of his country or of his blood, he shall find rest at last. Follow me, for there is much for thee to see."

Leading the way across the large hall, he conducted me down another flight of steps into yet another hall, larger than any I had yet seen, the walls of which were covered with frescoes, in every case having some connection with the services rendered to the dead. On a stone slab in the centre of this great place was the mummy case which had for so many years stood in the alcove of my studio, and which was undoubtedly the cause of my being where I now was. I looked again and could scarcely believe my eyes, for there, seated at its head, gazing from the old man to myself, was the monkey Pehtes, with an expression of terror upon his wizened little face.

At a signal from my companion the men who had anointed me on my arrival in this ghostly place made their appearance, but whence I could not discover. Lifting the lid of the case, despite the monkey's almost human protests, they withdrew the body, swaddled up as it was, and laid it upon the table. One by one the cloths were removed until the naked flesh (if flesh it could be called) lay exposed to view. To the best of my belief it had never seen the light—certainly not in my time—since the day, so many thousand years before, when it had been prepared for the tomb. The effect it had upon me was almost overwhelming. My guide, however, permitted no sign of emotion to escape him. When everything had been removed, the men who had done the work withdrew as silently as they had come, and we three were left alone together.

"Draw near," said the old man solemnly, "and if thou wouldst lose conceit in thy strength, and learn how feeble a thing is man, gaze upon the form of him who lies before you. Here on this stone is all that is left of Ptahmes, the son of Netruhôtep, Magician to Pharaoh, and chief of the Prophets of the North and South."

I drew near and looked upon the mummified remains. Dried up and brown as they were, the face was still distinctly recognisable, and as I gazed I sprang back with a cry of horror and astonishment. Believe it or not as you please, but what I saw there was none other than the face of Pharos. The likeness was unmistakable. There could be no sort of doubt about it. I brushed my hand across my eyes to find out if I were dreaming. But no, when I looked again the body was still there. And yet it seemed so utterly impossible, so unheard of, that the man stretched out before me could be he whom I had first seen at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle, at the Academy, in Lady Medenham's drawing-room, and with whom I had dined at Naples

"What I saw there was none other than the face of Pharos."

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after our interview at Pompeii. And as I looked, as if any further proof were wanting, the monkey, with a little cry, sprang upon the dead man and snuggled himself down beside him.

Approaching the foot of the slab, the old man addressed the recumbent figure.

"Open thine eyes, Ptahmes, son of Netruhôtep," he said, "and listen to the words that I shall speak to thee. In the day of thy power, when yet thou didst walk upon the earth, thou didst sin against Ra and against the Mighty Ones, the thirty-seven Gods. Know now that it is given thee for thy salvation to do the work which has been decreed against the peoples upon whom their wrath has fallen. Be strong, O Ptahmes! for the means are given thee, and if thou dost obey thou shalt rest in peace. Wanderer of the centuries, who cometh out of the dusk, and whose birth is from the house of death, thou wast old and art born again. Through all the time that has been thou hast waited for this day. In the name, therefore, of the great Gods Osiris and Nephthys, I bid thee rise from thy long rest and go out into the world; but be it ever remembered by thee that if thou usest this power to thine own advantage or failest even by as much as one single particular in the trust reposed in thee, then thou art lost, not for to-day, not for to-morrow, but for all time. In the tomb from whence it was stolen thy body shall remain until the work which is appointed thee is done. Then shalt thou return and be at peace for ever. Rise, Ptahmes, rise and depart!"

As he said this the monkey sprang up from the dead man's side with a little cry and beat wildly in the air with his hands. Then it was as if something snapped, my body became deadly cold, and with a great shiver I awoke (if, as I can scarcely believe, I had been sleeping before) to find myself sitting on the same block of stone in the great Hypostile Hall where Pharos had left me many hours before. The first pale light of dawn could be seen through the broken columns to the east. The air was bitterly cold, and my body ached all over as if, which was very likely, I had caught a chill. Only a few paces distant, seated on the ground, their faces hidden in their folded arms, were the two Arabs who had accompanied us from Luxor. I rose to my feet and stamped upon the ground in the hope of imparting a little warmth to my stiffened limbs. Could I have fallen asleep while I waited for Pharos, and if so, had I dreamed all the strange things that I have described in this chapter? I discarded the notion as impossible, and yet what other explanation had I to offer? I thought of the secret passage beneath the stone, and which led to the vaults below. Remembering as I did the direction in which the old man had proceeded in order to reach it, I determined to search for it. If only I could find the place I should be able to set all doubt on the subject at rest for good and all. I accordingly crossed the great hall, which was now as light as day, and searched the place which I considered most likely to contain the stone in question. But though I gave it the most minute scrutiny for upwards of a quarter of an hour, no sign could I discover. All the time I was becoming more and more convinced of one thing, and that was the fact that I was unmistakably ill. My head and bones ached, while my left arm, which had never yet lost the small purple mark which I had noticed the morning after my adventure at the Pyramids, seemed to be swelling perceptibly and throbbed from shoulder to wrist. Unable to find the stone, and still more unable to make head or tail of all that had happened in the night, I returned to my former seat. One of the Arabs, the man who had boarded the steamer on our arrival the previous afternoon, rose to his feet and looked about him, yawning heavily as he did so. He, at least, I thought, would be able to tell me if I had slept all night in the same place. I put the question to him, only to receive his solemn assurance that I had not left their side ever since I had entered the ruins. The man's demeanour was so sincere, that I had no reason to suppose that he was not telling the truth. I accordingly seated myself again and devoutly wished I were back with Valerie on board the steamer.

A nice trick Pharos had played me in bringing me out to spend the night catching cold in these ruins. I resolved to let him know my opinion of his conduct at the earliest opportunity. But if I had gone to sleep on the stone, where had he been all night, and why had he not permitted me to assist in the burial of Ptahmes according to agreement? What was more important still, when did he intend putting in an appearance again? I had half made up my mind to set off for Luxor on my own account, in the hope of being able to discover an English doctor, from whom I could obtain some medicine and find out the nature of the ailment from which I was suffering. I was, however, spared the trouble of doing

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this, for just as my patience was becoming exhausted a noise behind me made me turn round, and I saw Pharos coming towards me. It struck me that his step was more active than I had yet seen it, and I noticed the pathetic little face of the monkey, Pehtes, peeping out from the shelter of his heavy coat.

"Come," he said briskly, "let us be going. You look cold, my dear Forrester, and if I am not mistaken, you are not feeling very well. Give me your hand."

"Assisting me to sit up while I drank it."

I did as he ordered me. If, however, my hand was cold, his was like ice.

"I thought as much," he said; "you are suffering from a mild attack of Egyptian fever. Fortunately, however, that can soon be set right."

I followed him through the main pylon to the place where we had dismounted from our camels the night before. The patient beasts were still there just as we had left them.

"Mount," said Pharos, "and let us return with all speed to the steamer."

I did as he desired, and we accordingly set off. I noticed, however, that on the return journey we did not follow the same route as that which had brought us to the temple. By this time, however, I was feeling too ill to protest or to care very much where we went.

"We are nearly there," said Pharos. "Keep up your heart. In less than ten minutes you will be in bed and on the high road to recovery."

"But this is not the way to Luxor," I said feebly, clinging to the pommel of my saddle as I spoke and looking with aching eyes across the dreary stretch of sand.

"We are not going to Luxor," Pharos replied. "I am taking you to a place where I can look after you myself, and where there will be no chance of any meddlesome European doctors interfering with my course of treatment."

The ten minutes he had predicted seemed like centuries, and, had I been asked, I should have declared that at least two hours elapsed between our leaving the Temple of Ammon and our arrival at our destination.

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During that time my agony was well nigh unbearable. My throat was swelling, and I felt as if I were suffocating. My limbs quivered as though they had been stricken with the palsy, and the entire landscape was blotted out by a red mist as thick as blood.

More dead than alive, I accommodated myself to the shuffling tread of the camel as best I could, and when at last I heard Pharos say in Arabic, "It is here; bid the beast lie down," my last ounce of strength departed, and I lost consciousness.

How long I remained in this state I had no idea at the time, but when I recovered my senses again I found myself lying in an Arab tent, upon a rough bed made up upon the sand. I was as weak as a kitten, and when I looked at my hand as it lay upon the rough blanket I scarcely recognised it, so white and emaciated was it. Not being able to understand the reason of my present location, I raised myself on my elbow and looked out under the flap of the tent. All I could see there, however, was desert sand, a half-starved dog prowling about in the foreground in search of something to eat, and a group of palm trees upon the far horizon. While I was thus investigating my surroundings the same Arab who had assured me that I had slept all night on the block of stone in the temple made his appearance with a bowl of broth, which he gave to me, putting his arm round me and assisting me to sit up while I drank it. I questioned him as to where I was and how long I had been there, but he only shook his head, saying that he could tell me nothing. The broth, however, did me good, more good than any information could have done, and after he had left me I laid myself down and in a few moments was asleep again. When I woke it was late in the afternoon, and the sun was sinking behind the palm trees to which I referred just now. As it disappeared Pharos entered the tent and expressed his delight at finding me conscious once more. I put the same questions to him that I had asked the Arab, and found that he was inclined to be somewhat more communicative.

"You have now been ill three days," he said—"so ill, indeed, that I dared not move you. Now, however, that you have got your senses back, you will make rapid progress. I can assure you I shall not be sorry, for events have occurred which necessitate my immediate return to Europe. You on your part, I presume, will not regret saying farewell to Egypt?"

"I would leave to-day, if such a thing were possible," I answered. "Weak as I am, I think I could find strength enough for that. Indeed, I feel stronger already, and as a proof of it my appetite is returning. Where is the Arab who brought me my broth this morning?"

"Dead," said Pharos laconically. "He held you in his arms and died two hours afterwards. They've no stamina, these Arabs; the least thing kills them. But you need have no fear. You have passed the critical point and your recovery is certain."

But I scarcely heard him. "Dead! dead!" I was saying over and over again to myself as if I did not understand it. "Surely the man cannot be dead?" He had died through helping me. What, then, was this terrible disease of which I had been the victim?

CHAPTER XIV.

In travelling either with Pharos or in search of him it was necessary to accustom oneself to rapid movement. I was in London on June 7th, and had found him in Naples three days later; had reached Cairo in his company on the 18th of the same month, and was four hundred and fifty miles up the Nile by the 27th. I had explored the mysteries of the great Temple of Ammon as no other Englishman, I feel convinced, had ever done; had been taken seriously ill, recovered, returned to Cairo, travelled thence to rejoin the yacht at Port Said; had crossed in her to Constantinople, journeyed by the Orient Express to Vienna, and on the morning of July 15th stood at the entrance to the Teyn Kirche in the wonderful old Bohemian city of Prague.

From this itinerary it will be seen that the grass was not allowed to grow under our feet. Indeed we had scarcely arrived in any one place before our remorseless leader hurried us away again. His anxiety to return to Europe was as great as it had been to reach Egypt. On land the trains could not travel fast enough; on board the yacht his one cry was, "Push on, push on!" What this meant to a man like myself, who had lately come so perilously near death, I must leave you to imagine. Indeed, looking back upon it now, I wonder that I emerged from it alive.

We had reached Constantinople early on Thursday morning and had left for Vienna at four o'clock in the afternoon. In the latter place we had remained only a few hours, had caught the next available train, and reached Prague the following morning.

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What our next move would be I had not the least idea, nor did Pharos enlighten me upon the subject. Times out of number I made up my mind that I would speak to him about it and let him see that I was tired of so much travelling, and desired to return to England forthwith. But I could not leave Valerie, and whenever I began to broach the subject my courage deserted me, and it did not require much self-persuasion to make me put the matter off for a more convenient opportunity.

Of the Fräulein Valerie, up to the time of our arrival in the city, there is little to tell. She had evidently been informed of my illness at Karnak, for when I returned to the steamer she had arranged that everything should be in readiness for my reception. By the time we reached Cairo again I was so far recovered as to be able to join her on deck, but by this time a curious change had come over her: she was more silent and much more reserved than heretofore, and when we reached the yacht spent most of her days in her own cabin, where I could hear her playing to herself such wild, sad music that to listen to it made me feel miserable for hours afterwards. With Pharos, however, it was entirely different. He, who had once been so morose, now was all smiles, while his inseparable companion, the monkey, Pehtes, for whom I had conceived a dislike that was only second to that I entertained for his master, equalled, if he did not excel, him in the boisterousness of his humour.

At the commencement of this chapter I have said that on this particular morning, our first in Prague, I was standing before the doors of the Teyn Kirche, beneath the story of the Crucifixion as it is told there in stone. My reason for being there will be apparent directly. Let it suffice that when I entered the sacred building I paused, thinking how beautiful it was, with the sunshine straggling in through those wonderful windows. With the exception, however, of myself and a kneeling figure near the entrance to the Marian Capelle, no worshippers were in the church. Though I could not see her face, I knew that it was Valerie. Her head was bent upon her hands, and her shoulders shook with emotion. She must have heard my step upon the stones, for she suddenly looked up, and seeing me before her, rose from her knees and prepared to leave the pew. The sight of her unhappiness affected me keenly, and when she reached the spot where I was standing I could control myself no longer. For the last few weeks I had been hard put to it to keep my love within bounds, and now, under the influence of her grief, it got the better of me altogether. She must have known what was coming, for she stood before me with a troubled expression in her eyes.

"Mr. Forrester," she began, "I did not expect to see you. How did you know that I was here?"

"Because I followed you," I answered unblushingly.

"You followed me?" she said.

"Yes, and I am not ashamed to own it," I replied. "Surely you can understand why?"

"I am afraid I do not," she answered, and as she did so she took a step away from me, as if she were afraid of what she was going to hear.

"In that case there is nothing left but for me to tell you," I said, and approaching her I took possession of the slender hand which rested upon the back of the pew behind her. "I followed you, Valerie, because I love you, and because I wished to guard you. Unhappily we have both of us the best of reasons for knowing that we are in the power of a man who would stop at nothing to achieve any end he might have in view. Did you hear me say, Valerie, that I love you?"

From her beautiful face every speck of colour had vanished by this time; her bosom heaved tumultuously under the intensity of her emotion. No word, however, passed her lips. I still held her hand in mine, and it gave me courage to continue when I saw that she did not attempt to withdraw it.

"Have you no answer for me?" I inquired, after the long pause which had followed my last speech. "I have told you that I love you. If it is not enough I will do so again. What better place could be found for such a confession than this beautiful old church, which has seen so many lovers and has held the secrets of so many lives? Valerie, I believe I have loved you since the afternoon I first saw you. But since I have known you and have learnt your goodness, that love has become doubly strong."

"I cannot hear you," she cried, almost with a sob, "indeed I cannot. You do not know what you are saying. You have no idea of the pain you are causing me."

"God knows I would not give you pain for anything," I answered. "But now you *must* hear me. Why should you not? You are a good woman, and I am, I trust, an honest man. Why, therefore, should I not love you? Tell me that."

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"Because it is madness," she answered in despair. "Situated as we are, we should be the last to think of such a thing. Oh, Mr. Forrester, if only you had taken my advice, and had gone away from Naples when I implored you to do so, this would not have happened."

"If I have anything to be thankful for it is that," I replied fervently. "I told you then that I would not leave you. Nor shall I ever do so until I know that your life is safe. Come, Valerie, you have heard my confession—will you not be equally candid with me? You have always proved yourself my friend. Is it possible you have nothing more than friendship to offer me?"

I knew the woman I was dealing with. Her beautiful, straightforward nature was incapable of dissimulation.

"Mr. Forrester, even if what you hope is impossible, it would be unfair on my part to deceive you," she said. "I love you as you are worthy to be loved, but having said that I can say no more. You must go away and endeavour to forget that you ever saw so unhappy a person as myself."

"Never," I answered, and then dropping on one knee and pressing her hand to my lips, I continued: "You have confessed, Valerie, that you love me, and nothing can ever separate us now. Come what may, I will not leave you. Here, in this old church, by the cross on yonder altar, I swear it. As we are together in trouble, so will we be together in love, and may God's blessing rest upon us both."

"Amen," she answered solemnly.

She seated herself in a pew, and I took my place beside her.

"Valerie," I said, "I followed you this morning for two reasons. The first was to tell you of my love, and the second was to let you know that I have made up my mind on a certain course of action. At any risk we must escape from Pharos, and since you have confessed that you love me, we will go together."

"It is useless," she answered sorrowfully, "quite useless."

"Hush!" I said, as three people entered the church. "We cannot talk here. Let us find another place."

With this we rose and left the building. Proceeding into the street I hailed a cab, and as soon as we had taken our places in it, bade the man drive us to the Baumgarten. When we had found a seat in a secluded spot we resumed the conversation that had been interrupted in the church.

"You say that it is useless to think of making our escape from this man?" I said. "I tell you that it is not useless, and that at any hazard we must do so. We know now that we love each other. I know, at least, how much you are to me. Is it possible, therefore, that you can believe I should allow you to remain in his power an instant longer than I can help? In my life I have not feared many men, but I confess that I fear Pharos as I do the devil. Since I have known him I have had several opportunities of testing his power. I have seen things, or he has *made* me believe I have seen things, which, under any other circumstances, would seem incredible, and, if it is likely to have any weight with you, I do not mind owning that his power over me is growing greater every day. And that reminds me there is a question I have often desired to ask you. Do you remember one night on board the yacht, when we were crossing from Naples to Port Said, telling Pharos that you could see a cave in which a mummy had once stood?"

She shook her head.

"I remember nothing of it," she said. "But why do you ask me such strange questions?"

I took her hand before I answered. I could feel that she was trembling violently.

"Because I want to prove to you the diabolical power the man possesses. You described a tomb from which the mummy had been taken. I have seen that tomb. It was the burial place of the Magician, Ptahmes, whose mummy once stood in my studio in London, which Pharos stole from me, and which was the primary cause of my becoming associated with him. You described a subterranean hall with carved pillars and paintings on the walls, and a mummy lying upon a block of stone. I have seen that hall, those pillars, those carvings and paintings, and the mummy of Ptahmes lying stretched out as you portrayed it. You mentioned a tent in the desert and a sick man lying on a bed inside it. I was that sick man, and it was to that tent that Pharos conveyed me after I had spent the night in the ruins of the Temple of Ammon. The last incident has yet to take place, but, please God, if you will help me in my plan, we shall have done with him long before then."

"You say you saw all the things I described. Please do not think me stupid, but I do not understand how you could have done so."

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Thereupon I told her all that had befallen me at the ruins of Karnak. She listened with feverish interest.

"How is it that Providence allows this man to live?" she cried when I had finished. "Who is he, and what is the terrible power he possesses? And what is to be the end of all his evil ways?"

"That is a problem which only the future can solve," I answered. "For ourselves it is sufficient that we must get away from him, and at once. Nothing could be easier. He exercises no control over our movements. He does not attempt to detain us. We go in and out as we please, therefore all we have to do is to get into a train and be hundreds of miles away before he is even aware that we are outside the doors of the hotel. You are not afraid, Valerie, to trust yourself and your happiness to me?"

"I would trust myself with you anywhere," she answered, and as she said it she pressed my hand and looked into my face with her brave, sweet eyes; "and for your sake I would do and bear anything."

Brave as her words were, however, a little sigh escaped her lips before she could prevent it.

"Why do you sigh?" I asked. "Have you any doubt as to the safety of our plan? If so, tell me, and I will change it."

"I have no doubt as to the plan," she answered. "All I fear is that it may be useless. I have already told you how I have twice tried to escape him, and how on each occasion he has brought me back."

"He shall not do so this time," I said with determination. "We will lay our plans with the greatest care, behave towards him as if we contemplated remaining for ever in his company, and then to-morrow morning we will catch the train for Berlin, be in Hamburg next day, and in London three days later. Once there, I have half a hundred friends who, when I tell them that you are hiding from a man who has treated you most cruelly, and that you are about to become my wife, will be only too proud to take you in. Then we will be married as quickly as can be arranged, and as man and wife defy Pharos to do his worst."

"'How is it that Providence allows this man to live?'"

She did her best to appear delighted with my plan, but I could see that she had no real faith in it. Nor, if the truth must be told, was I in my own heart any too sanguine of success. I could not but remember the threat the man had held over me that night in the Pyramid at Gizeh: "For the

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future you are my property, to do with as I please. You will have no will but my pleasure, no thought but to act as I shall tell you." However, we could but do our best, and I was determined it should not be my fault if our enterprise did not meet with success. Not once but a hundred times we overhauled our plan, tried its weak spots, arranged our behaviour before Pharos, and endeavoured to convince each other as far as possible that it could not fail. And if we did manage to outwit him, how proud I should be to parade this glorious creature in London as my wife! and as I thought of the happiness the future might have in store for us, and remembered that it all depended on that diabolical individual Pharos, I felt sick and giddy with anxiety to see the last of him.

Not being anxious to arouse any suspicion in our ogre's mind by a prolonged absence, we at last agreed that it was time for us to think of returning. Accordingly, we left the park and, finding the cab, which had been ordered to wait for us at the gates, drove back to the city. On reaching the hotel we discovered Pharos in the hall, holding in his hand a letter which he had just finished reading as we entered. On seeing us his wrinkled old face lit up with a smile.

"My dear," he said to Valerie, placing his hand upon her arm in an affectionate manner, "a very great honour has been paid you. His Majesty the Emperor King, as you are perhaps aware, arrived in the city yesterday, and to-night a state concert is to be given at the palace. Invitations have been sent to us, and I have been approached in order to discover whether you will consent to play. Not being able to find you, I answered that I felt sure you would accept his Majesty's command. Was I right in so doing?"

Doubtless remembering the contract we had entered into together that morning to humour Pharos as far as possible, Valerie willingly gave her consent. Though I did not let him see it, I for my part was not so pleased. He should have waited and have allowed her to accept or decline for herself, I thought. However, I held my peace, trusting that on the morrow we should be able to make our escape and so be done with him for good and all.

For the remainder of the day Pharos exhibited the most complete good humour. He was plainly looking forward to the evening. He had met Franz Josef on more than one occasion, he informed me, and remembered with gusto the compliments that had been paid him the last time about his ward's playing.

"I am sure we shall both rejoice in her success, shall we not, my dear Forrester?" he said, and as he did so he glanced slyly at me out of the corner of his eye. "As you can see for yourself, I have discovered your secret."

I looked nervously at him. What did he mean by this? Was it possible that by that same adroit reasoning he had discovered our plan for escaping on the following day?

"I am afraid I do not quite understand," I replied, with as much nonchalance as I could manage to throw into my voice. "Pray, what secret have you discovered?"

"That you love my ward," he answered. "But why look so concerned? It does not require very great perceptive powers to see that her beauty has exercised considerable effect upon you. Why should it not have done so? And where would be the harm? She is a most fascinating woman, and you, if you will permit me to tell you so to your face, are—what shall we say?—well, far from being an unprepossessing man. Like a foolish guardian, I have permitted you to be a good deal, perhaps too much, together, and the result even a child might have foreseen. You have learnt to love each other. No; do not be offended. I assure you there is no reason for it. I like you, and I promise you, if you continue to please me, I shall raise no objection. Now what have you to say to me?"

"I do not know what to say," I said, and it was the truth. "I had no idea you suspected anything of the kind."

"I fear you do not give me the credit of being very sharp," he replied. "And perhaps it is not to be wondered at. An old man's wits cannot hope to be as quick as those of the young. But there, we have talked enough on this subject; let us postpone consideration of it until another day."

"With all my heart," I answered. "But there is one question I had better ask you while I have the opportunity. I should be glad if you could tell me how long you are thinking of remaining in Prague. When I left England I had no intention of being away from London more than a fortnight, and I have now trespassed on your hospitality for upwards of two months. If you are going west within the next week or so, and will let me travel with you, I shall be only too glad to do so; otherwise I fear I shall be compelled to bid you good-bye and return to England alone."

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"You must not think of such a thing," he answered, this time throwing a sharp glance at me from his sunken eyes. "Neither Valerie nor I could get on without you. Besides, there is no need for you to worry. Now that this rumour is afloat I have no intention of remaining here any longer than I can help."

"To what rumour do you refer?" I inquired. "I have heard nothing."

"That is what it is to be in love," he replied. "You have not heard, then, that one of the most disastrous and terrible plagues of the last five hundred years has broken out on the shores of the Bosphorus, and is spreading with alarming rapidity through Turkey and the Balkan States."

"I have not heard a word about it," I said, and as I did so I was conscious of a vague feeling of terror in my heart, that fear for a woman's safety which comes some time or another to every man who loves. "Is it only newspaper talk, or is it really as serious as your words imply?"

"It is very serious," he answered. "See, here is a man with the evening paper. I will purchase one and read you the latest news."

He did so, and searched the columns for what he wanted. Though I was able to speak German, I was unable to read it; Pharos accordingly translated for me.

"The outbreak of the plague which has caused so much alarm in Turkey," he read, "is, we regret having to inform our readers, increasing instead of diminishing, and to-day fresh cases to the number of seven hundred and thirty-three have been notified. For the twenty-four hours ending at noon the death-rate has equalled 80 per cent. of those attacked. The malady has now penetrated into Russia, and three deaths were registered as resulting from it in Moscow, two in Odessa, and one in Kiev yesterday. The medical experts are still unable to assign a definite name to it, but incline to the belief that it is of Asiatic origin, and will disappear with the break-up of the present phenomenally hot weather."

"I do not like the look of it at all," he said when he had finished reading. "I have seen several of these outbreaks in my time, and I shall be very careful to keep well out of this one's reach."

"I agree with you," I answered, and then bade him good-bye and went upstairs to my room, more than ever convinced that it behoved me to get the woman I loved out of the place without loss of time.

The concert at the palace that night was a brilliant success in every way, and never in her career had Valerie looked more beautiful, or played so exquisitely as on that occasion. Of the many handsome women present that evening she was undoubtedly the queen; and when, after her performance, she was led up and presented to the Emperor by Count de Schelyani, an old friend of her father's, a murmur of such admiration ran through the room as those walls had seldom heard before. I, also, had the honour of being presented by the same nobleman, whereupon his Majesty was kind enough to express his appreciation of my work. It was not until a late hour that we reached our hotel again. When we did, Pharos, whom the admiration Valerie had excited seemed to have placed in a thoroughly good humour, congratulated us both upon our success, and then, to my delight, bade us good-night and took himself off to his bed. As soon as I heard the door of his room close behind him, and not until then, I took Valerie's hand.

"I have made all the arrangements for our escape to-morrow," I whispered, "or, rather, I should say to-day, since it is after midnight. The train for Berlin *via* Dresden, I have discovered, leaves here at a quarter past six. Do you think you can manage to be ready so early?"

"Of course I can," she answered confidently. "You have only to tell me what you want and I will do it."

"I have come to the conclusion," I said, "that it will not do for us to leave by the city station. Accordingly, I have arranged that a cab shall be waiting for us in the Platz. We will enter it and drive down the line, board the train, and bid farewell to Pharos for good and all."

Ten minutes later I had said good-night to her and had retired to my room. The clocks of the city were striking two as I entered it. In four hours we should be leaving the house to catch the train which we hoped would bring us freedom. Were we destined to succeed or not?

CHAPTER XV.

So anxious was I not to run any risk of being asleep at the time we had arranged to make our escape that I did not go to bed at all, but seated myself in an armchair and endeavoured to interest myself in a book until the fateful hour arrived. Then, leaving a note upon my dressing-table, in which was

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contained a sufficient sum to reimburse the landlord for my stay with him, I slipped into one pocket the few articles I had resolved to carry with me, and taking care that my money was safely stowed away in another, I said good-bye to my room and went softly down the stairs to the large hall. Fortune favoured me, for only one servant was at work there, an elderly man with a stolid, good-humoured countenance, who glanced up at me, and, being satisfied as to my respectability, continued his work once more. Of Valerie I could see no sign, and since I did not know where her room was situated I occupied myself, while I waited, wondering what I should do if she had overslept herself and did not put in an appearance until too late. In order to excuse my presence downstairs at such an early hour I asked the man in which direction the cathedral lay, and whether he could inform me at what time early mass was celebrated.

He had scarcely instructed me on the former point and declared his ignorance of the latter before Valerie appeared at the head of the stairs and descended to meet me, carrying her violin case in her hand. I greeted her in English, and after I had slipped a couple of florins into the servant's hand, we left the hotel together and made our way in the direction of the Platz, where to my delight I found the cab I had ordered the previous afternoon already waiting for us. We took our places, and I gave the driver his instructions. In less than a quarter of an hour he had brought us to the station I wanted to reach. I had taken the tickets, and the train was carrying us away from Prague and the man whom we devoutly hoped we should never see again as long as we lived. Throughout the drive we had scarcely spoken a couple of dozen words to each other, having been far too much occupied with the affairs of the moment to think of anything but our flight. Knowing Pharos as we did, it seemed more than probable that he might even now be aware of our escape, and be taking measures to ensure our return. But when we found ourselves safely in the train our anxiety lessened somewhat, and with every mile we threw behind us our spirits returned. By the time we reached Dresden we were as happy a couple as any in Europe; and when, some hours later, we stepped out of the carriage on to the platform at Berlin, we were as unlike the pair who had left the hotel at Prague as the proverbial chalk is like cheese. Even then, however, we were determined to run no risk. Every mile that separated us from Pharos meant greater security, and it was for this reason I had made up my mind to reach the German capital, if possible, instead of remaining at Dresden, as had been our original intention.

When our train reached its destination it was a few minutes after six o'clock, and for the first time in my life I stood in the capital of the German Empire. Though we had been travelling for more than ten hours Valerie had so far shown no sign of fatigue.

"What do you propose doing now?" she inquired as we stood together on the platform.

"Obtain some dinner," I answered, with a promptness and directness worthy of the famous Mr. Dick.

"You must leave that to me," she said, with one of her own bright smiles, which had been so rare of late. "Remember, I am an old traveller, and probably know Europe as well as you know Piccadilly."

"I will leave it to you, then," I answered, "and surely man had never a fairer pilot."

"On any other occasion I should warn you to beware of compliments," she replied, patting me gaily on the arm with her hand, "but I feel so happy now that I am compelled to excuse you. To-night, for the last time, I am going to play the part of your hostess. After that it will be your duty to entertain me. Let us leave by this door."

So saying she led me from the station into the street outside, along which we passed for some considerable distance. Eventually we reached a restaurant, before which Valerie paused.

"The proprietor is an old friend of mine," she said, "who, though he is acquainted with Pharos, will not, I am quite sure, tell him he has seen us."

We entered, and when the major-domo came forward to conduct us to a table, Valerie inquired whether his master were visible. The man stated that he would find out, and departed on his errand.

While we waited I could not help noticing the admiring glances that were thrown at my companion by the patrons of the restaurant, among whom were several officers in uniform. Just, however, as I was thinking that some of the latter would be none the worse for a little lesson in manners, the shuffling of feet was heard, and presently, from a doorway on the right, the fattest man I have ever seen in my life made his appearance. He wore carpet slippers on his feet, and a red cap

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upon his head, and carried in his hand a long German pipe with a china bowl. His face was clean shaven, and a succession of chins fell one below another, so that not an inch of his neck was visible. Having entered the room, he paused, and when the waiter had pointed us out to him as the lady and gentleman who had asked to see him, he approached and effected a contortion of his anatomy which was evidently intended to be a bow.

"I am afraid, Herr Schuncke, that you do not remember me," said Valerie, after the short pause which followed.

The man looked at her rather more closely, and a moment later was bowing even more profusely and inelegantly than before.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I beg your pardon ten thousand times. For the moment, I confess, I did not recognise you. Had I done so I should not have kept you standing here so long."

Then, looking round with rather a frightened air, he added, "But I do not see Monsieur Pharos. Perhaps he is with you, and will be here presently?"

"I sincerely hope not," Valerie replied. "That is the main reason of my coming to you." Then, sinking her voice to a whisper, she added, as she saw the man's puzzled expression, "I know I can trust you, Herr Schuncke. The truth is, I have run away from him."

"Herr Gott!" said the old fellow. "So you have run away from him. Well, I do not wonder at it, but you must not tell him I said so. How you could have put up with him so long I do not know; but that is no business of mine. But I am an old fool; while I am talking so much I should be finding out how I can be of assistance to you."

"You will not find that very difficult," she replied. "All we are going to trouble you for is some dinner, and your promise to say nothing, should Monsieur Pharos come here in search of us."

"I will do both with the utmost pleasure," he answered. "You may be sure I will say nothing, and you shall have the very best dinner old Ludwig can cook. What is more, you shall have it in my own private sitting-room, where you will be undisturbed. Oh, I can assure you, Fräulein, it is very good to see your face again."

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Valerie, "and also to take so much trouble. I thank you."

"You must not thank me at all," the old fellow replied. "But some day, perhaps, you will let me hear you play again." Then, pointing to the violin-case, which I carried in my hand, he continued, "I see you have brought the beautiful instrument with you. Ah, Gott! what recollections it conjures up for me! I can see old—but there, there, come with me, or I shall be talking half the night!"

We accordingly followed him through the door by which he had entered, and along a short passage to a room at the rear of the building. Here he bade us make ourselves at home, while he departed to see about the dinner. Before he did so, however, Valerie stopped him.

"Herr Schuncke," she said, "before you leave us, I want your congratulations. Let me introduce you to Mr. Forrester, the gentleman to whom I am about to be married."

The old fellow turned to me and gave another of his grotesque bows.

"Sir," he said, "I congratulate you with all my heart. To hear her play always, ah! what good fortune for a man! You will have a treasure in your house that no money could buy. Be sure that you treat her as such."

When I had promised to do so, the warm-hearted old fellow departed on his errand.

"I hope all this travelling has not tired you, dearest?" I said, when the waiter had handed us our coffee and had left the room.

"You forget that I am an old traveller," she said, "and not likely to be fatigued by such a short journey. You have some reason, however, for asking the question. What is it?"

"I will tell you," I answered. "I have been thinking that it would not be altogether safe for us to remain in Berlin. It is quite certain that, as soon as he discovers that we are gone, Pharos will make inquiries, and find out what trains left Prague in the early morning. He will then put two and two together, after his own diabolical fashion, and as likely as not, he will be here in search of us to-morrow morning, if not sooner."

"In that case, what do you propose doing?" she asked.

"I propose, if you are not too tired, to leave here by the express at half-past seven," I replied, "and travel as far as Wittenberg, which place we should reach by half-past ten. We can manage it very easily. I will telegraph for rooms, and to-morrow morning early we can continue our journey to Hamburg, where we shall have no difficulty in obtaining a steamer for London. Pharos

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would never think of looking for us in a small place like Wittenberg, and we should be on board the steamer and *en route* to England by this time to-morrow evening."

"I can be ready as soon as you like," she answered bravely, "but before we start you must give me time to reward Herr Schuncke for his kindness to us."

A few moments later, our host entered the room. I was about to pay for our meal, when Valerie stopped me.

"You must do nothing of the kind," she said; "remember, you are my guest. Surely you would not deprive me of one of the greatest pleasures I have had for a long time?"

"Leaning against the wall, his fat hands clasped before him."

"You shall pay with all my heart," I answered, "but not with Pharos's money."

"I never thought of that," she replied, and her beautiful face flushed crimson. "No, no, you are quite right. I could not entertain you with his money. But what am I to do? I have no other."

"In that case you must permit me to be your banker," I answered, and with that I pulled from my pocket a handful of German coins.

Herr Schuncke at first refused to take anything, but when Valerie declared that if he did not do so she would not play to him, he reluctantly consented, vowing at the same time that he would not accept it himself, but would bestow it upon Ludwig. Then Valerie went to the violin-case, which I had placed upon a side table, and taking her precious instrument from it—the only legacy she had received from her father—tuned it, and stood up to play. As Valerie informed me later, the old man, though one would scarcely have imagined it from his commonplace exterior, was a passionate devotee of the beautiful art, and now he stood, leaning against the wall, his fat hands clasped before him, and his upturned face expressive of the most celestial enjoyment. Nor had Valerie, to my thinking, ever done herself greater justice. She had escaped from a life of misery that had been to her a living death, and her whole being was in consequence radiant with happiness; this was reflected in her playing. When she ceased Schuncke uttered a long sigh, as much as to say, "It will be many years before I shall hear anything like that again," and then it was time to go. The landlord accompanied us into the street and called a cab. Then turning to Schuncke, Valerie held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said, "and thank you for your kindness. I know that you will say nothing about having seen us."

"You need have no fear on that score," he said. "Pharos shall hear nothing from me, I can promise you that. Farewell, Fräulein, and may your life be a happy one."

I said good-bye to him, and then took my place in the vehicle beside Valerie. A quarter of an hour later we were on our way to Wittenberg, and Berlin, like Prague, was only a memory. Before leaving the station I had purchased an armful of papers, illustrated and otherwise, for Valerie's amusement. Though she professed to have no desire to read them, but to prefer sitting by my side, holding my hand, and talking of the happy days we hoped and trusted were before us, she found time, as the journey progressed, to skim their contents. Seeing her do this brought the previous evening to my remembrance, and I inquired what further news there was of the terrible

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pestilence which Pharos had declared to be raging in eastern Europe.

"I am afraid it is growing worse instead of better," she answered, when she had consulted the paper. "The latest telegram declares that there have been upwards of a thousand fresh cases in Turkey alone within the past twenty-four hours, that it has spread along the Black Sea as far as Odessa, and north as far as Kiev. Five cases are reported from Vienna; and, stay, here is a still later telegram in which it says"—she paused, and a look of horror came into her face—"Can this be true?—it says that the pestilence has broken out in Prague, and that the Count de Schelyani, who, you remember, was so kind and attentive to us last night at the palace, was seized this morning, and at the time this telegram was despatched was lying in a critical condition."

"That is bad news indeed," I said. "Not only for Austria but also for us."

"How for us?" she asked.

"Because it will make Pharos move out of Prague," I replied. "When he spoke to me yesterday of the way in which this disease was gaining ground in Europe he seemed visibly frightened, and stated that as soon as it came too near he should at once leave the city. We have had one exhibition of his cowardice, and you may be sure he will be off now as fast as trains can take him. It must be our business to take care that his direction and ours are not the same."

"But how are we to tell in which direction he will travel?" asked Valerie, whose face had suddenly grown bloodless in its pallor.

"We must take our chance of that," I answered. "My principal hope is that, knowing, as he does, the whereabouts of the yacht, he will make for her, board her, and depart for mid-ocean to wait there until all danger is passed. For my own part I am willing to own that I do not like the look of things at all. I shall not feel safe until I have got you safely into England, and that little silver streak of sea is between us and the Continent."

"You *do* love me, Cyril, do you not?" she inquired, slipping her little hand into mine, and looking into my face with those eyes that seemed to grow more beautiful with every day I looked into them. "I could not live without your love now."

"God grant you may never be asked to do so," I answered; "I love you, dearest, as I believe man never loved woman before, and, come what may, nothing shall separate us. Surely even death itself could not be so cruel. But why do you talk in this disma strain? The miles are slipping behind us; Pharos, let us hope, is banished from our lives for ever; we are together, and as soon as we reach London, we shall be man and wife. No, no, you must not be afraid, Valerie."

"I am afraid of nothing," she answered, "when I am with you. But ever since we left Berlin I seem to have been overtaken by a fit of melancholy which I cannot throw off. I have reasoned with myself in vain. Why I should feel like this I cannot think. It is only transitory, I am sure; so you must bear with me; to-morrow I shall be quite myself again."

"Bear with you, do you say?" I answered. "You know that I will do so. You have been so brave till now, that I cannot let you give way just at the moment when happiness is within your reach. Try and keep your spirits up, my darling, for both our sakes. To-morrow you will be on the blue sea with the ship's head pointing for old England. And after that—well, I told you just now what would happen then."

In spite of her promises, however, I found that in the morning my hopes were not destined to be realised. Though she tried hard to make me believe that the gloom had passed, it needed very little discernment upon my part to see that the cheerfulness she affected was all assumed, and, what made it doubly hard to bear, that it was for my sake.

Our stay at Wittenberg was not a long one. As soon as we had finished our breakfast we caught the 8.30 express and resumed our journey to Hamburg, arriving there a little before midday. Throughout the journey Valerie had caused me considerable anxiety. Not only had her spirits reached a lower level than they had yet attained, but her face, during the last few hours, had grown singularly pale and drawn, and when I at last drove her to it, she broke down completely and confessed to feeling far from well.

"But it cannot be anything serious," she cried. "I am sure it cannot. It only means that I am not such a good traveller as I thought. Remember, we have covered a good many hundred miles in the last week, and we have had more than our share of anxiety. As soon as we reach our hotel in Hamburg I will go to my room and lie down. After I have had some sleep, I have no doubt I shall be myself again."

I devoutly hoped so; but in spite of her

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assurance, my anxiety was in no way diminished. Obtaining a cab, we drove at once to the Hôtel Continental, at which I had determined to stay. Here I engaged rooms as usual for Mr. and Miss Clifford, for it was as brother and sister we had decided to pass until we should reach England and be made man and wife. It was just luncheon-time when we arrived there; but Valerie was so utterly prostrated that I could not induce her to partake of anything. She preferred, she declared, to retire to her room at once, and believing that this would be the wisest course for her to pursue, I was only too glad that she should do so. Accordingly, when she had left me I partook of lunch alone, but with no zest, as may be supposed, and having despatched it, put on my hat and made my way to the premises of the Steamboat Company in order to inquire about a boat for England.

On arrival at the office in question, it was easily seen that something unusual had occurred. In place of the business-like hurry to which I was accustomed, I found the clerks lolling listlessly at their desks. So far as I could see, they had no business wherewith to occupy themselves. Approaching the counter, I inquired when their next packet would sail for the United Kingdom, and in return received a staggering reply.

"I am afraid, sir," said the man, "you will find considerable difficulty in getting into England just now."

"Difficulty in getting into England?" I cried in astonishment, "and why so, pray?"

"Surely you must have heard?" he replied, looking me up and down as if I were a stranger but lately arrived from the moon. The other clerks smiled incredulously.

"I have heard nothing," I replied, a little nettled at the fellow's behaviour. "Pray be kind enough to inform me what you mean. I am most desirous of reaching London at once, and will thank you to be good enough to tell me when, and at what hour, your next boat leaves."

"We have no boat leaving," the clerk answered, this time rather more respectfully than before. "Surely, sir, you must have heard that there have been two cases of the plague notified in this city to-day, and more than a hundred in Berlin; consequently, the British Government have closed their ports to German vessels, and, as it is rumoured that the disease has made its appearance in France, it is doubtful whether you will get into a French port either."

"But I must reach England," I answered, desperately. "My business is most important. I do not know what I shall do if I am prevented. I must sail to-day, or to-morrow at latest."

"In that case, sir, I am afraid it is out of my power to help you," said the man. "We have received a cablegram from our London office this morning advising us to despatch no more boats until we receive further orders."

"Are you sure there is no other way in which you can help me?" I asked. "I shall be glad to pay anything in reason for the accommodation."

"It is just possible—though I must tell you, sir, I do not think it is probable—that you might be able to induce the owner of some small craft to run the risk of putting you across, but as far as we are concerned, it is out of the question. Why, sir, I can tell you this, if we had a boat running this afternoon, I could fill every berth thrice over, and in less than half an hour. What's more, sir, I'd be one of the passengers myself. We've been deluged with applications all day. It looks as if everybody is being scared off the Continent by the news of the plague. I only wish I were safe back in England myself. I was a fool ever to have left it."

While the man was talking I had been casting about me for some way out of my difficulty, and the news that this awful pestilence had made its appearance in the very city in which we now were, filled me with so great a fear that, under the influence of it, I very nearly broke down. Pulling myself together, however, I thanked the man for his information and made my way into the street once more. There I paused and considered what I should do. To delay was impossible. Even now Pharos might be close behind me. A few hours more, and it was just possible he might have tracked us to our hiding-place. But I soon discovered that even my dread of Pharos was not as great as my fear of the plague, and as I have said before, I did not fear that for myself. It was of Valerie I thought, of the woman I loved more than all the world; whose existence was so much to me that without her I should not have cared to go on living. The recollection of her illness brought a thought into my mind that was so terrible, so overpowering, that I staggered on the pavement and had to clutch at a tree for support.

"My God!" I said to myself, "what should I do if this illness proved to be the plague?"

The very thought of such a thing was

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more than I could bear. It choked, it suffocated me, taking all the pluck out of me and making me weaker than a little child. But it could not be true, I said; happen what might, I would not believe it. Fate, which had brought so much evil upon me already, could not be so cruel as to frustrate all my hopes just when I thought I had turned the corner and was in sight of peace once more.

What the passers-by must have thought I do not know, nor do I care. The dreadful thought that filled my mind was more to me than anyone else's good opinion could possibly be. When I recovered myself I resumed my walk to the hotel, breathing in gasps as the thought returned upon me, and my whole body alternately flushing with hope and then becoming numbed with terror. More dead than alive I entered the building and climbed the stairs to the sitting-room I had engaged. I had half hoped that on opening the door I should find Valerie awaiting me there, but I was disappointed. Unable to contain my anxiety any longer, I went along the passage and knocked at the door of her room.

"Who is there?" a voice that I scarcely recognised asked in German.

"It is I?" I replied. "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes, better," she answered, still in the same hard tone, "but I think I would prefer to lie here a little longer. Do not be anxious about me, I shall be quite myself again by dinner time."

I asked if there was anything I could procure for her, and on being informed to the contrary, left her and went down to the manager's office in the hope that I might be able to discover from him some way in which we might escape to our own country.

"You have reached Hamburg at a most unfortunate time," he answered. "As you are doubtless aware, the plague has broken out here, and Heaven alone knows what we shall do if it continues. I have seen one of the councillors within the last hour, and he tells me that three fresh cases have been notified since midday. The evening telegrams report that more than five thousand deaths have already occurred in Turkey and Russia alone. It is raging in Vienna, and, indeed, through the whole of Austria. In Dresden and Berlin it has also commenced its dreadful work, while three cases have been certified in France. So far England is free, but how long she will continue to be so it is impossible to say. That they are growing anxious there is evident from the stringency of the quarantine regulations they are passing. No vessel from any infected country—they do not limit it even to ports—is allowed to land either passengers or cargo until after three weeks' quarantine, so that communication with the Continent is practically cut off. The situation is growing extremely critical, and every twenty-four hours promises to make it more so."

"In that case I do not know what I shall do," I said, feeling as if my heart would break under the load it was compelled to carry.

"I am extremely sorry for you, sir," the manager answered, "but what is bad for you is even worse for us. You simply want to get back to your home. We have home—nay, even life itself—at stake."

"It is bad for everyone alike," I answered, and then, with a heart even heavier than it was before, I thanked him for his courtesy and made my way upstairs to our sitting-room once more. I opened the door and walked in, and then uttered a cry of delight, for Valerie was at the farther end of the room, standing before the window. My pleasure, however, was short-lived, for on hearing my step she turned, and I was able to see her face. What I saw there almost brought my heart into my mouth.

"Valerie," I cried, "what has happened? Are you worse, that you look at me like that?"

"Hush!" she whispered, "do not speak so loudly. Cannot you see that Pharos is coming?"

Her beautiful eyes were open to their widest extent, and there was an air about her that spoke of an impending tragedy.

"Pharos is coming," she said again, this time very slowly and deliberately. "It is too late for us to escape. He is driving down the street."

There was a long pause, during which I felt as if I were being slowly turned to stone.

"He has entered the hotel."

There was another pause.

"He is here." And as she spoke the handle of the door was turned.

As the person, whoever he might be, entered, Valerie uttered a little cry and fell senseless into my arms. I held her tightly and then wheeled round to see who the intruder might be.

It was Pharos!

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR more than a minute neither of us moved. Valerie lay in my arms just as she had fallen, Pharos stood a foot or so inside the door,

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while I stood looking first at her and then at him without being able to utter a word. As far as my own feelings were concerned the end of the world had come, for I had made up my mind that Valerie was dying. If that were so, Pharos might do his worst.

"My friends, it would seem as if I have come only just in time," he said with sarcastic sweetness. "My dear Forrester, I must offer you my congratulations upon the neat manner in which you effected your escape. Unfortunately, I was aware of it all along. Knowing what was in your heart I laid my plans accordingly, and here I am. And pray, may I ask, what good have you done yourself by your impetuosity? You chase across Europe at express speed, hoping to get to England before I can catch you, only to find on arrival here that the plague has headed you off, and that it is impossible for you to reach your destination."

"Are you going to stand talking all day?" I said, forgetting caution and the need that existed for humouring him—everything, in fact, in my anxiety. "Cannot you see that she is ill? Good heavens, man, she may be dying!"

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly, with a change of voice as he crossed the room and came over to where I was standing. "Let me see her instantly!"

With a deftness and at the same time a tenderness I had never noticed in him before, he took her from me and placed her upon a sofa. Having done so he stooped over her and commenced his examination. Thirty seconds had not elapsed before he turned fiercely on me again.

"You fool!" he cried, "are you mad? Lock that door this instant. This is more serious than I imagined. Do you know what it is?"

"How should I?" I answered in agony. "Tell me, tell me! cannot you see how much I am suffering?"

I clutched him by the arm so tightly that he winced under it and had to exert his strength to throw me off.

"It is the plague," he answered, "and but for your folly in running away from me she would never have caught it. If she dies, the blame will rest entirely with you."

But I scarcely heard him. The knowledge that my darling was the victim of the scourge that was ravaging all Europe drove me back against the wall faint and speechless with terror. "If she dies," he had said, and the words rang in my ears like a funeral knell. But she should not die. If any power in the world could save her it should be found.

"What can I do?" I whispered hoarsely. "For pity's sake let me help in some way. She must not die, she shall not die!"

"In that case you had better bestir yourself," he said. "There is but one remedy, and that we must employ. Had it not been for your folly I should have it with me now. As it is, you must go out and search the town for it. Give me writing materials."

These were on a neighbouring table, and when I had put them before him he seized the pen and scrawled something upon a sheet of notepaper, then, folding it, he handed it to me.

"Take that with all speed to a chemist," he said. "Tell him to be particularly careful that the drugs are fresh, and bring it back with you as soon as you can. In all probability you will have a difficulty in procuring it, but you must do so somewhere. Rest assured of this, that if she does not receive it within an hour, nothing can possibly save her."

"I will be back in less than half that time," I answered, and hastened from the room.

From a man in the street I inquired the address of the nearest chemist, and, as soon as he had directed me, hastened thither as fast as my legs could carry me. Entering the shop, I threw the prescription upon the counter, and in my impatience could have struck the man for his slowness in picking it up. If his life had depended upon his deciphering it properly he could not have taken longer to read it. Before he had got to the end of it my impatience had reached boiling heat.

"Come, come," I said, "are you going to make it up or not? It is for an urgent case, and I have wasted ten minutes already."

The man glanced at the paper again, smoothed it out between his fat fingers, and shook his head until I thought his glasses would have dropped from his nose.

"I cannot do it," he said at length. "Two of the drugs I do not keep in stock. Indeed, I do not know that I ever saw another prescription like it."

"Why did you not say so at once?" I cried angrily, and, snatching the paper from his hand, I dashed madly out and along the pavement. At the end of the street was another shop, which I entered. On the door it was set forth that English, French and German were spoken there. I was not going to risk a waste of time on either of the two first, however, but opened upon the man in his own language. He was very small, with

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"It was Pharos!"

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an unwholesome complexion, and was the possessor of a nose large enough to have entitled him to the warmest esteem of the great Napoleon. He took the prescription, read it through in a quarter of the time taken by the other man, and then retired behind his screen. Scarcely able to contain my delight at having at last been successful, I curbed my impatience as well as I could, examined all the articles displayed in the glass case upon the counter, fidgeted nervously with the indiarubber change mat, and when, at the end of several minutes, he had not made it up, was only prevented from going in search of him by his appearance before me once more.

"I am afraid you will have some difficulty in getting this made up," he said, after he had read it. "Two of the drugs are not in common use, and personally I do not keep them. Is the case an urgent one?"

"It's a matter of life and death," I answered. "All my happiness in life depends upon it. If you cannot help me, can you direct me to anyone who will? I assure you there is not a moment to be lost."

Evidently the man was touched by my anxiety. At any rate, he went out of his way to do a kindly action, for which no amount of gratitude on my part will ever be able to repay him.

"I do not know anything about the merits of the prescription," he said, "but if these two drugs are necessary, I don't mind telling you that I think I know where I can procure them. I have an old friend—a quack, so the other chemists call him—who is always trying experiments. It is within the bounds of possibility he may have them. If you will wait here for a few minutes I'll run up to his house and see. It is only a few doors from here, and he is always at home at this hour."

"I will wait only too willingly," I answered earnestly. "Heaven grant you may be successful!"

He said no more, but ran out of the shop. While he was gone I paced up and down in a fever of impatience. Every minute seemed an hour, and as I looked at my watch and realised that, if I wished to get back to the hotel within the time specified by Pharos, I had only ten minutes in which to do it, I felt as if my heart would stop beating. In reality the man was not gone five minutes, and when he burst into the shop again he waved two bottles triumphantly above his head.

"There's not another man in Hamburg could have got them!" he cried with justifiable pride. "Now I can make it up for you."

Five minutes later he handed the prescription to me.

"I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for your kindness," I said as I took it. "If I can get back with it in time, you will have saved a life that I love more than my own. I do not know how to reward you, but if you will accept this and wear it as a souvenir of the service you have rendered me, I hope you will do so."

So saying, I took from my pocket my gold watch and chain and handed them across the counter to him. Then, without waiting for an expression of his gratitude, I passed into the street and, hailing a cab, bade the man drive me as fast as his horse could go to my hotel.

Reaching it, I paid him with the first coin I took from my pocket and ran upstairs. What my feelings were as I approached the room where I had left Pharos and Valerie together I must leave you to imagine. With a heart beating like a sledge-hammer I softly turned the handle of the door and stole in, scarcely daring to look in the direction of the sofa. However, I might have spared myself the pain, for neither Pharos nor Valerie were there; but, just as I was wondering what could have become of them, the former entered the room.

"Have you got it?" he inquired eagerly, his voice trembling with emotion.

"I have," I answered, and handed him the medicine. "Here it is. At one time I began to think I should have to come back without it."

"Another ten minutes, and I can promise you you would have been too late," he answered. "I have carried her to her room and placed her upon her bed. You must remain here and endeavour to prevent anyone suspecting what is the matter. If your medicine proves what I hope, she should be sleeping quietly in an hour's time, and on the high road to recovery in two. But remember this, if the people in this house receive any hint of what she is suffering from, they will remove her to the hospital at once, and in that case, I pledge you my word, she will be dead before morning."

"You need have no fear on that score," I answered. "They shall hear nothing from me."

Thereupon he took his departure, and for the next hour I remained where I was, deriving what satisfaction I could from the assurance he had given me.

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It was quite dark by the time Pharos returned.

"What news do you bring?" I inquired anxiously. "Why do you not tell me at once how she is? Can you not see how I am suffering?"

"The crisis is past," he replied, "and she will do now. But it was a very narrow escape. If I had not followed you by the next train, in what sort of position would you be at this minute?"

"I should not be alive," I answered. "If her life had been taken it would have killed me."

"You are very easily killed, I have no doubt," was his sneering rejoinder. "At the same time, take my advice and let this be a lesson to you not to try escaping from me again. You have been pretty severely punished. On another occasion your fate may be even worse."

I gazed at him in pretended surprise.

"I do not understand your meaning when you say that I escaped from you," I said, with an air of innocence that would not have deceived anyone. "Why should I desire to do so? If you refer to my leaving Prague so suddenly, please remember that I warned you the night before that it would be necessary for me to leave at once for England. I presume I am at liberty to act as I please?"

"I am not in the humour just now to argue the question with you," he answered, "but if you will be advised by me, my dear Forrester, you will, for the future, consult me with regard to your movements. My ward has given you her experiences and has told you with what result, she, on two occasions, attempted to leave me. At your instigation she has tried a third time, and you see how that attempt has turned out. You little thought that when you were dining so comfortably in Herr Schuncke's restaurant in Berlin, last night, that I was watching your repast."

"I do not believe it," I answered angrily. "It is impossible that you could have been there, if only for the reason that there was no train to bring you."

He smiled pityingly upon me.

"I am beginning to think, my friend," he said, "that you are not so clever as I at first supposed you. I wonder what you would say if I were to tell you that while Valerie was playing for Schuncke's entertainment, I, who was travelling along between Prague and Dresden, was an interested spectator of the whole scene. Shall I describe to you the arrangement of the room? Shall I tell you how Schuncke leant against the wall near the door, his hands folded before him, and his great head nodding? How you sat at the table near the fireplace, building castles in the air, upon which, by the way, I offer you my felicitations? while Valerie, standing on the other side of the room, made music for you all? It is strange that I should know all that, particularly as I did not do myself the honour of calling at the restaurant, is it not?"

I made no answer. To tell the truth, I did not know what to say. Pharos chuckled as he observed my embarrassment.

"You will learn wisdom before I have done with you," he continued. "However, that is enough on the subject just now. Let us talk about something else. There is much to be done to-night and I shall require your assistance."

The variety of emotions to which I had been subjected that day had exercised such an effect upon me that, by this time, I was scarcely capable of even a show of resistance. In my own mind I felt morally certain that, when he said there was much to do, he meant the accomplishment of some new villainy, but what form it was destined to take I neither knew nor cared. He had got me so completely under his influence by this time that he could make me do exactly as he required.

"What is it you are going to do?" I inquired, more because I saw that he expected me to say something than for any other reason.

"I am going to get us all out of this place and back to England without loss of time," he answered in a tone of triumph.

"To England?" I replied, and the hideous mockery of his speech made me laugh aloud—as bitter a laugh, surely, as was ever uttered by mortal man. "You accused me just now of not being as clever as you had at first supposed me. I return the compliment. You have evidently not heard that every route into England is blocked."

"No route is ever blocked to me," he answered. "I leave for London at midnight to-night, and Valerie accompanies me."

"You must be mad to think of such a thing!" I cried, Valerie's name producing a sudden change in my behaviour towards him. "How can she possibly do so? Remember how ill she is. It would be little short of murder to move her."

"It will be nothing of the kind," he replied. "When I want her she will rise from her bed

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and walk downstairs and go wherever I bid her, looking to all appearances as well and strong as any other woman in this town."

"By all means let us go to England, then," I said, clutching eagerly at the hope he held out. "Though how you are going to manage it I do not know."

"Waved two bottles triumphantly above his head."

"You shall see," he said. "Remember, you have never known me fail. If you would bear that fact in mind a little oftener, you would come nearer a better appreciation of my character than that to which you have so far attained. However, while we are wasting time talking, it is getting late, and you have not dined yet. I suppose it is necessary for you to eat, otherwise you will be incapable of anything?"

"I could not touch a thing," I answered in reply to his gibe. "You will not, therefore, be hindered by me. But how can we go out and leave Valerie behind in her present condition?"

"I shall give her an opiate," he said, "which will keep her sleeping quietly for the next three or four hours. When she wakes she will be capable of anything."

He thereupon left the room, and upwards of a quarter of an hour elapsed before he rejoined me. When he did, I noticed that he was dressed for going out. I immediately picked up my hat and stick and followed him downstairs. Once in the street, Pharos started off at a smart pace, until at last we reached a quarter of the town totally distinct from that in which our hotel was situated. Entering a dirtier street than any we had so far encountered, he stopped short before a tall, austere building which from a variety of evidences had seen better days, and might a couple of centuries or so, before have been the residence of some well-to-do merchant. Mounting the steps, he rapped sharply upon the door with his stick. A sound of laughter and the voice of a man singing reached us from within, and when Pharos knocked a second time the rapidity of the blows and the strength with which they were administered bore witness to his impatience. At last, however, the door was opened a few inches by a man who looked out and inquired with an oath what we wanted.

"I have come in search of Captain Wisemann," my companion answered. "If he is at home, tell him that if he does not receive Monsieur Pharos at once, he knows the penalty. Carry him that message and be quick about it. I have waited at this door quite long enough."

With an unintelligible grunt the man departed on his errand, and a few moments later he returned and begged us with comparative civility to enter.

I have elsewhere described the Arab who met Pharos at the Pyramids, on the occasion of my momentous visit, as being the biggest man I had ever beheld in my life, and so he was, for at that time I had not the pleasure of Herman Wisemann's acquaintance. Since I have seen him, however, the Arab has, as

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the Americans say, been compelled to take a back place. Wisemann must have stood six foot nine if an inch, and in addition to his height his frame was correspondingly large. Though I am not short myself, he towered above me by fully a head. To add to the strangeness of his appearance, he was the possessor of a pair of enormous ears that stood out at right angles to his head. That he was afraid of Pharos was shown by the sheepish fashion in which he entered the room.

"Three years ago I called upon you," said Pharos, "and was kept waiting while you fuddled yourself with your country's abominable liquor. To-night I have been favoured with a repetition of that offence. On the third occasion I shall deal with you more summarily. Remember that! Now to business."

"If Herr Pharos will condescend to tell me what it is he requires of me," said the giant, "he may be sure I will do my best to please him."

"You had better not do otherwise, my friend," snapped Pharos with his usual acidity. "Perhaps you remember that on one occasion you made a mistake. Don't do so again. Now listen to me. I am anxious to be in London on Friday morning next. You will, therefore, find me a fast vessel, and she must leave to-night at midnight."

"But it is impossible to get into England," replied the man. "Since the outbreak of the plague the quarantine laws have been stricter even than they were before. Heinrich Clausen tried last week and had to return unsuccessful."

"How does Heinrich Clausen's failure affect me?" asked Pharos. "I shall not fail, whatever anyone else may do. Your friend Clausen should have known better than to go to London. Land me on the coast of Norfolk and that will do."

"But it is eight o'clock now," the man replied, "and you say you wish to start at midnight. How am I to arrange it before then?"

"*How* you are to do it does not concern me," said Pharos. "All I know is that you must do it. Otherwise—well, then, the punishment will be the same as before, only, on this occasion, a little more severe. You can send me word, in an hour's time, how and where we are to board her. I am staying at the Continental, and my number is eighty-three."

The man had evidently abandoned all thought of refusing.

"And the remuneration?" he inquired. "The risk will have to be taken into account."

"The price will be the same as on the last occasion, provided he lands us safely at the place which I shall name to him as soon as we are on board. But only half that amount if, by any carelessness on his part, the scheme is unsuccessful. I shall expect to hear from you within an hour. Be careful, however, that your messenger does not arouse any suspicions at the hotel. We do not want the English authorities put upon their guard."

Wisemann accompanied us to the door and bowed us out. After that we returned as quickly as possible to our hotel. My delight may be imagined on hearing from Pharos, who visited her as soon as he returned, that throughout the time we had been absent Valerie had been sleeping peacefully, and was now making as good progress towards recovery as he could desire.

At nine o'clock, almost punctual to the minute, a note was brought to Pharos. He opened it, and having read it, informed the man that there was no answer.

"Wisemann has arranged everything," he said. "The steamer *Margrave of Brandenburg* will be ready to pick us up in the river at the hour appointed, and in fifty hours from the first revolution of her screw we should be in England."

"And what would happen then?" I asked myself.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the sun rose on the following morning, nothing but green seas surrounded us, and the *Margrave of Brandenburg* was doing her best to live up to the reputation I soon discovered she possessed—namely, of being the worst roller in the North Sea trade. She was by no means a large craft, nor, as I soon remarked, was she particularly well found; she belonged to a firm of Altona Jews, and, as the captain was wont to say pathetically, "The only thing they did not grudge him was the right to do as much work on the smallest amount of pay on which it was possible for a man to keep body and soul together." The captain's nationality was more difficult to determine than that of his employers. He called himself an Englishman, but, unfortunately for this assertion, his accent belied him. In addition to English, he spoke German like a Frenchman, and French like a German, was equally at

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home in Russian—which, to say the least of it, is not a language for the amateur—Italian also, while in a moment of confidence he found occasion to inform me that he had served for three years on board a Spanish troopship, an assertion which would lead one to suppose that he was conversant with that language also. In point of fact, he was one of that curious class of sailor commonly met with outside the British mercantile marine, who, if you asked them, would find it difficult to tell you where they were born, and who have been so long at sea that one country has become like another to them, provided the liquor is good and they can scrape together a sufficient living out of it; and one flag is equal to another, provided, of course, it is not Chinese, which as everyone knows is no use to anyone, not even to themselves.

For the week, and more particularly for the forty-eight hours preceding our departure from Hamburg, I had been living in such a state of nervous tension that, as soon as we were once clear of the land, the reaction that set in was almost more than I could bear. The prophecy Pharos had given utterance to regarding Valerie had been verified to the letter. At the hour appointed for leaving, she had descended from her room, looking at first glance as healthy and strong as I had ever seen her. It was only when I came close up to her and could catch a glimpse of her eyes that I saw how dilated the pupils were and how unnatural was the light they contained. From the moment she appeared upon the stairs, throughout the drive through the city, and until we reached the steamer, not a word crossed her lips, and it was only when we were in the saloon and Pharos bade her retire to her cabin, that she found her voice and spoke to me.

"Good-night," she said very slowly, as if it hurt her even to speak the words, and then added with infinite sadness, "You have been very good and patient with me, Cyril." Having said this, she disappeared into her cabin, and I saw no more of her that night.

As I remarked at the commencement of this chapter, the sun when it rose next morning found us in open water. Not a trace of the land was to be seen, and you may be sure I was not sorry to be away from it. Taking one thing with another, I had not spent a pleasant night. I had tried sleeping in my bunk, but without success. It was filthy in the extreme, and so small that I found it quite impossible to stretch myself out at full length. Accordingly, I had tumbled and tossed in it, tried every position, and had at last vacated it in favour of the settee in the saloon, where I had remained until the first signs of day showed themselves. Then I went on deck, to find a beautiful pearl-grey dawn, in which the steamer seemed a speck on the immensity of sea. I tried to promenade the deck, only to find that the vessel's rolling rendered it extremely difficult, if not well nigh impossible. I accordingly made my way to a sheltered spot, just abaft the saloon entrance, and, seating myself on the skylight, endeavoured to collect my thoughts. It was a more difficult matter than would at first be supposed, for the reason that the side issues involved were so many, and also so important, and I found myself being continually drawn from the main point at issue, which was the question as to what was to become of Valerie and myself, since we found it impossible to escape from Pharos. How the latter had become possessed of the secret of our intention to escape from him I could not imagine, nor could I understand how he had been able to pursue and capture us with such accuracy and despatch. As it had turned out, it was just as well that he did follow us, and I shivered again as I thought of what Valerie's fate might have been had he not come upon the scene so opportunely. Of one thing I was quite convinced, in spite of the threats he had used, and that was that, as soon as we reached England, I should find some way—how I was to do so I did not for the moment quite realise—of getting the woman I loved out of his clutches, this time for good and all.

I breakfasted that morning alone, Valerie being still too ill to leave her bunk, while Pharos, as usual, did not put in appearance until close upon midday. By the time he did so the sea had lost much of its former violence, and the vessel was, in consequence, making better progress. How I longed to be in England no one can have any idea. The events of the last few months, if they had done nothing else, had at least deprived me of my taste for travel, and as for the land of Egypt, the liking I had once entertained for that country had given place to a hatred that was as vigorous as I had deemed the other sincere.

I have already said that it was midday before Pharos made his appearance on deck; but when he did, so far as his amiability was concerned, he would have been very much better below. Being accustomed by this time to note the changes in his manner, it did not take me very long to see that this was one of his bad days. For this reason I

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resolved to keep out of his way as far as possible, but in my attempt I was only partly successful.

"In thirty-eight hours, my friend," he said, when he had found me out, "you will be in England once more, and the desire of your heart will be gratified. You should be grateful to me, for had I not followed you to Hamburg, it is quite certain *you* would still be in that plague-ridden city, and where would Valerie be? Well, Valerie would be—— But there, we will have no more of those little escapades, if you please, so remember that. The next time you attempt to play me false, I shall know how to deal with you. All things considered, it was a good day for me when you fell in love with Valerie."

"What do you mean?" I asked, for I neither liked the look on his face nor the way he spoke.

"I mean what I say," he answered. "You love Valerie, and she loves you; but—— Well, to put it mildly, she does what I tell her, and for the future so must you! It would be as well, perhaps, if you would bear that fact in mind."

I rose from the skylight upon which I had been sitting and faced him.

"Monsieur Pharos," I said, holding up my hand in protest, "you have gone quite far enough. Let me advise you to think twice before you make use of such threats to me. I do not understand by what right you speak to me in this fashion."

"There are many things you do not understand, and at present it is not my intention to enlighten you," he answered, with consummate coolness. "Only remember this—while you act in accordance with my wishes, you are safe; but if at any time you attempt to thwart me, I give you fair warning I will crush you like a worm."

So saying, he darted another glance at me full of intense malignity and then took his departure. When he had gone I seated myself again and endeavoured to solve the riddle of his behaviour. What his purpose could be in keeping me with him, and why he was always threatening me with punishment if I did not act in accordance with his wishes, were two questions I tried to answer, but in vain. That there was something behind it all which boded ill for myself, I felt morally certain, but what that something was I had yet to discover. If I had known all, I wonder what course of action I should have pursued

(*To be continued.*)

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At the Garden Gate.

DRAWN BY MONTAGU BARSTOW.

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THE REGENT STREET POLYTECHNIC:

ENGLAND'S LARGEST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

By Fred A. McKenzie.

THE Regent Street Polytechnic—familiarly known as "THE Poly"—is one of the most potent of the forces making for a transformed London. It is not only the largest of all English educational institutions, but has brought about a new departure in industrial teaching, and has been the parent of many friendly rivals on both sides of the Atlantic. Twenty years ago it was, in its present form, unknown; to-day it has over fifteen thousand members and students, and its influence is world-wide. For rapidity of growth and activity of work it more resembles the newer American universities than anything the Old World can show. It aims to cater for the whole man, intellectually, industrially, morally, and physically. It has revolutionised modern travel, placing the beauties of Switzerland, Norway, and Italy within easy reach of the young mechanic and shop assistant. Its athletes take foremost rank among the leaders of pure sport; its religious agencies are as live-some and happy and enthusiastic as any to be found within the postal radius; and its educational work is of vast and ever-increasing extent.

From a photo by] [*Polytechnic School.*

MR. QUINTIN HOGG.

"The Poly" is in a special sense the work of one man, Mr. Quintin Hogg, who started it, moulded its growth, and has given not only his fortune but himself to it. The youngest son of Sir James Weir Hogg, twice chairman of the old East India Company, he came under deep religious influences while at Eton, and there realised that life should be spent for other than purely personal ends. In 1863, when eighteen years old, he removed to London to enter business, and here he was soon stirred to his depths by the sight of the poverty and misery of St. Giles's. He began a mission among the street Arabs who then abounded in the West Central district, but at first the boys half suspected him to be an agent of the police, and would not enter into friendly relations. Nothing daunted, the young Etonian became himself literally a street Arab. He bought a ragged suit and a shoeblack's outfit in the New Cut, and for six months spent two or three nights every week on the streets. He blacked shoes at street corners, and afterwards crept under the market wagons, in the Adelphi arches, or aboard the river barges, and slept out with the homeless. He learned the language of the street Arabs, he got to know their tricks and ways, and equipped himself for the work he had determined to do.

He could only give part of his time to this philanthropy, for he was engaged during the day preparing for partnership in a great firm of West Indian merchants. Nor had he much money to devote to it, for he was limited to a younger son's allowance of eighty pounds a year. But he soon started a ragged school, and the boys now flocked to him. Venturing further, he opened a cheap shelter for the street lads. He and the Arabs together made the place ready, whitewashing,

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painting, and carpentering it themselves. Mr. Hogg had a little room in the building, and divided his leisure time between the alley off the Strand and his father's house in Carlton Gardens.

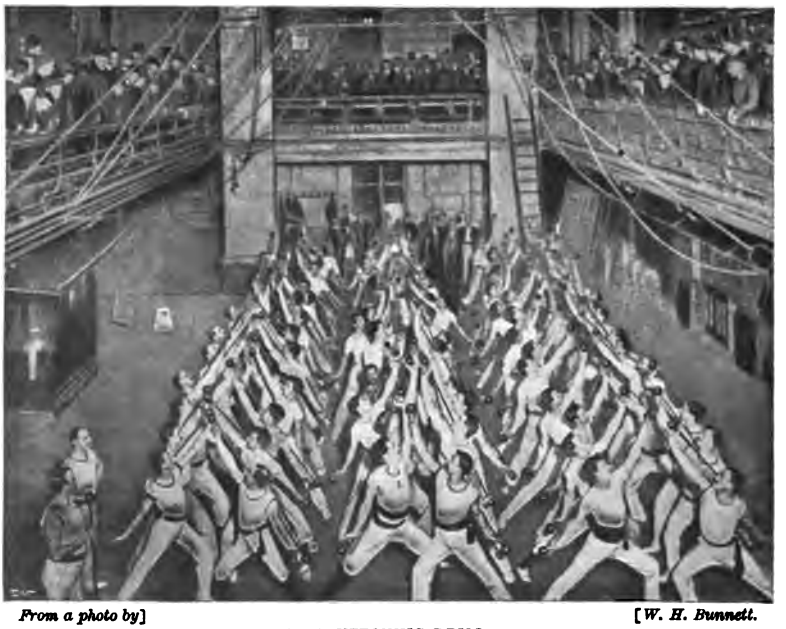
The work soon bore fruit. The first comers were very bad. Many, if not most of them, were thieves, some had no clothes save shawls, and all were unaccustomed to any discipline. But the thieves turned honest, the rags were transformed to decent garments, and by 1868 the place had become quite respectable. Numbers of the lads were given a chance to start life afresh in Greater Britain, and of those who remained behind many were put in the way of making a good living.

The ragged school grew to a youths' institute, and larger premises were secured, first in Hanover Street and then in Long Acre. Mr. Hogg had already laid down the lines on which his work has since been carried out. He wanted to make his "boys" better men, not only morally but physically and mentally. He was a great believer in holidays, and though the Polytechnic Foreign Tours were then undreamed of, he had a very good substitute. He would take parties of his lads as his guests on his yacht, and carry them away to the Mediterranean for a few weeks. The difficulty now was how to accommodate the large numbers of applicants for membership. Many had to be constantly refused admission, and Mr. Hogg cast his eyes around to see what could be done.

In 1881, when it had been almost decided to build special premises in St. Martin's Lane, the Polytechnic in Regent Street, the famous old home of popular science, came into the market. The building was just what Mr. Hogg wanted, and he bought it for £50,000. It was determined to transfer the Youths' Institute to here, and develop it into a young men's club and educational centre. On the 25th September, 1882, the new premises were opened, and, rashly undertaking the *rôle* of a prophet, Mr. Hogg declared they were "so extensive as to afford scope for almost any possible development in the future." He little knew what was before him. On the opening day over a thousand new members joined, and Mr. Hogg was kept busy from a quarter to five in the evening till after one in the morning receiving the new comers. He wanted to see each of the fellows himself, but after over eight hours of greeting them he had to give in.

Photo by] [*Fradelle & Young.*

DR. H. S. LUNN.
(*Chaplain to the Polytechnic.*)



From a photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

A POLYTECHNIC DRILL.

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From then till now the Polytechnic has never had room enough. Extensions and enlargements of premises have been undertaken at great cost, but the work grows so quickly that the accommodation lags ever behind. Houses to the right and left and rear have been absorbed, several storeys have been added to the original house, a new large hall has been built, and further houses in the neighbourhood have been rented for branches of the work.

For some years Mr. Hogg has been mainly aided by two assistants, Mr. Robert Mitchell and Mr. J. E. K. Studd. Mr. Mitchell's connection dates back to the time of the Long Acre Institute, where he was for some time honorary secretary. The work there becoming so great, Mr. Mitchell was induced to devote his whole time to the Institute, and when the Regent Street buildings were taken, it was he who drew up the scheme of technical education which has proved so successful. Mr. Mitchell devotes himself mainly to the educational work of the Polytechnic, but his hand is seen everywhere. All who have met him will bear me out in saying that he is as alert, genial and "wide-awake" a director as could be desired. His activity, his power of making friends, and his capacity for work need to be known to be believed.

Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the famous cricketer, is, like Mr. Hogg, an Etonian. He came to the Polytechnic in 1885 as hon. secretary, and has since freely devoted himself to its work, attending his office day after day, and night after night, with a regularity that the closest business man could hardly rival. His departments are mainly the athletic, recreation, and tourist sections, but there is no very strict division between the different branches.

Mr. Hogg leaves practically all the regular work of the Polytechnic in the hands of Messrs. Studd and Mitchell, and devotes himself to finding the necessary financial aid and cultivating personal acquaintance with his "Poly boys," as the members are called. He seems to know the names and affairs of almost all of the thousands who throng the rooms, and no one can witness his contact with his "boys" without realising that to them he is as an elder brother. He lives in Cavendish Square. There is a covered way from his house into the Polytechnic, and almost every leisure moment finds him among the young men. "I have seldom been

From a photo by] [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

THE QUEEN'S HALL FILLED WITH ITS USUAL SATURDAY NIGHT AUDIENCE AT A POLYTECHNIC CONCERT.

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in any of the other Polytechnics, except the one at Woolwich," he once told me. "I refuse almost every invitation to speak at outside meetings. My work is here in Regent Street, and I believe it is only by concentrating oneself on one's own work that a man can hope to make it really successful or obtain the best results."

The Polytechnic differs from most of its English imitators in being distinctively a religious institution. Religion is forced down no one's throat, there is no button-holing of members and inquiring as to their spiritual condition, and any man is at perfect liberty to be a member or attend classes for years, if he wishes, without once going near a religious meeting. Nevertheless, Christianity is the pivot of the whole, and the leaders regard it as the great factor of their success. It supplies a rallying point for workers, it induces men to take an interest in other than their own particular hobbies, and it gives an enthusiasm and disinterestedness which it would be difficult to otherwise obtain. The Polytechnic religious services

From a photo by [*Alice Hughes.*

MRS. QUINTIN HOGG.

are attended by thousands, and have been conducted by leaders of all the churches, from the Archbishop of Canterbury downwards. Religion there is essentially a bright and cheery thing.

The educational work of the Institution, which began with one or two classes in the ragged school, is its side which has been most widely copied. There are large middle-class day schools for boys and girls, and special schools of art, engineering, photography, arts and crafts, and shorthand. The evening classes embrace almost every possible subject. The classics and purely literary studies receive comparatively little attention; but there are numerous groups for modern languages and commercial studies. Science and art are given special prominence, but the chief part of the educational work is the trade classes. Such subjects as tailoring, engineering, and carriage building (to name a few out of many) are expounded by masters of the crafts, in both technical and practical classes. The classes are carried on in such a way as to secure the approval of the trade authorities, and none are admitted to them but those actually engaged in the particular callings taught. The Polytechnic authorities have neither time nor inclination to give a smattering to amateurs; they aim to make the actual craftsmen masters of their trades.

MR. R. MITCHELL.

These trade classes are an interesting sight. It is curious, for instance, to watch a band of young plumbers studying brazing and joining in one of the lower rooms, learning the scientific reasons for the different processes, and at the same time themselves actually performing the separate stages of the work. Still more interesting is it to see a class of from sixty to seventy young tailors, each with cloth and chalk and rules before him, following the instruction of a great master cutter from a leading West-end house. It may seem strange that young fellows who have been at work from eight in the morning till seven at night should then hurry away to attend a class on their own work. But the students have very

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substantial pecuniary rewards in view. The average young tailor, for instance, thinks himself fortunate if he earns 35*s.* a week, and is by no means sure of work. After studying cutting for some winters at the Polytechnic, and becoming a really first-class hand, he can readily obtain from £3 10*s.* to £6, or even more, a week, and will find abundant vacancies. In trade to-day knowledge pays, and the old "rule-o'-thumb" man finds himself relegated to the background.

One might quote, if necessary, many opinions from competent authorities on the excellence of the Polytechnic technical teaching; but one fact speaks more than all such. After a careful examination of the different methods adopted for encouraging technical education in London, the Charity Commissioners determined to adopt the plan in force at Regent Street in the formation of newer technical schools. At the same time they gave the Polytechnic a grant of £3,500 a year, which helped to relieve Mr. Quintin Hogg of part of the great financial burden he had for several years gladly borne. A governing body was appointed for the Institute, and to it Mr. Hogg handed over the building and fittings. This governing body, consisting of such men as Sir Owen Roberts and Lord Reay, is the supreme authority. The members elect a council, which is a consultative body only, but whose wishes are as far as possible met in the actual administration. When it is mentioned that Mr. Hogg himself has given over £150,000 to the Institution, it will be seen that the financial burden is no light one.

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

THE ENGINEERS' SHOP.

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

THE CARPENTERS' SHOP.

The Poly "boys" have always been great athletes, and Mr. Hogg is a firm believer in the beneficent influence of training. His views are borne out by the fact that since the Regent Street building has been open, it has never once been necessary to turn out a man for ill-behaviour. The athletic clubs attached to the Institute have Merton Hall Farm, a piece of land twenty-seven acres in extent, and the Paddington Recreation Grounds for their practice. The boating club has a large boat-house of its own at Chiswick. The cycling club is one of the most noted in this country; several of the leading racers of to-day belong to it or learned their business there, and year after year it has

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won the cycling championship of London. This club publishes its own journal, and its race meetings are quite great events in the Metropolitan sporting world. The most popular of all sections, so far as membership is concerned, is probably the gymnastic, and the accompanying view speaks so well of its capacity that description is unnecessary. In summer time the great reading-room is turned into a swimming-bath, and it makes one of the largest in the kingdom.

I am indebted to Mr. W. S. Haukins, Hon. Secretary of the Polytechnic Athletic Club, for the following account of its work.

"One of the greatest, if not the greatest, features of the social side of the Regent Street Polytechnic is the athletic club, with its splendid cricket, tennis, and football ground at Merton Hall, Wimbledon, twenty-seven acres in extent, with separate dressing accommodation for each team, and fitted up with every convenience, including a refreshment pavilion on the grounds. Every Saturday in the summer the club members play ten cricket and two tennis matches,

From a photo by [*Russell.*

MR. J. E. K. STUDD.

and in the winter nine Association matches and one Rugby. The play of the cricket, football, and tennis sections is equal to that of any Saturday afternoon club, and it is a great feature to see the president of the Polytechnic, Mr. Quintin Hogg, and his son,

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnell.*

A POLYTECHNIC TROPHY.

playing in one of the teams each Saturday. The boat-house at Chiswick was specially built for us, and we have the largest stock of any private club on the river. The quality of the rowing is first class, and our boating section has for several years won the principal events at the Oxford Royal Regatta. The home of the swimming and water-polo section is in the handsome bath in the Polytechnic. The swimmers can boast of having had the winners of the half-mile, one mile, and long distance championships of England, and in the water-polo they have had for several years one of the finest teams in England. Last season they won the championship of London, and their junior team won the junior championship of Middlesex. When you consider that a young man can get all the advantages of playing cricket, tennis, football, rowing, swimming, and water-polo, for the modest sum of five shillings per annum, it will give some idea of the great organising powers of the governing body of the Regent Street Polytechnic."

The Polytechnic claims, and rightly, to be the pioneer of the co-operative holiday movement, and over six thousand people travel under its auspices each year. This movement started by an excursion organised for the boys of the day school on the Continent one summer. The boys returned with such glowing accounts of their enjoyments that the adults began to inquire if

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something of the kind could not be done for them. The next year a fourteen days trip to Switzerland was planned, and then the tours grew and were thrown open to the general public. These tours are neither subsidised nor profit-making enterprises. The rates are fixed as nearly as possible to cover the cost, and if the year's work gives a margin of profit, it is handed over to the general funds of the Institute. A number of young peoples' institutes throughout the country have affiliated themselves to the tourist section of the Polytechnic, and the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America arranges all its European tours through the Regent Street body.

The chief of these tours are the nine guinea thirteen days cruise among the fiords of Norway, and the five guinea eight days excursion to Switzerland. The Polytechnic has its own steamer for the Norwegian cruise, and takes only one class of passengers. In Switzerland, the Polytechnic authorities have their own *châlets*, beautifully situated on the lake at Lucerne, where the excursionists are housed during their stay.

When first initiated, the Polytechnic work was exclusively for men, but this is no longer so. For long the members were constantly asking when something was to be done for their sisters, or for "other fellows' sisters." In 1887 houses were taken in Langham Place, a few doors from the original building, and a "Sisters' Institute" was opened. A thousand applications for membership were received almost at once, and now young men and maidens share almost like and like advantages. It is often laughingly said that since the young women's branch was opened the Polytechnic has become quite a matrimonial bureau; certainly many marriages are arranged between members of the two sections. Few who know anything of life in Central London will regard this as anything but a blessing. One of the greatest curses of the life of the struggling young man or woman living in the Inner Circle is the loneliness of his or her life and the fearful difficulty of obtaining any social intercourse.

From a copyright photo by] [*S. J. Eckett.*

A POLYTECHNIC PARTY ON TOUR IN NORWAY.

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No single description of the Polytechnic could deal with all its work or workers. Mr. Douglas Hogg, Mr. V. R. Hoare, Dr. H. S. Lunn, and many others, devote the whole or part of their time to the Institute's work. One thing among these workers cannot but strike the most casual visitor. All seem to delight in their labour, and to strive to see how much, rather than how little, they can get through.

During the winter months the Saturday evening concerts in Queen's Hall, the finest concert hall in London, are a great attraction, and are crowded to excess. First-class professional singers are obtained and reasonable prices of admission charged, and these concerts prove, if proof were necessary, that it is not necessary to pander in the least to the lower tastes to attract a crowd.

Among other prominent branches of Polytechnic activity must be mentioned the Advice and Labour and Reception Bureaux. A young barrister freely attends once a week to give gratuitous legal advice to the members. The Labour and Reception Bureau, besides acting as an employment agency, meets and introduces to London life young people coming up from the country.

Mr. Quintin Hogg is not yet satisfied. He is now anxious to add to the Polytechnic a great home for young men, where young fellows might live in comfort and with home-like surroundings at prices they could afford to pay. He feels deeply the discomfort of the average young man in lodgings, discomfort wholly unnecessary, seeing the price he is charged. That such a home could be successfully conducted and made to pay Mr. Hogg is convinced. But one thing bars the way. It would have to be within easy reach of the Regent Street building, and in that district rents are enormously high. To start a home on an adequate scale involves much financial responsibility, and, as Mr. Hogg says, "To a West Indian sugar-planter such risk is out of the question." Where will the necessary millionaire come from?

From a photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

A COSY CORNER IN THE CYCLISTS' ROOM.

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SECOND NATURE.

By Ethel Turner.

Illustrated by Frances Ewan.

"CLASS II. A," read out the sonorous voice of the clergyman who was presiding over the breaking-up of the school—"Prize for mathematics, Ellen Naylor."

A girl from the middle of the back form stood up with a jerky motion, crushed herself as flat as possible to make her way in front of the knees of the seat, and advanced to the book-laden table with the quick, ungraceful progress of the self-conscious schoolgirl all the world over.

"English prize, Alice Edwards."

A rather fat girl in stiff white muslin giggled as she worked her way out of her place. Then she came down with her face very red and one shoulder stuck higher than the other out of pure nervousness. When the girls clapped she giggled again and tumbled back to her seat, leaving the handsome book in the hands of a favourite friend a few seats away.

"The prize for 'public spirit' was awarded to a bright, sweet-faced girl."

"Prize for Latin, Una Gilbert."

A thin, sallow little girl stepped down this time; her forehead was good, her eyes intellectual, but a doctor would have wanted to take her books away and make her run wild in the country. A very observant visitor might have noticed a faintly cynical smile on her young lips whenever the speechifying grew tiresome, or when a would-be humorous speaker attempted a pun.

She had been over the Alps with Hannibal and through all manner of battles with Cæsar, but she was so nervous when she went to take her prize from the hands of the harmless clergyman that she actually forgot to say "Thank you," and merely scurried back to her seat like a little frightened rabbit.

A visitor at the end of the row of chairs yawned slightly, and so contagious was the act that nearly all the kid-gloved hands in the room began to fumble at veils or feign to rub irritable upper lips. Such a close, sultry morning it was, and such an interminable prize and certificate list to be gone through. To those not interested in the achievements of any particular girl the proceedings seemed to resolve themselves into an endless repetition of girls in white muslin struggling out of their seats, plunging down to the prize table with their chins stuck out, mumbling their thanks with red faces, and plunging back amid the tireless applause of their fellows. Occasionally a girl bore herself gracefully, bowed with the self-possession of a woman, and went back

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well pleased with herself. Occasionally a particularly pretty face excited the admiration of the visitors. But twelve to seventeen is a girl's awkward, unbeautiful age, in eight cases out of every ten, and there being no one so entirely conscious of it as the girl herself, for the most part the ceremony was marked by a lack of grace that obtruded itself painfully.

The end of the regular list was reached at last, and a faint sigh of relief went up from the visitors. There were only three "extra special" prizes to be awarded, then the proceedings would be at an end. A slight ripple of interest ran over the assembled girls; the former results had been known to them for two or three days, but with these three, though many conjectures had been made, no one knew precisely to whom they would fall.

The prize for "public spirit" was awarded to a bright, sweet-faced girl amid a storm of clapping that clearly proclaimed a favourite.

The swimming prize, a particularly desirable tennis racquet, was carried off by a brown-cheeked elf who, besides out-distancing her compeers at the baths, had managed to write the best paper on "Methods of Life-saving." Last of all came the award of the prize which a distinguished visitor had offered at the beginning of the year, for the pupil displaying the best knowledge of history.

Class I. A, the principal said, had been left behind in this subject by II. A, in which two girls had worked exceedingly hard for the prize all the year. And now a great difficulty presented itself. In the three examinations which had been held, both girls had obtained full marks, and when the year marks had been added up it was found that they had precisely the same number, three hundred and forty-six each. What was to be done?

"Will Una Gilbert and Chrissie Young kindly stand up in their places?" said the clergyman. Una Gilbert stood up in the far-away back seat of Class II. A, and in the second front one Chrissie Young, a brown-eyed, calm-faced slip of a girl, rose to her feet.

The clergyman looked at them in perturbation. "I really don't know what to do," he said. "It would be a pity to divide the books, would it not, for the set would be broken for both of you; and it seems no use to set you written examinations, does it?"

Then the distinguished visitor spoke, and he was so very distinguished that everyone listened with deference to his suggestion.

"Let the girls be asked a few dates at the present moment," he said. "Dates are an excellent test of memory, requiring a promptness and power of concentration which a written examination, with ample time for thinking, does not call forth."

The principal said she considered the suggestion a most happy one, and thanked him for showing them so simple a way out of the difficulty.

The clergyman also agreed that the plan seemed good. "That is," he added, with his kindly smile, "if the little girls themselves are willing to allow the question to be decided in this way. I think, since they have worked so hard, they should be consulted."

"A particularly desirable tennis racquet was carried off by a brown-cheeked elf."

"Oh, certainly," said the distinguished visitor; "ask them, by all means."

The principal's eyes went to the near front seat.

"Chrissie," she said, "Mr. Williams wishes to know if you are willing to let this be the test for the prize?"

Away in the back seat Una breathed hard. Oh, surely, surely Chrissie would not be so

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cruelly unkind as to say, Yes, when she knew of the terrible nervous fits an occasion like this produced in her! Chrissie knew she would be utterly unable to collect her thoughts, would be flurried, trembling, shivering; surely, surely she would say they must find some other way to decide.

But the calm-eyed girl was speaking.

"Yes, Miss Mackenzie," she said, "I am quite willing."

Then all eyes went to the back form, as the same question was put.

And what could little Unie do? The distinguished visitor had found this way, the principal had applauded it, the clergyman had ratified it, the visitors were anxious for the whole ceremony to be over. How dare she lift up her trembling voice and say boldly, No, she would not agree to it, some other way must be tried, she refused to abide by a decision formed in this manner?

"Are you willing, Unie?" Miss Mackenzie said.

Red and pale ran to and fro on Una's cheeks.

"Yes," she said despairingly.

Then the distinguished visitor braced himself up; he said he would put the questions himself.

A breathless silence fell upon the room; to Una there seemed no sound in all the world but the fierce throbbing of her heart, and her knees and hands were trembling so the girl next to her had great tears in her eyes from sympathy.

"We will begin with you, little girl in the back seat," the distinguished visitor said. "Can you tell me the date of the South Sea Bubble?"

The bonnets and the tall hats of the visitors swam before the eyes of the little girl in the back seat. The maps on the wall were an indistinct blur of colour, the principal's desk seemed swaying about. But the visitors noticed nothing but that her face was rather red and her eyes anxious.

"Come," said the questioner encouragingly, "I am sure such a clever little girl can tell me that. The South Sea Bubble—when the National Debt was so enormous in England—come, what was the date?"

"1620," said the little girl faintly, after a long silence.

The distinguished visitor sent his eyebrows up in an astonished way. Then his eyes fell to Chrissie. "Can you tell me, my dear?" he said.

Not one moment had Chrissie to hesitate.

"1720," she said in her clear, quiet voice.

"Try again, little girl in the back form," said the visitor. "Here is something easier—something you cannot have forgotten. What was the date of the Great Plague of London?"

Una clenched her hands tightly round the rim of the desk; a page of the history book danced before her eyes—she saw the little picture there of the cart going round for the dead—just underneath it, in black letters, was the date.

"1555," she muttered, and her throat was so dry she had to repeat it to be heard.

"Is that your opinion?" he said, turning to Chrissie.

"1666," said Chrissie mechanically.

"One more," said the visitor. "I find it hard to believe that a girl who has done so well all the year should be ignorant of such common dates. When was the Battle of Waterloo, my child?"

Una bit her lip in desperation; her eyes were on his face, but she could think of nothing but the way his hair was parted in the middle.

"Answer, my dear," said the principal.

"1415," said Una; "I mean 1615—no, 1518."

"1815," amended Chrissie.

Then the ordeal was over. The distinguished visitor said he was afraid Una's knowledge had been lacking in foundation, although she had managed to keep equal with the other girl hitherto.

"See to your groundwork, little girl," was his advice, delivered generally to the back form, for Una had sat down, and a tall, kindly girl in front was sitting very straight to hide her. "You mustn't build a house and think of the decoration only."

Chrissie had gone forward to receive her beautiful prize—a set of all Scott's novels bound in dark green morocco. The room shook with the applause—even the visitors clapped this time.

Then there was a farewell speech, and everyone began to go. The lines of girls broke up; some went to join their parents and friends, some gathered in knots round the prize-winners and discussed the events of the day.

But Una slipped away from her would-be sympathisers and hid herself in the cloak-room. Her little face looked sallower than ever, and a queer whiteness had crept beneath the skin; her lips seemed thinner, they had lost any curve they had had, and had taken two straight, hard lines.

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Not for one moment did she give Chrissie the benefit of the doubt that the advantage she had taken had been a thoughtless rather than an intentional one; not the least effort did she make to fling aside her bitterness and try to be glad in her friend's success. She had been so busy all her school-time years cultivating that brain of hers that her poor little soul had been left to grow stunted and twisted in neglect.

Girls look for more chivalry from their fellows towards themselves than boys, but act towards others with less. Among boys the defeated candidate would have readily acknowledged that it was perfectly fair for his rival to choose the most favourable method for himself. Una could not see this, though, had the positions been reversed, she would have laughed at the idea of foregoing the advantage.

"Mean!" she muttered; "wicked—how *could* she? She knew. She remembered—I could tell she remembered. Mean, mean, mean of her!"

Upstairs, Chrissie with downcast eyes had received her congratulations. The splendid case of books stood on a desk; she would have to take a cab to carry away the beautiful thing. Green and gold it was, royally embellished—"Ivanhoe," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Kenilworth," "Waverley"—they were all there; she had been able to read the titles from her seat before the award was decided.

But, since the moment she had carried the case to her desk, not once had she glanced at it voluntarily, not once had she fingered the longed-for books, not once had her heart leapt with joy that she was the owner.

She had watched Una creep out of the room—white-faced, hard-eyed—and bitterest shame was working at her heart. They had been friends, she and Una, friends as close as such diverse natures would permit.

There had always been emulation between them, and, except in history, Una always managed to obtain a higher place than she. Lately a faint jealousy had stirred within her. Una, besides being hard-working, was distinctly clever; she herself—she recognised it sadly—was merely hard-working. The handicap preyed on her at times.

To keep up with her little friend in history she had been obliged to work so hard she had become quite ill; she denied herself all Saturday pleasures as the time of the examination drew near, she rose early, she went to bed at the weariest hours. And, with all her struggles, she only just managed to be equal to Una—surpass her she could not.

She was waiting anxiously in her front seat to know how the prize would be awarded, when the distinguished visitor's suggestion was made.

For one minute her heart sank. Una was almost perfect in her dates; they frequently heard each other their lessons for the day, and she could never remember Una failing in a date question. Then some swift voice whispered to her heart of her friend's exceeding nervousness, of the strange havoc it wrought with her.

She struggled bravely against it; she called to mind the scared expression of the girl's face when she had to undergo, a few minutes since, the ordeal of receiving the Latin prize. She knew she would hardly be recovered yet, and would be quite incapacitated for answering.

For a moment a gush of loving tenderness came over her, as she thought of the small, trembling girl who had just made her way back to her seat. Oh, of course she could not take so unkind an advantage; she herself, quite untroubled by nervousness, would stand up and ask the distinguished visitor if the decision might be deferred till they could write the answers to the questions in some quiet room.

The principal was putting her question—"Are you willing, Chrissie, for this to be the test?"

Again the swift voice whispered. "This is your only chance," it said. "Why *shouldn't* you take it? She will be certain to win, otherwise; she is clever, you are not—you are entitled to some advantage."

Just one second she hesitated, while she listened to the tempting voice, and in that second she was vanquished.

"Yes, Miss Mackenzie," she said, the colour fallen from her cheeks, "I am quite willing."

Her heart throbbed fiercely as she listened for Una's voice. The South Sea Bubble?—oh, certainly, Una would remember that, however nervous she was; it had been one of the questions in the written examination.

Through the room's silence came the faint voice. "Sixteen hundred and twenty."

Chrissie was pale, but outwardly quite calm. "Seventeen hundred and twenty," she said, and hated the sound of her own voice.

"The Plague of London?"

If Una failed in that, she decided—her better angel in the ascendency—she would fail, too.

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"The room shook with the applause—even the visitors clapped this time."

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"Fifteen hundred and fifty-five," said the voice, with a dry sound in it.

"Sixteen hundred and sixty-six," said Chrissie, so mechanically she hardly knew she had spoken.

"The Battle of Waterloo?"

The child's voice was sharp this time. The pitiful anxiety in the hurriedly altered figures made Chrissie feel sick with shame at herself. Yet, when the question fell to her, the control of her tongue seemed gone, for it refused to answer anything but the correct date.

"Poor little Una!" said a young teacher who had been admiring the books. "I expect she is breaking her heart somewhere. I can't help being sorry for her, though I am so glad that Chrissie has won."

Chrissie, standing irresolute near, overheard the remark and was more miserable than ever. She pictured Una lying on her bed at home crying her heart out. A sudden resolution came to her; she would follow Una home and beg her to let them divide the books.

She broke away from her friends and hurried off to the cloak-room for her hat; and up in a corner there, half hidden by a bulky macintosh, she espied the well-known grey of Una's frock. The sight made her heart glad. She sprang forward to her, her soft eyes shining.

"Oh, Una," she said, "dear little Una—oh, I *am* so sorry! I can't feel a bit glad about winning. I just feel horrid. Let us divide the books, Unie, darling."

But Una regarded her stonily.

"No, *thank* you," she said. "You won them meanly, and you can keep them."

Chrissie's young face flamed.

"Wh-what do you mean?" she faltered.

Una merely curled her thin lips and looked away.

Chrissie refused, however, to be repulsed. She slipped an impulsive arm round her friend's neck.

"Let it be as it was before the questions, Unie," she entreated. "We were equal then; let us go halves now in the prize."

But Una's anger burst forth and she flung aside the affectionate arm.

"Take half as a gift from you, when I could have won all if I had been given a fair chance?" she cried. "I'd rather die. Go, and take your books home and enjoy them—cheat, cheat, cheat! I'll never forgive you for this, never, never! I'll pay you out for it as sure as I'm alive—cheat, coward—I—you—I——"

She broke down, fairy stuttering with anger, seized her hat, and rushed out of the school, her classical prize and everything else forgotten.

* * * * *

Only five days holiday intervened, for it was merely the Michaelmas term that was following the ceremonial prize-giving.

Una came back, pale, hard-eyed, quiet. There was only one thought in her mind, and that was to have her revenge upon Chrissie. All the week she had brooded over her injury; she smarted all over with wounded pride every time she thought of the ridiculous figure she had made on the prize day before all the school and that assembly of visitors. That she, Una, whose brain-power every one of the teachers respected, and the younger girls stood in awe of, should have seemed to all of them ignorant of those babyish questions!

She fairly burned to retaliate, to find a way by which Chrissie might be covered with equal ridicule, and be made to suffer the bitterness she had done these five weary days.

But she would not have it that Chrissie should suspect who had worked the harm, and with this thought she regretted her outbreak in the cloak-room, and her threat to "pay her out." How to avert suspicion?

One of the dark crannies of her ill-developed little nature found a way. She would meet Chrissie as if nothing had happened; she would do more—do her a series of good turns while she waited for her chance to do the bad one; by this means her friend would be quite thrown off her guard.

Chrissie hung her hat up the first day of the new term, and gave a half-injured, half-sorrowful glance at her one-time friend. During those five days since Una had rebuffed her she had managed to palliate her own conduct—to herself. She had, indeed, almost persuaded herself that at the moment the question was asked she had forgotten her friend's nervous attacks. Una was a jealous, grasping little thing, she said to herself; she would find a new friend this quarter, and not care a bit for the quarrel.

Then Una came in and took off her hat and cloak.

"Done your Cæsar?" she asked in her ordinary tone.

Chrissie went pink with surprise; she had been certain Una would never speak to her again.

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"Yes," she said nervously—"at least, I mean, No. Have you?"

Una nodded. "Mr. Giles is going to take us this quarter, and he's awfully strict," she said. "You'll get in a row, Chrissie."

Chrissie had nearly always left that hateful translation. Do it by herself she could not; but in the old, happy days before, Una had generally gone over it with her in the spare quarter of an hour before school.

"Yes," Chrissie returned despondently. "I expect I'll be kept in. And it is tennis afternoon."

and allot to each verb its correct substantive or pronoun; but when Una's magic pencil ran over the page, putting faint figures above the words in the order in which they were to follow, then all difficulties disappeared, and Chrissie was able to scrape through the ordeal of construing in class.

"And don't forget," said the advising voice, as the ringing of the bell brought the task to an end, "that 'juris libertatisque' are genitive after 'conditionem.'"

"I won't forget," Chrissie said in a low tone.

"And Chrissie, she knew, was in difficulties."

"Where's your book? let's do it now!" Una said in the most matter-of-fact way.

Chrissie sat down by her little friend's side with cheeks burning with the shame that again had sprung up in her heart. They went through the chapter together, Una just as painstaking and patient as she used to be. "Quod ubi Cæsar resciit, quorum per fines ierant, his, uti conquirerent et reducerent, si sibi purgati esse vellent, imperavit," and so on. Unaided, Chrissie was powerless to disentangle such a piece,

She had to linger behind Una a second to get a chance to brush away the tears that were trembling on her long lashes.

One other good turn Una did her that day. Once she got stuck hard and fast for a word in her repetition of "Henry the Fifth."

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'd so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the—the—the——

Chrissie gazed at the ceiling, the floor, the

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maps of Asia and Africa, but no word sprang there to help her. She would miss her mark if she could not think of it, for she had already been helped once.

'Tis not the—the——

Her heart sank; she had learned it so well the night before, resolved to lose no chance of marks this quarter, and now this one word eluded her.

"Can you go on?" said the governess, with impatient ruler ready to point to next-door Una to continue.

Una rubbed her chin with careless hand. "Balm," whispered her lips, hidden for the instant by her fingers, and Chrissie was started safely once more.

The next day, and the next, and the next, no chance of a big revenge came by; instead, any number of opportunities for little kindly actions cropped up, and Una took them all. Chrissie had an imposition of a hundred lines, and it was swimming afternoon; Una seized a slate and did fifty of them for her, thereby releasing her in time. Chrissie had put up her name for election as secretary of the tennis club; another girl had the same number of votes, and Una's happened to be the casting one. Chrissie was elected.

On the fourth morning the principal stood up in her place to make a strange announcement. The girls remembered the case of Scott's novels, she said, which had been offered for a history prize; how the decision had lain between Christina Young and Una Gilbert, and of the test of dates that had been made. This morning, however, the distinguished visitor had sent word to say he wished to recall the decision then arrived at; that, on consideration, he had come to the conclusion that it was not fair to allow the award to be finally made by so slight a test as that one they had had. He sent an examination paper that he had drawn up himself, and he wished the principal to let the two competitors have plenty of time to do it in and a quiet room in which to work.

Una's eyes grew rounder and rounder at the amazing announcement; she could hardly credit what she heard.

Chrissie's face was suffused with guilty pink. "She's red with rage," said Una to herself. Her wildest thoughts never dreamed of the truth — that Chrissie, utterly undone by the seeming coals of fire, had gone to the principal, told her with sobs all the story, and implored her to write to the distinguished visitor and ask him to have the award reconsidered. "Only don't let Unie guess, *please*, Miss Mackenzie," she had said; "if she thought I had done it, she would never consent to having the test again."

The principal, interested in the little psychological study thus opened before her, arranged the matter speedily, and eleven o'clock found the two girls once more pitted against each other, and sitting, pen in hand and paper before them, in a retired study.

There was quiet exultation in Una's heart as she read the questions; everything was easy as child's play to her—there was not one thing on all the list that she could not answer and answer fully.

And Chrissie, she knew, was in difficulties. She could tell it by the queer, worried wrinkle on the fair forehead, by the anxiety in the brown eyes, by the way the girl fidgeted in her seat and bit her pen-handle and stirred the ink about. Chrissie had always been rather fogged over the American War of Independence, and the causes that led to the Triple Alliance; here were two of the chief questions relating to these events.

Una smiled exultantly. Here was her revenge at last come to her hand. Now it was a fair question, fairly treated between them, everyone should see whose was the better head. Such a brilliant, perfect paper she would do, she would win back the respect of everybody and make the distinguished visitor eat his own words.

She wrote at a furious rate, answered two questions, started a third. Her hand was cramped a little, and while she rested it she looked at Chrissie. She tried to imagine how she would look when she had to bring the books back and hand them over to her rival.

Would she cry? Una wondered. Very probably; she cried rather easily. She had had tears brimming in her eyes half a dozen times since they had come back to school this quarter; at the election of the secretary, when the casting vote had borne her name; when she was helped with her Cæsar, her imposition; when her English marks were just saved to her. Well, no wonder if she cried this time; it had been hard enough to lose the books at first, it would be much harder to have to give them up after owning them for nine days.

She worked more slowly, more deliberately, over the third question. A genealogical tree, it was, connecting the Stuarts and the House of Brunswick. How well she knew it, even to the least important ramifications!

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But—she glanced at the opposite desk, and a queer little pink colour ran up into her cheeks. What if she let her pen write that Elizabeth, who married Frederick, Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, had for issue James the Pretender? She knew, of course, beyond all doubting, that James was brother to Mary and Anne, and all were children of James II. But, still—what if she let her pen make that little slip?

The nib spluttered for a second over the strange error, then seemed to grasp the point at stake and rushed on smoothly, eagerly. It made the astounding statement that the Battle of the Boyne was a Highland war, and that Marlborough was the victor. It stated, in its roundest, fairest characters, that the Riot Act was passed in 1812, and it gave a new splutter of humour when it said the Act was read for the first time at the Wat Tyler Riot.

At last the gong sounded and they handed up their papers. Chrissie, recognising she had done her utmost to repair her fault, had put forth all her powers to do a paper that would enable her to fairly keep her prize.

But she came out, the tears a-tremble in her eyes. "I *couldn't* remember all the American Wars," she said. "And it *was* England, Holland, and Spain in the Triple Alliance, wasn't it? not Germany? I suppose your paper was perfect; you know those parts so well."

"Oh," said Una, with exaggerated carelessness, while her heart laughed, "I may have made a few mistakes—no one can be sure."

But on reaching home Chrissie dropped a tear on the green and gold case. "Good-bye," she said, "you're Una's now, you're going away to-morrow, little books." "Waverley" and "The Pirate" had a blister each from her tears.

Next day the principal stood up again in her desk, at the close of school, to claim undivided attention. The written examination had only confirmed the decision arrived at on prize day, she said. Chrissie's paper was by far the better one, and the prize had been honestly earned. She congratulated Chrissie on the result.

"But I want you, Una, to come to my room," she said, "and rectify the errors you have made."

Una went reluctantly. She cast her eyes down when the principal looked searchingly into her little sallow face. "You made some very bad blunders, my child," she said. "I want to find out what is the matter with this little brain of yours; those answers were not like you."

Una lifted her eyes swiftly. Her mouth looked defiant. "The questions were so hard," she muttered.

"Oh, no, they were not," said Miss Mackenzie quietly; "at all events, not to you, Una." Then she drew the girl towards her suddenly and kissed her.

"You dear little child!" she said.

Una's scarlet face of astonishment and consternation made her smile a little; she still kept her arm round the thin waist.

"Sometimes," she said, "I see other things in my pupils, Una, besides an aptitude for French or Euclid. I had one little girl among them whose brain was all I could wish, but from various things I often used to wonder what kind of dark, strange little place her heart was. It has made me happy—and humble—to find I was wrong, and that real nobility is a flower growing there." The kindly principal's reading was of the early Victorian order.

Una looked at her strangely—yearningly. "I," she said, "you—it—it—doesn't, Miss Mackenzie."

Miss Mackenzie smiled tenderly. It was only two afternoons ago since Chrissie had stood in the circle of her arm and sobbed over her wrongdoing, and now this strange little sallow thing was equally insistent that she had done nothing right.

"I—I—you—you are quite wrong, Miss M—Mackenzie," she stammered, a sudden desire to be perfectly honest upon her. "I—I didn't do anything for Chrissie because I—I wanted to. I meant to do something mean to her, only I—I didn't want her to guess. So—so I started to—to do rather nice things—and then, someway, I kept on, and kept on, and kept on. I never got a chance to do anything very horrid—till—till—and then, someway, when a chance came——"

But how could she explain that it was simply force of habit, when she did not understand her own motives?

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Suspense.

FROM THE PICTURE BY S. E. WALLER.

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DR. NANSEN.

WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH:

A RECORD OF THE *FRAM* EXPEDITION.

Photo by] [Lankester.

LIEUT. JOHANSEN.

By Lieutenant Hjalmar Johansen.

CHAPTER XVI.

Off at last — The fight across the ice — Farthest north.

On the 14th of March, 1895, the guns again thundered forth across the desert ice-fields, and the flag was hoisted on the *Fram*. This time our journey began in earnest. Several of our comrades came some distance on the way with us. Sverdrup and Mogstad left us in the course of the day, but Scott-Hansen, Hendriksen, and Petterson remained with us until the following day. Nansen went in front, as before, and led the way; next came the sledge with his kayak; then came the middle sledge; and, lastly, mine with my kayak. The dogs of our respective teams numbered twenty-eight in all. On the flat ice everything went capitally, but the ice-ridges caused us a great deal of trouble and loss of time. I broke one of my ski soon after we started, but I obtained a new one from Mogstad, who had to return to the ship on a ski and a half. When we made a halt to camp for the evening, the odometer on the hindmost sledge showed that we had covered six miles, and we ourselves were both hungry and thirsty.

Next day we parted with our three comrades; they had spent the night in a snow-hut which they had built with the aid of their ski and staffs. They had not been very warm, and had been astir early in the morning. They now helped to break up the encampment and to look after the dogs, whereupon we thanked them for accompanying us on the way, gave them a farewell hand-grip, and then shaped our course to the north, feeling not a little emotion at parting.

Through some trouble which I had with one of the teams, as well as through my long leave-taking with Scott-Hansen, I got left behind and had to hurry on after the sledges. I found time, however, to look back after our three comrades, who were standing gazing, no doubt with strange thoughts in their minds, after us, who were setting out for the unknown regions in the north.

Monday, March 18.—This is the fifth day of our journey; the odometer shows that we have done over twenty-four miles. Sometimes we go over the flat, even ice at a great pace, but at times we come across ridges and lanes over which we have to climb. The lanes are the worst, as we have to look for safe places by which to cross, and this takes time. The *Fram* has long since vanished on the horizon; there are only our two

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selves and the dogs here. The ice is improving as we travel farther north, and the sledges are becoming lighter day by day. We have a good deal of trouble with the one sledge, which has to look after itself pretty well. It often capsizes, and whenever I have to right it the other one comes to a stop, and then I have to get it started again. We suffer greatly from the cold, the temperature being about 40° below zero. During the daytime we have to toil along till we perspire, and it is then warm enough, but it is during the night that it is worst, especially as our clothes and sleeping-bag are damp.

Yesterday we spread our blankets over the kayaks, in the hope of being able to dry them in the sun as we went along. But it was a vain hope to look for the sun. It is still far away, and its rays are not likely to dry anything for some time yet.

March 19.—Yesterday we had a misfortune with our middle sledge, which came into contact with a sharp piece of ice, and one of the bags with fish-flour had a hole cut in it. This caused some delay, as the whole sledge had to be repacked and lashed. The odometer has been broken, and my kayak has got a hole in its side through capsizing. Nansen has lost the sheath of his bear-spear, and left his pocket-compass behind on a hummock, but I fortunately discovered it in time.

The days which now followed—before the sun had risen very high in the heavens, and the cold had abated—must be reckoned as the worst we experienced during the whole expedition. Throughout the day we had a continual struggle to get forward at all, and in the night we suffered exceedingly from the cold and from want of sleep. The exudations from our bodies during the march collected in our *vadmel* clothes, so that during the first days they became stiff and frozen. As the time went on, the icy surface on the clothes gradually increased, and during the continuous and severe cold, which froze the quicksilver, they became a veritable glacial suit of armour. For a time, I used to change my outer clothing when we crept into our sleeping-bag, and used alternately my anorak and my camel-hair jacket, but this plan I soon had to give up, as it was too painful to have to turn one's frozen garments inside out with one's benumbed fingers. We had just to leave them as they were, and they cut into our wrists and loins until they were quite sore. The dogs gradually became intractable, and would not pull. They would come to a stop all of a sudden, and jump over each other's traces until these looked as if they had been plaited. Over and over again the traces had to be disentangled—rather a nasty job with frozen, bleeding fingers. Some of the dogs were in the habit, as soon as a halt was made, of gnawing through the traces. For some of the worst of them the harness had been interlaced with steel wire, that belonging to "Russen" being entirely composed of wire. But if "Russen" could not free himself, he generally managed to gnaw through another dog's traces and set him free. A good deal of time was thus lost in catching the dogs, and sometimes we had to go on as best we could with a smaller team, while the loose dogs followed the caravan at a respectful distance.

Our gloves, too, became stiff and icy, and we had finally to protect our fingers by using wolfskin gloves lined with "senne" grass. We managed to keep our feet fairly warm, but then we took the utmost care of them; making elaborate leg-toilets, both before we entered the sleeping-bag in the evening and when we turned out in the morning. In the evening we took off everything we had on our feet and unravelled the wet "senne" grass, which we put next to our body so as to dry it, till the morning, when we put on the hair and wolfskin socks or some foot-bandages before putting our feet back into the Lapp boots, which had been turned inside out for the night.

The sleeping-bag was our best friend, but day by day it grew stiffer and heavier with the ice which gradually collected in the hair; now and then we had to turn it inside out and knock the ice off it with our ski staffs. In the evening, when we crept into it, both the bag and our clothes gradually became more pliant. Our poor bodies had first to thaw them up before we could begin to feel warm. The stiff frozen gloves and the wet "senne" grass which we had to wear about us did not improve matters. Still, the sleeping-bag was always the goal for which we longed during our march—the moment when we should be able to get into it and get some warm food into our hungry, frozen bodies. A cup of warm whey-drink afterwards was our greatest comfort. We would then close the flap of the bag as tightly as possible, creep closer to one another, and compose our weary limbs to rest.

When we awoke next morning, ready for the day's march, our clothes were pliant and damp, and when we opened the flap of our bag

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and stretched our arms and the upper part of our bodies, the fine rime frost which had gathered on the inside of the tent fell down upon us in showers, and before long our clothes were freezing again and became as stiff as a suit of armour.

We had a good drink of water every morning, so that we did not suffer from the so-called "Arctic thirst." If, at times, we began to talk about hot "bock-beer" and such luxuries, we were sure to feel thirsty and suffer not a little; but if we could only leave off thinking of being thirsty, the feeling soon went away. We had taken with us pocket-flasks of ebonite, which we filled with water in the morning and carried against our breasts, but we only used them at the beginning of our journey; besides, I lost mine before long.

March 23.—Yesterday we travelled eight miles, and did not get into our bag until two o'clock in the early morning. The temperature is −48° and −38°. I have been shouting at the dogs so much during the last few days, that I scarcely know my own voice, and I can feel by my back and my sides that the loads have been heavy to get over the ridges and difficult to right after every capsize.

March 24. — The thermometer is 49° below zero. Yesterday we had a sharp north-easterly wind, ice in bad condition, and terrible hard work in getting along. We killed "Livjægeren" yesterday to feed the other dogs. We used the bear-spear, but he died hard, although he was in a miserable condition. The other dogs did not seem to like his flesh, being, I suppose, not yet sufficiently demoralised by hardship. This Sunday is the nastiest I have ever experienced. It has been an unpleasant and trying day altogether. We were so tired and sleepy that we were simply staggering with fatigue by the time we reached the spot where we encamped for the night.

March 25.—We are in 85° 20′ north latitude. This terrible cold does not seem to be abating. We lose so much time in camping and breaking up, the work being so laborious and slow, that the day is hardly long enough for us. It is a long and unpleasant job to feed the dogs, as you have to dig out the frozen pemmican from the boat-grips with your sore hands, and portion out the food to the dogs according to their deserts.

March 30.—Last night the temperature was −43°, to-day it is −32°. The barometer is steadily going down, the sky is overcast, and the wind is south-easterly, blowing about four metres to the second. A change in the weather now seems imminent. We decided to-day to keep our course a point or so to the west of due north. We did not finish our work or get any food till six o'clock in the morning, as the cooking apparatus had become disorganised. Nansen had a lot of trouble with it before he discovered why the air escaped, however much he pumped. It was the lid, which had not been screwed on tightly, a layer of ice having got in under it.

March 31.—I am sitting in the bag, writing this in peace and comfort with my woollen gloves on my hands. What I have written at other times on this tour in my day book has been written in the mornings,

DR. NANSEN ON SKI.

just before we started from our camp, on my kayak, with big, heavy wolfskin gloves on my hands, the pencil being hardly visible.

We made an excellent start very early in the morning, with the wind right at our backs. Suddenly we came to a lane, across which we had just managed to convey one sledge safely, when the ice on both sides of the lane glided away from one another, and Nansen and I with one team of dogs on one sledge stood on the one side, while the two other sledges and dogs were left on the other side. We were standing on the edge of the pack-ice, near the lane, watching the movement of the ice, when suddenly the floe on which I was standing slid away from under me, and I fell plump into the water. Fortunately the floes prevented my sinking

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deeper than just above my knees. I managed to scramble across to the other side and to drag myself up on to the ice. This was anything but a pleasant situation in a temperature 40° below zero, my clothes becoming at once frozen and stiff. There we stood, one on each side, while the lane gradually grew broader and broader. It was not a pleasant prospect, to be separated for the rest of the night; Nansen had the tent and cooking apparatus on his side. I had to run up and down the ice and among the dogs to keep myself warm, while Nansen walked along on the other side of the lane to find a way across, so that we might get together again. We could not use the kayaks to ferry us across, as the ice had torn

JOHANSEN TAKING "BARBARA" TO BE KILLED.

the canvas into pieces in several places during the many upsets we had endured. Nansen found a way across at last, however, but it was a long and laborious job to get the other sledges across by this roundabout way, the whole process lasting several hours.

April 1.—During our march yesterday it struck Nansen that it was a long time since we had wound our watches, and when we looked at them I found that mine had stopped. Nansen's, fortunately, was still going. The temperature has now quite changed, it has been −11°, and this evening it is even −8°, and a snowstorm from the south-east has sprung up, and is blowing right in our backs during the march. The ice is getting worse and worse; there are innumerable ridges to climb over, and we do not make much progress in the course of the day, although we are pushing on with all our might. It is, of course, always light now in these regions.

April 3.—"Russen" was killed to-day to serve as food for the other dogs, but all of them did not seem to like him. They preferred the flesh of the dogs which they themselves had torn to pieces in the good old days on board the *Fram*. The weather is comparatively fine and clear, and the wind is a little more easterly. The temperature is now −24°, and the barometer is falling. It has been pretty high up till now. Our observation yesterday showed we were in 85° 59′ north latitude. We had hoped to find ourselves farther north, but the ice has been in such a bad condition of late that we have not been making very great progress; in fact, it looks as if things were going to be worse.

In my opinion we ought not to venture any farther north, as we may find it difficult enough to reach Franz Josef Land from where we are now in the midst of the drift ice. Nansen is also beginning to have his misgivings about the advisability of continuing to the north, and to-day he is keeping more to the west. The difficulty of maintaining the dogs in order is increasing. The traces will soon consist of nothing but knots, and these must be undone many times a day, besides every morning and evening—a pleasant job!

We had not travelled far on Sunday morning, the 7th of April, before Nansen said that he would not proceed any further. The ice made it impossible for us to make any real progress. Nansen made a short excursion to the north on his ski to examine the ice, but he found it just as bad as ever. We then selected a place for camping, and there made ourselves as comfortable as possible. At this point of our journey—the most northerly that any human foot has ever trodden—we prepared a little banquet, consisting of lobscouse, dry chocolate, stewed whortleberries, and whey-drink afterwards. Nansen took an observation from the top of

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a high, massive hummock close to our tent, and his calculations showed we were in 86° 13·6′ north latitude.

Thus far and no farther, then, it was our fate to penetrate. Of course, we should have liked to have pushed on more to the north. It was, however, our consolation that we had done what we could, and that in any case we had lifted something more of the veil that shrouds this part of our globe. But as we were now situated—when the eye, strained to the uttermost, could discern only ice of such a nature that it was only with the greatest efforts that we could drag ourselves onward for the very shortest distance each day—we had to bow to the inevitable and turn our faces in the direction of warmer climes.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Norwegian flag in the farthest north—On the way home—Tracks of foxes—Mild weather.

On Monday, the 8th of April, we turned back, and, having planted a couple of Norwegian flags in this the most northerly camp in the world, we shaped our course for Franz Josef Land.

Curiously enough, our first day's march in the new direction was very satisfactory, the ice here having changed for the better, and permitting of good progress. I was now able to go long distances on ski behind the sledges. Before this I had been obliged to trudge along on foot, pushing and helping the sledges along.

April 10.—Last night and to-day we have made good progress—indeed, the best we have made as yet. We keep at it as long as possible when we once get properly started.

April 11.—Last night was the most comfortable we have had hitherto. It was actually warm in the bag, and the inside of the tent, which lies right in the sun, was free of hoar frost.

I am sitting writing without anything on my hands. We are in the best of spirits, and are talking about home, and when we are hungry, which is generally always the case, we discuss what fine spreads we are going to have when we get back. The "Arctic thirst" has not troubled us much hitherto, but yesterday we suffered a good deal from it. The temperature last night was −18°.

"Barbara" was killed on the 12th, and given to the dogs; they are beginning to like the taste of dog-flesh, no doubt because they are getting more hungry. The dog, poor creature, tried to bite my hand when we killed her. I suppose she thought she was too young to die. She was born and bred among the polar ice, and found her death there without having seen anything else of the world but snow and ice.

On Saturday, the 13th of April (Easter Eve), we did not accomplish so much as we had done during the last three days. We came to a lane which it was impossible to cross. Nansen started off to find a place for crossing. He was away so long that I began to be anxious about him. He came back at last, however, after having looked in vain for a crossing, and proposed that we should camp and wait till to-morrow, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible on Easter Eve. Nansen sat in the bag, working out some observations, while I attended to the dogs, and afterwards we had a festive meal in our tent, consisting of fish-gratin, bread and butter, vril food, and a new concoction—lime-juice toddy. I was busy putting our camp in order when the ice began packing over in the lane, which was soon closed up, while in the neighbourhood of our encampment the ice creaked and groaned, so that the dogs became uneasy. Twice of late the dogs have attacked our butter-bag. I caught "Storræven" in the act, and although he was an excellent dog, there was nothing for it but to give him a thrashing. We were afterwards compelled to place the butter-bag inside the tent.

Easter Day we spent comfortably in our tent, Nansen being busy with calculations, and I with mending and patching clothes. Yesterday, the 13th, we were in 86° 4′ north latitude and 86° east longitude, the variation being 42·5°. Nansen's watch had stopped about an hour. No doubt the reason we are so far north is that the ice is drifting in that direction. To-day we shaped our course more southerly. Last year about this time the *Fram* drifted rapidly towards the north, and it is not improbable that the same drift is being repeated this year about the same time.

Monday, the 15th of April, was a splendid day. The thermometer showed −15°, and the sun was quite warm. About noon, before we got into our bag, after having kept going during the night and the forenoon, we hung up nearly all our belongings on the staffs and ski to dry in the beautiful sunshine. Inside our tent, upon which the sun was shining warmly, we sat enjoying a couple of cups of steaming "Julienne" soup.

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We made a good record on the 16th of April. We set out early in the morning and pushed on for fourteen hours, covering a considerable distance, the ice being in good condition, and the dogs pulling much better, due to the loads having become lighter.

During our march we generally halted midway to have some food. We used to get into the sleeping-bag with some bread, butter, and pemmican between us. At first, when the cold was severe, these halts were anything but pleasant as we lay shivering with cold and gnawing at the frozen lumps of butter, which almost vanished in our immense wolfskin gloves. Later on things improved, but it sometimes happened that we fell asleep while we lay munching our food, and thus lost valuable time.

The apportionment of our chocolate once a day was, of course, a bright spot in our existence. The chocolate had been broken into bits, so that it was not easy to portion it out equally, but we managed it in this way: one of us arranged two portions on the kayak, while the other turned his back upon him and chose his lot by calling out "Right" or "Left." We were quite fair to one another. Nansen, who was a bigger man than I, never made any difference in the rations. As a rule we had sufficient, but there were days when we thought our allowance rather short.

April 19.—Our last day's march began on the 17th in the evening, and lasted till the forenoon of the next day. From the observations taken yesterday and to-day we find that we are in 85° 37·8′ north latitude, and 79° 30′ east longitude, which shows that we have been getting on fairly well lately. I have been so unfortunate as to have had two of my ski broken; the dogs set off with the sledges, which went right over them. "Perpetuum" was killed yesterday. We thought it would be better to strangle him than to cut his throat with a knife, so we tried that method, but we had to give it up and use the knife after all. The most humane way, of course, would have been to shoot the dogs, but we could not very well afford ammunition for this, as we might find a better use for it later. These slaughterings were rather unpleasant work, but they did not affect me so much as I at first thought they would. I soon became so skilled in cutting the dogs' throats that they did not seem to suffer any great pain. The poor creatures went quite willingly with me behind a hummock. There they were placed on their side in the snow, and while holding them down by the collar with my left hand, with my right I stuck the knife right through the throat down into the snow. In most cases they died without uttering a sound. The worst part of the work was to cut them up and serve out the rations, so that each dog should get according to his deserts. It was only strict, imperative necessity that to some extent made the work endurable.

April 21.—Our last day's march lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th to half-past eight in the morning of the 20th. We got on fairly well, notwithstanding the numerous ridges and lanes. We had, especially, great difficulty in getting across one large, broad lane, full of slush and pieces of ice, but we ultimately succeeded, the ice pressure going on all the time under our very feet. On the other side we found fine, flat ice—a regular "Land of Canaan," as Nansen used to say when he came back from his reconnoitring and had found good ice.

From half-past nine in the morning of the 21st to half-past one in the afternoon of the 22nd we had got over at least twenty miles, which was our best record. But then the great open plains of ice were in excellent condition, with only a ridge and a short stretch of rubble ice here and there.

The next day we also had good ice, and notwithstanding a slight fall of snow, over which our ski glided less easily, we managed to cover close upon twenty miles.

During the 24th and 25th of April the ice was not quite so good, but nevertheless we travelled over a considerable stretch of ground. During the last days the temperature has been −15° to −18° in the day, and about −22° at night. Strange to say, we saw the track of a fox right across our course (S. 5° E.) and shortly afterwards we came across another track of the same animal, this time near an open lane which stopped our progress, and upon the side of which we encamped. When we discovered the first trail there were also traces indicating that the fox had had something to eat not long before. But how could it have found food out here in the midst of the drift-ice? According to our reckoning it should not be more than about 120 miles to the west coast of Petermann's land. The question then was, how far does it extend eastwards?

On the 28th we travelled right on from the morning until ten o'clock at night, when we had to camp, on account of the overcast weather and the strong southerly

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wind. When we began our march we came to a broad, open lane, the ice on both sides of which was in motion. The lane extended from east to west and we had to walk along one side for a couple of hours before we found a place where we could get over, and then it was only with great difficulty, having to wait until the lane closed up in order to get the sledges across.

April 30.—This is the last day of April, and then comes the beautiful month of May; but it may not bring us much change.

We did not travel for more than five to six hours yesterday. The beginning was promising, but we came to an immensely broad lane, which we followed westward. Nansen then explored further alone, being away for several hours, but no crossing was to be found, and so we had to encamp.

The weather is fine now, being quite mild; yesterday the temperature was 4° below zero. In the tent we feel warm and comfortable, and at night we sleep well.

CHAPTER XVIII.

More lanes—Summer weather—Another "seventeenth of May"—A whale—Where in all the world is land?

DURING the early days of May the wind was the same as that which used to raise our spirits on board the *Fram*. Now, of course, we were not at all pleased with this south-easterly breeze, for it produced so many open lanes in the ice, and these sorely tried our patience. First of all, we had to find a crossing, and after many detours we might succeed in finding one, when it often happened that the crossing itself caused us many difficulties and troubles. Several more of the dogs have been sacrificed at intervals to keep their fellows alive. So far it is a case of the survival of the fittest.

On Sunday the 5th of May we marched from half-past one in the morning until six in the evening.

May 6.—I woke last night feeling cold; a fresh wind had blown one side of the tent down on to my face. Of late we have not closed the flap of our sleeping-bag, as we feel sufficiently warm otherwise. But the wind has now changed and is blowing hard from the north, which is in our favour. We are now in 84° 30′ north latitude and 66° 17′ east longitude. We must have drifted a good deal to the north and west on account of the south-easterly wind we have had of late. The temperature is one degree above zero.

Our next day's march lasted from five o'clock in the morning till nearly nine o'clock the following morning, the 7th of May. We had, of course, a good many ridges over which to struggle, but there were extensive plains of flat ice now and then, and we made good progress.

The next day the wind, which had been blowing from the north-east all the time, increased steadily, and in the course of the afternoon it became so intolerable, when the snow began falling, that we had to pull up and encamp before we had intended doing so.

NO LAND IN SIGHT.

May 8.—The temperature is about 10° above zero, and we are having splendid summer weather compared with that to which we have been accustomed. Our fingers are still sore and tender, but now we need not fear to take off our gloves or other clothing.

The weather was overcast and misty on the 9th of May. After having proceeded for some hours we fancied we saw fine, extensive plains of ice before us, and we congratulated each other on the prospect of good, flat ground again. But the sky became more and more overcast, and the snow began to fall, so that it was impossible to see anything before us. Now and then the weather

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cleared up for a few moments, and we pushed on for some time, though at last we had to give in and stop.

During the following two days it was difficult for us to find our way, as the whole sky was completely overcast, with the exception of a strip of blue sky in the south-west which was visible for about eight hours while we lay waiting for fine weather. But we struggled along, and managed to accomplish a fair day's march after all. The ice was now assuming a different character, which we thought indicated the proximity of land. It was not so flat as the ice we had traversed of late, but we managed to get along somehow.

May 13.—Yesterday's march was a troublesome one. From the outset we had to force our way across long stretches of rubble ice and ridges, rendering it more difficult to proceed. The sledges were certainly much lighter, but we had only twelve dogs left. In several places between the hummocks, when we had to help the dogs and sledges across, we often sank up to our waists in the snow. We could not use our ski on these occasions; Canadian snow-shoes would have been more suitable. We pushed on from three o'clock in the morning until about half-past eight in the evening, when we encamped and rested, after a day of toil and struggle, covering some ten or twelve miles.

TRYING TO FIND A CROSSING.

May 14.—We had to give up all idea of going on yesterday. After breakfast we were talking as usual about making good progress in the course of the day, and were preparing to start, when the weather became overcast and thick, a snowstorm from the north-west setting in at the same time. We then set to work to get rid of one of the sledges, which, perhaps, we ought to have thought of before. The load on this one had now diminished so much that we found it better to divide and distribute it over our two kayak sledges, most of it being utilised as supports under the kayaks, while we put the rest of it inside the latter. I am glad of this change, as I hope it will be easier to follow one sledge than two, which has been my task during the sixty days since we left the *Fram*.

May 16.—Yesterday we again had splendid weather, a clear sky and warm sunshine. We had to use our snow spectacles, which, fortunately for us, have not been much in requisition. We have now only two sledges, with six dogs to each. We are not making any better progress than before, as the dogs are too worn out.

We are now in 83° 36′ north latitude, and 59° 55′ east longitude. We are crawling along towards the south, but our pace is slow. We are constantly wondering at not having sighted land yet. The land which the Austrians saw from Cape Fligely should not be more than nine miles off from where we are now, but we see no sign of it. The reason we have not seen any tracks of foxes or any other animal of late may be due to the continuous fall of snow we have had.

On the 17th of May—the Norwegian Day of Independence—we set out about six o'clock in the afternoon in anything but good spirits, although the flags were hoisted on both our kayaks and were waving in the wind in honour of the day. We had arranged, for a change, that I with my sledge should lead the way; but my dogs, which had been accustomed to follow behind the others, would on no account fall in with this new arrangement. They could not understand why they should go first, and their attention was continually taken up with the other team. As I could not very well force them ahead by thrashing them, we gave up this experiment.

Soon afterwards Nansen thought he heard

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a noise like the blowing of whales in a large pool in front of us. I had also heard the noise while busy in the camp in the morning, but I thought it was the ice-floes grinding against one another. But it really turned out to be a whale. We could now plainly see one gambolling on the surface of the water and then disappear. In the twinkling of an eye we were over by the kayaks, seized our guns and cartridges and got out a harpoon and line. A whale would be worth while getting hold of, as that meant food for a long time. Nansen set off along the pool, fully armed and ready for the fray. In the meantime I was to look for a crossing. Nansen soon came back, however, without having had any success. "It was a narwhal," he said, "and they were exceedingly shy."

The 20th of May.—We are now weather-bound by a snowstorm that is raging. Yesterday we did a good day's march over fairly good ground—about twelve miles or more. We saw several large hummocks on the way, but as for land, it seems that we shall look in vain for it for some time to come. It is really pleasant to lie like this in the tent, while the storm is shaking it and the snow outside is piling up higher and higher by its side. We feel quite safe here in the bag, and can let the storm rage as it likes; it does not inconvenience us in the least. It is difficult to say when we shall get home. We have just been talking about our prospects. These continuous easterly and north-easterly winds are carrying us further and further west, so it may happen that we shall not come across any land until we reach Spitzbergen, and we may not get there in time to get home this year. We must take our chance. During this last march we saw tracks of bears in two different places. This, perhaps, may be a sign of land.

On the 21st of May the bad weather still continued, but we could not wait for it to improve any longer, and so set out, after having fed the dogs with half rations of pemmican and having removed the guard-runners from our sledges, which now ran far more smoothly and speedily. The weather soon become worse, with a strong northerly wind and drifting snow. We could not see very far before us, and, besides, the ice was heavy. Notwithstanding this we fought steadily on till noon, across fairly good ice, in which we met with no lanes. After dinner things grew worse, but still we kept at it. Presently it began to clear up and we came to long plains, across which we proceeded at a good pace. Nansen hoisted the sail on his sledge for the first time, and got along so well that it was hardly necessary for the dogs to pull at all; but, for all that, they did not get along any the quicker. However, they did not stop so often, which was all the better for us, who were following them. We managed to cross a large pool, although the ice was in violent motion, and there were places here and there which were not so safe as they appeared to the eye. We were, however, well satisfied with the day's work; it began badly, but finished up well, and we believed that we had now left the 83rd degree behind us.

CHAPTER XIX.

More ridges and lanes—The first bird and seal—Whitsuntide—Fish—Still no land—Short commons—The first ferry—A lucky shot.

THE 23rd of May was a day of toil and trouble. The number of lanes was terrible, and they could not well have been worse.

Before starting, Nansen set out to reconnoitre along the broad lane which we had seen when we encamped last evening. He was away for three hours. In the meantime I mended the tent, which was beginning to get rather the worse for wear. The temperature is now about 10°, so it is not difficult to do any sewing. Nansen proceeded eastwards along the lane, but was unable to find any crossing. The lane branched off into two arms, and he thought we ought to be able to get across in some place or other.

We then proceeded eastwards, partly because we thought we had gone too far to the west, and partly because we saw indications in the sky of much open water in that direction. Well, the result was that we did not meet with and cross one lane only, but something like twenty. Such a confusion of lanes and loose ice we have never seen; one minute we wound our way in one direction, and the next minute in another, after having with great trouble looked about for a crossing.

We also passed a number of ridges, the ice being all the time in violent motion. We were often deceived by the snow-slush which covered some of the pools and lanes, as it appeared like a fine solid sheet of ice to the eye.

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The pressure was at its worst in one particular place, just where we were going to cross the ridges; these grew higher and higher, and large blocks began tumbling down from the sides, when suddenly the pressure stopped and all became quiet. We cleared away the worst of the ice and made haste to get the sledges over, but no sooner was this safely accomplished than the pressure began again. It often happened when we had found a place for crossing that it was destroyed by the time we came up with the sledges, for we took some time, of course, no matter how much we hurried.

A meridian altitude, which we took to-day, showed that we were in 82° 52′ north latitude. We are glad to find that we are so far south, but it is strange that we have not seen any sign of land. This, of course, is our chief concern.

Next day we covered about twelve miles, as far as we could make out. During the first eight hours we had to contend with lanes, but later on things improved. We used the sail on the first sledge, thus utilising the strong north wind. Our longitude was now 61° 27′ east. We were pleasantly surprised to find this, as we believed we were much further to the west, and were afraid that we might drift past Cape Fligely, for which reason our course has of late been shaped a good deal to the east. Now we are steering due south.

May 27.—We are in 82° 29′ north latitude. We now take it for granted that we must be a good deal east of land, otherwise we ought certainly to be in sight of it now, especially as we thought we were south of Petermann's land.

We could not possibly be too far west; in that case we should be about 10° wrong in our observations, which is hardly credible. We are, however, presuming that we are east of land, and are therefore steering in a south-westerly direction. Time will show if we are right, but at present we are really in the dark. We have been examining our maps, and have been speculating backwards and forwards about our whereabouts. There is one thing we have noticed, during our marches and when encamping, for the last few days, namely, that there is no fresh-water ice to be found anywhere; all the ice we have passed is exclusively salt-water ice a winter old. There must be open water where that ice comes from.

During the last days of May we went through the same toil and trouble, our progress being greatly impeded by lanes and ridges. On the 28th Nansen saw a fulmar (*procellaria glacialis*) hovering about above one of the kayaks. It seemed to want to share the remains of "Kvik" with the dogs. Next day we saw several narwhals in a lane, a seal on the ice, and a black guillemot circling round us. These appearances of animal life are a delightful sight to us—they revive us and induce us to believe that land must be near.

May 31.—This is the last day of May, and still there is no land; we only see clouds on the horizon, and everywhere around us the eternal ice-fields which we have now been gazing at for nearly two long years. At times the sight makes us quite depressed. Time seems to drag so heavily so long as there is no sign of land. And then what sort of land will it be? A desert, cheerless, ice-bound coast in the far north, where no human being can desire to live; it is for this land that we are now and have for long been wearying. Day after day goes by, and yet we never seem to reach it. But we must get there some time, and then we hope we shall be safe; but it must come soon, for the number of our dogs is diminishing at a terrible rate. Yesterday we killed "Pan," who formerly used to pull for three dogs, but had now become a shadow, and "Kvik," who at last took to eating her canvas harness, has also met her fate. Nansen was quite out of sorts on the evening when "Kvik" was killed. She was the only one of our dogs who had been in Norway. Nansen had had her in his own house, where she was a great favourite. I took her quietly away, and had killed her before he was aware of it.

Our marches, as well as the times for resting, are now much shorter. We are trying to get a regular amount of work and rest into each day, so that one does not encroach upon the other. We feed the dogs oftener now, as we think that by so doing we shall be able to reach land the sooner.

We no longer take our midday meals and rests in the sleeping-bag; we place a sail on the snow and sit down on it to eat some bread and butter. We have found the fresh tracks of three bears at the foot of a hummock; they led to a lane, but we were not prepared to follow them up. We are now in 82° 21′ north latitude, which is rather satisfactory. An unpleasant, strong, southerly wind is now blowing and shaking the tent, although we are in the lee of a group of hummocks. Among these we found some fresh-water ice.

For seven days in the beginning of June we were obliged to remain on an island of

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ice surrounded by lanes on all sides. We set to work to repair our kayaks, taking off the canvas covers and mending them, and relashing and splinting the frames, which had fared badly over all the bad ice which we have encountered.

During the early days of June we had a bad time of it, and things began to look more and more serious. Our rations were being daily reduced, and we had to be most sparing with our fuel. The dogs were getting thinner and weaker, the sledges with their loads were still heavy, the ice became worse and worse, and the days passed by, but no land appeared.

Thursday, June 11.—We have just partaken of our rations and are ready for our day's march. It is not an easy matter to keep up one's spirits as one should do situated as we are just now. It will soon be impossible for us to proceed any further; the snow is melting and is soft all through—we are, in fact, wading through a sea of slush, and the poor dogs, of whom only five now remain, sink deeply through it at every step. We shall soon have nothing but water to walk in. Progress is rendered more difficult than ever by the innumerable lanes and the bad state of the ice. We do not know where we are. The land which we have been steering for so long we have almost given up all hopes of finding. It is the open sea which we now long for, but it is far away, and it will be difficult enough to reach Spitzbergen across it. We shall have to depend upon our guns for subsistence.

Yesterday we covered about three miles. After dinner, which consists of three and a half ounces of pemmican and three and a half ounces of bread, the sun appeared at times between fantastic clouds, dark or almost black in hue, while others near the horizon were quite light. The ice-fields are white as the driven snow, the water in the lanes is a deep black, and the horizon to the south is yellow and red, while dark, cumulous clouds are continuously drifting up from E.S.E., darkening the sun from time to time. This was a wonderfully beautiful sight, which we greatly enjoyed and which revived our spirits.

Our marches are now pursued in the following manner: Nansen goes on for some distance in front to find a way, while I follow behind with both sledges, one behind the other, until I fall in with Nansen on his way back after having found a passage, when we each take our sledge. It often takes both of us to get the sledges over the ridges or across the lanes and over the loose ice.

Now that the ice is in as bad a state as it possibly can be, we make but slow progress. All our hope of reaching land now rests on the prospect of meeting with "slack" ice with plenty of lanes running in a south-westerly direction, through which we may proceed towards land in our kayaks after having killed our last dog, whose flesh we must ourselves be prepared to eat.

OUT RECONNOITRING.

It was during this march, while Nansen was away reconnoitring that I killed "Lilleræven," who had fallen down in front of the sledge. "Storræven" kept up until the evening, when he, too, met his sad fate. Nansen made our suppers from his blood. Were I to say that I liked it, I should not be telling the truth; but it went down, and that was the main thing.

Sunday, June 16.—We have now made ourselves harness for pulling the sledges, and are obliged to use all our strength to get on at all.

June 20.—We are practising starvation as best we can, until we groan with pain. When this becomes intolerable, we take about two ounces of pemmican and the same quantity of bread. We have had only one

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meal in the course of two days and a half, and this consisted of two sea-gulls, which, confronted with our appetites, seemed to vanish like dew before the sun. On another occasion our meal consisted of two ounces of bread and just as much pemmican, and our next of two ounces of aleuronate bread and one ounce of butter.

June 22nd.—We set out again in the evening on the 20th, after having vainly made many attempts to shoot a seal. Nansen had been out reconnoitring and told me that some distance off there was a large pool, where we should have an opportunity of trying our kayaks. On the way there we came to the conclusion that, in order to make any real progress, we should have to put wooden grips under the kayaks, and take the loads which we had on the sledges into the kayaks, so that we might float the whole load across the lanes and pull the sledges up again on the other side, and so continue our journey without any loss of time. And we must also get rid of everything which we do not absolutely want.

Before reaching the pool we saw a seal in one of the cracks in the ice; Nansen fired, but missed it. As soon as we came to the pool we prepared for our first ferrying. The kayaks were placed side by side on the water and tightly bound together, with the ski stuck through the straps on the deck of the kayaks, while the sledges were put right across the kayaks, one forward and one aft. We got the pumps ready and, with the guns between our knees, we set off and began paddling across the pool. Here we were, with all our worldly belongings, at the mercy of the glittering waves. Our gipsy-like turn-out was certainly a curious sight, but to us it was a welcome change in our mode of travelling. We had to use the pumps frequently, my kayak especially being very leaky. As soon as we came to the other side of the pool Nansen jumped upon the ice with his camera and took some shots at our floating conveyance, while my kayak was gradually being filled with water and drifting away from the ice. All of a sudden we heard a great splash in the water behind us.

"What's that?" I shouted.

"A seal," replied Nansen, and began pulling ashore the sledge which was lying aft on my kayak, whereby the water rushed in and filled it right up to the gunwhale, where the cover had not yet been sewn together. It was no use pumping, I was simply sitting in water. Another splash, and up came the big, shining head of a seal; it struck a couple of blows with its flappers against the edge of the ice and then dived under the water again. We did not think we should see it any more, but I took the harpoon which was lying on my kayak and threw it across to Nansen, in case he should want it. In the meantime the water rose more and more in my kayak, and something would have to be done to get it on to the ice at once. There was another splash, and the head of the seal again appeared, close to the edge of the ice. I quickly seized my gun and fired at the seal just as it was disappearing under the ice. It made one final splash, and then lay floating in the water, which was coloured red by the blood flowing from its shattered head. Nansen came running like the wind to the place with the harpoon and threw it into the seal. The harpoon was small and slight, so Nansen thought it best to plunge his knife into the seal's neck in order to make sure of it.

Now followed an exciting scene. Both the kayaks began to drift away, mine being kept afloat by the other, while the sledge which we had been trying to land was half-way under the water.

The dogs now began to feel uneasy, and no wonder. I sat fixed in the kayak and dared not let go the sledge, nor could I venture to stand up and attempt to pull it up on to the kayak.

Over by the edge of the ice lay Nansen, not daring to let the seal go, for it meant abundance of food and fuel to us, who were so sadly in want of it.

Finding that the seal kept afloat, he came rushing up just in the nick of time to save me and my sinking flotilla. I and the dogs were safely got ashore, and the sledges with my kayak were dragged up on to the ice, while the other was left to itself, whereupon we both ran off to secure our precious prize; but it was no easy task for two men to pull a big, fat seal out of the water. While we were busy with this, our attention was again turned to our other effects, as we noticed Nansen's kayak adrift some distance from us, while our cooking apparatus was having a trip of its own, floating away lightly, high out of the water. After having rescued our property, we returned to the seal, which we finally succeeded in pulling out of the water, after having fastened a rope to it by its lower jaw.

There it lay on the ice at our feet, a sight which gladdened our hearts, as there was

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now no danger that we should starve to death for the present; now we should have food for a long time, not to mention fuel, and we could now rest and wait for the ice to loosen still more.

Nansen then started to cut up the seal, collecting the blood that was still left in it. I set to work to find a place for our tent, to collect all our things, which lay spread about on the ice, and to bring them to

JOHANSEN HAULING THE SLEDGE OVER PACK-ICE.

the tent, where I then unpacked all the wet things.

In the meantime, Nansen had cut up our find nicely, and the flesh and skin, with a mass of blubber, lay temptingly in the pure, white snow. It was all brought to our camp, where we began preparing a really square meal.

We had made up our minds, just before we caught the seal, to lie for the coming night in our blankets only, to see whether we could do without the sleeping-bag; but we used both the blankets and the bag after all, and settled down first to eat and next to sleep. The pot was filled with the flesh of the seal, which tasted remarkably fine, along with the raw blubber. It was now more than twenty-four hours since we had had anything to eat.

Thus all our anxiety with regard to food is at an end for some time to come. We may, perhaps, soon become tired of living only upon seal's flesh for a month, but it cannot be helped; the main thing is that it is food. To-day the wind has shifted right about; it is now blowing freshly from the north. I have been out for a walk to look at our surroundings.

The flesh, the blubber, and the skin of the seal are lying round about our tent, while the gulls at times are cruising about over it. Some distance away stands the sledge, with our three remaining dogs at a respectful distance from the flesh. Poor creatures! they were doubtless as thankful as we were when that seal was caught.

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CHAPTER XX.

"Longing Camp"—St. John's Eve illuminations—Three bears—The white cloud-bank—Land!—In a bear's clutches.

We remained for a whole month on the same spot where we had shot the seal; we called it "Longing Camp." And the spot was well named. It tried our patience to the utmost, as we lay there waiting for the snow to melt and make the ice passable, and enable us to proceed towards the unknown, unseen land which we felt could not be far off.

During this time we lived on the flesh of the seal, which we boiled or fried over our train-oil lamps. Nansen had been among the Eskimos in Greenland, and had had great experience in living as a wild man, by which we greatly profited both now and later on. The lamp consisted only of a small bowl made out of a plate of German silver which we had brought with us to repair the mountings of the sledge-runners, and for wicks we used some of the canvas of which our provision-bags were made, or the soft, antiseptic bandages which we had in our "medical-bag," and for which we could scarcely have found any better application. Several of the doctor's things came to be used in quite a different and much more pleasant manner than was originally intended; thus some plaster, intended for use in the event of a collar bone being broken, came in most usefully, for we discovered that the adhesive matter with which it was coated was a most excellent putty for making the seams in the kayak covers watertight.

One day we resolved to treat ourselves to pancakes made from seal-blood for supper. Nansen began frying them over a splendid fire, the flame of which was produced by several wicks; everything went all right until he was engaged on the last pancake but one, when the heat became alarmingly great, as the pieces of blubber which were put in the bowl to provide oil for the wicks caught fire while melting. The tent being crowded with boxes and utensils, it was not an easy thing to put out the fire, so Nansen took a handful of snow from the floor of the tent and threw it into the flaming bowl, expecting to put out the fire with it; but apparently it did not like such treatment, for the flame leaped high up into the air against the sides of the tent and set fire to one part of it. We jumped out of the bag and made a rush for the opening of the tent, bursting off the buttons on our way through it, and so got out into the open air. The fire, which had confined itself to one corner of the tent and burned a hole through it, was soon out, and we had to use one of our sails to patch it.

This happened on St. John's Eve, and so far the conflagration was quite opportune * as our contribution towards the usual festivities on Midsummer's Eve. We swept up the floor of our tent and bestrewed it, not with fresh juniper or birch leaves—of which there is rather a scarcity in these parts—but with snow, which is plentiful here even in the midst of the summer.

June 25.—To-day I lay asleep bare-legged and in my shirt sleeves on the top of the sleeping-bag, with my legs sticking outside the tent, the weather being so fine and warm—the best, in fact, that we have hitherto had. I was suddenly awakened by Nansen calling out, "Johansen, here is more seal-steak for us." He had been out and had shot a young seal.

July 1.—The month of June has gone out with fine weather; the air is still and warm, but it is seldom that it is quite clear. We prefer the warm mist, however, for then the snow melts most rapidly, and we are able to get nearer to our goal.

We are now lying on top of the sleeping-bag making notes, with the aperture to the tent quite open, while a gust of wind moves its sides from time to time, throwing shadows across my note-book, so that I imagine myself at home under the pines and birches. It is wonderful what things one's imagination can conjure up.

We now have our meals twice a day: in the morning boiled seal's flesh and soup, and in the evening seal's flesh fried in train-oil. The blubber we generally eat raw. Our appearance has changed considerably of late; we are quite black with the smoke and soot of the train-oil, and we scarcely recognised ourselves when we saw ourselves yesterday in the artificial horizon, which we used for a mirror.

July 4th.—The only event of any importance yesterday was the killing of "Haren." Poor creature, I think he has been the best of all the dogs! How he has worked from first to last, even after his back had become a little crooked. It was not a pleasant task to cut his throat, especially as I could not finish him so quickly as I had wished, but he was so thin and skinny that

* In Norway it is an old custom to light bonfires on the hills on St. John's Eve.

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it was difficult to find the arteries at once. Now we have only "Suggen" and "Caiaphas" left of the twenty-eight dogs.

July 6.—To-day we suddenly heard the dogs barking in an unusual manner and guessed at once that something out of the common was in the air. We rushed out of the tent, Nansen first and I after him. A huge bear was standing sniffing at "Caiaphas." Nansen seized the gun, which was standing at the entrance of the tent, and fired, but the shot could not have struck a vital part, for the bear at once took to his heels, leaving traces of blood behind. Nansen fired another shot at it, this time also without result. I now got hold of my gun, and both of us set off after the bear. Suddenly we saw the heads of two cubs looking over the ridge of a hummock. The hunt now began in earnest; the ground was in a terrible state, covered as it was with deep snow, lanes, and hummocks. Now and then we gained on the bears, but we wanted to be well within range, as we had not many cartridges with us; out of mine Nansen had two. We then came to a point where they had turned off in a different direction. Nansen followed their tracks, while I made a circuit, thinking that we might thus succeed in approaching the bears from opposite sides; but after I had proceeded some distance in the deep snow I was stopped by a lane, and Nansen and the bears got right away from me. This was most irritating, but the spirit of the chase was upon me, and I flew across some floes only just sufficiently large to save me from a cold bath. I had not gone far on the other side when I heard a shot fired, followed immediately by another. Shortly afterwards, when I got up with Nansen, I found the three bears lying among some nasty drift-ice close to a lane, one of the cubs being quite dead, while the mother and the other cub still showed signs of life, although they were bleeding profusely. The mother was finished off with a bullet, and the cub received a shower of shot in the head.

We cut up the bears and then returned to the camp by an easier way than we had come. We then took both the dogs and a sledge and fetched one of the cubs. "Suggen" also seemed now to be done up; he was no longer able to walk, and we had to put him on the sledge. At this he began howling and making a terrible noise, for he was evidently highly indignant at this treatment.

We had now three splendid bearskins to lie upon instead of the bag, which had become hairless, and through which we were beginning to feel the sharp edges of the ski.

The dogs were now given as much food as they could eat, and they seemed to thrive well on the nourishing bear's flesh; we also ate a great quantity of it ourselves, both morning and evening. Any housewife would pray Heaven to preserve her from having guests like ourselves, if she could but see the meals which we managed to get through; but then, of course, there was a considerable interval between each meal, generally twelve to fourteen hours.

In clear weather we were always on the look out for land from the "observatory hummock." We noticed that to the south a

IN "THE CAMP OF LONGING."

white bank of clouds always kept over the same spot, and we could not but think that it must be standing over the land.

Later on, however, it turned out that it was not clouds, but land itself, at which we had been gazing; the bank of white clouds was really nothing else but the inland ice on one of the islands of Franz Josef Land.

On the 22nd of July we packed up and said good-bye to "Longing Camp." After having divided our baggage into two heaps and drawn lots for them, we started off. We had lashed some bamboo rods to the sledges to serve as shafts in addition to the drag rope fastened to our harness.

We took with us some dried meat and

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about sixteen pounds of blubber. Everything went satisfactorily – in fact, better than we expected. Although the ice was in as bad a state as it could be, we managed to get along with our sledges all the way with one dog to each. Nor was it necessary to use our ski all the time; sometimes we came across a belt of snow, when we could dispense with them and walk.

July 24.—At last the longed-for event has happened! We have sighted land. It was, however, a most difficult land to sight, for it was covered with ice, just like that on which we are travelling. It was a black, oblique stripe on the horizon, evidently composed of bare rock, which enabled us to discover it. I saw this stripe yesterday about noon from the top of a hummock, while Nansen was out reconnoitring, but I did not think it was anything but one of the usual black streaks on the ice caused by mud, of which we have lately seen a good many. I mentioned the matter to Nansen, however, and towards evening he saw the same oblique stripe from the top of a ridge, and after having taken the glass to examine it more closely, he exclaimed, "Yes, you must have a look at it, too; it is certainly land!" And sure enough the black stripes were rock, that we could plainly discern—rock projecting through the ice-sheet with which the land was covered. To the east of the two smaller black stripes we saw that the horizon was bounded by ice—probably inland ice—of the same colour as that we are travelling over, but arched in form and sharp in outline, with a little irregularity on the top. It was the same outline which I noticed from the observatory hummock at "Longing Camp," and which I had thought to be clouds lying over the land.

DR. NANSEN GETTING HIS GUN TO RESCUE JOHANSEN FROM A BEAR.

Later in the evening I also noticed to the west of the black stripes a similar mass on the horizon, but much smaller, and this, too,

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I think, must be land. This, we discovered later, must have been Crown Prince Rudolf's Land.

So the blessed land for which we have been looking so long is there at last! We shall soon be able to say farewell to this drift-ice we have had so long beneath our feet. We shall be able to push forward on the channels near the shore, or along the shore-ice to Spitzbergen, and thence to our "promised land."

Everything seems now to smile upon us; we have sighted land, and hope to reach it in a couple of days, so near does it appear to be. The idea of wintering up here, which of late has more and more forced itself upon us, must now give way to thoughts of an early return home. Of this we now feel more sure, seeing that we have the land before us—a land which, although it is doubtless as barren as can be, is still land all the same.

At this time we saw several specimens of the rare Ross's gull. Lightly and gracefully, silently beating their wings, they came flying about us and were not at all afraid. They floated right over our heads, so that we could see the pink colour of their breasts. Perhaps this is the country where this mysterious bird lays its eggs.

"We are not likely to reach land to-morrow, but certainly the next day," we said to one another, as we began our march towards land. Alas! it took fourteen days before we had worked our way up to the wall of the glacier on the shore.

This was partly due to the land being further away than we thought it to be, and partly to the ice being in such a state that it was almost an acrobatic feat for a person to get on by himself; how much more difficult, then, when encumbered with a sledge and kayak! At times the lanes and pools were filled with small floes, too small to carry a man, but large enough to prevent us using our kayaks. We had then to jump from floe to floe and pull the sledges and the kayaks across after us by a rope. Our gymnastic skill, indeed, stood us in very good stead. And, most unfortunately for us, the ice was in motion and drifting away from the shore, while we were making our way across it towards land. When we encamped in the evening we could see that the blue wall of the distant glacier was nearer to us than when we began our march in the morning. On turning out next morning it was again further off. And, to make matters worse, Nansen was taken ill with pains in his back, probably lumbago, and was almost helpless for some days. He was only just able to limp along with the aid of sticks after the caravan, which, however, did not make much progress, as I had to see to the sledges alone through this abominable ice. It was a sad job to have to help Nansen off and on with his clothes and "komager" evening and morning; he suffered great pain, but he did not complain, and dragged himself on as best he could, instead of giving in. Fortunately he got better at the end of three days, but this experience was sufficient to make us understand what it would be like if one of us should break a limb or fall ill in real earnest.

July 31.—Our progress yesterday was much the same as on the two preceding days. Nansen still suffers in his back, so I have to get over all our obstacles by myself. Yesterday the weather was cold and bitter, the barometer standing at 723 mm. A strong south-westerly wind was blowing, accompanied now and then by snow squalls, so that, in spite of our hard work in getting along, we had to dress as if it were the middle of winter. But we should not have minded all this if only the wind had not altogether destroyed our chances of getting on; it had loosened the ice all round the lanes, so that these were completely filled with slush and small pieces of ice, which is the worst hindrance we can have. We have not noticed such a movement in the ice before. When, after much reconnoitring, I had found a way, it was generally destroyed by the time I got back to it. We had then to make fresh attempts, taking short stretches at a time.

But, notwithstanding all this, we saw we had really made progress when we encamped last night; the edge of the distant blue ice by the land is now much nearer—so near that we hope to reach it to-day in spite of all hindrances. We have now no more food for the dogs; I shot a couple of ivory gulls for them yesterday. "Suggen" ate his with evident relish, but "Caiaphas" does not like the flesh of the birds. Yesterday we also saw some of Ross's gulls. The dogs will not cross the lanes by themselves if they are ever so narrow, and they often fall in.

On the 2nd of August we were in 81° 36′ north latitude. We had then got the north point of the land due west of us, and had consequently drifted eastwards. We were in the same latitude as the land; this must have been from twenty to twenty-five miles distant when we first sighted it, but this distance is no small matter with such ice.

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It was on this march that I just escaped being eaten by a bear. It happened in this way. Yesterday when we set out the weather was very foggy, and presently it got worse and worse; the ice was impassable; it was all struggling up mountains and down valleys and through deep snow, with lanes, some wide open, others nearly closed, and still others full of the most impenetrable brash. Just as the fog was at its thickest and the ridges at their highest, we were stopped by a lane, which we prepared to ferry over. We generally did this in the following manner: we put both the sledges with the kayaks side by side close to the edge of the water, and placed our ski and staffs across them, the whole being securely lashed together. This floating arrangement was then ready to be launched on the water.

Nansen had just brought his sledge to the edge of the water and stood holding it, as the ice inclined down towards the water. My sledge and kayak were standing a little way back, and I went across to fetch it. I leant down to pick up the drag-rope, when I suddenly observed an animal just behind the kayak. I thought at first that it was "Suggen," but the next moment I discovered that it was not he, but a bear sitting in a crouching position ready to spring at me. Before I had time to get up from my stooping position, it was right upon me, pressing me backwards with its two legs down a slight incline to a fresh-water pool. The bear then dealt me a blow on the right cheek with one of its powerful fore paws, making the bones rattle in my head, but fortunately it did not stun me. I fell over on my back and there I lay between the bear's legs. "Get the gun," I shouted to Nansen, who was behind me, while at the same instant I saw the butt end of my own loaded gun sticking out of the kayak by my side, my fingers itching to get hold of it. I saw the bear's jaws gaping just over my head, and the terrible teeth glistening. As I fell I had seized the brute's throat with one hand, and held on to it for dear life. The bear was somewhat taken aback at this. It could not be a seal, it must have thought, but some strange creature to which it was unaccustomed—and to this slight delay I no doubt owed my life. I had been waiting for Nansen to shoot, and I noticed the bear was looking in his direction. Thinking that Nansen was taking his time, I shouted to him as I lay in the bear's embrace, "Look sharp, or you'll be too late." The bear lifted one of its paws a little, and strode across me, giving "Suggen," who stood close by barking, and watching us, a blow which sent him sprawling and howling over the ice. "Caiaphas" was served in the same way. I had let go my hold of the bear's throat and, taking advantage of the bear's inattention, I wriggled myself away from between its paws. Getting on my legs I seized my gun, when Nansen fired two shots and the bear fell down dead beside the pool.

Nansen had, of course, made haste to my assistance, but when he saw me lying under the bear and went to get his gun, which was lying in its case on the top of the kayak, the sledge with the kayak slipped right out into the water. There I lay under the bear, and there stood Nansen, and out on the kayak lay the gun. His first thought was to throw himself into the water and to fire from over the kayak, but he soon gave up this idea, as he might just as likely hit me as the bear. He had then to begin and pull the whole concern up on to the ice again, which did not, of course, take up much time, but to me, situated as I was, it was an age. The bear fell down dead at the first charge, which happened to be small shot. In the hurry of the moment Nansen had cocked the shot-barrel, which was the nearest to him. To make sure of the bear he fired the other barrel containing the bullet into its head.

I bore no traces of the bear's embrace except some white streaks on one of my cheeks, which were quite black with the soot and smoke of "Longing Camp," and two small wounds in my right hand. Fortunately we could now afford to make merry over these trifles. No sooner had the bear fallen to the ground than I suddenly caught sight of two more bears, which were standing on their hind legs behind a ridge close by, and had been following the whole incident with great attention. They were two cubs about a year old, evidently waiting for their mother—the bear which had attacked me—to bring them food. I set off to shoot one of them, for the flesh of the cubs is better than that of the old bears; besides, my blood was on fire with excitement; but they took to their heels and I gave them up. While we were busy cutting the flesh off the bear—we did not give ourselves time to skin it—we saw the cubs again, and I started off in pursuit again, but could not get within range of them. I fired a ball at one of them, however, and a terrible howl told us that it had taken effect, but not mortally, for they both ran off. We saw them again several times afterwards, but could not afford to

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waste any more shot on them. The blood was running down the sides of one of them and the animal bellowed all the while like a bull. They went round about the spot where the mother's carcase lay, in a circle, and we heard the bellowing of one of the cubs a long time after we had left the spot.

The dogs were allowed to eat as much as they liked; they were both uninjured, "Caiaphas" having only got a scratch on his nose. We also had a good meal; we cut up thin slices of raw meat and placed them on the snow to cool, and then ate them with great relish. Bear's flesh was a welcome addition to our stock of provisions; we took both the hind legs with us, as well as some of the inside fat, which would be useful as fuel.

I took the claws of the paw with which the bear gave me the blow, and Nansen the claws of the other paw. We could not very well drag unnecessary things with us, but we thought we ought to have some memento of this incident about us.

On our journey, further on towards land, we saw numerous tracks of bears in all directions. Here, it seemed, were plenty of bears, but we did not now trouble ourselves about them. One of them had been right up to our tent while we were asleep.

A PARTING LOOK AT THE BEAR WHICH NEARLY KILLED ME.

CHAPTER XXI.

Farewell to the drift-ice—"Suggen" and "Caiaphas" must die—Under sail at last.

WEDNESDAY, the 7th of August.—At last we have reached the goal for which we have been striving; last night we slept on the shore-ice at the foot of the glacier which we have had so long before us. It is no longer a delusion; we can now hear the thunder and the roar of the glacier itself.

To our great surprise and joy we found a great improvement in the state of the ice on the last stretch of our journey. It was much more even and there were hardly any lanes, and our day's march was as good as several of the previous days combined. We pushed on with all our might. The edge of the glacier gradually came nearer; soon we could see it from the ice without mounting any hummock, and at last we stood by the edge of the drift-ice, a large open channel with drifting floes lying between us and the glacier, which fell precipitately into the sea.

Nansen stood by the edge of the ice drying the sweat off his brow and waving his hat at me, who followed a little behind; I waved my hat in return, and the first hurrah on the whole expedition now rang out clearly across the open water. We looked back triumphantly at this drift-ice, which had tried our patience and our endurance for such a length of time.

And now we should have to depend upon the water for making progress. We tried to take a sledge on each kayak and proceed separately, but this we found impracticable, and had to lash the kayaks together as before. We could no longer take the dogs with us. Ungrateful creatures that we human beings are! After these dogs had toiled for us and suffered such cold and hunger that it was a wonder they held together at all, we rewarded their fidelity and devotion with death now

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that we believed we could get back to a life of civilisation amongst men again. It was a heartrending business to be obliged to kill them; but, unfortunately, it had to be done. In order to make it less painful to us, Nansen took my dog and I took his. Poor creatures, they followed us quite quietly as we went each our way behind a hummock, when two shots soon announced that "Caiaphas" and "Suggen" had ceased to exist. We had become quite fond of them, and could not kill them in the same way as the others, so we sacrificed a cartridge upon each of them.

We now said farewell to the drift-ice and set out in our kayaks. The weather had become somewhat foggy, but we had the wind right at our backs, so we rigged up our sails and could now sit at our ease and in comfort, while at a fairly good speed we were approaching the glacier, which we soon saw emerging out of the fog.

SAILING IN OUR KAYAKS.

We could not land on the glacier, as the edge formed a solid wall of ice, about fifty feet high, in which we could clearly see the various strata. The current flowed in a westerly direction, the same as that in which we were journeying. So we steered westward, and at last found the floe on which we spent the night. In all probability we have drifted westward with it while we slept. There is great commotion in the ice around us.

August 8.—Yesterday was our first day at sea, and everything went excellently. In the morning we had to haul our kayaks and sledges over some floes, by which we had been surrounded, and which were continually grinding against us, giving us now and then a friendly push and preventing us from getting out into the open water, of which we could catch glimpses to the west of us in the thick fog. At intervals there came from the glacier great crashes like cannon-shots, occasioned by large masses of the glacier breaking loose and falling into the sea.

We settled down on a large floe near the edge of the ice to make paddles from a broken ski, which we lashed to our ski-staff, as the canvas blades we had brought with us turned out impracticable. We then set off again in our kayaks, lashed together as before, with our sledges across us, on the splendid open water. Unfortunately the sky was so overcast that we could not take any observation.

After having paddled along the wall of ice for some time, we had to shape our course towards the north, as we were met by the shore-ice; we were probably in a bay between the large glacier and the land with the black, rocky mountains. Later on, when the fog lifted a little, we could see these, and before long we had them right in front of us.

There are plenty of seals about here, so we shall not have any difficulty about food. We began our journey at six o'clock in the morning, and paddled on until the same hour in the evening, when it began to rain, whereupon we encamped on the shore-ice. The temperature is now about the same as we have had of late, about freezing point.

August 9.—It is wet work sailing in our kayaks as we do; my clothes are still wet, and during the night I felt the cold not a little; but we are getting on quickly, so we do not mind any bodily discomfort.

(*To be continued.*)

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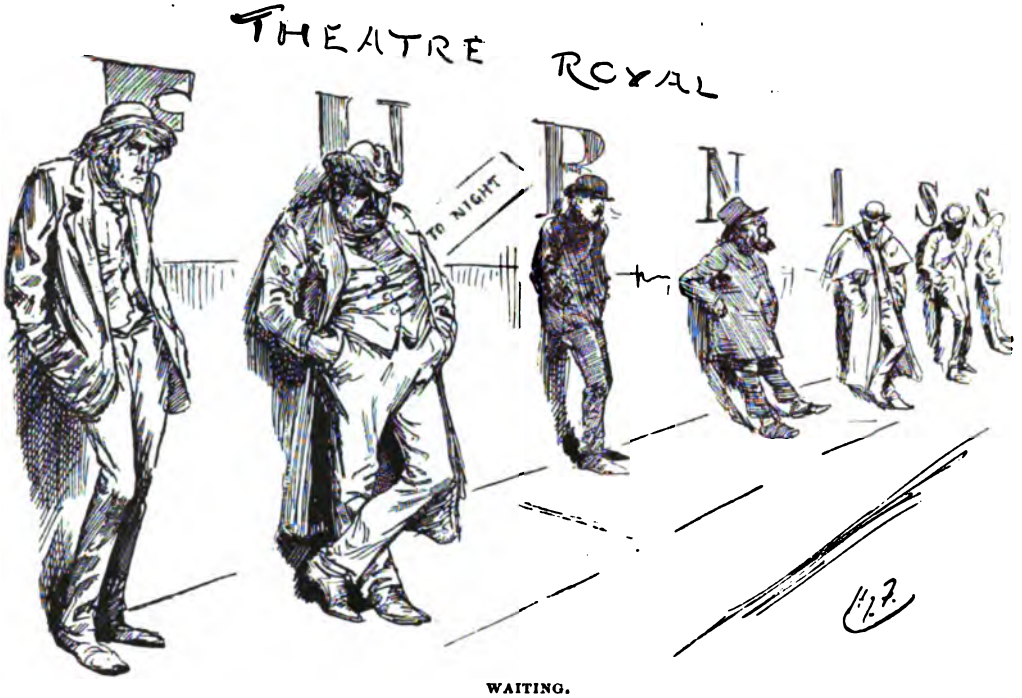

WAITING.

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN SYDNEY.

By Harry Furniss.

SYDNEY on a Saturday night is a good deal like many another city; most of its aspects are squalid and far from pleasing. In "Paddy's Market" we see gathered together a crowd which would not be out of place in the East-end of London, although, on the whole, the Sydney crowd is less noisy and less good-tempered. Brawls are not frequent, but there is little of breezy good nature about these people. If they are enjoying themselves, they do not exhibit many outward signs of their gaiety. In this market the Jew cheap clothes sellers keep up the resemblance to the East-end, adhering to that seductively aggressive manner which stamps their kind all the world over. Stalls with cheap lithographs, music, china and fancy goods, are ranged side by side with the stands of venders of sweetstuffs, fruit and vegetables, fried potatoes and poultry, the last, which are "alive, alive!" adding to the confusion of sounds with their unmelodious cries. Outside the market, about the street corners, it is interesting to watch the groups around the street preachers, who hold forth in the lurid glare of a flaring oil lamp. The discussion on theology which takes place afterwards would be amusing but for the seriousness of its subject—the opinions are so free and various, and the arguments so highly coloured. As a contrast, there are

OUTSIDE PADDY'S MARKET.

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the larger groups of people congregated in the courts leading out of the chief streets of the city, where betting and gambling are freely carried on as a regular thing. Here you find tradesmen, clerks, and scores of nondescripts of the lower orders, together with a fair sprinkling of larrikins, and the conduct of these crowds is, as may be imagined, far from edifying.

In any Sydney crowd the larrikin is always conspicuous, and no description of this city has ever been attempted without including the larrikin. It is difficult to speak of this social excrescence without being harsh. Most people unfamiliar with Australia are apt to suppose that the larrikin is merely the Antipodean "'Arry." This is not so at all. 'Arry is sublimely innocent of criminal instincts; he is generally a hard-working tradesman—a coster for choice—and his ambition is to marry his "donah" and achieve a decent ideal of domestic felicity. The familiar "coster" songs are, as a rule, true to nature, and depict the London 'Arry with fidelity. It is true that the larrikin has his prototype in other countries.

SYDNEY LARRIKINS.

but in European and American cities he is merely a representative of the criminal classes, and, as such, he is held in subjection by the police. In Sydney he is a "chartered libertine," and suffers little molestation from the law, though he freely molests law-abiding citizens. Individually, he is a low, loafing sneak and a thorough coward. Collectively, the "Glebe push," the "Rock push," the "Argyle Cut push" and other gangs are the terrors of the streets after dark. The larrikin has nothing manly about him. He is a sharp, active, horsey-looking, vicious cad; he very rarely does any work, but mostly lives upon the lowest means possible—by the vice of others. The "larrikinesses" are melancholy creatures. One wonders what their mothers could have been. About their outward appearance there is some resemblance to "'Arriet" of Cockaigne. They affect large hats and feathers and gaudy colours, and their ways are "loud." But poor

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SUNDAY MORNING.

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STREET GAMBLING.

THE YOUTHFUL LARRIKIN.

'Arriet, with all her vulgarity and sometimes rowdy ways, has a sturdy virtue and independence which are altogether admirable; and she is invariably a hard-working girl, and often thrifty, except in the matter of feathers. The larrikiness sometimes works; often she lives by bullying her parents and compelling them to support her and her low companions. Many of these creatures of both sexes are very young, and a glance at any of them shows clearly the immature criminal, and also, alas! that for such there can be no future but that of social pests and vermin. This feature is the darkest blot upon Australian society, and upon Sydney in particular. It is strange that, with an immense body of clerical and lay workers in every branch of mission work, this evil should be so rampant and unchecked. Yet it is said that, in times past, the state of things in this particular was much worse; this seems, to a stranger, barely credible.

PADDY'S MARKET.

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THE RED-HAIRED BOY NEXT DOOR.

By A. Harward.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

FROM my couch by the window overlooking the street I see a good deal that goes on, though I have no part nor lot in the outer world. The years come and go, and I know that the seasons are passing, by the pledges they lavish, some of which reach even me in my prison-house of pain. Spring flashes a gleam of sunlight, a breath of scented air, through the room. The girl at the corner is selling violets and primroses in the street below. Three months hence the bowl of roses on my table will whisper to me that summer is here again. When autumn comes I shall dream of the red and golden glory of the woods, till winter drops a shroud softly past the pane. I look long at the snow-covered roofs, so white and pure. When the snow reaches the trodden ways it ceases to be lovely. So is it with youth, I often think. In its unblemished freshness, what can be more attractive? But when it has known experience—sorrow—labour—youth loses something that can never be replaced. Though in after years the soul be clean, it is no longer characterised by the pellucid charm of early youth.

I have always loved youth. To me all young things are pretty. The starlings pluming themselves upon the roofs, their wings shining with prismatic hues as the sunlight falls across them—are they not lovely? The swallows whose purple backs and white breasts flit against the sky—are they not lovely? The kittens that gambol upon the rug, the first white bud of the hyacinth that shoots from its bulb in the grass—are they not lovely?

Perhaps it is because my vision is so limited, that I am always looking out for something young and pretty. It was this that led me first to notice the red-haired boy next door. Only his mother could have thought him handsome; but I found in the earnest face, notwithstanding snub nose and freckles, something decidedly attractive. The boy was at the leggy stage and looked about eighteen. He passed my house every day, and on one occasion I observed my niece, who lives with me, coming down the road at the same time. Heavy snow had fallen, and she was picking her steps daintily, her hands full of parcels. As she neared the gate, the red-haired boy sprang forward and swung it open for her. Lettice paused to thank him in her gracious way. He grew scarlet to the roots of his hair as he stood, cap in hand. Then she turned, and I heard her run lightly upstairs, singing as she went.

That night I questioned her about him. She laughed and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"I know him well by sight. He goes to school still. I have heard that his people cannot induce him to make up his mind what he is going to be."

"You might bring him in one day, Lettie. I should like to talk to him."

She nodded and went to the piano. Music was a passion with both of us, and I looked forward to the evening hour in which she sang and played to me. As the winter weeks went on, we were joined by a third, the lad Leonard Smith, whose simple enjoyment of that hour was a pleasure to witness.

Ah, well! I am an old fool—I might have known! Lettice was lovely with the loveliness of some delicate flower, and young blood flows fast. She smiled his heart away.

I knew the truth when I noted how his plans for the future varied. Did Lettice read out the news from the seat of war, her fair face glowing as she spoke of brave deeds, his would burn in response. He would be a soldier! Or a sailor's life had charms for him when she pictured the delight of visiting strange lands, of ruling with Britannia the ocean world that enfolds her. And thus through every profession it was possible to follow. He would take each and all in turn, let but the light of those bright eyes lead the way.

I spoke to him one night about it. We were friends then, and I knew that he would listen.

"You are old enough now to decide, Leonard. Make up your mind, and stick to it."

"I can't." The boy's voice took a bitter tone. "I have told her I will be anything, everything she wishes, if she will but love me."

"But this is madness—folly! You are

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—how old? Eighteen? And Lettice is two-and-twenty! You cannot expect her to wait for you. And for what? You have nothing to offer her."

"I am nineteen, though I don't look it. Such marriages have been; and I will work, see if I don't. There is nothing I would not do to win her."

"Then try and cultivate a little self-control. Be a man, choose your path, and earn her respect. Some day, perhaps—who knows?—she may listen to you."

The boy clenched his fists.

"Lettice could not—could not!"

"Naturally," I responded drily.

Lettice laughed when I remonstrated with her.

"But, meanwhile, cannot you do anything? He is wasting time. His mother is anxious."

"I will try."

The sweet, mobile face, whose counterpart some thirty years ago had well-nigh wrecked my own life, grew serious.

"The red-haired boy sprang forward and swung it open for her."

"If I thought that! Oh, how am I to be patient? How have you learnt it, lying there year after year? Did you never know what it was to want anything badly?"

I smiled. "I loved a woman once, Leonard, but she married someone else, and then I fell ill. It was all for the best, you see."

"She did not care?"

"I believed she did—that was my mistake. She played me false. It was Lettice's mother."

Mrs. Smith called soon after. She said her boy had told her of his friends, and she glanced tentatively at Lettice. That young lady was determined to show to advantage, and Leonard's mother went away obviously enchanted.

It was not long before she pleaded with Lettice.

"It would be the making of my boy. You have such influence over him. He is our only son, but we do not want to keep him idling at home. He may do as he will, if he will only do something."

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Then Lettice, I presume, threw a straw or two of hope to her admirer. He rose triumphantly upon the sea of his desires, and one day they came to me—Leonard ardent, and, for the moment, positively handsome, Lettice blushing and a trifle nervous. The lad kissed the little hand he held as he vowed to become worthy of it.

When winter came again they parted, for Leonard had accepted a berth abroad. True to his word, the lad never murmured at his exile, but put on a brave face as he sunned himself in his lady's smiles on those last evenings.

I suffered much that winter. My old friend, Sir Ronald Pleydell—a celebrated person in the medical world—came down to prescribe for me. Lettice had been a child when he saw her last, and they talked of days when he gave her sugar-plums and she sat upon his knee. When I was better, Lettice went up to spend a few weeks with Lady Pleydell in town. Her visit lengthened into summer; I heard of her at Henley, Goodwood, and Cowes. In the autumn she was going to Scotland. I missed her much, but knew that I could not chain my bright bird. In those lonely days of spring and summer my thoughts were often with the lad beyond the seas; how bright a companion he would have been—how cheery his laugh, and fresh young face, so goodly to look upon! I could have found it in my heart to wish that no love-dream had set its seal there. But the boy could never be wholly worsted, let adverse fate do its will.

In September my niece came home one day. Lady Pleydell had died suddenly. As she told me the news, Lettice flushed and paled by turns. I grieved for my old friend's loss, and wrote him a letter of condolence. In reply, he volunteered a visit when winter should have advanced; and my former complaint victimising me once more, I was thankful for his treatment. He came every week, and Lettice, who had few friends, seemed pleased to see him, too.

But one day, when she had accompanied him back to the station, I heard my neighbour's gate click in a familiar manner. Surely no hand but Leonard's ever opened it thus! I raised myself upon my elbow and looked out, too late to distinguish more than the outline of a head.

A step upon the stair, a young, rapid step, and the door was burst open.

"Leonard!"

"Uncle Harry, I've come home again."

"Welcome, my boy. But how unexpected! What has brought you?"

"This!" He thrust a letter into my hand. Then drew it back. "No, I cannot let even you read it. It is from Lettice, Uncle Harry! She has given me up."

He bent his head upon his hands, and a sob broke from him.

"What does it all mean?" I said.

"It means——" Lettice stood between us. She was pale to the lips, but there was an ominous flash in her eye. "It means that Sir Ronald Pleydell has asked me to be his wife. I should have told you before, Uncle Harry, but we agreed that it was better to wait. You——" she added, and her lip curled with something like scorn as she glanced at Leonard. "Why have you come? I never loved you. And even if I did"—she struck her hands passionately together—"you could give me nothing I desired—nothing I am fit for. I want wealth and position, and I shall have them as Lady Pleydell. To be tied to a clerk in a merchant's office—to spend my life in some wretchedly bad climate at the Antipodes—it is not to be thought of!"

"Nevertheless, you should have thought of it before," I said. I seemed to see again the form of another Lettice, just as fair and just as cruel, telling me that poverty was not to be endured.

Leonard had risen. But he could not speak. With a low bow to Lettice, and a convulsive pressure of the hand I held out to him, he left the room.

Six months later Sir Ronald and Lady Pleydell started for a Continental trip. Lettice had doubtless given Sir Ronald her own version of her acquaintance with Leonard Smith. He seemed satisfied with it, and the radiant young wife apparently had no regrets. When they had gone, Leonard came over to bid me good-bye. He was to sail on the morrow.

"So that chapter is closed," he said.

I watched him anxiously. His trouble had made a man of him. He would always be plain, but his earnest, pleasant face was one in which a woman, loving him, would find her pride and peace. Answering my look, he smiled reassuringly as he strolled to the window. A favourite pensioner of mine, a starling with a broken wing, was chirruping on the sill. Faint lines of scarlet showed against the pearl-grey sky. As a curtain, the night was falling.

"To-day is over," said Leonard. "But there is always to-morrow."

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BANANA GARDENS, LAS PALMAS, GRAND CANARY.

BANANA FARMING IN THE CANARY ISLANDS.

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

ANY attempt on the part of a blockading fleet to starve out either Grand Canary or Teneriffe would meet with very dismal failure. The inhabitant would simply cease exporting bananas, and live on his crop, which is a continuous one all the year round. The crop might deteriorate if the blockade went on for a vast number of years, as it is to some extent nourished by imported chemical manures. But the only way to bring banana growing to a sudden end would be to entirely stop the rain supply, and this would be difficult even for a wrathful and ingenious American.

PLOUGHING GROUND FOR A BANANA GARDEN.

It is not many years ago since the banana was a comparatively rare fruit in England, a luxury employed only by the rich, an article of distaste and disuse to the poor. But to-day in England the banana is as widespread as the potato. The epicure of Park Lane toys with one for his breakfast; the resident in the Ratcliffe Highway takes the banana as dessert after his evening whelk; and probably one of these typical persons is as ignorant as the other that the fruit which he has handled originally grew in those little specks of volcanic land which the ancients dubbed the Fortunate Islands.

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There was a day, before the invention of aniline dyes, when the Canary gentleman earned an easy livelihood by growing cochineal. The industry still survives in scattered patches, as there is still a demand for the scarlet dye to colour the British soldier's coat and to tint the dinner-table jelly. But, as a national industry, cochineal growing may be said to have died when the fiend of science (who is certainly not a modern-day Spaniard) invented anilines, and for many years Canary gentlemen genteelly starved. They had never worked in the past, and they preferred dying out to working in the present and future.

BANANA GARDEN, YILDE, GRAND CANARY.

Then came the energetic and commercially-minded Englishman from the North, and with him, in small quantities, the Scot, and put a new face on affairs. In the commencement these aliens were, for the most part, traders on the sickly West African coast, and their business instinct showed them the opening. They did not work for philanthropy, but they founded the banana trade; and to-day Grand Canary alone exports to England a million bunches of the fruit annually.

The price of the banana may fluctuate, the profits to the shipper may swing about at the mercy of rates of exchange and a thousand other contributory details, but the demand for the banana as a food is constantly on the increase, and the acreage of banana gardens in cultivation is, practically speaking, determined only by the amount of water procurable.

The Canary Islands are all of recent volcanic formation. The outer soil, where it is not cultivated, is merely hard cinder, and drinks up the rainfall thirstily. Great ravines, locally named barrancoes, slice the country in every direction, and if left alone would carry every drop of rain away to sea within an hour of its fall. So the whole system of farming has come to depend upon complicated irrigation schemes. The banana must have abundant moisture—this is the *sine quâ non* of its existence, and so every pint of rain water is jealously collected and guarded. Every hollow has its dam; every little gathering ground, even though it may be only a thousand yards in superficies, is footed by its stone-walled concrete tank, and a man who owns a barren watershed that will grow nothing but a few scattered bushes of euphorbia, and will not support so much as a goat, may well be a person of wealth and position, and, by means

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of his water power, autocrat of local agriculture.

The farmer who actually grows the bananas is, nine times out of ten, a tenant, and himself a worker amongst the plants. His holding may be as small as half an acre; it usually runs to about two acres; but, anyway, twelve acres is the largest banana farm in Grand Canary, and this is uncommon. With the land he rents his water; that is to say, the landowner who lets the ground guarantees to supply water for the plants during so many hours per week. If the landowner's own supply of water holds out, well and good; but if not he must buy and pay the market price. The banana plants must have the water when they want it, or otherwise they will die and the loss will be great.

CAMELS BRINGING BANANAS DOWN TO HARBOUR.

The cost of these water rights is sometimes surprising; £7 10*s.* an hour is quite a common figure. But holders of water are people who have to look out for large fluctuations in their stock, for it is not at all an unusual occurrence for £7 10*s.* water to slump to 8*s.*, merely on the depression caused by an hour's rain squall.

Naturally all kinds of varieties of banana have been tried in the Canary Islands, and

LOADING TOMATOES AND BANANAS AT OROTAVA

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new experiments are continually going on. There is the tall silver banana, which runs to twenty-five feet high; but this takes too much out of the soil, and its fruit, moreover, is small. There are other kinds, each with its own special fault. But what is aimed at is a tree that will grow the largest possible bunch of fruit in the quickest time, with the least hurt to the soil; and this is arrived at with a species of plant which sends its uppermost leaves rarely so high as ten feet above the ground.

BRINGING UP NEWLY CUT BUNCHES FROM GARDEN TO PACKER.

A newly planted banana garden is one of the most uncomely spots imaginable. The husbandman yokes a pair of cows to a primitive wooden plough, and scratches up the soft, dry loam to the accompaniment of much cigarette smoking. The banana being the oldest cultivated plant in the world—it belongs to the lily family, by the way—has quite outgrown all natural means of reproduction. Adam may have raised it from seed, but to-day it has not the least vestige of seed anywhere within its economies. And so the Canary farmer dibbles in old banana roots or slips, and from the flanks of these the young plants soon sprout and grow.

But the great feature of a banana garden is the irrigation arrangements. Between each row of plants there is a gutter in the soft earth; across the end of each of these series of gutters there is another gutter, which is fed from others, which in turn draw from the main water supply. In the stowage tank at the head the women folk wash their clothes, and if any water drains through to the further side of the garden, then they feel quite free to use that for drinking purposes.

FORE-DECK LOAD OF BANANA CRATES CROSSING THE BAY OF BISCAY.

The banana reproduces by subdivision, and one "house," or root, may have as many as eight heads, each head being

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practically a complete tree, which will during its lifetime produce one bunch of fruit. Two bunches for a "house" is the annual crop, and when a trunk has yielded it is cut down, and the young shoot at its foot sprouts up fast. Occasionally a trunk is ambitious, and attempts to bring forth twin bunches; but infanticide is promptly resorted to by the farmer, and one of the bunches is sacrificed, or otherwise each clump of fruit would be too small to pass muster with the shipper.

In England we see bananas hung up green in the shops and slowly ripening with the help of an indifferent climate, and we promise ourselves that some day we will go and pick for ourselves the mature fruit from the tree, rich, golden, and excellently luscious. But, thanks to its general artificialness of growth, the banana has quite forgotten how to ripen on the tree in the Canary Islands. The birds and the rats are all its enemies, and to guard against their pilfering, the fruit is picked green, and even for domestic consumption it is hung up under cover to ripen and mature.

THE BANANA FARMER HAS OTHER OCCUPATIONS BESIDES BANANA FARMING.

But for shipping purposes, which brings in the chief livelihood of the Canary banana farmer, the fruit is sold green to the packer for prices which now run to as much as five pesetas a bunch, though not many years ago two and a half pesetas was a good price. Packing costs the shipper as much as the fruit. There is, practically speaking, no wood in the islands, and all timber for crates has to be laboriously carried from Norway. Leaves form some of the packing material, but the supply is short; and paper, cotton wadding, and straw are also used, all of which have to be imported.

The crates are made by woman labour entirely. The packer can hire a woman for a peseta or less a day, whilst a man costs his two pesetas fifty. The man has to stop to smoke. The ladies do not indulge in cigarettes during business hours; and, moreover, they are handier (queer to relate) with a hammer and French nails; and so they get this job. And after the bunches are packed in their crates, they are loaded on a mule cart, or sometimes on a camel, and taken down to some harbour on the coast, where boats tranship them to the English steamers. On the steamer sometimes they are stowed below, where there is no cargo which will heat or spoil them, but as often as not they travel to England stowed on the open deck, and go through any weather which may befall in the Bay or elsewhere.

The modern-day farmer of the Fortunate Islands does not know much about the outer world, although there is a primitive cunning in his commercial ways. He works in his garden amongst the smell of oranges, and tends his irrigation trenches, and prunes the peach trees and the alligator pears and the custard apples in his fence, and smokes a cigarette, or chews a knot of sugar cane, and leaves care for *mañana*. It is only when *mañana* brings an order and a squad of men, who draft him off and make him part of a ragged, sloppy regiment, that he very much troubles about politics or anything beyond rainfall and the current price of bananas. But take him away to fight the Americano or the Ingles, or anyone else on God's wide earth, and he becomes a red republican or an anarchist at once. He will join any party which promises to upset an existing government which makes necessary such a wearisome thing as war. He wants to be left alone in his own peaceful way, to smoke, to own a fighting cock, to beat an occasional mule to death, and, between whiles, to fleece the English tourist and health seeker, whom the saints have sent to the Islands full to dripping with the ever-desirable peseta.

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MUSICAL ENGLAND.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL

Photo by] [*Frith & Co.*

THE TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

IN Yorkshire singers are born, not made. It seems to make no difference whether he be brought up on moorland air or factory smoke, the Yorkshireman will *sing*—and that right earnestly. Not only is his voice large in volume and rich in quality, but its staying power is remarkable. The first time I ever had this practically demonstrated to me was some years ago, in the Handel Festival Choir, where on either side of me I chanced to have a native of that happy county. I naturally expected them to be in good form on the first day of the Festival; it was also excusable, perhaps, that on the second day they likewise did justice to every note in the "Messiah." But on the third day, when their voices seemed, if anything, only to have gained added strength and freshness, while my own was becoming distinctly lacking in enthusiasm, and the worse for wear, I regarded them with a certain amount of curiosity. I consoled myself, however, with the knowledge that the fourth day would be devoted to "Israel in Egypt," the work of all others best calculated to reduce the choristers' vocal cords to a state of chaos and of "darkness that might be felt."

But, no! when the day came those two were as energetic and ardent as at the commencement of the Festival. Through chorus after chorus did they plough their way with a reckless prodigality of tone that was simply appalling; while the voiceless one between them had only sufficient strength left to watch, with thirsty eyes and a dry throat, the can of water that was being passed round by the soprano and contralto superintendents among the fainting ladies. Since then I am always inclined to believe that the success which regularly attends "Israel in Egypt" at the Crystal Palace is due to the Yorkshire contingent of the Handel Festival Choir. For I know that while the jaded Londoner is making strenuous efforts to pull himself together and compel his few remaining notes to assert themselves, the Yorkshireman is joyously rolling forth the final choruses with a voice that for quality and quantity combined cannot be beaten the whole world over.

Small wonder, therefore, that the Leeds Triennial Festivals are some of the most enjoyable musical gatherings in this country. The history of the Festivals is interesting. They were set on foot exactly forty years ago. The first one, in 1858, was not arranged as a musical function pure and simple; it merely formed part of the ceremony of the opening of the Town Hall by the Queen. Sir William Sterndale Bennett was the conductor, and on that occasion his "May Queen" was performed for the first time. The number of new works that have

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been written for and produced at the Leeds Festivals is remarkable. To enumerate only a few: Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch" was produced in 1880, likewise John Francis Barnett's "Building of the Ship." Perhaps 1886 was the most memorable year in this respect, as that brought to light, among other works, Sullivan's "Golden Legend," which, next to the "Messiah" and "Elijah," is the most popular choral work in this country. Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid," and Dvorák's "St. Ludmila," were also written for that Festival.

Financially these gatherings seem to be as successful as they are musically. The profits are given to the various medical charities in the district. The amount distributed on each occasion is invariably £2,000, or thereabouts; though in 1889 the profit of the Festival was no less than £3,142. The 1898 Festival, which takes place in the first week in October, will be no way behind its predecessors in the matter of novelties.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, who is always the attraction *par excellence* at Leeds, will again conduct, this being the seventh Festival at which he has presided. It was hoped that

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Photo by] [*Barraud, Ltd., Oxford St.*

MR. FREDERIC H. COWEN.

he would have been able to compose something specially for this occasion—there were delightful rumours of another work on the lines of the "Golden Legend"; but the composer's health, which is always more or less of a minus quantity, broke down again, and all further idea of the work had to be abandoned for the present.

Next to Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen is the most popular of our English composers. His work, in addition to being scholarly, is musical, a quality that is strangely lacking in the works of some composers. Mr. Cowen's contribution to the forthcoming Festival is a setting of Collins's "Ode to the Passions." He will, of course, conduct this new work himself. I have heard Mr. Cowen say that he would rather conduct anyone else's composition than his own; but, delighted as all music lovers are to see him conduct other people's works, they are still more gratified when he conducts his own, for Mr. Cowen is a composer whose name is a household word wherever an English song is sung, and "The Better Land" has worked itself as a classic into our national repertoire, just as "The Lost Chord" has done.

The first singer to be mentioned must be Madame Albani, the most popular prima

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donna in England. It matters not whether she is singing in oratorio or in opera, she is always certain to receive the warmest welcome that can possibly be accorded her from her devoted admirers who comprise the British public. Her name—Albani—is merely her professional name, adopted as a compliment to the town of Albany, U.S.A., where her wonderful voice first attracted public attention. She herself is a French-Canadian, born at Chambly, near Montreal. She was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal, her father being the first to instruct her in music. But this all happened before she had any idea of taking a stage name, and while she was still Mdlle. Lajeunesse. Later on her family moved to Albany, and it was her singing in the cathedral that first emphasised the fact that she had a voice of remarkable promise, and this led to her ultimately studying in Paris and Italy. In 1870 she made her *début* at Messina. Since then she has known nothing but one long record of successes.

Photo by [*Dupont, New York.*

MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. ANDREW BLACK.

Madame Albani (who was married to Mr. Ernest Gye in 1878) has just returned with her husband from a tour in Australia and South Africa which has been little short of phenomenal in its success. There are many interesting stories that might be told in connection with Madame Albani's tour were more space at one's disposal, but the following is so characteristic that I must mention it here. The prima donna had been singing in Maritzburg, and someone asked the son of the town clerk what he thought of it. The boy replied that he would have to look right through the dictionary to find words to express his feelings. Madame Albani heard of this, and, with her unvarying kindness of heart, sent a letter, accompanied by her autographed portrait, to this youthful admirer.

Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

Miss Marie Brema will be heard to the very best advantage at this Festival, works by Wagner and Brahms having been allotted to her. Miss Brema's nationality has sometimes puzzled people. Her father was a German and her mother an American, while she herself was born in Liverpool. Her success has been achieved very rapidly. In 1890 she commenced to study under Mr. Henschel, and the following year she appeared at the Monday "Pops," and also in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Miss Brema has a wide Continental reputation and is also very popular in the United States. In 1894 she was

Photo by [*Dupont, New York.*

MR. PLUNKET GREENE.

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MADAME ALBANI'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

TAKEN ON HER RECENT AUSTRALIAN TOUR BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

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introduced to Madame Wagner, and the outcome of this was an engagement to appear at the next Bayreuth Festival, where she took the part of *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin." Wagner's music is undoubtedly Miss Brema's *forte* and is admirably suited to her powerfully dramatic voice.

Madame Marian Mackenzie is another popular contralto whom Leeds will be glad to see once more. She is no stranger to the city, this being her third appearance at these Festivals; indeed, she has now sung in nearly every city in the British Isles, as well as in Germany and the principal towns in Australia. Madame Marian Mackenzie is married to a brother of Miss Anna Williams, the celebrated singer. She is usually heard in oratorio, but it must not be supposed that she devotes herself entirely to music of this class. She has already appeared very successfully in opera, and as a ballad singer she is difficult to excel. One of her recent successes was her rendering of the song cycle, "In a Persian Garden," by Liza Lehmann.

Photo by] [*Frith & Co.*

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

It seems difficult, at first sight, to say anything that is unknown about Mr. David Bispham, as so much has already been published concerning his career. But there is one thing, he tells me, that the general public does not seem to have grasped, and that is the fact that he is an American. He has sung his way so completely into our hearts that we are always endeavouring to pay him the highest compliment we can by claiming him as one of our own countrymen. Mr. Bispham is descended from one of the original Quaker families of Philadelphia, that city of "Friends."

Photo by] [*Frith & Co.*

IN ROUNDHAY PARK.

I asked Mr. Bispham his opinion on the subject of industry and intelligence brought to bear on an artistic career, and how it is that occasionally some seem to succeed with so much less than others, who may have worked very hard.

"I know nothing about anybody else's intimate concerns," he replied. "I only

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know that I seem impelled to do what I do. It is not a matter of inspiration. I only feel as the servant to whom his master saith, 'Do this,' and he doeth it. Some people have inferred that I know very well how to take care of my own interests. It may be so, but I doubt it myself. A musician, as a rule, has a brain too full of music, and such intangible stuff, to contain a thought of a more practical character. But as to the necessity for work! Why, I have worked like a slave, yet with the keenest enjoyment; and whoever does not so work is unworthy to be called an artist."

On the library shelves there are close upon thirty operas in which this great singer has actually taken part, and between forty and fifty oratorios and cantatas in which he has sung, while in a little book there are the names of about four hundred classical songs he has rendered. No need to question his having worked hard!

For some years now Miss Esther Palliser has been before the public, and well deserves the reputation she has earned as a most conscientious and artistic singer. She is fortunate in belonging to a musical family; her father was a professor of music, voice production being his speciality, and her mother

Photo by] [*Window & Grove.*

MADAME MARIAN MACKENZIE.

Photo by] [*Dupont, New York.*

MISS MARIE BREMA.

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

MISS ESTHER PALLISER.

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PETER.

By M. M. Couper.

It was Miss Janet Gordon who suggested the name of "Laburnum Villa," and her elder sister promptly agreed that no title could be more suitable. Was there not a laburnum tree on either side of the gate? True, they were but seven feet high, but they flowered bravely, making a golden archway for a brief three weeks every year.

Miss Janet Gordon was three years younger than her sister, and their united ages made a total of 117 years. I would not for worlds be more explicit on such a delicate subject. Miss Adelaide Gordon always affected a costume of black and purple; her sister, black and pink. Black was suitable to their time of life, they said, and economical withal.

Laburnum Villa stood about fifty yards back from the village street. You reached the front door by a narrow gravel path, with a small lawn on the left, and a border, gay with flowers, on the right. Everything about Laburnum Villa was small, including its tenants, the two Misses Gordon. Some people went so far as to say you needed magnifying glasses to see the house at all, but this was a gross exaggeration. The smallest thing of all was the Misses Gordon's annual income. I think it was the constant effort to make that sum supply the necessaries of existence that had sown so many anxious lines on their faces. In winter, when the little ladies shivered with cold, an extra woollen shawl had to be put on, instead of resorting to the simpler expedient of another shovel of coals on the tiny fire. Also, there is a certain monotony in bread and cheese as the invariable *menu* for supper; but the Misses Gordon would partake of it with admirable appetites, and look all the while, with beaming eyes, at the further end of the table, where were placed a large saucer of thick, rich milk, and a small plate, on which lay a dainty slice of liver.

"While we can afford *that*——" Miss Adelaide would begin sometimes, and then break off as though words failed her; and Miss Janet would reply--

"My dear sister, we cannot be *too* thankful."

I hasten to explain away the wrong impression which this gratitude might create. These viands did not represent the Misses Gordon's second course, but Peter's supper. Whoever felt the pinch of poverty at Laburnum Villa, it was not Peter. If I have not alluded to Peter before, it is because the most important personage should always be mentioned last. Peter was seven years old, and the largest and finest cat you ever saw.

Excuse me; your cat, no doubt, is a very fine one, but he could not possibly equal Peter. I have had the honour of Peter's acquaintance, and can endorse the Misses Gordon's opinion that he was the biggest, furriest, handsomest, and altogether most superlative cat ever seen. It would be impossible to describe or realise what that cat was to the little couple. Peter was their first thought in the morning, their last at night. In summer, when Miss Gordon gardened, he would sit demurely on the gravel walk, superintending the planting, digging, and watering. Or he would accompany Miss Janet to the fowls' yard and watch the distribution of grain through the bars of the gate with an impartial eye. Occasionally he would forget his seven years and sport with the butterflies on the lawn; but, man-like, he always required an audience, and never unbent when alone. His favourite pastime was to hang suspended from the topmost branches of any small tree, to the admiration and terror of his mistresses, who momentarily expected to see him fall a mangled corpse at their feet. But when Miss Janet had rushed into the house to tell Jane to bring the step-ladder, and Miss Adelaide had held her gardening apron out for five minutes to break his fall, he would suddenly regain *terra firma* with a skill and agility all his own. Then there was a chorus of "Oh! naughty pussy. *How* you frightened us! Peter, you must *never* do that again," etc., etc. After which, the hero would be carried into the house and supplied with milk and other restoratives.

One hot July afternoon Miss Adelaide had a slight headache and was unable to accompany her sister on their usual walk. Punctually at five o'clock Miss Janet returned, and her sister detected at once that something unusual had occurred.

"What is the matter, Janet?"

"Is your head better, dear? Yes? Well, then, you really must give a guess at my news; but you will never, *never* guess right, Adelaide. Such an excitement for us, my dear. I will give you one hint. Something is going to happen at Lisbury."

Miss Adelaide wrinkled her brow. "At Lisbury? A missionary meeting, my dear?"

"No; oh, no!" Miss Janet clapped her hands with merriment; the jet bugles on her bonnet danced in sympathy with the joke.

"Guess once more, dear."

"A bazaar?"

"No. I really must tell you. A Cat Show! Just think, Adelaide! With prizes! Where is Peter?"

"In the garden." Miss Adelaide rose like a war-horse scenting the battle.

"Lie still, my dear. I will call him."

Miss Janet tripped to the window and called "Pete—Pete—Pee—ter!"

A rush, a spring, and Peter's large furry person was on the sill. It was tea-time, and his expectant purrs filled the room.

"He should go to a cat show," cried Miss Janet, "and get the first prize—yes, he should. See, Adelaide, I have brought a handbill. August 9th is the date. 'The price of each cat to be clearly marked.'"

"Everybody will want to buy Peter, won't they?" said Miss Adelaide, with a ripple of delight.

"Of course they will; but, Adelaide, we must be careful and put an absolutely prohibitive price on him. What would you suggest?"

Miss Adelaide deliberated for some time.

"Twenty pounds, I think," she said at length.

"My dear sister! What an enormous sum! But I suppose it would be safer. Think of seeing

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Peter surrounded by people longing to buy him if they only had enough money!"

The Misses Gordon thought the days went by very slowly. They longed to display Peter's charms to an admiring and envious crowd. On the morning of the eventful day they came downstairs in their best Sunday gowns and bonnets. Peter was stretched at full length on the lawn, basking lazily in the sun. He was startled and annoyed when Miss Janet swooped round the corner, picked him up in her arms, and started off with her sister to the station.

Miss Janet was very tiny and Peter was very large, and although it was quite a short walk her arms began to ache sadly. Peter's sweet temper, too, was ruffled. He had only just finished a heavy breakfast of bread and milk, and Miss Janet's brisk walking jogged him up and down most unceremoniously. He began to wriggle, and endeavoured to escape. To his amazement he found that for the first time in his life his wishes were going to be disregarded. It was inconceivable!

"I shall be sick directly, I know I shall, if this goes on much longer," he reflected dismally.

The sisters arrived at the station only just in time to plunge into the nearest third class carriage. Peter absolutely refused to lie quietly on either lap, their lace cloaks made him hot. He was rapidly becoming very cross.

Fortunately the journey was a brief one; but when they reached the Town Hall, and Peter found himself being put in a wire cage, to which a large card with his class and price was attached — and, in addition, a hot scarlet ribbon tied round his neck—he lost his temper completely. The two little ladies were bursting with pride at this triumphant result of their labours, but Peter wagged his tail furiously and expressed his disapproval in every hair.

Photo by] [*Hana.*

"Altogether the most superlative cat."

"Good-bye, darling, *darling*," said the little sisters, "we shall come back this afternoon, Peter, and hear everybody admiring our lovely pussy. Peter, darling, kiss me," and Miss Janet knelt on the dusty floor and put her face to the wire cage, regardless of spectators. But Peter refused. He was furious at the trick played upon him; he wanted his soft, green lawn, and he swore at Miss Janet and dashed his angry tail against the bars. Miss Janet rose hurriedly and without another look at him hurried out of the hall. Neither sister spoke for a long time; then Miss Janet said tremulously—

"He doesn't like it, dear Adelaide; I wish we had known."

"Oh, well!" said Miss Adelaide, with determined cheerfulness, "It is only until five o'clock, and he will forget all about it when he is home again."

"I never dreamed he would dislike it," faltered Miss Janet, and she could not enjoy the Lisbury shop windows as she had anticipated, because of a continuous mist before her eyes.

At half past four the Misses Gordon hurried back to the Town Hall. Without looking to the right or left the sisters worked their way through the crowd until they reached Peter.

"Pe——" they began simultaneously, but the word died away on their lips. Another card was hung on Peter's cage, and it bore the word "SOLD" in large red letters. Miss Adelaide turned very white, but Miss Janet flew to the nearest attendant and grasped the man's arm.

"What—what does this mean?" she stammered, pointing to the card, her voice harsh and strained.

"The cat was bought, ma'am, almost directly we opened," said the man, with a broad grin of congratulation.

"Bought?" gasped the old ladies.

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"Yes, ma'am. By Mr. Anstruther, the American gent. I heard him say he was in luck to get such a fine specimen. Colonel Ross will tell you about it, ma'am."

The two little figures stood there gazing at Peter without moving or speaking. Peter had quite got over his fit of sulks. He was tired and cramped, and wanted to be let out and taken home. He mewed to that effect and stretched his furry paws through the bars towards his mistresses. What had come over them to change them like this?

It was more than the old ladies could stand. They did not cry or faint, but there came a loud buzzing in their ears; the hall, with all the cages, began to turn round and round, and above everything sounded Peter's plaintive cries.

"We must find Colonel Ross," said Miss Adelaide at last in a husky whisper.

The manager of the Cat Show knew the Misses Gordon well. He started up with concern when the sisters appeared before him, pale and wild-eyed.

"My dear ladies——" he began, but Miss Adelaide interrupted. In a few sentences she had poured out the whole tragedy. Colonel Ross's eyes began to twinkle mutinously, but the miserable faces sobered him.

"I will go and tell Anstruther at once," he said kindly; "don't you fret, Miss Gordon, Miss Janet. I am sure he will give the cat back. Pray sit down—I won't be long."

Not a word passed between the two old ladies during his absence. When they heard his returning footsteps they jumped up in an agony of suspense.

"Anstruther was very loth to give him up, I can tell you," said the Colonel smiling; "but I prevailed upon him, so you can go and rescue Peter when you please."

"Oh, Colonel Ross!" cried the old ladies, and there were tears in each voice.

"Quite so, quite so," said the Colonel hastily, in deadly terror of hysterics; "suppose we go and let him out at once?"

The sisters followed him in silence. Colonel Ross beckoned to the attendant to unlock the cage, and Peter stepped out, purring, triumphant.

In an instant Miss Janet had him tightly clasped in her arms, and Miss Adelaide smothered his broad head with kisses. They were trotting out of the hall in a tremendous hurry when a thought suddenly struck them.

"Oh! Colonel Ross, we have never thanked you," they said breathlessly, and Miss Janet added incoherently, "Forgive our rudeness, pray, but the thought of losing him has been such a shock to us."

"And you have thrown twenty pounds into the gutter, Miss Janet," said the Colonel, shaking his head gravely.

"But we have got Peter back!" cried the Misses Gordon in an ecstatic duet.

And such being the case, it was surely superfluous of the old ladies to cry over their recovered treasure all the way home.

HONEY HILLS, ON THE OUSE, NEAR BEDFORD.

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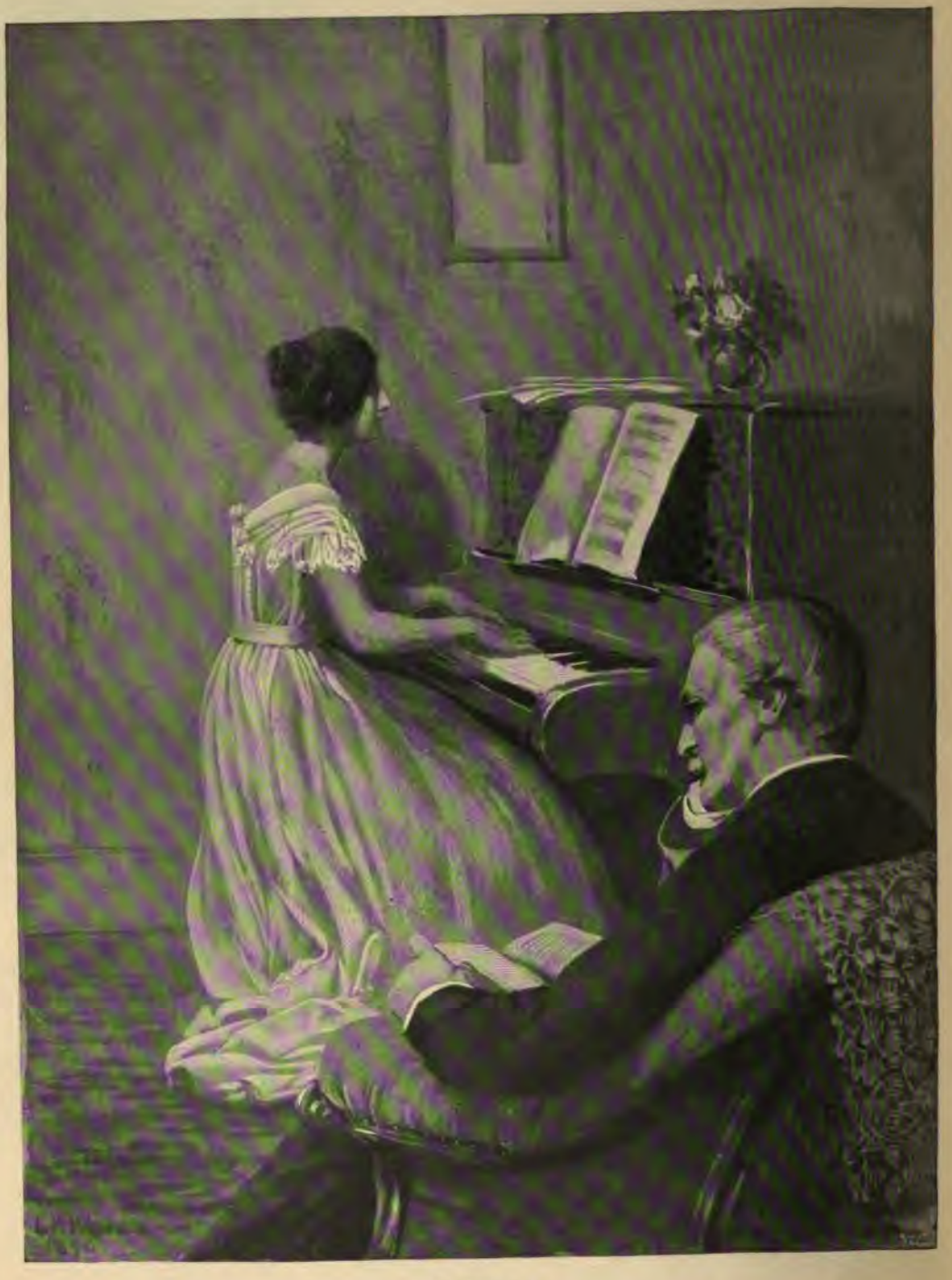

Evensong.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LUCY E. KEMP-WELCH.

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THE WEDDING RUN OF SKIPPER BAIN

By Walter Wood.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

THE residents in Whincup's Yard, at Rockborough, were uncontrollably excited. There was to be a wedding from one of the cottages, and such a wedding that not since the last funeral had there been so great a talk and general commotion. Skipper Bain, the aristocrat of the Yard, the sole owner of the smack *My Pretty Love*, the man who employed labour, wore boots that were sometimes blacked, and considered washed hands and face and a clean celluloid collar *de rigueur* for the Sabbath when in port, was to be married to Carrie Dawson, the daughter of old Dawson, the marine store proprietor round the corner, who was supposed to have done well out of trade, and even better out of his share in an illicit still which had once upon a time been run in a secret cave along the coast.

No Whincup's Yarder ever questioned Miss Dawson's claims to gentility, or denied that Skipper Bain was a leader of fashion; because on one memorable occasion they had, in the glory of their best garments, joined the Church Parade on the Esplanade, and the sensation which they made had impressed itself lastingly upon the memory of the Yarders. By that achievement it was considered that the pair had put themselves on a level with the nobility and gentry who visited Rockborough, and that they were justified in setting up house away from the Yard and the Harbour, and the mere fisherfolk, as they intended to do. Indeed, it was common knowledge that already Skipper Bain had secured a small new brick dwelling which had no sea view. It was also currently reported that he was effecting its purchase through a building society, and that Miss Dawson had already engaged a girl from the local workhouse who was to act as domestic servant, and had boasted that the day would come when she would ride a bicycle, and her husband would be a Town Councillor. No open enmity was actually shown against Miss Dawson, but it was considered that at times she forgot herself, and failed to remember that in the days of her youth she was in such poor circumstances that she was reduced to the necessity of making her frock serve the dual purpose of that garment and a pocket-handkerchief.

On this burning June day all the Yarders had abandoned their stifling dens and the neighbourhood of the open drain, and the crab-pots and the nets, and taken seats on the timber at the landing. They were watching the harbour tug towing *My Pretty Love* to sea, and could hear the voice of her master on the bridge as he gave his orders to the man in the engine-room below him. "Back port—'ead starb'd—stop. All tight—go on," and the churning of the water in the Harbour as the smack was dragged unwillingly into the Bay.

The sun shone on the warm brown sails of the smack as she showed broadside on to the watchers, and she gave a stately bow as she rose to the swell that rolled round the foot of the Castle Hill and outer pier into

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the Bay. They watched her disappear in the wake of the pulling tug, and continued to watch until she had been towed past the pier and was lost behind the Hill. Then their tongues wagged until the tug came snorting back, and was berthed again at the quay side.

"*There's* a swell smack for you," said Mrs. Brady, a fisherman's wife around whose ample form two children were playing hide-and-seek. "There's never a sweller sails out o' Rockborough."

"They tell me Bain spent ten pound on paintin' an' fettlin' 'er up for this trip," said another woman, Mrs. Breaks.

"Ah, 'e'll be more careful of 'is sovereigns when 'e gets wed to Carrie Dawson—she'll want all 'e can spare, and as much more as she can get," said Mrs. Brady darkly. By way of giving further vent to her feelings she cuffed the eldest child, her first-born, invariably addressed by her as William Ennery, soundly on the head, and commanded him to be less violent in his movements, or he would be upsetting her.

"Carrie Dawson appeared."

"Upstart!" continued Mrs. Brady. "Who is Carrie Dawson? Who is she that she should set up for bein' better nor Whincup's Yarders?"

Mrs. Brady threw this out as a sort of general challenge, but as no one took it up she cuffed the head of William Henry afresh, and intimated that if he collided with her again as he had just done she would knock him, without further notice, into the water. Heedless of the threat, he projected himself against his mother with increased violence, under the excitement of the supposition that he was a condemned criminal who was pursued by the hangman, that functionary, in the dual character of the Lord Chief Justice and a jury, having a moment before tried and found him guilty of a round of gruesome crimes. The cuff having knocked the talented youth to the ground, he fell an easy prey to the executioner, who forthwith led him into Whincup's Yard to hang him from a door-knob with a piece of worsted, cunningly and surreptitiously unrove for the purpose from his stockings.

"A miserable nob'dy," continued Mrs. Brady, folding her arms in peace, now that the children had left.

"But she think's she's somebody," said Mrs. Breaks. "Oh, my! doesn't she toss 'er 'ed now-a-days? She might be goin' to marry a king instead of only a skipper."

"Without reflectin' on *captings*," said Mrs. Brady, with great emphasis and a belligerent look at Mrs. Breaks—Mr. Brady was the skipper of a herring-mule, which carried three hands, and Mr. Breaks was merely the third hand of a smack—"Carrie Dawson certainly is the brazenest female in these parts. The way she ran after Charlie Bain was enough to turn you sick. I call it kidnappin'."

"He fell a' easy prey," Mrs. Breaks admitted gloomily. "Not a gull to the fowler more so."

"That Carrie Dawson is genteel I won't deny," said Mrs. Brady. "It would be a sin to do so, for she buys 'er bonnets 'an dresses at the best shops, and there's no denyin' that she can play the pianner nearly as well as a' Italian plays 'is organ. Nor can it be said that Charlie Bain is not a gentleman. Born and bred in the Yard, 'e is a credit to it. Livin' as I do, and 'ave done all my wedded life, next door to 'im, I can say that 'e 'as led a sober and respectable life. There's been no 'Jolly Mariners' for him, and no reckless spendin' of money that should go to wives an' families."

The speaker looked meaningly at Mrs. Breaks, whose husband was, of common knowledge, a backslider and drunkard, and admittedly the most disreputable member of the Yard.

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"But into the Penny Bank it's gone, when it's come to him, and has there been makin' interest," she added.

"He mightn't 'ave been so rich if 'e 'adn't 'ave 'ad *My Pretty Love* left to 'im," said Mrs. Breaks. "There's more than Charlie Bain could be good an' wear collars if they got smacks given to 'em by their fathers."

She was thinking of her loving but too easily tempted husband, even now in the "Jolly Mariners," when he should have been at sea, convinced that he could still be redeemed if somebody would present him with a steam trawler or a smack, and so enable him to win back his self-respect.

"But that's wide o' the question," said Mrs. Brady, who, as a talking member of the Pleasant Monday Evenings for Women, had developed an argumentative trait of unyielding quality. "We mustn't quarrel about either Charlie Bain or Carrie Dawson. She's got 'im—fair means or foul, don't matter—and she'll keep 'im. If she'd had her way, he wouldn't ha' gone fishin' this time, seein' that the weddin's fixed for Saturday week. It's now Wednesday. He reckons on bein' on the Dogger to-morrow, and, less Sunday, that he'll be able to fish till next Wednesday. Then he'll run in, get 'ere by Thursday, an' if he has a good lot o' fish—an' he mostly has—sell it an' have a nicer nest-egg nor ever to begin his married life with."

"An' what'll 'e do if it's a dead calm for a week or two when he's got out?" asked Mrs. Breaks.

"He'll get 'ome, sure enough," said Mrs. Brady. "Trust 'im."

"If he doesn't, I'll warrant that hussy'll go out an' fetch 'im," replied Mrs. Breaks. "Is this kidnappin' womanly?" she demanded, feeling vaguely that Miss Dawson's conduct was a reflection on the sex at large.

"'Sh!" whispered Mrs. Brady. "Here she comes."

Carrie Dawson appeared suddenly, and an awkward silence fell upon the Yarders. She joined them, flushed with her brisk walk, tall and handsome, good-humoured and pleasant, and with a perfect friendliness of demeanour. The truth was, the Yarders were annoyed that Carrie Dawson and Charlie Bain were about to leave the homely neighbourhood of the Yard and the Harbour, and to mix in a society which would make it imperative in future for the Yarders to say "Mr." and "Mrs." in their dealings with the married pair.

Carrie knew of her good fortune in securing Bain, and was proud of it. She was perfectly well aware also of the jealousy of the Yarders, and, generous though she was by nature, could not help feeling satisfaction in the knowledge that she could triumph easily over them. Her only fear now was that something unexpected might turn up to put the wedding off, and if the skipper had listened to her pleadings he would not have run the risk of detention on the fishing grounds, and would not have put to sea at all.

"Been watchin' *My Pretty Love* go out o' the Bay?" asked Mrs. Brady with amazing affability, considering the nature of her recent observations.

"Her loving but too easily tempted husband."

"Yes, she's just got past the hill; there's a fair breeze for her," answered Carrie.

"It's fair now—maybe it won't be for long," said Mrs. Breaks lugubriously. "It'll be a sad thing if a calm comes on for a week or two when Charlie's got on to the Dogger."

"*Mr.* Bain," said the young lady, bridling up, "will know how to deal with a calm."

"Well, I hope nothing'll come in to prevent 'im from bein' at the church in time," said Mrs. Breaks more dismally. "With a steamboat you can tell where you are, but not wi' sails. I mind the time when my man—'e was fleetin' then—was away for a two months' trip in winter, an' the skipper thought he'd stay out a week or two longer, so's they could spend Christmas ashore. So they stayed, and sailed away to be 'ere for Christmas. An' did they come? No. They got within sight o' the shore, an' was kept off, not only for Christmas Day, but for New Year's Day—aye, an' for many a day after that, too. I 'ope it won't be so with Charlie Bain," concluded Mrs. Breaks, but in a tone which implied that she feared and rather trusted it would.

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"What's put such ridiculous nonsense into your head?" demanded Carrie angrily, looking from one to the other of the gossips.

"These things *will* 'appen," said Mrs. Breaks. "You never know what may come at a weddin', 'cos you can't be sure o' the bridegroom. Now, wi' a fun'ral it's different, 'cos you know the corpse can't run away."

With swimming eyes and a quick, resentful look at the women, Carrie turned away and hurried home. In spite of herself, the croaking of the dismal Mrs. Breaks affected her, and she could not restrain her tears.

"'Now, wi' a fun'ral it's different.'"

"Oh, if he *shouldn't* come in time!" she murmured. But the mere thought was so unendurable that she set to work instantly to formulate a plan for getting her beloved home in case of calm or unfavourable winds. That he would be so base and faithless as not to come at all she did not for one moment suppose. But she knew what the North Sea was, and the freaks it was in the habit of performing. She had seen too much of its wickedness not to believe readily that it was quite capable of so misconducting itself as to keep her lover from her, regardless of the fact that his presence at church would be so essential to the performance of the wedding ceremony. She confided her fears to her father, and the old gentleman, being of a somewhat gloomy turn of mind, and remembering how his own most cherished schemes of whiskey-running had in years gone by been brought to nought by weather and the Excise, opined that it was quite on the cards that Charlie would be prevented from keeping his engagement. "But," said he, "we'll keep him up to the scratch, even if we've to hire a tug to go an' fetch him in."

"A tug!" exclaimed Carrie. "You dear old man! The very idea I wanted!"

She threw her arms around her father's neck, and Mr. Dawson was so greatly moved by this unusual outburst of affection that the tears rose in his eyes, and the smoke of his pipe went into his throat and promised fair to choke him.

In the meantime Skipper Bain was bowling towards the Dogger with a brisk beam wind. *My Pretty Love* could sail, and she was sailing now.

Bain was in high spirits, and would not

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have given twopence to call a king his father. Going south, across the smack's bows, was a torpedo gunboat, and by way of showing his contentment and peace of mind the skipper waved his hand towards her, and said that, as a mere show, he rather thought *My Pretty Love* took the shine out of her. "There's no poetry in her," he said, leaning against the bulwarks and lighting his pipe. "Compare her with this smack, and where is she? What is she? Who does she belong to? Whose property is she? You can't point to her owner, for every Tom, Dick, and Harry in the country's got a share in her."

"Ah, it isn't like ownin' a smack," said the mate, who had the tiller, and who thought that to possess a smack was the summit of earthly riches and respectability. "The commander o' that Government boat can be shifted any time, but the owner of a smack, never, unless he sells out."

"Boy," commanded the skipper, "bring up two bottles of beer and a pint pot—you and me, William, will drink to *My Pretty Love* here, and the prettier one ashore."

"Your 'ealth, skipper," said William, working the tiller with his knees as he drank from the foaming mug. He finished the liquor, and wondered if another bottle would follow; but Bain was frugal with his beer, and William wished he had not been so hasty and had lingered over his allowance.

"Rouse up there," shouted Bain, putting his head down the hatchway.

The crew appeared on deck, wondering what the matter was. "Now, lads," said the skipper, "this is my wedding run, as you know. I've kept a little surprise for you. Every penny that comes from this trip you shall share amongst yourselves. What you've got to do is to fish for all you're worth. The harder you work the more you'll get. I want this trip to be remembered."

The gratified and astonished smacksmen dispersed, after having rather sheepishly thanked Bain, and they said amongst themselves that that trip would indeed be remembered, for not every week did it happen that a crew were able to annex the profit, altogether irrespective of the skipper or owner.

It was remembered, but not as they had hoped, for the trawl was not down once from the time *My Pretty Love* left harbour until her ignominious return.

This ill-luck was due solely to the prevalence of a calm which settled over the Dogger as soon as the smack had got there. So stagnant was the air that all the crew could do was to speak strong words and look darkly. They quarrelled as much as they dared, for Bain was a strict skipper, and having the reputation of being a scholar—he was known to be a subscriber to the Mechanics' and Literary Institute—he inspired very general obedience and maintained good order.

"Two days gone, skipper, an' not the gear down once," said the mate. "I'm tired o' doin' nothing but sleepin' an' eatin'. It's enough to madden a man to be stuck like this, an' see them steam trawlers just scoopin' up the fish as they like."

"There's sure to be a breeze before long," replied Bain, half angrily, for he was beginning to feel scared. He was a hundred miles from home, and if this weather lasted, how was he ever to appear at his own wedding at the appointed time?

"All the crew could do was to speak strong words and look darkly."

The calmness was unbroken until the Wednesday night, and as he gazed at the unblinking and shameless moon, Skipper Bain was in a state of mental prostration. This was more than unlucky; it was appalling. If he did not appear to time it would be considered that he was faithless; and he had an overwhelming fear that the women, and especially those of the Yard, conceiving that they had been robbed of one of their dearest rights in not having the wedding according to schedule, might possibly go so far as to mob him.

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He was reflecting moodily, when a Rockborough screw trawler came thudding insolently past him, her gear down. She was going slowly, and the crew were leaning over the bulwarks, smoking, at peace with the world. The skipper, who was quite a man of fashion in his way, and somewhat of a rival to Bain, was lounging on the tiny bridge, clad only in what he called his "panjamas," for the night was hot.

"Got much fish?" asked the steamer's skipper affably, knowing that *My Pretty Love* could not possibly have had her trawl down since she left port. "I'm simply sinkin' wi' it."

Bain, seeing the sarcasm, scorned to answer.

"You'll ha' to be gettin' a pair o' bellises an' blowin' the smack 'ome if you want to be in time for the weddin'," said the steamer's skipper, and his lazying crew laughed loudly at the sally. "I'll get my gear up, an' tow you in for a fifty-pun' note," added the pyjama-clad figure. His voice was somewhat faint now, the steamer having got past the smack, but the tones were very clear.

Bain was seldom moved to lose his temper, but this was more than he could endure. "I'll see you at the bottom first!" he shouted angrily.

There was a loud roar of merriment from the screwboat as she churned her way northward—the skipper vowing, in his mirth, that Charlie was a very naughty man, he really was; and that when he, the skipper, got ashore, he would tell his missis-that-was-to-be what he had said, he really would, and trust to her to teach him better.

Thursday morning came, and revealed on the deck of *My Pretty Love* her skipper, haggard, unwashed, disheartened and unshorn.

He had had no sleep, and did not want any breakfast. All sorts of desperate ideas passed through his mind, but he could do nothing, for *My Pretty Love* was now alone on the waters. He bitterly regretted that he had not accepted the offer of a tow. It would have been a rather expensive luxury, even at half the price the screwboat's skipper had jocosely named; but better lose a few pounds than be laughed at, and perhaps mobbed, by the disappointed females of the Yard.

At noon a breeze sprang up, a mild, gentle, sighing air; and it came, such as it was, dead against the smack, tempting the skipper to observe groaningly that the Evil One clearly ruled all things maritime.

"It's no use," said the mate, shaking his head, as one who had gone through many tribulations, and saw more ahead; "it's no use. We're a phantomed (he meant fated) ship, an' no better nor the *Flyin' Dutchman*."

They tacked throughout that day, and at night had made a little progress. Then the wind was kinder to them, and got them further on their voyage; but on the Friday morning they were still seventy miles from home, and not making more than two knots an hour.

"We shall never do it," said the mate, and he found such a fearful joy in his misery now, that he sincerely hoped they would not, and thereby spoil his pleasure.

More beating to windward, and a little more progression, grudgingly allowed by wind and water, more croaking on the part of the mate, who opined that if the wind got stronger at all, it would be entirely off shore, and would come so hard that the smack would have to turn to sea and run for it. This he assumed because of the prolonged calm, which, he said, had given the elements time to collect themselves. "But," he said, with a painful effort at cheerfulness, "it's a' ill wind that don't do nobody no good, an' even if it should put a weddin' off, think 'ow it'll 'elp the ships that want to get to Germany an' Norway." He took care, all the same, not to speak like this to Bain, who, he verily believed, in his aggravated frame of mind, would be quite capable of doing bodily harm to anyone who crossed his path in the wrong direction.

At daybreak on the Saturday the smack was twenty miles from Rockborough, and the breeze being more favourable she was, by ten o'clock, ten miles distant from the Castle Hill and the Harbour. Then the wind died away again, and the skipper gazed helplessly towards the shore. There was now a very good prospect indeed of being becalmed until after the hour fixed for the ceremony.

"What's to be done? What's to be done?" inquired the haggard bridegroom.

"What about the boat?" asked the mate, not that he supposed his question would do anything more than add to the agony of his commander. The boat was a great clumsy thing which it would take twenty minutes to get overboard; and as for rowing it ten miles—the mere thought was too oppressive to be entertained. Ten miles—a bluff, heavy craft, and against a strong ebb tide! He spurned the idea of it, from the practicable point of view.

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Skipper Bain gazed hard at the mate; then his eyes flashed fire.

He darted forward, raised a heavy hand, and smote the mate a terrific blow on the shoulder.

"That's it!" he roared. "What a fool I am, never to have thought of it! The very thing! Now, we'll get the boat over, and you shall come with me and help to row!"

"But——" began the mate, affrighted and aghast.

"No buts—quick about it. You and me and Jack will get ashore in time, or kill ourselves."

"This isn't *my* weddin'," grumbled the mate; but he saw a look in the skipper's eye which prevented him from saying more.

They got the boat over—Bain, the mate, and the fourth hand—and the rest were left to bring *My Pretty Love* to harbour if the wind sprang up, and if it did not, to wait until the skipper sent a tug.

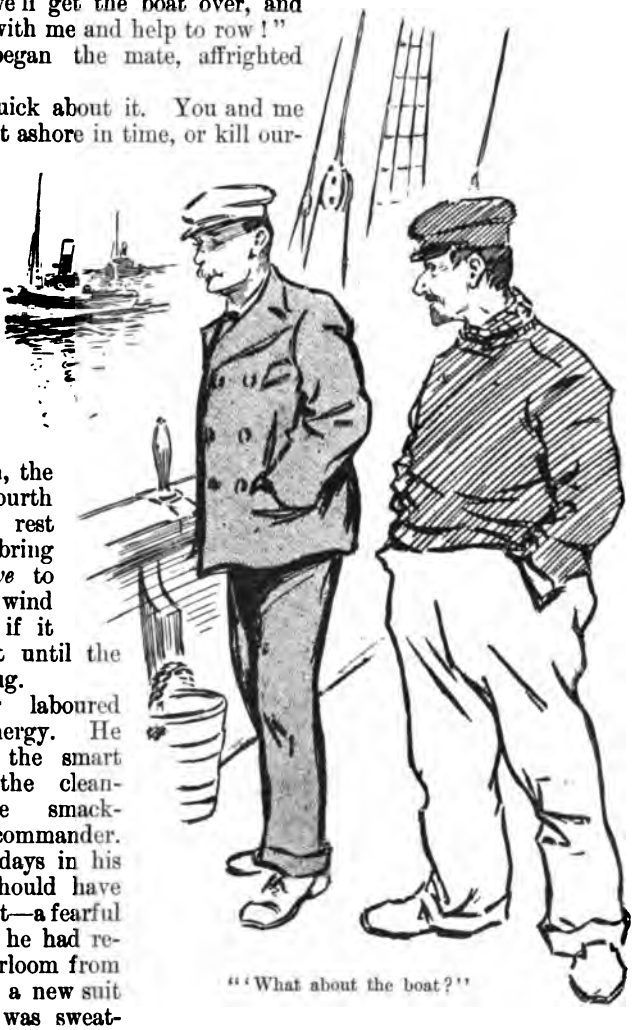
The skipper laboured with frantic energy. He was no longer the smart Charlie Bain, the clean-shaven, spruce smack-owner and commander. On this of all days in his life, when he should have been in a silk hat—a fearful ornament which he had received as an heirloom from his father—and a new suit and gloves, he was sweating, unwashed, haggard, untidy, with a muffler round his neck, and a week's growth of moustache and beard waiting for the razor. He perspired and swore at his work, hoping even yet to be in time to dress for the wedding.

"There's one o' the paddle-boats comin' out," said the mate, almost fainting. "Looks like the *Jolly Tar*. Couldn't you get 'im to turn an' pull us in for a sovereign or two?"

"Go on rowing," said Bain remorselessly. "Never you mind steamboats. We could be in by the time it would take to make him understand what we wanted."

So they went sullenly on, and the paddle-trawler thumped clumsily away.

"I'm goin' to rest, I'm bein' killed," groaned the mate, when they had struggled to within two miles of the shore.



"'What about the boat?'"

"I'll sack you, if you do," threatened the skipper.

"You can chuck me overboard if you like," returned the mate defiantly, "but I'm goin' to rest. Just you remember that the agreement don't say nothin' about weddin' runs, either for skippers or anybody else." He delivered the concluding words with fine scorn.

"No," said the fourth hand, passing the sleeve of his jumper across his brow; "an' a fat lot we shall lose by bein' sacked, judgin' by the profits o' this trip."

"Look here, there's a sovereign apiece for you if you do it," said Bain desperately, looking at his watch. "It's one o'clock."

"Now that's sense," said the mate.

The fourth hand readily agreed that it was, and they set to work with amazing renewed energy.

"That steamboat's stopped near the smack," said the fourth hand, "an' is scootin' back. Whatever's the meanin' of it?"

"Never mind," shouted Skipper Bain; "it's no business of ours. Let her scoot."

"I can't do it, not for ten sovereigns," said the mate, collapsing finally.

"Nor me," added the fourth hand. "This

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boat wasn't built for racin'. You can't do it wi' such a run o' ebb as this."

"Wait for the steamboat," said the mate, folding his arms.

At last the skipper abandoned hope. Strong and energetic as he was, he could not row the boat alone, and he sank upon a thwart and stared heavily at the steamer.

The *Jolly Tar* was clearly making for them, and rapidly bore down.

"Seems like to run into us an' sink us," commented the mate.

"I wish she would," groaned the skipper, feeling that this would at any rate be a final solution of the difficulty.

"'E's 'ailin' us!" cried the mate. "An' by George! there's a woman on the bridge!"

Bain started up and stared at the advancing steamer. Power of speech left him, for he saw that the woman who was peeping over the bridge was Carrie.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the skipper of the *Jolly Tar*, removing from his mouth a cigar—cheap, and plenty of it—which Mr. Dawson had pressed upon his acceptance. "Is Charlie Bain there? His missis 'as come for 'im. She wants 'im very partic'lar." He grinned and the crew grinned. This was the funniest bit of work they had done for many a long day, and they could enjoy it to the full, as they were being paid for it. Chartered by Mr. Dawson to run out and produce the skipper of *My Pretty Love*, she had hailed the smack and learned that he was even then toiling in the boat towards the shore.

Carrie, in her distress, had gone out with the tug, and now she cried somewhat hysterically, "Charlie!"

"Aye, aye," responded the skipper, finding his voice at last.

"We shall be just in time for church," she added. "Will you come on board, or stay in the boat and be towed?"

"You tumble aboard an' leave the two to bring the boat in," said the skipper of the paddle-boat.

"Not me," said the alarmed mate. "Just you 'eave a line an' tow us."

The steamer lunged up, and the boat was taken in tow after Bain had clambered on board.

Carrie conducted Charlie to the cabin, and the crew, kind and rough, and enjoying the affair immensely, helped her to array him for church, for she told him the arrangement was they should go straight there, the clergyman, and doubtless everybody else, being then in attendance.

The *Jolly Tar* steamed to the end of the pier, bellowing triumph from her syren, the skipper imagining that the occasion demanded all the *éclat* he could lend to it, and the pair walked to the church through an avenue of curious onlookers, and were married amid general excitement.

Mrs. Breaks, who was there, smiled grimly, and asked Mrs. Brady if she had not prophesied truly in saying that Carrie Dawson would have Charlie Bain, even if she had to run out to sea and fetch him in.

Mrs. Brady felt that the exhibition reflected discredit on the Yarders, and made no answer. But she relieved her feelings by cuffing William Henry, who was conveniently near her for the purpose.

When Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bain were within doors at the residence of Mr. Dawson, the bride took the opportunity, while helping her husband into his wedding garments—if he had not worn them at the ceremony, there was no reason, she said, why he should not appear at the banquet in them—to intimate what their future joint course of action should be.

"Now," said Carrie, "we'll begin with a clear understanding. I've had such a scare over this that it'll last me for a lifetime."

"And what do you want?" asked Skipper Bain, very amiable now that the worst was over.

"You've to sell the smack—and leave the sea," said Mrs. Bain, as one laying down an unalterable law.

The skipper laughed. That was all, but it meant that he would not and could not do this thing.

"Either that, or—leave me," said the bride.

"But it's a wild, mad, impossible notion," said the skipper.

"*My Pretty Love* will fetch £500; you've got as much in the bank; father's giving me as much as that, and he'll retire from business if you will sell out and take it on. I talked it over with him when I found that you didn't turn up in time."

The skipper gasped. "But——" he began objectingly.

"Either yes or no, Charlie—you know what I am," said the inflexible bride.

The skipper did know, and could not help himself. He tried to reason, but was refused a hearing, and at last, with feigned reluctance, but in reality with considerable satisfaction, he succumbed. He had had enough of the North Sea, and was content to know that he must do his future fishing from the shore, with a rod.

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Denise.

BY HENRY RYLAND.

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"YOU had better take a free hand about those Autumn Manœuvres," wrote the kindly editor. I have taken a free hand. This is the interesting and valuable result.

Up at six. Hurried breakfast. Two miles on foot to the railway station; then to Salisbury, Andover, and Ludgershall. The camp was reached by a short walk, a little over a mile, before ten o'clock. The road —a ready-made one—led over the fields, through gateways where the gates were thrown down, and hedges trampled flat to the soil.

The camp itself was delightfully situated, and struck me as looking like a gigantic picnic. Rows of tents, mathematically exact as to position, extended in every direction, and at each corner of the rectangle of space occupied by a regiment was planted a flag—a small one—bearing either the name of the battalion or its coat-of-arms; numbers, it seems, are obsolete.

All the troops were out. No men were in camp save those on camp duty, a few men in hospital, and a numerous body strongly in evidence doing duty as cooks, in readiness for the hungry army which was expected, ravenous, at half-past three.

Six thousand infantry, a few batteries of artillery, and a detachment of cavalry made up the force quartered here, I was told.

I first of all spent an hour or two sauntering through the long lines of tents, all much the same for accommodation of general, officer, or private, save that the privates sleep sixteen in a tent, the general in solitary glory. One man remarked, on waking in the morning, "Our heads is right enough, but I'm blowed if one can tell who the legs belongs to." They evidently lie like spokes in a wheel, the thirty-two feet forming the hub.

I blundered next into the lines of some Lancers. The effect was very pretty and suggestive, so much so that I made a drawing of it, which is at your service on page 615. The two lines of horses stood between two lines of tents, each line of horses tethered to a rope pegged down to the ground. The near hind foot was also fastened to a peg by a strap round the fetlock joint. Hay was before them in bundles. Behind each horse was its impedimenta, and at intervals all down this street of white canvas stood groups of lances stuck in the ground.

We then heard firing, but at a great distance, and after a fruitless effort to locate it, we set off on speculation, which resulted in a long walk of some miles, and nothing tangible at the end of it. Coming back, we fortunately managed to intercept a long

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column of men—between three and four thousand, I should guess. They were marching in easy order, white with chalk, and looking as if they had had quite enough of it. We followed the column into camp, when, as the men broke off, they put aside their burdens, glad to lie down. One of the first duties of the footsore men was to show their feet, and at the cry of "Doctor!" a primitive and very undress parade was carried out.

Many eyes were now wandering towards the cooks' fires, and in a short time Tommy Atkins was beginning to enjoy himself.

We had eaten our lunch and fallen asleep, for early rising and fresh air conduce to such results, when we were awakened by vociferous shouts. They, the soldiers, were playing football—actually playing football with a large and as yet undigested dinner concealed about their persons, after all those weary hours of soldiering in the dust and heat. We then joined the watering parties. These were very interesting. From all parts of the camp came different strings of horses, mounted by every description of man in every description of dress.

Most of the parties rode away quite out of our ken, but one or two came to some shallow pools at the bottom of the downs. Here, one horse, ridden barebacked, for reasons known only to himself, became fractious, and after a battle royal with his rider, threw him and went away up the fields in a series of buck-jumps, and finally disappeared in triumph and a cloud of chalk dust.

I had an interesting conversation with a corporal. "Will you tell me," said I, "why a lot of men go down into the little town in stable jackets, filthy trousers, smothered in sweat and chalk dust, and a few others, notably those two Highlanders in white undress jackets, are turned out smart as a new pin?"

"Well," said the corporal reflectively, "different men has different motives. Some goes into town to see their wives and sweethearts, and some goes in for beer. But you may conclude, if you meets me in the High

"You may take a horse to water—but——"

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Street of an evening, looking smart, it certainly wouldn't be for beer."

Another day in another camp brought many fresh facts to light, and few more gratifying ones than the kindly feeling existing between officer and private soldier. As the wearied soldiers marched in after a heavy field day, time and again did I see a stalwart young officer take a boy soldier's rifle from him, and in more than one instance the knapsack too, and, moreover, walk by his side to cheer him up. I saw one private accept his officer's arm gratefully, but refuse to give up his rifle.

My experience of Atkins in camp and in manœuvres had been so interesting that I looked forward to the climax on the 8th of August with great interest. Fifty-three thousand men were present at the march past.

The excitement was immense in the little village of Redlynch, where I had pitched my tent, but I wished that the enthusiasm had not blossomed quite so early—the first batch of sightseers went through the village at 1.10 a.m. on the 8th.

My friends and myself left at a quarter to seven and walked a mile and a half to the station. The train was nearly an hour late and was practically full when it did arrive. Two hundred and fifty people were waiting on the platform—this I verified from the station-master. The result was a fearful struggle, carried out in very rough fashion, but in all good humour. Porton was our destination, and in company with hundreds of others we started off across the downs to Boscombe Down.

We were in good time, and just as I was settling myself on the ground Lord Wolseley rode past within a few yards; I looked at my watch—it was one minute to eleven as he passed the cordon of police on to the review ground; a case of time to the minute. Nearing the close of matters we witnessed an exciting charge. A hare was put up. She ran along in front of us for some distance, but, shying at some cavalry, deliberately turned and tore down the hill, where the greater part of the infantry were stationed. She dodged in and out of the regiments in surprising fashion, and was last seen emerging on the further hill, safe and sound.

"The Campbells are coming."

Now for the story of "the rick that failed." At 10.30 that morning I saw two enterprising people astride this rick, accompanied by a stoutish lady and gentleman, holding to the ridge and lying flat on the thatch. From this altitude they got a capital view of the ground. An hour later that rick was black with spectators. But—it had sunk at least six feet, with a proportionate increase of circumference. My last view was of a straw ruin, from which struggling atoms were in vain trying to extricate themselves.

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THE LANCERS CAMP.

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One episode to close these notes. There was a delightful colour-sergeant who had given me much information in a certain camp. He had noticed me handling my sketch-book, and had observed that I drew in some things carefully, and left others out altogether. In answer to a query I said, "There is much in Nature that would be obtrusive in Art."

The sergeant mused over this observation, and took time to digest it.

At that moment I saw an excellent subject in an adjacent harvest-field—some rough flirtations, of a perfectly innocent character, carried on between the gleaners and some embryo field-marshals.

THE HARE THAT CHARGED AN ARMY.

"No, sir," said the sergeant, "don't put that in. You see, if it came out in your paper, the public would say what a wild lot we are!"

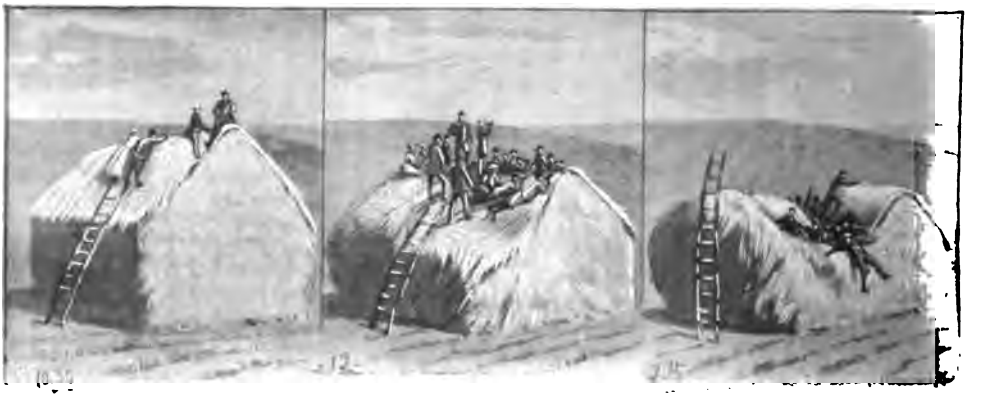
At this moment a pretty young country-woman carrying a basket came up the hill and kissed the sergeant before the horrified eyes of the scandalised public.

"Well, sergeant," said I, "'what a wild lot we are!'"

"Not in this case, I think, sir—God bless you. How's the young one?—my wife, sir," in explanation.

"I must make a sketch of this little episode, sergeant," said I.

"Better not, sir, better not," replied the sergeant, "for, as you said just now, '*There's some things in Nature as would be obtrusive in Art.*'"



THE RICK THAT FAILED.

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THE POSSIBILITIES OF ENTERTAINING.

By Dayrell Trelawney.

Illustrated by D. B. Waters.

SUCH a limitless vista is opened out by the title I have selected that, appalled at the task, I am almost tempted to erase the word "possibilities" and substitute "limitations." To handle limitations with any interest or success is, however, reserved to a master hand, and on consideration I think it better not to court comparison.

There is no more tantalising attribute of the art of entertaining than its uncertainty. Most things, we are told, have their price. Amusement certainly has, and a very heavy price, too, sometimes. But the payment is not always possible by the mere signing of a cheque, for thousands may be spent in an evening for the entertainment of those who nevertheless may be bored to excess and uninterested in anything save the possibilities of an early departure. On the other hand, the most trivial expenditure, under a combination of happy circumstances, may conduce to the diversion of the most fastidious.

There are not, perhaps, two individuals whose ideas wholly coincide on the subject of amusement. What is pleasing to one is boring to another. Personal diversions, like national amusements, depend very much on the characteristics of those who indulge in them. Bull-fighting, with its cruel accessories, appeals to an excitable Southern nation in a way which it is difficult for Northerners to realise.

"Bull-fighting, with its cruel accessories, appeals to an excitable Southern nation."

There is no doubt that a man's pleasures are to a great extent an index to his character. Nero enjoyed watching the sufferings of the Christian martyrs; he fiddled when Rome was burning, and we may presume that it

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amused him to do so, otherwise it is difficult to realise the reason for such an act of supreme lunacy. It amused Cromwell to

"The five-hundred-pound bride cake."

indulge in horse-play with another regicide as together they signed the death warrant of King Charles. Endless is the list of those who, like them, "hated all innocent enjoyments." On the other hand, some of the greatest intellects have sought out simple and harmless pleasures.

On the whole I am inclined to think that great men are easier to amuse than small ones. If I were given a selection as to the class I should prefer to entertain, I should unhesitatingly reply, "Kings for choice." I am quite aware that such an answer would place my name on the list of snobs, which in itself would further my ambitions in the direction of entertaining royalty, for what

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could possibly entertain a king more than a snob?

Kings and queens are so easy to entertain. And by kings and queens I mean the whole race of men and women who, whatever their calling, reign paramount above all others in their own sphere. Gladstone, Irving, Patti, Tennyson, Leighton, Tolstoi, Ruskin, Bismarck—these and a score of other names occur to one instinctively as the subject of royal rulers claim our attention. Who shall deny to Kipling his right to reign supreme in the interpretation of the subtle language of the Indian jungle, or the spirit of the barrack room? Are there any who grudged the Laureate's crown to England's great poet who "crossed the bar" and left a nation mourning him?

There is no doubt that the power of entertaining should not be dependent upon the state of the exchequer, but there is equally no doubt that to a great extent it is. Those who lay themselves out as entertainers have a very natural tendency to secure for their guests "a new thing," a process which is praiseworthy but costly in the extreme. The expenditure lavished upon "Mrs. L.'s little dance," and "Lady C.'s cycling breakfast," the £2000 spent on flowers at a recent wedding, the £500 bride cake, the 30,000 francs' worth of presents at a cotillon, the private trains, yachts, balloons, motor carriages, cycles, coaches, steamers, houseboats, hunters, etc.—not to mention the more ordinary means of locomotion which now form the addition to many smart houses—and the stations, cycle-tracks, boathouses, stables, etc., which these necessitate, are enough to make the humbler individual bent on sociable hospitality slink back into his or her shell, appalled at the hopeless competition.

For these I have a consoling word. Let them not despair. It is possible for one's guests to be bored to extinction in the largest houseboat on the river, and yet to amuse themselves freely in a leaky old punt. I have seen a bishop thoroughly enjoy a game of "animal grab," and I have heard the Governor of one of our Colonies join contentedly in the chorus of "Three Little Pigs." It amused him very much, and created a great impression on his hearers, as he only got one correct note on an average out of every half-dozen. I have seen an attorney-general—yes, since you will have it, Sir Richard Webster—draw pigs with his eyes shut—lively, active-looking pigs, with tails like a well-made cork-screw, and eyes dotted in with a precision that almost hinted at previous practice—for of course, as everyone knows, though there is an art in drawing, blindfolded, a pig, to place his eye in the right place requires science, distinct science. Thus it will be seen that entertaining does not always cost fortunes, and with a game that has so many chances the rich and poor may alike make their bids with a fairly equal prospect of success.

Entertaining oneself is perhaps less difficult than amusing others, but it is a bad habit to fall into if we are ambitious to pose as good hosts. One of the most original experiments in the form of self-entertainment that ever came under my notice was the following: A friend of mine, with a talent for music and mischief combined, while on a visit to a bishop, disguised himself as a negro minstrel, hired a donkey-cart, and with a banjo "slung behind him," went off to the local races. Here he made a good harvest, chiefly from personal friends, and after an exciting day, was returning to get rid of his disguise when he came face to face with his host. Summoning all his courage, he dashed through a verse of a plantation song in his best style, and then politely held out his hat for a contribution. It may be that the prelate in question was more than usually genial—I think he was—or it may be that the bishops make a rule of always contributing to the collection; in any case, his lordship gave the musician some coppers, and it is difficult to say who entertained the other most. The quondam nigger-minstrel has since become a prime minister and a friend of princes; but if this should meet his eye, let him rest assured that I shall not divulge his name—so long, at least, as his politics remain as sound as they are now.

"How to entertain" would be an impossible title to do justice to; but I cannot help coming to the conclusion that we are all more likely to succeed by putting forth our best efforts of intellect and most amiable qualities of character ungrudgingly. Thus we shall be less likely to court failure. We all know the man who says, "Wretched dinner: beastly bad cigars!" just out of earshot of his host or hostess. But he cannot be counted a person to entertain; he is merely a creature to be fed, and his proper sphere is a restaurant, where he can—and usually does—quarrel about the bill and bully the waiter. But these are exceptions.

Tea is such a usual accompaniment to

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English milder forms of entertainment, that it is difficult to realise that in any part of the United Kingdom it should be impossible to procure. On the occasion of the visit of the Sultan of Johore to Woolwich Arsenal, a most amusing scene took place in this connection. The Sultan arrived somewhat unexpectedly with a suite of about a dozen gentlemen. After visiting various parts of the Arsenal, he was asked by the two officers told off to escort him if he would care to have some refreshment, and he replied that he would like some tea. After a long period of waiting, a soldier servant appeared on the scene with two cups and a vessel closely resembling a bedroom hot-water jug, the latter containing tea. One of the officers gave a hurried injunction to "get some more cups," whereupon the man answered, "That's all you've got, sir," and retired, only to be called back and asked why he had not brought any milk—to which he responded in an aggrieved voice, "You don't 'ave none other days, sir." The situation may be better imagined than described. The two hosts were ready to sink through the floor with confusion, for even if the Sultan were content with one saucerless cup of milkless tea, the twelve gentlemen of the suite could scarcely be expected to share the other. But the worst was yet to come, for after another painful interval the servant, somewhat ruffled no doubt at what appeared to him injustice, returned to say that he hadn't any money. As fate would have it, neither of the Sultan's hosts had a single copper handy! But the Sultan, after a little search, produced twopence and handed over the amount with a bland smile that absolutely prohibited the supposition of anything unusual. Presently more cups were borrowed and the milk duly procured; but it was the Sultan who saved the situation—wherefore, as I have said, let us for choice entertain kings.

"'Wretched dinner: beastly bad cigars!'"

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Illustrated by JOHN H. BACON.

CHAPTER XVII. (*continued*).

FOR the remainder of the day I saw nothing of Pharos. He had shut himself up in his cabin with only the monkey for company. Towards the end of the afternoon, however, he sent for the captain, and they remained closeted together for a quarter of an hour. When the latter appeared again, it was with an unusually white face. He passed me on the companion-ladder, and from the light I saw in his eyes I surmised that Pharos had been treating him to a sample of his ill-humour, and that he had come out of it considerably scared. Once more I partook of the evening meal alone, and, as I was by this time not only thoroughly tired of my own company, but worn out with anxiety and continual brooding upon one subject, I sought my couch at an early hour. My dreams that night were far from good. The recollection of that terrible afternoon in Hamburg, when Valerie had been taken ill, and Pharos had so unexpectedly appeared in time to save her, was sufficient to wake me up in a cold sweat of fear. When I had somewhat recovered, I became aware that someone was knocking on my cabin door. To my surprise it proved to be the captain.

"What is the matter?" I inquired, as he entered. "What brings you here?"

"I have come to you for your advice," he said nervously, as he fidgeted with his cap. "I can tell you we're in a bad way aboard this ship."

"Why, what has happened?" I inquired, sitting up and staring at his white face. "Have we met with an accident?"

"We have," he answered, "and a bad one. A worse could scarcely have befallen us." Then, sinking his voice to a whisper, he added, "*The plague has broken out aboard!*"

"The plague!" I cried, in consternation. "Do you mean it? For Heaven's sake, man, be sure you are not making a mistake before you say such a thing!"

"I only wish I were not sure," he replied. "Unfortunately there is no getting away from the fact. The plague's upon us, sure enough, and, what's worse, I'm afraid it's come to stay."

"How many cases are there?" I asked, "and when did you discover it? Tell me everything."

"We found it out early this morning," the captain replied. "There are two cases, the steward aft here, and the cook for'ard. The steward is dead, we pitched him overboard just before I came down to you. The cook is very nearly as bad. I can tell you, I wish I was anywhere but where I am. I've got a wife and youngsters depending on me at home. The thing spreads like fire, they say, and poor Reimann was as well as you are a couple of hours ago. He brought me a cup of coffee and a biscuit up on to the bridge at eight bells, and now to think he's overboard!"

The captain concluded his speech with a groan, and then stood watching me and waiting for me to speak.

"But I can't understand what brings you to me," I said. "I don't see how I can help you."

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"I came to you because I wanted to find out what I had better do," he returned. "I thought most probably you would be able to advise me, and I didn't want to go to him." Here he nodded his head in the direction of Pharos's cabin. "If you could only have heard the way he bullíragged me yesterday you would understand why. If I'd been a dog in the street he couldn't have treated me worse, and all because I was unable to make the boat travel twice as fast as her engines would let her go."

"But I don't see how I'm to help you in this matter," I said, and then added, with what could only have been poor comfort, "We don't know who may be the next case."

"That's the worst part of it," he answered. "For all we can tell it may be you, and it might be me. I suppose you're as much afraid of it as I am."

I had to confess that I was, and then inquired what means he proposed to adopt for stamping it out.

"I don't know what to do," he answered, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before another rap sounded on the cabin door. He opened it to find a deck hand standing outside. A muttered conversation ensued between them, after which the captain, with a still more scared look upon his face, returned to me.

"It's getting worse," he said. "The chief engineer's down now, and the bosun has sent word to say he don't feel well. God help us if this sort of thing is going to continue! Every mother's son aboard this ship will make sure he's got it, and then who's to do the work? We may as well go to the bottom right off."

Trouble was indeed pursuing us. It seemed as if I were destined to get safely out of one difficulty only to fall into another. If this terrible scourge continued we should indeed be in straits; for the Continent was barred to us on one hand, and England on the other, while to turn her head and put back to Hamburg was a course we could not dream of adopting. One thing was plain to me; to avoid any trouble later we must inform Pharos. So, advising the captain to separate those who had contracted the disease from those who were still well, I left my cabin and crossed to the further side of the saloon. To my surprise Pharos received the news with greater equanimity than I had expected he would show.

"I doubted whether we should escape unscathed," he said; "but the captain deserves to die of it himself for not having informed me as soon as the first man was taken ill. However, let us hope it is not too late to put a stop to it. I must go and see the men, and do what I can to pull them round. It would not do to have a breakdown out here for the want of sufficient men to work the boat."

So saying he bade me leave him while he dressed, and when this operation was completed, departed on his errand, while I returned to the saloon. I had not been there many minutes before the door of Valerie's cabin opened and my sweetheart emerged. I sprang to my feet with a cry of surprise and then ran forward to greet her. Short though her illness had been, it had effected a great change in her appearance, but since she was able to leave her cabin, I trusted that the sea air would soon restore her accustomed health to her. After a few preliminary remarks, which would scarcely prove of interest even if recorded, she inquired when we expected to reach England.

"About midnight to-night, I believe," I replied; "that is, if all goes well."

There was a short silence, and then she placed her hand in mine and looked anxiously into my face.

"I want you to tell me, dear," she said, "all that happened the night before last. In my own heart I felt quite certain from the first that we should not get safely away. Did I not say that Pharos would never permit it? I must have been very ill, for though I remember standing in the sitting-room at the hotel, waiting for you to return from the steamship office, I cannot recall anything else. Tell me everything, I am quite strong enough to bear it."

Thus entreated, I described how she had foretold Pharos's arrival in Hamburg, and how she had warned me that he had entered the hotel.

"I can remember nothing of what you tell me," she said sadly when I had finished. Then, still holding my hand in hers, she continued in an undertone, "We were to have been so happy together."

"Not '*were to have been*,'" I said, with a show of confidence I was far from feeling, "but '*are to be*.' Believe me, darling, all will come right yet. We have been through so much together that surely we must be happy in the end. We love each other, and nothing can destroy that."

"Nothing," she answered, with a little catch of her breath; "but there is one thing I must say to you while I have time,

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something that I fear may possibly give you pain. You told me in Hamburg that up to the present no case of the plague had been notified in England. If that is so, darling, what right have we to introduce it? Surely none. Think of the misery its coming must inevitably cause to others. For aught we know to the contrary, we may carry the infection from Hamburg with us, and thousands of innocent people will suffer in consequence. I have been thinking it over all night, and it seems to me that if we did this thing we should be little better than murderers."

I had thought of this myself, but lest I should appear to be taking credit for more than I deserve, I must confess that the true consequences of the action to which she referred had never struck me. Not having any desire to frighten her, I did not tell her that the disease had already made its appearance on board the very vessel in which we were travelling.

"You are bargaining without Pharos, however," I replied. "If he has made up his mind to go, how are we to gainsay him? Our last attempt could scarcely be considered a success."

"At any cost to ourselves we must not go," she said firmly and decidedly. "The lives of loving parents, of women and little children, the happiness of an entire nation, depend upon our action. What is our safety, great as it seems to us, compared with theirs?"

"Valerie, you are my good angel," I said. "Whatever you wish I will do."

"We must tell Pharos that we have both determined on no account to land with him," she continued. "If the pestilence had already shown itself there it would be a different matter, but as it is we have no choice left us but to do our duty."

"But where are we to go if we do not visit England? And what are we to do?" I asked, for I could plainly see the difficulties ahead.

"I do not know," she answered simply. "Never fear; we will find some place. You may be certain of this, dear—if we wish God to bless our love we must act as I propose."

"So it shall be," I answered, lifting her hand to my lips. "You have decided for me. Whatever it may mean to ourselves, we will not do anything that will imperil the lives of the people you spoke of just now."

A few moments later I heard a footstep on the companion-ladder. It was Pharos returning from his examination of the plague-stricken men. In the dim light of the hatchway he looked more like a demon than a man, and as I thought of the subject I had to broach to him, and the storm it would probably bring down upon us, I am not ashamed to confess that my heart sank into my shoes.

It was not until he was fairly in the saloon that he became aware of Valerie's presence.

"'The plague has broken out aboard!'"

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"I offer you my congratulations upon your improved appearance," he said politely. "I am glad of it, for it will make matters the easier when we get ashore."

I had already risen from my seat, though I still held Valerie's hand.

"Your pardon, Monsieur Pharos," I said, trying to speak calmly, "but on that subject it is necessary that I should have a few words with you."

"Indeed," he answered, looking at me with the customary sneer upon his face. "In that case, say on, for, as you see, I am all attention. I must beg, however, that you will be quick about it, for matters are

"Then began a struggle such as I had never known in my life before."

progressing so capitally on board this ship that, if things go on as they are doing at present, we may every one of us expect to be down with the plague before midday."

"The plague!" Valerie repeated, with a note of fear in her voice. "Do you mean to say that it has broken out on board this steamer?" Then, turning to me, she added reproachfully, "You did not tell me that."

"Very probably not, my dear," Pharos answered for me. "Had he done so, you would scarcely have propounded the ingenious theory you were discussing shortly before I entered."

Overwhelming as was Valerie's surprise at the dreadful news Pharos had disclosed to her, and unenviable as our present position was, we could not contain our astonishment at finding that Pharos had become acquainted with the decision we had arrived at a few moments before. Instinctively I glanced up at the skylight overhead, thinking it might have been through that he had overheard our conversation. But it was securely closed. By what means, therefore, he had acquired his information I could not imagine.

"You were prepared to tell me when I appeared," he said, "that you would refuse to enter England, on what I cannot help considering most absurd grounds. You must really forgive me if I do not agree with your views. Apart from the idea of your thwarting me, your decision is ludicrous in the extreme. However, now that you find you are no safer on board this ship than you would be ashore—in point of fact, not so safe—you will doubtless change your minds. By way of emphasising my point, I might tell you that out of the twelve men constituting her crew, no less than four are victims of the pestilence, while one is dead and thrown overboard."

"Four," I cried, scarcely able to believe that what he said could be true. "There were only two half an hour ago."

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"I do not combat that assertion," he said; "but you forget that the disease travels fast, faster even than you do when you run away from me, my dear Forrester. However, I don't know that that fact matters very much. What we have to deal with is your obliging offer to refuse to land in England. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me, in the event of your not doing so there, where you will condescend to go ashore! The *Margrave of Brandenburg* is only a small vessel, after all, and with the best intention she cannot remain at sea for ever."

"What we wish to tell you is," I answered, "that we have decided not to be the means of introducing this terrible scourge into a country that so far is free from it."

"A very philanthropic decision on your part," he answered sarcastically. "Unfortunately, however, I am in a position to be able to inform you that your charity is not required. Though the authorities are not aware of it, the plague has already broken out in England. For this reason you will not be responsible for such deaths as may occur."

He paused and looked first at Valerie and then at myself. The old light I remembered having seen in his eyes the night he had hypnotised me in my studio was shining there now. Very soon the storm which had been gathering broke, and its violence was the greater for having been so long suppressed.

"I have warned you several times already," he cried, shaking his fist at me, "but you take no notice. You will try to thwart me again, and then nothing can save you. You fool! cannot you see how thin the crust is upon which you stand? Hatch but one more plot, and I will punish you in a fashion of which you do not dream. As with this woman here, I have but to raise my hand, and you are powerless to help yourself. Sight, hearing, power of speech, may be all taken from you in a second, and for as long a time as I please." Then, turning to Valerie, he continued, "To your cabin with you, madam. Let me hear no more of such talk as this, or 'twill be time for me to give you another exhibition of my power."

Valerie departed to her cabin without a word, and Pharos, with another glance at me, entered his, while I remained standing in the centre of the saloon, not knowing what to do nor what to say.

It was not until late that evening that I saw him again, and then I was on deck. The sea was much smoother than in the morning, but the night wind blew cold. I had not left the companion-ladder very long before I was aware of a man coming slowly along the deck towards me, lurching from side to side as he walked. To my astonishment it proved to be the captain, and it was plain that something serious was the matter with him. When he came closer I found that he was talking to himself.

"What is the matter, captain?" I inquired, with a foreboding in my heart. "Are you not feeling well?"

He shook off the hand I had placed upon his arm.

"It is no good, I will not do it!" he cried fiercely. "I have done enough for you already, and you won't get me to do any more."

"Come, come," I said, "you mustn't be wandering about the deck like this! Let me help you to your cabin." So saying, I took him by the arm and was about to lead him along the deck in the direction of his own quarters, when, with a shout of rage, he turned and threw himself upon me. Then began a struggle such as I had never known in my life before. The man was undoubtedly mad, and I soon found that I had to put out all my strength to hold my own against him.

While we were still wrestling, Pharos made his appearance from below. He took in the situation at a glance, and as we swayed towards him threw himself upon the captain, twining his long, thin fingers about the other's throat and clinging to him with the tenacity of a bulldog. The result may be easily foreseen. Overmatched as he was, the wretched man fell like a log upon the deck, and I with him. The force with which his head struck the planks must have stunned him, for he lay, without moving, just where he had fallen. The light of the lamp in the companion fell full upon his face and enabled me to see a large swelling on the right side of the throat, a little below the ear.

"Another victim," said Pharos, and I could have sworn a chuckle escaped him. "You had better leave him to me. There is no hope for him. That swelling is an infallible sign. He is unconscious now; in half an hour he will be dead."

Unhappily his prophecy proved to be correct, for though we bore him to his cabin and did all that was possible, in something under the time Pharos had mentioned death had overtaken him.

Our position was even less pleasant now than before. We had only the second mate to fall back upon, and if anything happened

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to him I did not see how it would be possible for us to reach our destination. As it turned out, however, I need not have worried myself, for we were closer to the English coast than I imagined.

Owing to the stringency of the quarantine laws, and to the fact that the coastguards all round the British Isles were continually on the look-out for vessels attempting to land passengers, orders had been given that no lights should be shown; the skylights and portholes were accordingly covered with tarpaulins.

It wanted a quarter of an hour to midnight when Pharos came along the deck and, standing by my side, pointed away over our bow.

"The black smudge you can distinguish on the horizon is England," he said abruptly, and then was silent, in order, I suppose, that I might have time to digest the thoughts his information conjured up.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHAROS and I stood leaning against the bulwarks, gazing at the land. For my part I must confess that there was a feeling in my heart that was not unlike that of a disgraced son who enters his home by stealth after a long absence. And yet it would be impossible to tell you how my heart warmed to it. Times out of number I had thought of my return to England, and had pictured Valerie standing by my side upon the deck of the steamer, watching the land loom up, and thinking of the happiness that was to be our portion in the days to come. Now Valerie and I were certainly nearing England together; Pharos, however, was with us, and while we were in his power happiness was, to all intents and purposes, unknown to us.

"What do you propose doing when you get ashore?" I inquired of my companion, more for the sake of breaking the silence than for any desire I had for the information.

"That will very much depend upon circumstances," he replied, still without looking at me. "Our main object must be to reach London as quickly as possible." Then, changing his tone, he turned to me. "Forrester, my dear fellow," he said, almost sorrowfully, "you cannot think how I regret our little disagreement of this morning. I am afraid, while I am touchy, you are headstrong; and, in consequence, we misunderstand each other. I cannot, of course, tell what you think of me in your heart, but I venture to believe that if you knew everything, you would be the first to own that you have wronged me. Bad as I may be, I am not quite what you would make me out. If I were, do you think, knowing your antagonism as I do, I should have kept you so long with me? You have doubted me from the beginning; in fact, as you will remember, you once went so far as to accuse me of the crime of murder. You afterwards acknowledged your mistake—in handsome terms, I will own; but to counterbalance such frankness, you later on accused me of drugging you in Cairo. This was another fallacy, as you yourself will, I am sure, admit. In Prague you ran away from me, taking my ward with you, a very curious proceeding, regarded in whatever light you choose to look at it. What was your object? Why, to reach England. Well, as soon as I knew that, I again showed my desire to help you. As a proof of that, are we not on board this ship, and is not that the coast of England over yonder?"

I admitted that it was. But I was not at all prepared to subscribe to his generous suggestion that he had only undertaken the voyage for my sake.

"That, however, is not all," he continued, still in the same tone. "As I think I told you in Prague, I am aware that you entertain a sincere affection for my ward. Many men in my position would doubtless have refused their consent to your betrothal, if for no other reason, because of your behaviour to myself. I am, however, cast in a different mould. If you will only play fair by me, you will find that I will do so to you. I like you, as I have so often said, and, though I am doubtless a little hasty in my temper, there is nothing I would not do to help you, either in your heart, your ambition, or your love. And I can assure you my help is not to be despised. If it is fame you seek, you have surely seen enough of me to know that I can give it to you. If it is domestic happiness, who can do so much for you as I?"

"I hope, Monsieur Pharos," I answered, in as dignified a manner as I could assume, "that I appreciate your very kind remarks at their proper value, and also the generous manner in which you have offered to forget and forgive such offences as I have committed against yourself. You must, however, pardon me if I fail to realise the drift of your remarks. There have been times during the last six weeks when you have uttered the most extraordinary threats against myself.

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Naturally, I have no desire to quarrel with you; but, remembering what has passed between us, I am compelled to show myself a little sceptical of your promises."

He glanced sharply at me, but was wise enough to say nothing. A moment later, making the excuse that he must discover where the mate intended to bring up, he left me and went forward to the bridge.

I was still thinking of my conversation with Pharos, and considering whether I had been wise in letting him see my cards, when a little hand stole into mine, and I found Valerie beside me.

"I shall not trust him," I replied. "You need have no fear of that. My experience of him has taught me that it is in such moments as these that he is most dangerous. When he is in one of his bad humours, one is on the alert and prepared for anything he may do or say; but when he repents and appears so anxious to be friendly, one scarcely knows how to take him. Suspicion is lulled to sleep for the moment, there is a feeling of security, and it is then the mischief is accomplished."

"We will watch him together," she continued; "but, whether he is friendly or

"Began slowly to ascend."

"I could not remain below," she said, "when we were nearing England. I knew the effect the land would have upon you, and I wanted to be with you."

I then gave her an account of the interview I had had with Pharos, and of all he had said to me and I to him. She listened attentively enough, but I could see that she was far from being impressed.

"Do not trust him," she said. "Surely you know him well enough by this time not to do so. You may be very sure he has some reason for saying this, otherwise he would not trouble himself to speak about it."

otherwise, we will not trust him even for a moment."

So close were we by this time to the shore, and so still was the night, that we could even hear the wavelets breaking upon the beach. Then the screw of the steamer ceased to revolve, and when it was quite still Pharos and the second mate descended from the bridge and joined us.

"This has been a bad business, a very bad business," the mate was saying. "The skipper, the chief engineer, the steward, and three of the hands all dead, and no port to put into for assistance. I wish I was going ashore like you."

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We shook hands with him in turn, and then descended the ladder to the boat alongside. The thought of the mate's position on board that plague-stricken vessel may possibly have accounted for the silence in which we pushed off and headed for the shore; at any rate, not a word was spoken. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and for the reason that the night was dark, and we were all dressed in sombre colours, while the boat chosen for the work of landing us was painted a deep black, it was scarcely likely our presence would be detected. Be that as it may, no coastguard greeted us on our arrival. Therefore, as soon as the boat was aground, we made our way into the bows, and with the assistance of the sailors reached the beach. Pharos rewarded the men, and remained standing beside the water until he had seen them safely embarked on their return journey to the steamer. Then, without a word to us, he turned himself about, crossed the beach, and carrying his beloved monkey in his arms, began slowly to ascend the steep path which led to the high land on which the village was situated. We did not, however, venture to approach the place itself.

The remembrance of that strange night often returns to me now. In my mind's eye I can see the squat figure of Pharos tramping on ahead, Valerie following a few steps behind him, and myself bringing up the rear, and all this with the brilliant stars overhead, the lights of the village showing dimly across the sandhills to our right, and the continuous murmur of the sea behind us.

For upwards of an hour we tramped on in this fashion, and in that time scarcely covered a distance of four miles. Had it occurred at the commencement of our acquaintance I should not have been able to understand how Pharos, considering his age and infirm appearance, could have accomplished even so much. Since then, however, I had been permitted so many opportunities of noting the enormous strength and vitality contained in his meagre frame that I was past any feeling of wonderment. Valerie it was who caused me most anxiety. Only two days before she had been stricken by the plague; yesterday she was still confined to her cabin. Now here she was, subjected to intense excitement and no small amount of physical exertion. Pharos must have had the same thought in his mind, for more than once he stopped and inquired if she felt capable of proceeding, and on one occasion he poured out for her from a flask he carried in his pocket a small cupful of some fluid he had doubtless brought with him for that purpose. At last the welcome sight of a railway line came into view. It crossed the road, and as soon as we saw it we stopped and took counsel together. The question for us to consider was whether it would be wiser to continue our walk along the high road, on the chance of its bringing us to a station, or whether we should clamber up the embankment to the railway line itself, and follow that along in the hope of achieving the same result. On the one side there was the likelihood of our having to go a long way round, and on the other the suspicion that might possibly be aroused in the minds of the railway officials should we make an appearance at the station in such an unorthodox fashion. Eventually, however, we decided for the railway line. Accordingly we mounted the stile beside the arch, and having clambered up the embankment to the footpath beside the permanent way, resumed our march, one behind the other as before. We had not, however, as it turned out, very much further to go, for on emerging from the cutting, which began at a short distance from the arch just referred to, we saw before us a glimmering light, emanating, so we discovered later, from the signal-box on the further side of the station. I could not help wondering how Pharos would explain our presence at such an hour, but I knew him well enough by this time to feel sure that he would be able to do so, not only to his own, but to everybody else's satisfaction. The place itself proved to be a primitive roadside affair, with a small galvanised shelter for passengers, and a cottage at the further end, which we set down rightly enough as the residence of the station-master. The only lights to be seen were an oil-lamp above the cottage door, and another in the waiting-room. No sign of any official could be discovered.

"We must now find out," said Pharos, "at what time the next train leaves for civilisation. Even in such a hole as this they must surely have a time-table."

So saying, he went into the shelter before described and turned up the lamp. His guess proved to be correct, for a number of notices were pasted upon the wall.

"Did you happen to see the name of the station as you came along the platform?" he inquired of me as he knelt upon the seat and ran his eye along the printed sheets.

"I did not," I replied; "but I will very soon find out."

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Leaving them, I made my way along the platform towards the cottage. Here on a board suspended upon the fence was the name "Tebworth" in large letters. I returned and informed Pharos, who immediately placed his skinny finger upon the placard before him.

"Tebworth," he said. "Here it is. The next train for Norwich leaves at 2.48. What is the time now?"

I consulted my watch.

"Ten minutes to two," I replied. "Roughly speaking, we have an hour to wait."

"We are lucky in not having longer," Pharos replied. "It is a piece of good fortune to get a train at all at such an early hour."

With that he seated himself in a corner and closed his eyes as if preparatory to slumber. I suppose I must have dozed off after a while, for I have no remembrance of anything further until I was awakened by hearing the steps of a man on the platform outside, and his voice calling to a certain Joel, whoever he might be, to know if there were any news of the train for which we were waiting.

Before the other had time to answer Pharos had risen and gone out. The exclamation of surprise, to say nothing of the look of astonishment upon the station-master's face—for the badge upon his cap told me it was he—when he found Pharos standing before him, was comical in the extreme.

"Good evening," said the latter in his most urbane manner, "or rather, since it is getting on for three o'clock, I suppose I should say 'Good morning.' Is your train likely to be late, do you think?"

"I don't fancy so, sir," the man replied. "She always runs up to time."

Then, unable to contain the curiosity our presence on his platform at such an hour occasioned him, he continued, "No offence, I hope, sir, but we don't have many passengers of your kind by it as a general rule. It's full early for ladies and gentlemen Tebworth way to be travelling about the country."

"Very likely," said Pharos, with more than his usual sweetness; "but you see, my friend, our case is peculiar. We have a poor lady with us whom we are anxious to get up to London as quickly as possible. The excitement of travelling by day would be too much for her, so we choose the quiet of the early morning. Of course you understand."

Pharos tapped his forehead in a significant manner, and his intelligence being thus complimented, the man glanced into the shelter, and seeing Valerie seated there with a sad expression upon her face, turned to Pharos and said—

"When the train comes in, sir, you leave it to me, and I'll see if I can't find you a carriage which you can have to yourselves right through. You'll be in Norwich at three-twenty."

We followed him along the platform to the booking-office, and Pharos had scarcely taken the tickets before the whistle of the train, sounding as it entered the cutting by which we had reached the station, warned us to prepare for departure.

"Ah, here she is, running well up to time!" said the stationmaster. "Now, sir, you come with me."

Pharos beckoned us to follow; the other opened the door of a first-class coach. We all got in. Pharos slipped a sovereign into the man's hand; the train started, and a minute later we were safely out of Tebworth and on the road once more. Our arrival in Norwich was punctual almost to the moment, and within twenty minutes of our arrival there we had changed trains and were speeding towards London at a rate of fifty miles an hour.

From Norwich, as from Tebworth, we were fortunate enough to have a carriage to ourselves, and during the journey I found occasion to discuss with Pharos the question as to what he thought of doing when we reached town. In my own mind I had made sure that as soon as we got there he would take Valerie away to the house he had occupied on the occasion of his last visit, while I should return to my own studio. This, however, I discovered was by no means what he intended.

"I could not hear of it, my dear Forrester," he said emphatically. "Is it possible that you can imagine, after all we have been through together, I should permit you to leave me? No! no! Such a thing is not to be thought of for an instant. I appreciate your company, even though you told me so plainly last evening that you do not believe it. You are also about to become the husband of my ward, and for that reason alone I have no desire to lose sight of you in the short time that is left me. I arranged with my agents before I left London in June, and I heard from them in Cairo that they had found a suitable residence for me in a fashionable locality. Valerie and I do not

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require very much room, and if you will take up your abode with us—that is to say, of course, until you are married—I assure you we shall both be delighted. What do you say, my dear?"

I saw Valerie's face brighten on hearing that we were not destined to be separated, and that decided me. However, for the reason that I did not for an instant believe in his expressions of friendship, I was not going to appear too anxious to accept his proposal. There was something behind it all that I did not know, and before I pledged myself I desired to find out what that something was.

"I do not know what to say," I answered, as soon as I had come to the conclusion that for the moment it would be better to appear to have forgotten and forgiven the past. "I have trespassed too much upon your hospitality already."

"You have not trespassed upon it at all," he answered. "I have derived great pleasure from your society, and I shall be still more pleased if you can see your way to fall in with my plan."

Thereupon I withdrew my refusal, and promised to take up my residence with him at least until the arrangements should be made for our wedding.

As it turned out, my astonishment on hearing that he had taken a London house was not the only surprise in store for me, for on reaching Liverpool Street, who should come forward to meet us but the same peculiar footman who had ridden beside the coachman on that memorable return journey from Pompeii. He was dressed in the same dark and unpretentious livery he had worn then, and while he greeted his master, mistress, and myself with the most obsequious respect, did not betray the least sign of either pleasure or astonishment. Having ascertained that we had brought no luggage with us, he led us from the platform to the yard outside, where we found a fine landau awaiting us, drawn by a pair of jet-black horses, and driven by the same coachman I had seen in Naples on the occasion referred to above. Having helped Valerie to enter, and as soon as I had installed myself with my back to the horses, Pharos said something in an undertone to the footman, and then took his place opposite me. The door was immediately closed and we drove out of the yard.

We soon left the City behind and proceeded along Victoria Street, and so by way of Grosvenor Place to Park Lane, where we drew up before a house at which, in the days when it had been the residence of the famous Lord Tollingtower, I had been a constant visitor.

"I presume, since we have stopped here, that this must be the place," said Pharos, gazing up at it.

"Do you mean that this is the house you have taken?" I asked in astonishment, for it was one of the finest residences in London.

"I mean that this is the house that my agents have taken for me," Pharos replied. "Personally I know nothing whatsoever about it."

"But surely you do not take a place without making some inquiries about it?" I continued.

"Why not?" he inquired. "I have servants whom I can trust, and they know that it is more than their lives are worth to deceive me. Strangely enough, however, it is recalled to my mind that this house and I do happen to be acquainted. The late owner was a personal friend. As a matter of fact, I stayed with him throughout his last illness and was with him when he died."

You may be sure I pricked up my ears on hearing this, for, as everyone knew, the late Lord Tollingtower had reached the end of his extraordinary career under circumstances that had created rather a sensation at the time. Something, however, warned me to ask no questions.

"Let us alight," said Pharos, and when the footman had opened the door we accordingly did so.

On entering the house I was surprised to find that considerable architectural changes had been made in it. Nor was my wonderment destined to cease there, for when I was shown to the bedroom which had been prepared for me, there, awaiting me at the foot of the bed, was the luggage I had left at the hotel in Prague, and which I had made up my mind I had lost sight of for ever. Here, at least, was evidence to prove that Pharos had never intended that I should leave him.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER the excitement of the past few days, and her terrible experience in Hamburg, to say nothing of the fact that she had landed from a steamer under peculiar circumstances, and had been tramping the country half the night, it is not to be wondered at that by the time we reached Park Lane Valerie was

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completely knocked up. Pharos had accordingly insisted that she should at once retire to her room and endeavour to obtain the rest of which she stood so much in need.

"For the next few weeks—that is to say, until the end of the Season—I intend that you shall both enjoy yourselves," he said with the utmost affability, when we were alone together, "to the top of your bent. And that reminds me of something, Forrester. Your betrothal must be announced as speedily as possible. It is due to Valerie that this should be done. I presume you do not wish the engagement to be a long one?"

"Indeed I do not," I answered, not, however, without a slight feeling of surprise that he should speak so openly and so soon upon the subject. "As you may suppose, it cannot be too short to please me. And our marriage?"

"Your marriage can take place as soon after the Season as you please," he continued with the same extraordinary geniality. "You will not find me placing any obstacles in your way."

"But you have never asked me as to my means, or my power to support her," I said, putting his last remark aside as if I had not heard it.

"I have not," he answered. "There is no need for me to do so. Your means are well known to me; besides, it has always been my intention to make provision for Valerie myself. Provided you behave yourselves, and do not play me any more tricks such as I had to complain of in Hamburg, you will find that she will bring you a handsome little nest-egg that will make it quite unnecessary for you ever to feel any anxiety on the score of money. But we will discuss all that more fully later on. See, here are a number of invitations that have arrived for us. It looks as if we are not likely to be dull during our stay in London."

So saying, he placed upwards of fifty envelopes before me, many of which I was surprised to find were addressed to myself. These I opened with the first feeling of a return to my old social life that I had experienced since I had re-entered London. The invitations hailed, for the most part, from old friends. Some were for dinners, others for musical "at homes," while at least a dozen were for dances, one of the last-named being from the Duchess of Amersham.

"I have taken the liberty of accepting that on your behalf," said Pharos, picking the card up. "The Duchess of Amersham and I are old friends, and I think it will brighten Valerie and yourself up a little if we look in at her ball for an hour or so to-night."

"But surely," I said, "we have only just reached London, and——" Here I paused, not knowing quite how to proceed.

"What objection have you to raise?" he asked, with a sudden flash of the old angry look in his eyes.

"My only objection was that I thought it a little dangerous," I said. "On your own confession, it was the plague from which Valerie was suffering in Hamburg."

Pharos laughed a short, harsh laugh, that grated upon the ear.

"You must really forgive me, Forrester, for having deceived you," he said, "but I had to do it. It was necessary for me to use any means I could think of for getting you to England. As you have reason to know, Valerie is possessed of a peculiarly sensitive temperament. She is easily influenced, particularly by myself, and the effect can be achieved at any distance. If I were in London and she in Vienna, I could, by merely exercising my will, not only induce her to do anything I might wish, but could make her bodily health exactly what I pleased. You will therefore see that it would be an easy task for me to cause her to be taken ill in Hamburg. Her second self—that portion of her mind which is so susceptible to my influence, as you saw for yourself—witnessed my arrival in Prague and at the hotel. As soon as I entered the room in which she was waiting for me, the attraction culminated in a species of fainting fit. I despatched you post haste to a chemist with a prescription which I thought would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for you to get made up. At any rate it would, I knew, serve my purpose if it kept you some time away."

"Then you mean that while I was hurrying from place to place like a madman, suffering untold agonies of fear, and believing that Valerie's life depended upon my speed, you were in reality deceiving me?"

"If I am to be truthful, I must confess that I was," he replied; "but I give you my word the motive was a good one. Had I not done so, who knows what would have happened? The plague was raging on the Continent, and you were both bent on getting away from me again on the first opportunity. What was the result? Working on your fears for her, I managed to overcome the difficulties and got you safely into England. Valerie has not been so ill as you supposed. I have sanctioned your engagement, and, as

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I said just now, if you will let me, will provide for you both for life, and will assist in lifting you to the highest pinnacle of fame. After this explanation, surely you are not going to be ungenerous enough to still feel vindictive against me?"

"It was a cruel trick to play me," I answered; "but since the result has not been so serious as I supposed, and you desire me to believe you did it all with a good object, I will endeavour to think no more about it."

"You have decided sensibly," he said. "And now let us arrange what we shall do this evening. My proposal is that we rest this afternoon, that you dine with me at my club, the Antiquarian, in the evening, and that afterwards I show you London as I see it in my character of Pharos the Egyptian. I think you will find the programme both interesting and instructive. During the evening we might return here, pick Valerie up, and go on to the Duchess of Amersham's ball. Does that meet with your approval?"

I was so relieved at finding that Valerie had not really been attacked by the plague, that, however much I should have liked to spend the evening alone with her, I could see no reason for declining Pharos's invitation. I accordingly stated that I should be very glad to do as he wished.

We followed out his plan to the letter. After lunch we retired to our respective apartments and rested until it was time to prepare for the evening. At the hour appointed I descended to the drawing-room, where I found Pharos awaiting me. He was dressed as I had seen him at Lady Medenham's well-remembered "at home"—that is to say, he wore his velvet jacket and black skull cap, and, as usual, carried his gold-topped walking-stick in his hand.

"The carriage is at the door, I think," he said as I entered, "so if you are ready we will set off."

A neat brougham was drawn up beside the pavement; we took our places in it, and ten minutes later had reached the Antiquarian Club, of all the establishments of the kind in London perhaps the most magnificent. Wide and lofty, and yet boasting the most harmonious proportions, the dining-room at the Antiquarian Club always remains in my mind the most stately of the many stately banqueting halls in London. Pharos's preference, I found, was for a table in one of the large windows overlooking the Embankment and the river, and this had accordingly been prepared for him.

"If you will sit there," said Pharos, motioning with his hand to a chair on the right, "I will take this one opposite you."

I accordingly seated myself in the place he indicated.

The dinner was perfect in every respect. My host himself, however, dined after his own fashion, in the manner I have elsewhere described. Nevertheless, he did the honours of the table with the most perfect grace, and had any stranger been watching us, he would have found it difficult to believe that the relationship existing between us was not of the most cordial nature possible.

By eight o'clock the room was crowded, and with as fine a collection of well-born, well-dressed, and well-mannered men as could be found in London. The decorations, the portraits upon the walls, the liveried servants, the snowy drapery and sparkling silver, all helped to make up a picture that, after the sordidness of the *Margrave of Brandenberg*, was like a glimpse of a new life.

"This is the first side of that London life I am desirous of presenting to you," said Pharos, in his capacity of showman, after I had finished my dessert and had enjoyed a couple of glasses of the famous Antiquarian port—"one side of that luxury and extravagance which is fast drawing this great city to its doom. Now, if you have quite finished, we might move on."

I acquiesced, and we accordingly descended to the hall and donned our coats.

"If you would care to smoke, permit me to offer you one of the same brand of cigarettes of which you expressed your approval in Naples," said Pharos, producing from his pocket a silver case, which he handed to me. I took one of the delicacies it contained and lit it. Then we passed out of the hall to Pharos's own carriage, which was waiting in the street for us. "We will now return to pick up Valerie, after which we will drive to Amersham House, where I have no doubt we shall meet many of those whom we have seen here to-night."

We found Valerie awaiting us in the drawing-room. She was dressed for the ball, and, superb as I thought she looked on the evening she had been presented to the Emperor in Prague, I had to confess to myself that she was even more beautiful now. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her lovely eyes sparkled like twin stars. I hastened to congratulate her on her altered appearance, and had scarcely done so before the butler announced that the carriage was at the door, whereupon we departed for Carlton House Terrace.

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"The players sprang to their feet."

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On the subject of the ball itself it is not my intention to say very much; let it suffice that, possibly by reason of what followed later, it is talked of to this day. The arrangements were of the most sumptuous and extravagant description; princes of the blood and their wives were present, Cabinet Ministers jostled burly country squires upon the staircase, fair but haughty aristocrats rubbed shoulders with the daughters of American millionaires, whose money had been made goodness knows where or how; half the celebrities of England nodded to the other half; but in all that distinguished company there was no woman to eclipse Valerie in beauty, and, as another side of the picture, no man who could equal Pharos in ugliness. Much to my astonishment the latter seemed to have no lack of acquaintances, and I noticed also that everyone with whom he talked, though they paid the most servile attention to his remarks while he was with them, invariably heaved a sigh of relief when he took his departure.

At two o'clock Valerie was tired, and we accordingly decided to leave. But I soon found that it was not to return home. Having placed my darling in her carriage, Pharos directed the coachman to drive to Park Lane, declaring that we preferred to walk.

It was a beautiful night, cool and fresh, with a few clouds in the south-west, but brilliant starlight overhead. Leaving Carlton House Terrace, we passed into Waterloo Place, ascended it as far as Piccadilly, and then hailed a cab.

"Our evening is not completed yet," said Pharos. "I have still some places to show you. It is necessary that you should see them, in order that you may appreciate what is to follow. The first will be a fancy dress ball at Covent Garden, where yet another side of London life is to be found."

If such a thing could possibly have had any effect, I should have objected; but so completely did his will dominate mine, that I had no option but to consent to anything he proposed. We accordingly stepped into the cab and were driven off to the place indicated. From the sounds which issued from the great building as we entered it, it was plain that the ball was proceeding with its accustomed vigour, a surmise on our part which proved to be correct when we reached the box Pharos had bespoken. A floor had been laid over the stalls and pit, and upon this upwards of fifteen hundred dancers, in every style of fancy dress the ingenuity of man could contrive, were slowly revolving to the music of a military band. It was a curious sight, and at any other time would have caused me considerable amusement. Now, however, with the fiendish face of Pharos continually at my elbow, and his carping criticisms sounding without ceasing in my ear, mocking at the people below us, finding evil in everything, and hinting always at the doom which was hanging over London, it reminded me more of Dante's Inferno than anything else to which I could liken it. For upwards of an hour we remained spectators of it. Then, with a final sneer, Pharos gave the signal for departure.

"We have seen the finest club in Europe," he said, as we emerged into the cool air of Bow Street, "the most fashionable social event of the season, and a fancy dress ball at Covent Garden. We must now descend a grade lower, and, if you have no objection, we will go in search of it on foot?"

I had nothing to urge against this suggestion, so, turning into Long Acre, we passed through a number of squalid streets, with all of which Pharos seemed to be as intimately acquainted as he was in the West-end, and finally approached the region of Seven Dials—that delectable neighbourhood bordered on the one side by Shaftesbury Avenue, and on the other by Drury Lane. Here, though it was by this time close upon three o'clock, no one seemed to have begun to think of bed. In one narrow alley through which we were compelled to pass at least thirty people were assembled, more than half of which number were intoxicated. A woman was screaming for assistance from a house across the way, and a couple of men were fighting at the further end of an adjoining court. In this particular locality the police seemed as extinct as the dodo. At any other time, and in any other company, I should have felt some doubt as to the wisdom of being in such a place at such an hour. But with my present companion beside me I felt no fear.

We had walked some distance before we reached the house Pharos desired to visit. From its outward appearance it might have been a small drinking-shop in the daytime: now, however, every window was closely shuttered, and not a ray of light showed through chink or cranny. Approaching the door he knocked four times upon it, whereupon it was opened on a chain for a few inches. A face looked through the aperture

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thus created, and Pharos, moving a little closer, said something in a whisper to it.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the woman, for a woman I soon discovered it was. "I didn't know as it was you. I'll undo the chain. Is the gentleman with you safe?"

"Quite safe," Pharos replied. "You need have no fear of him. He is my friend."

"In you come, then," said the woman to me, my character being thus vouched for, and accordingly in I stepped.

Dirty as were the streets outside, the house in which we now stood more than equalled them. The home of Captain Wiscmann in Hamburg, which I had up to that time thought the filthiest I had ever seen, was nothing to it. Taking the candle in her hand, the old woman led us along the passage towards another door. Before this she paused and rang a bell, the handle of which was cleverly concealed in the woodwork. Almost instantly it was opened, and we entered a room the like of which I had never seen or dreamt of before. Its length was fully thirty feet, its width possibly fifteen. On the wall above the fireplace was a gas bracket, from the burner of which a large flame was issuing with a hissing noise. In the centre of the room was a table, and seated round it were at least twenty men and women, who, at the moment of our entering, were engaged upon a game the elements of which I did not understand. On seeing us the players sprang to their feet with one accord, and a scramble ensued for the money upon the table. A scene of general excitement followed, which might very well have ended in the gas being turned out and our finding ourselves upon the floor with knives between our ribs, had not the old woman who had introduced us called out that there was no need for alarm, and added, with an oath—what might in Pharos's case possibly have been true, but in mine was certainly not—that we had been there hundreds of times before, and were proper sort o' gents. Thereupon Pharos contributed a sovereign to be spent in liquid refreshment, and when our healths had been drunk with a variety of toasts intended to be complimentary, our presence was forgotten, and the game once more proceeded. One thing was self-evident: there was no lack of money among those present, and when a member of the company had not the wherewithal to continue the gamble, he in most cases produced a gold watch, a ring, or some other valuable from his pocket, and handed it to a burly ruffian at the head of the table, who advanced him an amount upon it which nine times out of ten failed to meet with his approval.

"Seeing you have not been here before," said Pharos, "I might explain that this is the most typical thieves' gambling hell in London. There is not a man or woman in this room at the present moment who is not a hardened criminal in every sense of the word. The fellow at the end narrowly escaped the gallows, the man on his right has but lately emerged from seven years' penal servitude for burglary. The three sitting together next the banker are at the present moment badly wanted by the police, while the old woman who admitted us, and who was once not only a celebrated variety actress, but an exceedingly beautiful woman, is the mother of that sickly youth drinking gin beside the fireplace, who assisted in the murder of an old man in Shaftesbury Avenue a fortnight or so ago, and will certainly be captured and brought within measurable distance of the gallows before many more weeks have passed over his head. Have you seen enough of this to satisfy you?"

"More than enough," I answered truthfully.

"Then let us leave. It will soon be daylight, and there are still many places for us to visit before we return home."

We accordingly bade the occupants of the room good-night, and, when we had been escorted to the door by the old woman who had admitted us, left the house.

From the neighbourhood of Seven Dials Pharos carried me off to other equally sad and disreputable quarters of the city. We visited Salvation Army Shelters, the cheapest of cheap lodging-houses, doss-houses in comparison to which a workhouse would be a palace; dark railway arches, where we found homeless men, women, and children endeavouring to snatch intervals of rest between the visits of patrolling policemen; the public parks, where the grass was dotted with recumbent forms, and every seat was occupied; and then, turning homewards, reached Park Lane just as the clocks were striking seven, as far as I was concerned sick to the heart, not only of the sorrow and the sin of London, but of the callous indifference to it displayed by Pharos.

CHAPTER XX.

When I woke next morning the feeling I had had in my heart the evening before, that something terrible was about to happen, had

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not left me. With a shudder of intense disgust I recalled the events of the previous night. Never, since I had known him, with the exception of that one occasion on the Embankment, had Pharos appeared so loathsome to me. I remembered the mocking voice in which he had pointed out to me the follies and frailties of our great city, the cruel look in his eyes as he watched those about him in the different places we had visited. For the life of me I could not comprehend what his object had been in taking me to them. While I dressed I debated the subject with myself, but though I had a very shrewd suspicion that the vengeance to which he alluded, and which he had declared to be so imminent, was the plague, yet I could not see how he was able to speak with such authority upon the subject. On the other hand, I had to remember that I had never yet known him fail, either in what he had predicted, or anything he had set himself to do. Having got so far in my calculations I stopped, as another thought occurred to me, and with my brushes still in either hand stared at the wall before me. From the fact that he had informed me of the existence of the plague in London it was certain that he knew of it, though the authorities did not. Could it be possible, therefore, that he had simply crossed from the Continent to London in order to be able to gloat over the misery that was to come?

The diabolical nature of the man, and his love of witnessing the sufferings of others, tallied exactly with the conclusion I had arrived at; and if my reasoning were correct, this would account for the expression of triumph I had seen upon his face. When I descended to the breakfast-room I found Valerie awaiting me there. She was looking quite her own self again by this time, and greeted me with a pretty exhibition of shyness upon her face, which I could understand when she handed me a number of letters she had received, congratulating her upon our engagement.

"You were late last night," she said. "Hour after hour I lay awake listening for your step, and it was broad daylight when I heard you ascend the stairs. I cannot tell you how frightened I was while you were away. I knew you were with him, and I imagined you exposed to a hundred dangers."

I told her where and with whom I had been.

"But why did he take you with him?" she inquired, when I had finished. "I cannot understand that."

"I must confess that it has puzzled me also," I replied.

"The whole thing is very strange," she continued, "and I do not like the look of it. We have reason to know that he does nothing without a motive. But what can the motive have been in this particular instance?"

"That is more than I can say," I answered, and with that we changed the subject, and interested ourselves in our own and more particular concerns. So engrossing were they, and so pleasant were the thoughts they conjured up, that when breakfast was finished I remained in the dining-room, and did not open any of the morning papers which were lying in a heap upon the library table. At half-past ten I said good-bye to Valerie, who was practising in the drawing-room—Pharos I had not yet seen—and, putting on my hat, left the house. It was the first opportunity I had had since my return to London of visiting my studio, and I was exceedingly anxious to discover how things had been progressing there during my absence. It was a lovely morning for walking, the sky being without a cloud, and the streets in consequence filled with sunshine. In the Row a considerable number of men and women were enjoying their morning canter, and nursemaids in white dresses were to be counted by the dozen in the streets leading to the Park. At the corner of Hamilton Place a voice I recognised called to me to stop, and on turning round I found my old friend, Sir George Legrath, hastening after me.

"My dear Cyril," he said, as he shook hands with me, "I am indeed glad to see you. I had no idea you had returned."

"I reached London yesterday morning," I answered, but in such a constrained voice that he must have been dense indeed if he did not see that something was amiss. "How did you know I had been away?"

"Why, my dear fellow," he answered, "have you forgotten that I sent you a certain address in Naples? And then I called at your studio the following morning, when your man told me you were abroad. But somehow you don't look well. I hope nothing is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," I replied, almost sharply, and for the first time in my life his presence was almost distasteful to me, though if I had been asked the reason I should have found it difficult to say why. "Sir George, when I called on you at the Museum that

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morning, you told me you would rather see me in my grave than connected in any way with Pharos."

"Well?" he inquired, looking up at me with a face that had suddenly lost its usual ruddy hue. "What makes you remind me of that now?"

"Because," I answered, "if it were not for one person's sake I could wish that that opportunity had been vouchsafed you. I have been two months with Pharos."

"Well?" he said again.

"What more do you expect me to say?" I continued. Then, sinking my voice a little, as if I were afraid Pharos might be within hearing distance, I added, "Sir George, if I were to tell you all I know about that man——"

"You must tell me nothing," he cried hastily. "I know too much already."

We walked for some distance in silence, and it was not until we were opposite Devonshire House that we spoke again.

Then Sir George said abruptly, and with a desire to change the subject that could not be disguised, "Of course you have heard the terrible news this morning?"

Following the direction of his eyes I saw what had put the notion into his head. A news-seller was standing in the gutter on the other side of the street, holding in his hand the usual placard setting forth the contents of the papers he had for sale. On this was printed in large letters—

TERRIBLE OUTBREAK OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

"You refer to the plague, I presume?" I said, with an assumed calmness I was far from feeling. "From that headline it would seem to have made its appearance in London after all."

"It has, indeed," said Sir George, with a gloominess that was far from usual with him. "Can it be possible you have not seen the papers?"

"I have scarcely seen a paper since I left London," I replied. "I have been far too busy. Tell me about it. Is it so very bad?"

"It has come upon us like a thunderclap," he answered. "Two days ago it was not known. Yesterday there was but one case, and that in the country. This morning there are no less than three hundred and seventy-five, and among them some of our most intimate friends. God help us if it gets worse! The authorities assure us they can stamp it out with ease, but it is my opinion this is destined to prove a grave crisis in England's history. However, it does not do to look on the black side of things, so I'll not turn prophet. Our ways part here, do they not? In that case, good-bye. I am very glad to have seen you. If you should be passing the Museum I hope you will drop in. You know my hours, I think?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," I answered, and thereupon we parted with the first shadow of a cloud between us that our lives had seen. On reviewing our conversation afterwards I could recall nothing that should have occasioned it; nevertheless, there it was, "that little rift within the lute," as Tennyson says, "which by and by would make the music mute."

After we had parted, I crossed the road and walked by way of Dover Street to my studio. Scarcely two months had elapsed since that fatal day when I had left it to go in search of Pharos, and yet those eight weeks seemed like years. So long did I seem to have been away that I almost expected to find a change in the houses of the street, and when I passed the curiosity shop at the corner where the murder had taken place—that terrible tragedy which had been the primary cause of my falling into Pharos's power—it was with a sensible feeling of surprise I found the windows still decorated with the same specimens of china, and the shop still carrying on its trade under the name of Clausand. I turned the corner and crossed the road. Instinctively my hand went into my pocket and produced the latchkey. I tapped it twice against the right-hand pillar of the door, just as I had been in the habit of doing for years, and inserted it in the lock. A few seconds later I had let myself in and was standing amongst my own *lares* and *penates* once more. Everything was just as I had left it; the clock was ticking on the mantelpiece, not a speck of dirt or dust was upon chair or china; indeed, the only thing that served to remind me that I had been away at all was the pile of letters which had been neatly arranged upon my writing-table. These I opened, destroyed what were of no importance, and placed the rest in my pocket to be answered at a more convenient opportunity. Then, leaving a note upon my table to inform my servant that I had returned, and would call again on the following morning, I let myself out, locked the door, and returned to Piccadilly *en route* to Park Lane.

A great writer has mentioned somewhere

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that the gravest issues are often determined by the most insignificant trifles. As I have just remarked, I had, in this instance, made up my mind to return to Park Lane, in the hope that I might be able to induce Valerie to take a stroll with me in the Park, and had left Bond Street in order to turn westward, when, emerging from a shop on the other side of the road, I espied the writer of one of the most important of the many letters I had found awaiting me at the studio. He was a member of my own club, and thinking I had better apologise to him while I had the chance for not having answered his letter sooner, I hastened after him. He, however, seemed to be in a hurry, and as soon as it came to a race between us it was evident that he had the advantage of me on a point of speed. I chased him until I saw that he was bound for the club, whereupon, knowing I should be certain to catch him there, I slackened my pace and strolled leisurely along. In other days I had often been twitted in a jocular fashion by my friends about my membership of this particular club. The reputation it possessed was excellent in every way, but it certainly must be confessed that what it gained in respectability it lacked in liveliness. For the most part the men who made use of it were middle-aged—in point of fact, I believe there were but two younger than myself; consequently the atmosphere of the house, while being always dignified, was sometimes cold almost to the borders of iciness.

On this particular day there was an additional air of gloom about it that rather puzzled me. When, however, I had finished my conversation with the man I had been following, and sought the smoking-room, the reason of it soon became apparent. That terrible fear which was destined within a few hours to paralyse all London was already beginning to make its presence felt, and as a result the room, usually so crowded, now contained but four men. These greeted me civilly enough, but without any show of interest. They were gathered round one of their number who was seated at a table with a pencil in his hand and a map of Europe spread out before him. From the way in which he was laying down the law, I gathered that he was demonstrating some theory upon which he pinned considerable faith.

"I have worked the whole thing out," he was saying as I entered, "and you can see it here for yourselves. On this sheet of paper I have pasted every telegram that has reached London from the time the disease first made its appearance in Constantinople. As each country became affected I coloured it upon the map in red, while these spots of a darker shade represent the towns from which the first cases were notified. At a glance, therefore, you can see the way in which the malady has travelled across Europe."

On hearing this, you may be sure I drew closer to the table, and looked over the shoulders of the men at the map below.

"As you see," said the lecturer, with renewed interest as he observed this addition to his audience, "it started in Constantinople, made its appearance next in Southern Russia and the Balkan States. Two days later a case was notified from Vienna and another in Prague. Berlin was the next city visited, then Wittenberg, then Hamburg. France did not become infected until some days later, and then the individual who brought it was proved to have arrived the day before from Berlin. Yesterday, according to the official returns, there were twelve hundred cases in France, eighteen thousand in Austria, sixteen thousand in Germany—of which Hamburg alone contributes five thousand three hundred and fifty—while in Italy there have been three thousand four hundred, in Spain and Portugal only two hundred and thirty, while Turkey and Russia have forty-five thousand, and thirty-seven thousand three hundred and eighty, respectively. Greece returns seventeen thousand six hundred and twenty, Holland seven thousand two hundred and sixty-four, Belgium nine thousand five hundred and twenty-three, while Denmark completes the total of Europe with four thousand two hundred and twenty-one. The inferences to be drawn from these figures are apparent. The total number of deaths upon the Continent up to midnight last night was one hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight. The nations most seriously affected are Turkey and the countries immediately surrounding her, namely, Greece, Russia, and Austria. Germany follows next, though why Hamburg should contribute such a large proportion as five thousand three hundred and fifty I must admit it is difficult to see. England hitherto has stood aloof; now, however, it has broken out in London, and three hundred and seventy-five cases have been notified up to eight o'clock this morning."

On hearing this, the men standing round him turned pale and shuffled uneasily upon their feet. As for myself, I might have been changed to stone, so cold and so incapable of moving was I. It was as if a bandage had

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"'Inhuman monster!'"

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suddenly been removed from my eyes, enabling me to see everything plainly and in its proper light.

"The returns for our own country," continued this indefatigable statistician, without noticing my condition, "are as interesting as those from the Continent. I have filed everything already published, and have applied the result to this map of London. The two cases that occurred in Norfolk, the porter in Norwich, and the stationmaster at Tebworth Junction, I omit, for the reason that they tell us nothing. Of the cases notified in this city, careful inquiries on the part of the authorities have elicited the information that twenty-five spent the evening at the Antiquarian Club last night, seventy-one at the Fancy Dress Ball at Covent Garden, while, strangely enough, no less than thirty-seven can be proved to have been among the guests of the Duchess of Amersham at her ball in Carlton House Terrace. The others are more difficult to account for, being made up of costermongers, homeless vagrants, street hawkers, and others of the same class."

I could bear no more, but stumbled from the room like a drunken man out into the hall beyond. A servant, thinking I was ill, hastened to inquire if he could be of any assistance to me.

"Get me a cab," I faltered huskily.

The man ran into the street and blew his whistle. A hansom drove up, and I made my way into the street and scrambled into it, scarcely knowing how I managed it, and then fell back upon the cushions as if I were in a fit. The cab sped along the streets, threaded its way in and out of the traffic with a dexterity and a solicitude for my safety that was a more biting sarcasm than any lips could utter. What was my safety to me now? Knowing what I knew, I had better, far better, be dead.

The dreadful secret was out. In less than five minutes the mystery of two months had been solved. Now I knew the meaning of the spot I had discovered upon my arm on the morning following my terrible adventure in the Pyramid; now I could understand my illness in the desert, and the sudden death of the poor Arab who had nursed me. In the light of this terrible truth, everything was as clear as daylight, and all I wanted was to get back to Park Lane and find myself face to face with Pharos, in order that I might tax him with it, and afterwards go forth and publish his infamy to the world. Fast as the man was driving, he could not make his horse go fast enough for me. Though at first my blood had been as cold as ice, it now raced through my veins like liquid fire. A feverish nervousness had seized me, and for the time being I was little better than a madman. Regardless of the passers-by, conscious only of the vile part I had been induced to play—unwittingly, it is true—in his unbelievable wickedness, I urged the driver to greater speed. At last, after what seemed an eternity, we reached our destination. I alighted, and, as I had done in Hamburg, paid the cabman with the first money I took from my pocket, and then went up the steps and entered the house. By this time the all-consuming fire of impatience which had succeeded the icy coldness of the first discovery had left me, and was succeeded by a strange, unnatural calm, in which I seemed to be myself, and yet to be standing at a distance, watching myself. In a voice that I scarcely recognised, I inquired from the butler where I could find his master. He informed me that he was in the drawing-room, and I accordingly went thither in search of him. I had not the least notion of what I was going to say to him when I found him, or how I should say it, but I had to relieve my mind of the weight it was carrying, and then—— Why, after that, nothing would matter. I opened the door and entered the room. The sunshine was streaming in through the windows at the further end, falling upon the elegant furniture, the embroideries and draperies, the china, and the hundred-and-one knick-knacks that go to make up a fashionable drawing-room. Of Pharos, however, there was no sign. In place of him Valerie rose from a chair by the window and greeted me with a little exclamation of delight. Then, seeing the look upon my face, and the deadly pallor of my complexion, she must have realised that something serious had happened to me, for she ran forward and took my hands in hers.

"My darling!" she cried, with a look of terror upon her face, "what has happened? Tell me, for pity's sake, for your face terrifies me!"

The pressure of her hands and the sight of those beautiful frightened eyes gazing up into mine cut me to the heart. Overwhelmed with sorrow as I was, she alone of all the world could soothe me and alleviate the agony I was suffering. It was not possible, however, that I could avail myself of her sympathy. I was dishonoured enough already, without seeking to dishonour her.

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Here our love must end. For the future I should be an outcast, a social leper, carrying with me to my grave the knowledge of the curse I had brought upon my fellow men. I tried to put her from me, but she would not be denied.

"Oh, what can have happened that you treat me like this?" she cried. "Your silence breaks my heart."

"You must not come near me, Valerie," I muttered hoarsely. "Leave me. You have no notion what I am."

"You are the man I love," she answered. "That is enough for me. Whatever it may be, I have the right to share your sorrow with you."

"No, no!" I cried. "You must have no more to do with me. Drive me away from you. I tell you I am viler than you can believe, lower than the common murderer, for he kills but one, while, God help me, I have killed thousands."

She must have thought me mad, for she uttered a little choking sob and sank down upon the floor, the very picture and embodiment of despair. Then the door opened and Pharos entered.

Seeing me standing in the centre of the room with a wild look upon my face, and Valerie crouching at my feet, he paused and gazed from one to the other of us in surprise.

"I am afraid I am *de trop*," he said, with the old nasty sneer upon his face. "If it is not putting you to too much trouble, perhaps one of you will be good enough to tell me what it means."

Neither of us answered for upwards of a minute; then I broke the spell that bound us and turned to Pharos. How feeble the words seemed when compared with the violence of my emotions and the unbelievable nature of the charge I was bringing against him I must leave you to imagine.

"It means, Monsieur Pharos," I said, "that I have discovered everything."

I could say no more, for a lump was rising in my throat which threatened to choke me. It soon appeared, however, that I had said enough, for Pharos must either have read my thoughts and have understood that denial would be useless, or, since I was no longer necessary to him, he did not care whether he confessed to me or not. At any rate, he advanced into the room, his cruel eyes watching me intently the while.

"So you have discovered everything, have you, my friend?" he said. "And pray what is this knowledge that you have accumulated?"

"How can I tell you?" I cried, scarcely knowing how to enter upon my terrible indictment. "How can I make you understand your wickedness? I have discovered that it is you who are responsible for the misery from which Europe is now suffering. I know that it was I, through you, who introduced the plague and carried it from Constantinople to London. Inhuman monster," I continued, having by this time worked myself to a white heat. "I was in your power and you made me your tool. But you shall not escape. It is not too late even now to punish you. Within an hour the world shall know everything, and you will be dead, if devils can die. I have been your tool, but, since I know your wickedness, I will not be your accomplice. Oh, my God! is it possible that a man breathing the pure air of heaven can be so vile?"

All the time I had been thus denouncing him I had been standing just as I was when he entered the room, with Valerie still crouching at my feet. The dangerous light I remembered so well of old had returned to his eyes, making him look indescribably fiendish.

"Are you mad that you dare to talk to me in this fashion?" he said at last, but with a calmness the meaning of which there was no mistaking. "Since it is plain that you do not remember the hold I have upon you, nor what your fate will be if you anger me, I must enlighten you. You bring these accusations against me and you threaten to betray me to the world—me, Pharos the Egyptian, and to your pitiful world which I spurn beneath my feet. Once more I ask you, are you mad? But since there is no further need for concealment, and you desire the truth, you shall hear it." He paused, and when he spoke again it was noticeable that he had dropped his former conversational tone and had adopted a manner more in keeping with the solemnity of what he had to say. "Know, then, that what thou sawest in the vision before the Sphinx and in the Temple of Ammon was the truth, and not a dream, as I desired thee to believe. I, whom thou hast known as Pharos, am none other than Ptahmes, son of Netruhotep, prophet of the north and south, the same whom Pharaoh sought to kill, and who died in hiding and was buried by his faithful priests under cover of night more than three thousand years ago. Cursed by the Gods, and denied the right of burial by order of the King, I have inhabited this shape since then. Darest thou, knowing this, pit thyself against the servant of the

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Mighty Ones? For I tell thee assuredly that the plague which is now destroying Europe was decreed by the Gods of Egypt against such nations as have committed the sin of sacrilege."

He paused, and for a moment I thought he would have sprung upon me as he had done that night in my studio. But he controlled himself with an effort, and a moment later his voice was as soft and conciliatory and yet as full of malice as before. I also noticed that he had returned to his ordinary and more colloquial tone.

"Are you anxious to hear more? If you are determined to proclaim my doings to the world, it is only fit you should know everything. I will willingly confess. Why should I not do so? You are mine to do with as I please. Without my leave you are powerless to hurt me, and who would believe you if you were to tell? No one! They would call you mad, as you undoubtedly are, and say that fear of the plague had turned your brain. In Naples you accused me of the murder of Clausand, the curiosity dealer. I denied it because the time was not then ripe for me to acquaint you with the truth. Now I confess it. I stabbed him because he would not give me a certain scarabeus, and to divert suspicion willed that the half-crazy German, Schmidt, whom the other had cast out of his service, should declare that he did the deed. In obedience to my desire you followed me to Italy and accompanied me thence to Egypt. I it was who drew you to the Pyramid and decreed that you should lose your way inside, in order that when fear had deprived you of your senses I might inoculate you with the plague. Seven days later you were stricken with it in the desert. As soon as you recovered I carried you off to Europe to begin the work required of you. In Constantinople, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Hamburg, wherever you went you left the fatal germs of the disease as a legacy behind you. You infected this woman here, and but for me she would have died. To-day the last portion of that vengeance which has been decreed commences, and when all is finished I go to that rest in ancient Thebes which has been denied me these long three thousand years. Hark! Even now the sound of wailing is to be heard in London. Hour by hour the virulence of the pestilence increases, and the strong men and weak women, youths and maidens, children and babes, go down before it like corn before the reaper. On every hand the voices of mourners rise into the summer air, and it is I, Ptahmes, the servant of the Gods, the prophet of the King, the man whom thou hast said thou wilt proclaim to the world, who has brought it about."

Then, lifting his right hand, he pointed it at me.

"Fool—fool!" he cried, with withering scorn. "Frail atom in the path of life, who art thou that thou shouldst deem thyself strong enough to cope with me? Learn then that the time is not yet ripe. I have further need of thee. Sleep again, and in that sleep do all I shall require of thee."

As he said this his diminutive form seemed to grow larger and more terrible, until it appeared to have attained twice its ordinary size. His eyes shone in his head like living coals and seemed to burn into my brain. I saw Valerie rise from the place where she had hitherto been crouching, and snatch an Oriental dagger from a table. Then, swift as a panther, she sprang upon him, only to be hurled back against the wall as if struck by an invisible hand. Then, obedient as a little child, I closed my eyes and slept.

CHAPTER XXI.

For no less a period than five days and six nights Pharos kept me in the same hypnotic condition, and, incredible though it may seem, I have not the slightest recollection of any one single circumstance that occurred during the whole of that time. Valerie has since informed me that I moved about the house very much as usual, that I went in and out with Pharos, but that I never spoke to her, and while I seemed conscious of my actions and well enough in my bodily health. I did everything with that peculiar listless air that one notices in a man while walking in his sleep. I also gather from the same source that Pharos's behaviour during that terrible period was equally extraordinary. Never for one instant did he allow her to remain alone with me. The greater portion of his time was spent out of the house with myself, though in what pursuit he was engaged she could not discover. He would take me away with him early in the morning and not return until late at night, when he would conduct me to my room and then retire himself. At times he would scarcely speak a word, then a fit of loquacity would come over him, and he would openly boast to her of the misery he had caused, and find a diabolical delight in every bulletin that proclaimed the increasing virulence of the plague. To this day the

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picture of that impish creature perambulating the death-stricken streets and alleys to the accompaniment of tolling bells, watching with ghoulish satisfaction the futile efforts of the authorities to cope with the disease, haunts me like a nightmare. Every day fresh tidings were pouring in of the spread of the infection into other cities and towns until the entire kingdom was riddled like a honeycomb.

How long Pharos would have kept me under his influence, had he possessed the power, I cannot say. I only know that on the morning of the sixth day I woke with a strange and confused feeling in my head. Though my eyes were open and I was to all outward appearances wide awake, I was like a man hovering on the borderland of sleep. My senses were gradually coming back to me; the strength of my brain was reasserting itself, and by some strange process, how arrived at it is impossible for me to say, the hold Pharos had obtained upon me was slowly weakening. Then it was as if I suddenly awoke to find myself standing fully dressed in my own room. My bed had been slept in, and one glance out of my window showed me that it was early morning. And yet I had not the least recollection of having been in bed or of having made my toilet. Then the scene with Pharos, and the awful knowledge it had given rise to, came back to me, and I remembered how he had pointed his hand at me, and how I had fallen asleep before him. Here was the logical explanation of the whole thing. It was plain that after I had become unconscious, Pharos had caused me to be carried to my room and put to bed. This, then, I argued, must be the morning following. Now that the effect he had produced had worn off, there was still time for me to do what I had originally intended. Having arrived at this decision I opened my door and went downstairs. A curious silence prevailed, not only in the house, but outside. I stopped on the first landing and looked out of the window. So far as I could see there were no cabs or carriages in the street, no riders in the Row, no children with their nurses upon the pavements, and yet the old Chippendale timepiece in the hall told me that the hour was considerably past nine o'clock. A curious feeling of drowsiness still possessed me, but it was fast leaving me, and, what was more, leaving me filled with but one purpose in life, which was to seek out the authorities and proclaim to them the devilry of Pharos and the part I had myself played in his abominable wickedness. After that I would wait for Fate to say what should become of me.

Putting on my hat I opened the front door and stepped out into the street. At any cost I would endeavour to reach the Home Office, and tell my story there, before Pharos could prevent me. With this end in view I hurried towards Piccadilly, intending to take a cab there and so save time. But when I set out I had not the least notion of the misery that had befallen London, nor of anything that had happened since Pharos had pointed his finger at me. In my wildest dreams I had never imagined such a picture of desolation as that which was now presented to me. It seemed impossible that so terrible a change should have come over a city in so short a time (I must remind you here that I still believed that only twenty hours had elapsed since I had had my fatal interview with Pharos). In all Park Lane not a house, save that occupied by Pharos, showed any sign of being inhabited. Without exception the blinds were down, and in most cases the shutters had been put up, while in numerous instances broad lines of red paint had been drawn across the pavement opposite them, but for what purpose, or their indication, I had not the remotest idea. In Piccadilly, from Apsley House to Berkeley Street, it was the same, though here a few solitary foot-passengers were to be seen. Thinking I must have mistaken the hour, and that it was earlier than I supposed, I looked at my watch, but it said a quarter to ten. In vain I searched for a cab of any sort. In the road, usually so crowded at that hour with vehicles of all descriptions, omnibuses, hansoms, private carriages, vans, and even costermongers' barrows, two dogs were fighting over a piece of food. But the silence was the worst part of it all. Not a sound, save the chirruping of the sparrows in the trees of the park, was to be heard. Realising that it was useless waiting for a cab, I crossed the road and entered the Green Park, intending to make my way to St. James's Park, and thence to the Home Office. With feverish haste I pushed on, walking as if every life in England depended on my speed.

Reaching the Mall, I crossed into St. James's Park and passed over the bridge which spans the lake. Here the water-birds were swimming about as happily as if nothing out of the common were occurring in the great city around them. At last I reached the office for which I was making. The Home Secretary at the time was a man I had known

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all my life, an upright, honest Englishman in every sense of the word, beloved by everybody, and respected even by his political opponents. If any man would listen to my story, I felt convinced he would be that one. When, however, I reached the office, what a change was there! Only the day before, as I still imagined, the place had been teeming with life, every room filled with clerks, and exhibiting all the machinery of a great Government office. Now, at first glance, it appeared deserted. I entered the hall in which I had been accustomed to inquire from the porter for my friend, only to find it occupied by a sergeant of the Guards, who rose on seeing me.

"What do you want?" he inquired brusquely.

"I desire to see the Home Secretary without loss of time," I answered. "I am the bearer of very important information, and it is most imperative that I should see him at once."

"What is the information?" the man inquired suspiciously. "The Home Secretary sees no one except on the most urgent business now."

"My business *is* the most urgent possible," I returned. "If you will take my name to him, I feel sure he will see me."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," replied the sergeant, "so you had better take yourself off. We don't want any of your kind about here just now. There's enough trouble without having you to look after."

"But I must see him!" I cried in despair. "You don't know what you are doing when you try to stop me. I have a confession to make to him, and make it I will at any hazard. Take me to him at once, or I shall find him myself."

The man was moving towards me with the evident intention of putting me into the street, when a door opened and the Home Secretary, Sir Edward Grangerfield, stood before me. When last I had seen him at the Duchess of Amersham's ball—I remembered that he congratulated me on my engagement on that occasion—he had looked in the prime of life. Now he was an old man, borne down by the weight of sorrow and responsibility which the plague had placed upon his shoulders. From the way he looked at me it was plain he did not recognise me.

"Sir Edward," I said, "is it possible I am so much changed that you do not know me? I am Cyril Forrester."

"Cyril Forrester!" he cried in amazement, coming a step closer to me as he spoke. "Surely not? But it is, I see. Why, man, how changed you are! What brings you here, and what is it you want with me? I have not much time to spare. I have an appointment with the Public Health Commission in a quarter of an hour."

"So much the better," I answered, "for you will then be able to acquaint them with the circumstances I am about to reveal to you. Sir Edward, I must have a few moments' conversation with you alone. I have a confession to make to you—the most hideous tale to pour into your ears that ever man confided to another." Then, recollecting myself, I continued, "But it must not be here. It must be in the open air, or I shall infect you."

He looked at me in a curious fashion.

"You need have no fear on that score," he said. "I have had the plague, and have recovered from it. So far it has not been known to attack anyone twice. But since you wish to speak to me alone, come with me."

With this he led me down the long passage to an office at the further end. Like the others this one was also deserted. Once inside he closed the door.

"Be as brief as you can," he said, "for during this terribly trying period my time is not my own. What is it you wish to say to me?"

"I wish to confess to you," I said, and my voice rang in my ears like a death knell, "that I am the cause of the misery under the weight of which England and Europe is groaning at the present time."

Once more Sir Edward looked at me as he had done in the passage outside.

"I am afraid I do not quite understand," he said, but this time in a somewhat different tone. "Do you mean that you wish me to believe that you, Cyril Forrester, are the cause of the plague which is decimating England in this terrible manner?"

"I do," I answered, and then waited to hear what he would say.

In reply he inquired whether I had suffered from the disease myself.

"I was the first to have it," I answered. "My story is an extraordinary one, but I assure you every particular of it is true. I was inoculated with the virus while I was in Egypt—that is to say, in the Queen's Hall of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. I afterwards nearly died of it in an Arab tent out in the desert beyond Luxor. Later on I was taken by a man, of whom I will tell you more presently, to Constantinople, thence through

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Austria and Germany, and finally was smuggled across the Channel into England."

"And who was the man who inoculated you?" inquired the Home Secretary, still with the same peculiar intonation. "Can you remember his name?"

"He is known in England as Pharos the Egyptian," I replied—"the foulest fiend this world has ever seen. In reality he is Ptahmes the Magician, and he has sworn vengeance on the human race. Among other things he was the real murderer of Clausand, the curiosity dealer, in Bonwell Street last June, and not the inoffensive German who shot himself after confessing to the crime at Bow Street. He smuggled me into England from Hamburg, and the night before last he took me all through London—to the Antiquarian Club, to the Duchess of Amersham's ball, to the Fancy Dress ball that was held at Covent Garden the same night, and to many other places. Everyone I spoke to became infected, and that, I assure you, on my word of honour, was how the plague originated here. Oh, Sir Edward, you cannot realise what agonies I have suffered since I became possessed of this terrible knowledge!"

"Threw myself down upon the turf."

A short silence followed, during which I am convinced I heard my companion say very softly to himself, "That settles it."

Then, turning to me, he continued, "You say you were at the Duchess of Amersham's ball the night before last? Do you mean this?"

"Of course I do," I replied. "Why, you spoke to me there yourself, and congratulated me upon my engagement. And, now I come to think of it, I saw you talking with Pharos there."

"Quite right," he said. "I did speak to Monsieur Pharos there. But are you sure it was the night before last? That is what I want to get at."

"I am as sure of that as I am of anything in this world," I replied.

"What you tell me is very interesting," he said, rising from his chair—"very interesting indeed, and I am sincerely obliged to you for coming to me. Now, if you will excuse me, I must be going, for, as I told you, I have a meeting of the Health Commission to attend in a few minutes. If I were you I should go back to my house and keep quiet. There is nothing to be gained by worrying oneself, as you have evidently been doing."

"I can see that you do not believe what I have told you," I cried with great bitterness. "Sir Edward, I implore you to do so. I assure you on my honour as a gentleman, I will swear, by any oath you care to name, that what I say is true in every particular. Pharos is still in London, in Park Lane, and if you are quick you can capture him. But there is not a moment to lose. For God's sake believe me before it is too late!"

"I have listened to all you have said, my dear Cyril," he answered soothingly, "and I can quite understand that you believe it to be true. You have been ill, and it is plain your always excitable imagination has not yet recovered its equilibrium. Go home, as I say, and rest. Trust me, you will soon be yourself once more. Now I must go."

"Oh, heavens! how can I convince you?" I groaned, wringing my hands. "Is there nothing I can say or do that will make you believe my story? You will find out when it is too late that I have told you the truth. Men and women are dying like sheep to right and left of us, and yet the vile author of all this sorrow and suffering will escape

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unpunished. Is it any use, Sir Edward, for me to address one last appeal to you?"

Then a notion struck me. I thrust my hand into my coat pocket and produced the prescription which Pharos had given me for Valerie in Hamburg, and which, since it had done her so much good, I had been careful not to let out of my possession.

"Take that, Sir Edward," I said. "I came to make my confession to you because I deemed it my duty, and because of the load upon my brain, which I thought it might help to lighten. You will not believe me, so what can I do? This paper contains the only prescription which has yet been effectual in checking the disease. It saved the life of Valerie de Vocxqal, and I can vouch for its efficacy. Show it to the medical authorities. It is possible it may convince them that I am not as mad as you think me."

He took it from me, but it was plain to me, from the look upon his face, that he believed it to be only another part of my delusion.

"If it will make your mind any easier," he said, "I will give you my word that it shall be placed before the members of the Commission. If they deem it likely that any good can result from it, you may be sure it will be used."

He then wished me good-bye, and, with a feeling of unavailing rage and disappointment in my heart, I left the Offices and passed out into Whitehall. Once more I made my way into St. James's Park, and reaching a secluded spot, threw myself down upon the turf and buried my face in my arms. At first I could think of nothing but my own shame; then my thoughts turned to Valerie. In my trouble I had for the moment forgotten her. Coward that I was, I had considered my own safety before hers. If anything happened to me, who would protect her? I was still debating this with myself when my ears caught the sound of a footstep on the hard ground, and then the rustle of a dress. A moment later a voice sounded in my ears like the sweetest music. "Thank God!" it said, "Oh! thank God! I have found you."

Her cry of happiness ended in a little choking sob, and I turned and looked up to discover Valerie, her beautiful eyes streaming with tears, bending over me.

"How did you find me?" I inquired, in a voice that my love and longing for her rendered almost inaudible. "How did you know that I was here?"

"Love told me," she answered softly. "My heart led me to you. You forget the strange power with which I am gifted. Though I did not see you leave the house, I knew that you were gone, and my instinct warned me not only where you were going, but what you were going to do. Cyril, it was brave of you to go."

"It was useless," I cried. "I have failed. He would not believe me, Valerie, and I am lost eternally!"

"Hush!" she said. "Dear love, you must not say such things. They are not true. But rise. You must come to him. All this morning he has not been at all the same. I do not know what to think, but something is going to happen, I am certain."

There was no need for her to say to whom she referred.

I did as she commanded me, and side by side we crossed the park.

"He has made arrangements to leave England this afternoon," she continued, as we passed into Piccadilly. "The yacht is in the Thames, and orders have been sent to hold her in readiness for a long voyage."

"And what does he intend doing with us?"

"I know nothing of that," she answered. "But there is something very strange about him to-day. When he sent for me this morning I scarcely knew him, he was so changed."

We made our way along the deserted streets and presently reached Park Lane. As soon as we were inside the house I ascended the stairs beside her, and it was not until we had reached the top floor, on which Pharos's room was situated, that we paused before a door. Listening before it, we could plainly hear someone moving about inside. When we knocked, a voice I failed to recognise called upon us to enter. It was a strange picture we saw when we did so. In a large arm-chair before a roaring fire, though it was the middle of summer, sat Pharos, but so changed that I hardly knew him. He looked half his usual size; his skin hung loose about his face, as if the bones had shrunken underneath it; his eyes, always so deep-set in his head, were now so much sunken that they could scarcely be seen, while his hands were shrivelled until they resembled those of a mummy more than a man. The monkey also, which was huddled beside him in the chair, looked smaller than I had ever seen it. As if this were not enough, the room was filled with Egyptian curios from floor to ceiling. So many were there, indeed, that

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there barely remained room for Pharos's chair. How he had obtained possession of them I did not understand; but since Sir George Legrath's confession, written shortly before his tragic death by his own hand, the mystery has been solved, and Pharos confronts us in an even more unenviable light than before. Hating, loathing, and yet fearing the man as I did, there was something in his look now that roused an emotion in me that was almost akin to pity.

"Thou hast come in time," he said to Valerie, but in a different voice and without that harshness to which we had so long grown accustomed. "I have been anxiously awaiting thee."

He signed to her to approach him.

"Give me your hand," he whispered faintly. "Through you it is decreed that I must learn my fate. Courage, courage—there is naught for thee to fear!"

Taking her hand, he bade her close her eyes and describe to him what she saw. She did as she was ordered, and for upwards of a minute perfect silence reigned in the room. The picture they made—the worn-out, shrivelled body of the man and the lovely woman—I cannot hope to make you understand.

"I see a great hall, supported by pillars," she said at last, speaking in that hard, measured voice I remembered to have heard on board the yacht. "The walls are covered with paintings, and two sphinxes guard the door. In the centre is an old man with a long white beard, who holds his arms above his head."

"It is Paduamen, the mouthpiece of the Gods," moaned Pharos, with a look of terror in his face that there was no disguising. "I am lost for ever—for ever; not for to-day, not for to-morrow, but for all time! Tell me, woman, what judgment the Mighty Ones pronounce against me?"

"Hush—he speaks!" Valerie continued slowly; and then a wonderful thing happened.

Whether it was the first warning of the illness that was presently to fall upon me, or whether I was so much in sympathy with Valerie that I saw what she and Pharos saw, I cannot say; at any rate, I suddenly found myself transported from Park Lane away to that mysterious hall below the Temple of

"He tore at his throat with his skeleton fingers."

Ammon, of which I retained so vivid a recollection. The place was in semi-darkness, and in the centre, as Valerie had described, stood the old man who had acted as my guide on the other occasion that I had been there. His arms were raised above his head, and his voice when he spoke was stern yet full of sadness.

"Ptahmes, son of Netruhotep," he was saying, "across the seas I speak to thee. For

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the second time thou hast been found wanting in the trust reposed in thee. Thou hast used the power vouchsafed thee by the Gods for thine own purposes and to enrich thyself in the goods of the earth. Therefore thy doom is decreed, and in the Valley of Amenti thy punishment awaits thee. Prepare, for that time is even now upon thee."

Then the hall grew dark, there was a rushing sound as of a great wind, and once more I was back in Park Lane. Pharos was crouching in his chair, moaning feebly, and evidently beside himself with terror.

"What more dost thou see?" he said at length, and his voice was growing perceptibly weaker. "Tell me all."

There was another pause, and then Valerie spoke again.

"I see a rocky hillside and a newly-opened tomb. I see three white men and five Arabs who surround it. They are lifting a mummy from the vault below with cords."

On hearing this Pharos sprang to his feet with a loud cry, and for a moment fought wildly with the air. Meanwhile the monkey clung tenaciously to him, uttering strange cries, which grew feebler every moment. Valerie, released from her trance, if by such a name I may describe it, and unable to bear more, fled the room, while I stood rooted to the spot, powerless to move hand or foot, watching Pharos with fascinated eyes.

As if he were choking, he tore at his throat with his skeleton fingers till the blood spurted out on either side. Little by little, however, his struggles grew weaker, until they ceased altogether, and he fell back into his chair, to all intents and purposes a dead man, with the dying monkey still clinging to his coat.

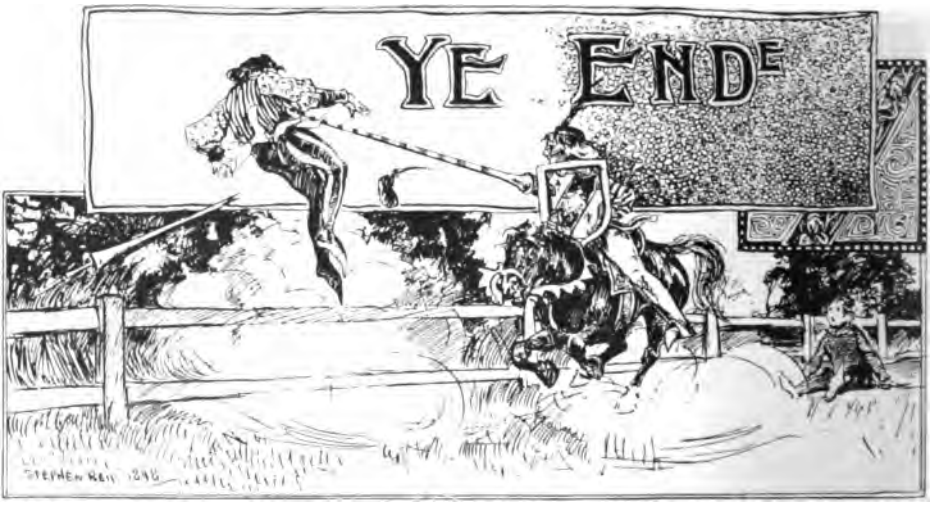
After all I had lately gone through, the strain this terrible scene put upon my mind was too great for me to bear, and I fell back against the wall in a dead faint.

* * * * *

When I recovered from the attack of brain fever which followed the ghastly event I have just described, I found myself lying in my bunk in my old cabin on board the yacht. Valerie was sitting beside me holding my hand in hers and gazing lovingly into my face. Surprised at finding myself where I was, I endeavoured to obtain an explanation from her.

"Hush," she said, "you must not talk! Let it suffice that I have saved you, and now we are away from England and at sea together. Pharos is dead, and the past is only a bitter memory."

As she spoke, as if to bear out what she had said, a ray of sunshine streamed in through the porthole and fell upon us both.



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By Frederick Dolman.

THERE is only one Lord Mayor's Show, but the Lord Mayor's Banquet has its compeers in several of our provincial towns. The Guildhall function has long had national importance, but it is only of recent years that circumstances have brought into general notice such historic anniversaries as the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield, the Colston Banquets at Bristol, and the Oyster Feast at Colchester, whilst the Merchant Dinner at Edinburgh, and the Bean Club Dinner at Birmingham, which can boast a similar antiquity, still lack the fame to be gained from big headlines in the newspapers. The former have become celebrated from Land's End to John o' Groats, since public men of the first rank were persuaded to sit at the festive board and, after dining, deliver their souls on great questions of the day.

Photo by] [*Middleton.*

THE LATE MR. MAURICE RODGERS.
(*Master of the Cutlers' Company, Sheffield, 1897-8.*)

In Sheffield, indeed, it is quite believed that "the banquet of the North," as it is called, now eclipses that of the Lord Mayor of London in the interest of its oratory for the commercial world. In the last four years Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach have successively held the post of honour and delivered addresses on the most important topics of trade and finance. It would look as if the Cutlers' Feast will henceforth occupy the same position in reference to such subjects as the Guildhall Banquet has so long enjoyed with reference to foreign affairs, both being recognised occasions for an exposition of the policy of the Government of the day.

It is not unfitting that it should be so. The Master Cutler, who gives the annual feast, is the head of an association which is of the utmost importance to the trade and commerce of the country. The Cutlers' Company of Sheffield is not quite so old as some of the "Companies" of the City of London, but unlike the latter it continues to maintain the most intimate connection with the industry whose name it uses. It may be said that some of our City Companies now do little else but dine, whereas the Cutlers' annual feast merely rounds off years of good service to Sheffield's

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staple trade, mainly in protecting the reputation of its products. The exact age of the Company is doubtful, but the feast given last November by the Master, Mr. Maurice Rodgers, who then entered upon his year of office (and died before its expiration), was the 274th entertainment of its kind. Mr. F. C. Wild has now been formally installed as Master Cutler.

It is recorded that in the year 1624, in which the Company was incorporated, the dinners cost 6*s.* and the wine 26*s.* Even in 1749—according to a recent writer in the *Sheffield Independent*—the bill amounted to only £2 2*s.* 9*d.*, of which nearly half was set down for "ale and punch." This bill makes a curious contrast with the *menus* of recent feasts and their catalogue of fine viands and choice wines. The reign of luxury probably began with this century, for in 1808 the Master Cutler decided that, considering the hardness of the times, the feast was an unjustifiable extravagance, and the year was accordingly allowed to pass by without the historic hospitality; and the following year the feast was held as usual, but a charge of 15*s.* each was made to those who partook of it.

In these times the outlook would be black indeed before the Master Cutler would think of assuming his honourable office without bidding several hundred of his fellow citizens to this sumptuous banquet. But, whilst the Master Cutler is the host of the occasion, he often receives valuable help in preparing for it. Thus, ample contributions of game will come from the fine preserves of "the Dukeries" surrounding Sheffield, and there will probably be large gifts of fruit from the gardens of personal friends of the Master Cutler. The plate and cutlery on the table usually come from his own workshops, are often specially made for the occasion, and invariably form a striking exhibition of the arts in which Sheffield is supreme.

At one time the Sheffield ladies had a feast to themselves on the day following that of their lords and masters. Their privileges now consist in partaking of "light refreshments," sitting in the balcony of Cutlers' Hall as soon as the speeches begin, and afterwards following the Mistress Cutler into the drawing-room to make the acquaintance of the distinguished guests from London. Their appearance in the balcony is always the signal for a most enthusiastic cheer from the diners, many of whom subsequently turn with relief from the views of a prosy speaker to those of Yorkshire beauty.

The Cutlers' Hall, in which the feast is always held, is not a very imposing structure. From the street it looks what it is—a fine piece of patchwork. It was first built in 1832, altered and enlarged in 1867, and again in 1887. The banqueting hall, which dates from 1867, is of noble dimensions and is finely decorated in the Italian style, but by common consent of all the orators at every feast is one of the worst possible places in which to speak. To the Sheffield reporters a verbatim report of the guest of the evening's speech is one of the greatest hardships in life. The walls are filled with portraits of past Master Cutlers, as well as of other distinguished Sheffield men.

As everyone who has attended the Cutlers' Feast well knows, it has an exceedingly pleasant appendix with the ladies in the drawing-room. The banquet begins at six, so that even with a very long *menu* and a still longer toast list, there is usually sufficient balance of time before midnight for the Sheffield ladies and the Master Cutler's guests to become acquainted with each other. The spacious drawing-room is adorned for the occasion with numerous pictures by distinguished artists, daintily furnished, and bedecked with flowers, and amid such surroundings in "smoky Sheffield" the scene seems almost like a dream of fair women. It is probably in view of this part of the entertainment that the Master Cutler generally invites from London a few gentlemen like Mr. Dudley Hardy and Mr. Phil May, who, if not orators, have very interesting personalities. The after-dinner talk with the ladies is, in consequence, usually flavoured with some wit and humour. On the whole, although Sheffield does not make a public holiday of the day in October or November on which it is held—as was once the case — the Cutlers' Feast is a red-letter occasion to everyone who is "anyone" in the town.

Of the provincial banquets which in recent years have menaced the pre-eminence of that annually given by the Lord Mayor of London, the Colchester Oyster Feast is the only one which is likewise of a municipal character. It is a picturesque survival, indeed, of the "merrie England" when municipal reform was yet unthought of, and eating and drinking —which were then generally at the public expense—appeared to be the most useful employment for Mayor and Corporation. The old records of Colchester speak of a bewildering number of municipal junketings

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in the course of the year, at all of which oysters—owing to the proximity and fertility of the River Colne—were the chief feature. There was a feast when the Mayor and Corporation went in their barge to open the fisheries, and another when they closed them. There was likewise a feast when they went once a year to the Mersea Stone, or "Blockhouse," to hold there their ancient Court of Jurisdiction, whilst there is evidence of a liberal consumption of oysters at the "'Lowance Dinners," although no one in Colchester now quite knows what these "'Lowance Dinners" were.

Photo by] [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

MR. JAMES PAXMAN.
(*Mayor of Colchester.*)

At times the Colchester Gog and Magog would be seized with remorse—or indigestion—and solemnly resolve to feast no more at other people's expense. These self-denying ordinances appear to have lasted a few weeks; but at last the end really came with the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835. Only one of the many oyster feasts survived that enactment, and accordingly it became known in the course of a few years as *the* Colchester Oyster Feast. This was one which had been held from time immemorial on St. Denys's day, October 20th, in connection with Colchester's most popular fair. It was the custom of the Corporation to parade the High Street in procession, proclaim the fair, and then adjourn to their Moot Hall for a repast of oysters and wine. This being the only relic of the old civic feasting, a new importance was given to the occasion by the Mayor of Colchester in 1845, when over two hundred guests were present, and ever since the Corporation have with lavish hospitality endeavoured to maintain the prestige of their Oyster Feast. Its fame was probably at its highest point in 1896, when Lord Rosebery accepted an invitation to be present and delivered a brilliant speech.

At one time the oysters required for the occasion were a present to the town from the Colne Fishery Company, but in the changed circumstances of to-day the cost of the feast is borne entirely by the Corporation. Its historic association with the industry of the Colne water is still recognised, however, in the toast list, the tenth and last toast in that of last year being "The Colne Oyster Fishery." These toast lists, by the way, owe an exceptional interest to the talent of Mr. W. Gurney Benham, an ex-mayor of Colchester, who illustrates them with fanciful coloured sketches, illustrative of the ancient and modern history of the town, as well as its fishing industry. One

A MENU FOR THE COLCHESTER OYSTER FEAST.
(*Designed by Mr. W. Gurney Benham.*)

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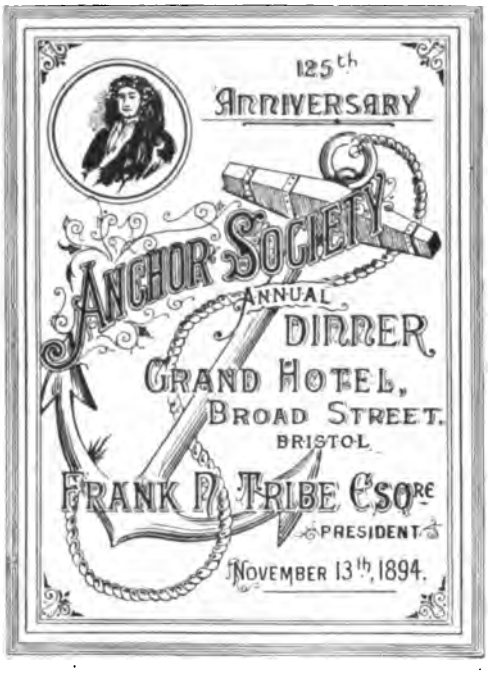
of these toast lists has the quotation from Swinburne :-

With the garden of roses above us,
While the oyster beds teem in our reach.

But Mr. Gurney Benham himself uses the



THE FRONT PAGE OF A MENU OF A COLSTON BANQUET.

pen as well as the pencil. Thus in 1896, when Lord Rosebery attended, "The Mayor to His Guests" :—

Whether natives, or freemen, or guests from afar,
Whatever allegiance you own,
Be assured of a welcome, whoever you are,
To this feast of fat things from the Colne.
May natives with natives, for once in a way,
—Not outwardly only—agree;
May those who are freemen contrive for to-day
From all discontent to be free;
May those who are strangers feel quite at their ease,
Nor fancy they're strangers at all:
They may soon be on intimate terms, if they please,
With the natives they find in this hall.

As a rule Mr. Gurney Benham's verses have chiefly a local interest, but those which were contributed to the toast list last year, giving "The Moral of the Feast," had a more general application :—

I.

To public men—and private men as well—
The Moral of the Feast these verses tell.
In spite of foes which everywhere abound,
The cool, impassive oyster keeps his ground;
Tenacious, firm, in temper unexcelled,
His mouth kept shut, unless he is compelled,
And then imparting only what he should,
Not for his own, but for the public good,
All sweet, agreeable, in perfect taste,
With naught superfluous to vex -or waste.
Unselfishly relinquishing his ease,
His only object seems to be to please.

II.

Ratepayers rude may drag him from his shell,
And probe, and prod, and pepper him as well,
And sour his mild existence. But, what then?
To live for some brief space in mouths of men
Is fame—and such contents the oyster's soul;
To satisfy is his ambition's goal,
And though not proud, his gentle heart will flutter
To know he's worthy of his bread and butter.
So thousands here, in uncomplaining way,
Perish to make a civic holiday;
And thus the oyster, destitute of speech,
Contrives a useful thing or two to teach.

This same toast list contained, besides a number of heraldic and other devices, half a dozen principal scenes in the history of the town, portraits of past Colchester worthies, and sketches in black-and-white of some of the prominent figures at the Feast.

The purpose of the Colston banquets at Bristol is to perpetuate the memory of a true philanthropist and to honour that memory by emulation of his charity. But it is to be feared that they are best known to the world at large as occasions of political controversy, when Liberal and Conservative leaders deliver speeches that fill several columns in the morning paper. This fact led the late Samuel Morley, when M.P. for Bristol, to make the only epigram associated with his name. Mr. Morley was speaking of the surprise of people in London when he told them that the Colston dinners were really held for charitable, not political, objects. "Society," he declared, "would certainly be all the better if political views were always advocated with charity, and if all charity were politic." There is reason to fear that the charity of the Colston dinners has not always been politic, but they have certainly introduced a softening influence into party feeling at Bristol.

STATUE OF EDWARD COLSTON, IN THE CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, BRISTOL.

Edward Colston, whose birthday is thus celebrated from year to year, did nothing very remarkable

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according to the standard of our own age. But in the seventeenth century it was unprecedented for a merchant—a private citizen—to give away to the poor and needy wealth which is supposed to have amounted to something like £150,000. Bristol received only a part of these benefactions—the largest part, probably, was distributed in London, where his fortune was made and where he resided for more than half his long life. At any rate, it is known that Colston once gave £20,000 for the relief of exceptional distress in the Metropolis—although the gift, as was not unusual, was made anonymously—and that he must have spent several thousand pounds in ransoming unfortunate debtors in the Fleet and Marshalsea prisons. But Bristol was Edward Colston's birthplace, and to Bristol his family had belonged for generations past.

Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

HIS HONOUR JUDGE AUSTIN.
(*President of the Grateful Society.*)

Photo by [*Clark, Bristol.*

MR. C. W. WASBROUGH.
(*President of the Dolphin Society.*)

Photo by [*Lewis, Clifton.*

MR. HERBERT ASHMAN.
(*President of the Anchor Society.*)

THE THREE PRESIDENTS OF THE COLSTON BANQUETS FOR 1898.

It was in Bristol, too—at the church of All Saints—that Colston was buried. The Colston Hall, which was burnt to the ground last September, was one of the various monuments that had been erected in memory of the famous citizen. But it was felt that these things would not sufficiently preserve the memory of this distinguished Bristolian, whose life had been simply unique, without one single exciting episode. So, in 1726—five years after his decease—the Colston Society, now spoken of as "the parent," for the sake of distinction, was established at a dinner held on the birthday of its patron saint, November 2 according to the old style, November 13 according to the new. At this, the first Colston dinner, the sum of £34 4*s*. was subscribed for the preaching of a sermon every year on that day in the church of St. Mary Redcliff. At the second dinner £56 18*s*. was subscribed, which was "directed to be paid into the Vestry of St. Mary Redcliff, the profit thereof to be given to the poor in bread on the 2nd of November for ever." These were the small beginnings of the Colston festival, which is now the means of raising several thousand pounds every year in the cause of charity.

Edward Colston was a staunch Churchman and Royalist through all the political changes his life witnessed; but though he was M.P. for Bristol for three years, he was never an active politician. Nevertheless, it occurred to the Tories of Bristol, when the Colston Society had had a successful career of twenty years, that they ought to establish a society of their own which should be identified with the politics as well as the philanthropy of Colston. For the first few years the politics of the Dolphin Society were much more prominent than its philanthropy, and this fact led to the establishment of the Grateful Society in 1758. This society, like the parent, was politically neutral, and seems to have been started by the Bristol Whigs as a protest against the action of the Tories. The protest was not very effective, however, for a few years later they themselves started a partisan society under the title of the Anchor.

All four societies still flourish and hold an annual dinner on Colston's birthday, but it is of the Dolphin and Anchor feasts that most is heard. These names, by the way, were borrowed from the philanthropic merchant's favourite device. This device was suggested, it is said, by the return of

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one of his ships long after she had been given up for lost. The vessel—so the story goes—had experienced a fearful gale, during

A MENU OF THE EDINBURGH MERCHANT COMPANY'S DINNER.

which a hole was made in the side by the anchor, and she was only saved by the coming of a dolphin, which filled up the gap. The annual dinners of the two societies—or, rather, the total sums subscribed thereat—have reflected the relative prosperity of Liberalism and Toryism in the Western city. At one time the Anchor dinner produced a larger amount, but of recent years the Dolphin has obtained and kept a good lead in the matter of subscriptions.

There is no doubt that party rivalry helps to open their purse-strings, whilst the spirit of emulation on the part of each succeeding president at the Dolphin, Anchor, or Grateful dinner likewise strengthens the subscription list, all the leading men of Bristol filling this position in turn. In one instance, many years ago, the president of one of the societies succeeded at the dinner in raising such an unprecedentedly large amount, that next year it was impossible to find anyone who would take the chair, which had, accordingly, to be left vacant.

The Dinner of "The Company of Merchants" of Edinburgh is probably the most historic feast north of the Tweed. The Company was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1681, and resembles the Cutlers' Company of Sheffield and the guilds of the City of London in its main objects. Its membership consists of five or six hundred leaders in the trade and commerce of Scotland's capital, whilst to the annual dinner a number of other representative men are invited, Lord Rosebery being the principal guest in 1894. The banquet, which is of the most sumptuous character, is always held in the handsome hall of the Company in Hanover Street. This building has been in the possession of the Company for less than twenty years, but is rich in paintings, sculpture, and various souvenirs of its long past.

The history of the Merchant Company's dinner is rather matter-of-fact. But in its toast list, which has generally symbolical illustrations, there is some suggestion to the contrary. The toast of the evening is not the Edinburgh Merchant Company, but "The Stock of Broom"—its emblem. In speaking to this toast, the late Mr. Robert Chambers once said—"A modest shrub, with a great tendency to increase. As such the constituent members regarded their society and plan of charity." "Stock of Broom Pudding," it may be added, is a popular item in the *menu;* and, on the whole, this venerable feast is doubtless as successful as the others of which I have given some account in warming the hearts of the men—united as they are by some common tie—whom they bring together in fraternal relationship.

Photo by] [*Crooke, Edinburgh.*

THE MASTER OF THE MERCHANT COMPANY, EDINBURGH.

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An Old-World Pastime.

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

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From a phot. by [*Hemery.*

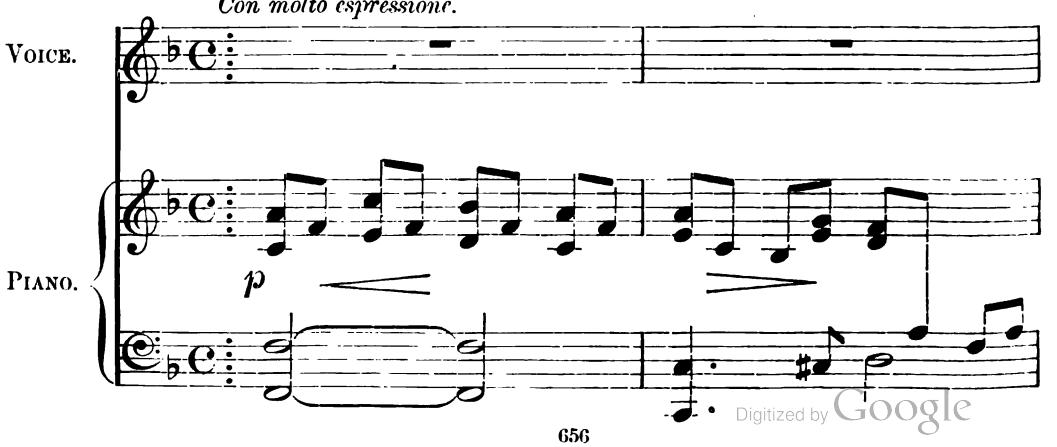
THE LATE MR. MICHAEL WATSON.

THE following song, composed by the late Mr. Michael Watson, will have an interest for the thousands of singers who are acquainted with this popular composer's work. It has never been published before. A few biographical particulars about Mr. Watson, who died on Oct. 3, 1889, may be welcome to vocalists and audiences alike who have enjoyed so often the product of the late musician's genius. Michael Watson's father was a professor of music at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and, although he received early training in music, chose at first the sister profession of art. Young Watson studied painting for eight years, latterly at the celebrated school of James Leigh, in Newman Street. Here he had as companions Fred Walker, Henry Stacy Marks, and others who came to fame. In 1860 he returned to music, and followed in his father's footsteps as a teacher. In 1861 he married Miss C. Campbell, daughter of one of the partners in a well-known firm of music publishers. Very speedily his compositions gained popularity, and they cover a wide field of variety. Most vocalists know Michael Watson's songs: "The Powder Monkey," "Anchored," "The Wishing Well," and so many others which have given pleasure to innumerable listeners. He had a happy gift in versification, and not a few of his songs were written, as well as set to music, by himself. His eldest son, J. Michael Watson, inherits not a little of his father's faculty for composition.

PARTING.

Words and Music by MICHAEL WATSON.

Con molto espressione.



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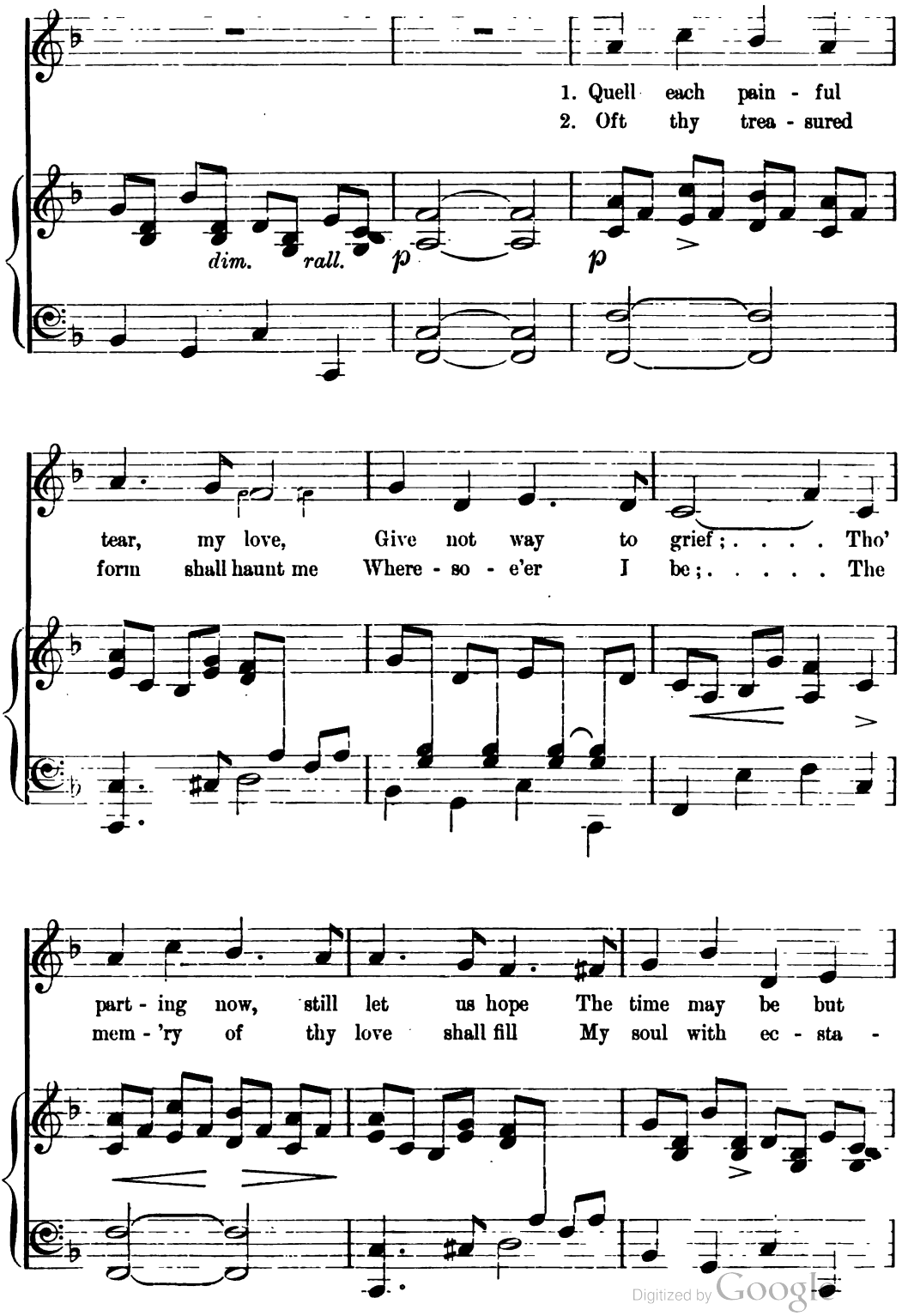

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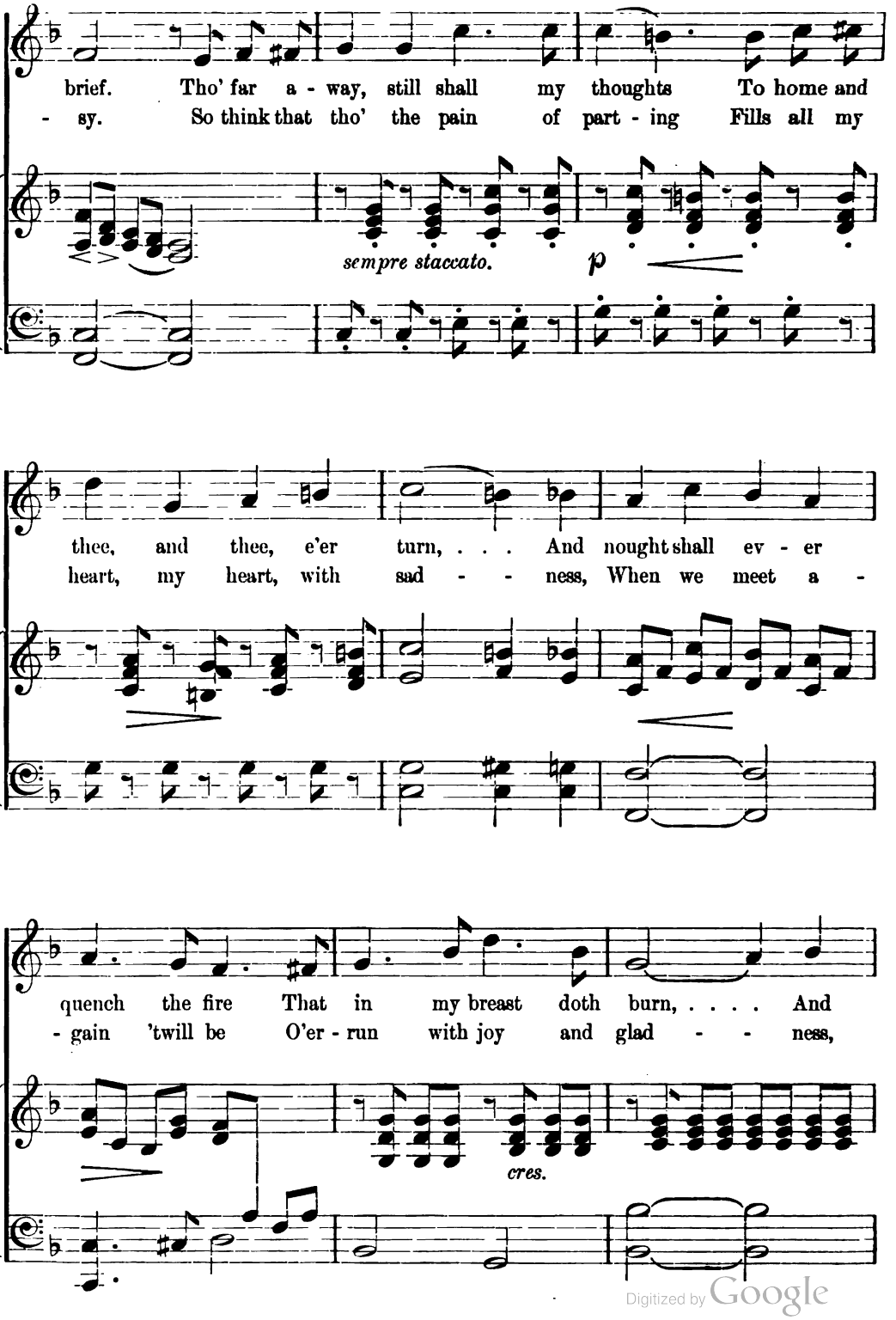

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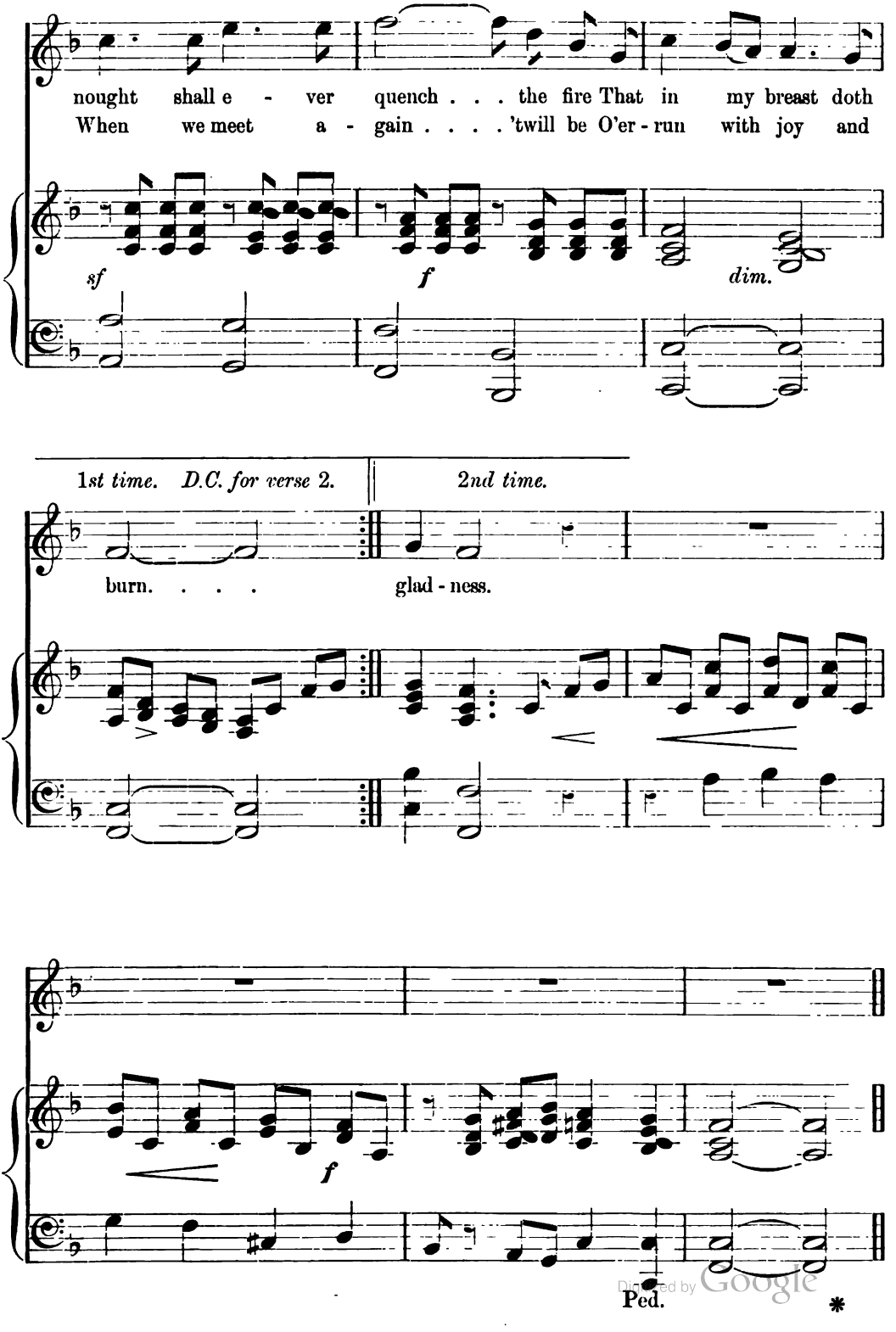

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A SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

By Spencer Leigh Hughes.

Illustrated by A. J. Finberg.

TALBOT SIMPKINSON has been dead more than ten years now, and the time has arrived when the real history of the last few years of his life may be related. Indeed, so much misunderstanding and such an amount of misrepresentation have been connected with the history, that it is only right that the facts should be set forth fully and frankly. Not a few of the older members of the House of Commons will remember Talbot Simpkinson when he was the chief doorkeeper in that honourable House, and when he occupied the quaint old seat, like a sentry-box, which still stands on the right-hand side as you enter the Chamber from the Lobby. He was a man of distinguished appearance, and members were in the habit of saying that he "looked like a first-class Privy Councillor." Moreover, he was very proud of the name "Talbot," and was painfully conscious of the difference in effect between "Mr. T. Simpkinson" and "Talbot Simpkinson, Esq.," when seen on an envelope. There is no doubt he would have connected the two names by a hyphen but for the fact that he had no other Christian name to furnish a preliminary initial.

The doorkeeper in the House may, whenever he likes, pass through the swinging doors, and, standing below the bar, remain practically, though not technically, on the floor of the House; and Simpkinson made use of this privilege occasionally. But no ordinary speech or incident would tempt him inside. When a great man delivered a memorable speech, "T. S.," as he was called by members who had known him for twenty years, would look in for ten minutes. His appearance at the bar of the House made it clear to even the meanest intelligence that the occasion was one of no ordinary importance—a fact that would not always have been established by any other means. Few, indeed, were the maiden speeches to which he condescended to listen, and it was generally recognised that the man whose first speech induced "T. S." to look in for five minutes had a distinguished career before him. It was a more valuable testimonial than any number of polysyllabic compliments from either front bench — compliments which are too often "of the front bench, front benchy."

In this way Simpkinson had studied the greatest orators and the most consummate Parliamentary tacticians for a generation and a half. He had, naturally enough, amassed a valuable store of information about what is known as "procedure," a word which, in Parliament, signifies chiefly the methods by which, without breaking the standing orders, you can prevent business from proceeding. And though he had his own political predilections—being, in point of fact, a Whig of the oldest type—he would always give advice in the friendliest possible manner to any member who consulted him. When once within the precincts of the Palace, he rose above all party considerations, and more than once he had been heard to say impressively, "Partisanship in a Speaker would be sad and deplorable; in a chief doorkeeper it would be unpardonable." I happen to know—and there is no reason why I should not make the fact public now—that Simpkinson was responsible for one of the most prolonged sittings under which the House of Commons ever suffered. He merely gave a hint or two to a nimble-witted gentleman from Ireland, and the seed, having fallen on good ground, sprang up and bare fruit an hundredfold. Poor Simpkinson was nearly dead with fatigue as he sat by the door all through the night; but he experienced a feeling of satisfaction as he reflected that his hint proved to be the "straight tip," if I may use an unparliamentary vulgarism when speaking of Mr. Talbot Simpkinson.

At length, after many years' service,

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Simpkinson announced his intention of retiring into private life. He was the recipient of many handsome testimonials and was granted a comfortable pension. But though no longer young, it was not infirmity nor inability to perform his duties that had led him to withdraw from Westminster. He had regarded the extension of the franchise as a lamentable experiment, and its results, so far as the *personnel* of the House was concerned, filled him with the gravest alarm. Just as the well-trained skipper can perceive the scudding squall long before the mere land-lubber suspects its approach, so one or two little eccentricities in the dress of new members startled the watchful doorkeeper. He did not live to see the incursion of cummer-bunds, cricketing-flannels, brown boots, low hats, straw hats —and even a dingy cloth cap—which the present generation has gazed upon, but his instinct enabled him to detect these alterations "singing in the upper air like

"One or two little eccentricities in the dress of new members startled the watchful doorkeeper.

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a coming storm," and he fled before it was too late.

When he had been in retirement some six months or so, strange rumours began to be whispered about among those members who had known him best. When his name was mentioned men would look at each other searchingly, as if asking, "Are you in the know?" Or they would retire mysteriously to secluded corners, where they raised their eyebrows, whistled softly, and, in a word, signified their surprise in the usual manner. Those who were not admitted to the secret naturally suspected the worst, and even the most kindly disposed felt sure that Simpkinson was either uttering spurious coin or running an illicit still. As these rumours, and some a great deal worse, have never been properly disposed of, I think it well to state the facts of the case and thus clear the memory of an honourable man from odious imputations.

The fact is, Simpkinson had begun to give private lessons in Parliamentary oratory to new members, and to others who had never acquired the art. No mere candidates were received on any pretext whatever. Indeed, his pupils had to produce evidence that they had signed the roll and taken their seats before they were admitted to the Simpkinsonian sanctum. When once these preliminaries had been satisfactorily settled, Mr. Simpkinson welcomed his honourable friends with a courtly urbanity worthy of Mr. Speaker himself. From repeated conversations I have had with a few of those who do not mind owning that they have sat at the feet of Simpkinson, it is evident that his course of instruction followed fixed and definite lines and varied but little. He would begin, "You will soon find that it matters but little what you say in the House of Commons, while everything depends on how you say it. Acquiring what is known as 'the House of Commons style' is more than half the battle. Give 'em plenty of 'hum' and 'haw'; to 'er, er,' is human, you know"—he would invariably laugh at this ancient little jest, though he had made it a hundred times. He had great success in this part of his tuition, and the one instruction which all his pupils faithfully carried out was contained in the hint that the House of Commons was always impressed when a speaker did not appear to know what he was talking about, and had no notion what to say next. Having thus grounded the beginner in the first principles of House of Commons oratory—hesitation, a little stammering, endless repetition, a reasonable amount of self-contradiction, and any amount of "hum" and "haw"—Mr. Simpkinson would proceed to teach a few of the more necessary formulæ. How and when to remark, "I venture to say," or, "I have yet to learn," leading up by many a subtle gradation to that final climax reserved for very special occasions, "I even go so far as to venture to think"—all this was carefully explained.

"All this sort of thing," he would say, "may seem trivial to a stranger, but it makes all the difference between success and failure in the House. For instance, if you were to ask point blank, 'Will any man affirm that two and two make four?' most likely some member would call out 'Yes.' But if you put it like this, 'Will any man come down to this House, and stand up in his place, and venture to say that two and two make four?' they'll all sit mum. It impresses 'em; I don't know why, but it does. Again, supposing you say something which is not quite accurate—you know what I mean—and the other side calls out 'Oh, oh!' all you have to do is to turn to your men and say very indignantly, 'I am within the recollection of the House,' and if your side knows its business it will cheer like mad."

Having made sure that these rudimentary points had been appreciated, Simpkinson directed the attention of his friends and pupils to the question of the hat in Parliament. He had made this subject a speciality. "Let me implore you," he would say with real feeling, "never to encourage the pestilent heresy that a member should sit in his place uncovered. Wearing the hat in the House is a great privilege. Do not the police cry, 'Hats off, strangers!' every day when Mr. Speaker passes through the Lobby? That alone shows that the member may, if he likes, as a matter of privilege and right, keep his on. Disraeli was a gifted man, I grant, and Gladstone is well informed; but I have always admired Palmerston more than either—he wore his hat in the House, and they did not."

Nor were the solid advantages of the hat forgotten. The member who wishes to catch the Speaker's eye has a double chance of being successful if, in addition to jumping to his feet, he waves his hat about. And then hostile or friendly references in debate can be acknowledged by the hat being raised in an ironical or courteous salute. When pulled over the eyes it means gloomy defiance; when pushed far back it signifies that jaunty indifference which is so maddening to an assailant. All this was explained by the

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experienced Simpkinson, but his chief point in this connection was the utility of the hat as an adjunct to perorations. It was a touching sight to witness a portly and worthy gentleman in Simpkinson's preparatory senate trolling forth the time-honoured phrase, "The pride of every true Briton—the envy of surrounding nations." As he uttered the word "surrounding" he turned to pick up his hat, and between the two syllables of "nations" he fixed it on his head with a bang and sat down with arms folded across his heaving chest. "That's it!" the delighted mentor would exclaim. "It encourages your men and overawes the other side. And then, when you fix your hat on as you sit down, you are sure of not sitting on it. Eloquence the most superb, services the most distinguished, a character spotless as the driven snow, are all of no avail when that most terrible of Parliamentary disasters overtakes a man."

"'Five minutes ago I had not the remotest intention of addressing the House.'"

Mr. Simpkinson devoted special attention, too, to coaching men for maiden speeches. "Always begin," he would say, "by claiming 'that kindly consideration which is never withheld from those who address the great assembly for the first time'; and assure them that five minutes before you rose you had not the least intention of intruding on their attention. It doesn't matter if you have a ream of notes, the members will greet your assurances with kindly cheers. They've all said the same sort of thing themselves." Moreover, he never failed to impress on beginners the necessity of keeping their eyes fixed on their leaders whenever any of those great men happened to speak. "Every now and then you will see that they swing round on their toes, and facing their followers will make a rousing swoop with their arms. This is known as the 'Up-Guards-and-at-'em' movement. Whenever you see this done, you must cheer as hard as you can. I have known supercilious young men who declined to give tongue on such occasions; but mark my words—they were not invited to join the next Administration."

These are but a few of the hints which the ex-doorkeeper imparted to the budding senators. It would fill many a page if I were to go through all the details of his elaborate instructions. He neglected no point, however trivial; and if his pupils when they left him were not prepared for any emergency, from asking a supplementary and irrelevant question to bringing in a Budget, the fault was their own and not Simpkinson's.

The success attending his efforts of course varied; but it gradually became apparent that "Simpkinson's men" went to the front in the House. By dint of vigorous hat-waving they caught the Speaker's eye; by the judicious use of formula and redundant phrase they made a good impression. They "joined in the groans and led the cheers," and scarcely one of them was ever known to sit on his hat. But like other founders of

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schools, Simpkinson had to mourn over some who did him no credit. One in particular almost broke his heart. Mr. Mark Browne, M.P., was a gentleman with an enormous voice and an open-air style of speaking. During his first week or two in the House he had become dimly conscious that this style was not exactly the thing for his new surroundings, so he sought out Simpkinson one night and begged to be coached. When Mr. Browne was asked to make a short speech, so that the faults of his style could be detected and put right, he horrified poor Simpkinson by beginning to bellow forth a torrent of language, beating his chest with fury, gnashing his teeth, and winding up by shaking his fist savagely and roaring, "Is, then, the Magna Charta a mockery, and the Bill of Rights of none effect?"

"Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Simpkinson, shaking his head and throwing up his hands in despair, "that won't do at all. If there's one thing the House resents more than another, it's any reference to the Magna Charta. They simply won't stand it."

"Why?" asked the astonished and perspiring Browne.

"I scarcely know," was the reply. "It may be because the barons drew it up, and so it belongs to what is called 'another place'; but in any case you must not even hint at it."

"Ten minutes elapsed before he ventured to bring out the ruined article."

Browne eventually, though with evident reluctance, agreed to surrender that favourite phrase of his, and, indeed, to remodel his style altogether. Instead of being perfervid and strenuous, he became "stodgy" to excess, slow and solemn as the Dead March. His "hum" and "haw" business was so impressive as to fill Simpkinson with high hope, and when Browne one day announced that on the next Monday he meant to deliver his maiden speech, Simpkinson resolved secretly to get a seat in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery and witness his promising pupil's triumph.

The House was well filled on the fateful day, as the question under discussion, though of no great importance, was one about which leading articles had been appearing for some days. Browne had made a mistake in sitting on a back seat under one of the side galleries, with a few blue books on one side and two volumes of Hansard on the other, while he clutched a heap of manuscript in his right hand. Time after time he sprang up, but tried in vain to catch the Speaker's eye. At length he uttered such a "whoop" as he shouted "Mr. Speaker," and at the same time he waved his hat with such desperate energy, that the startled Speaker looked towards him and said, "Mr. Browne." The hat was solemnly deposited on the seat behind, and poor Browne suddenly began to wonder whether he was on his head or his heels. He began in a low tone and with excessive deliberation:—

"Sir, I venture to say that I shall be in the recollection of the House—hum, haw, haw, hum—when I claim that consideration which is always extended to one who is making his maiden speech for the first time within these walls." A kindly cheer greeted this extraordinary remark, and Browne began to gain confidence. His voice soon reached the out-of-doors pitch, against which he had been warned, as he went on. "Five minutes ago I had not the remotest intention of addressing the House (a laugh); 'pon my honour, I did not even know I should be here at all." This was a little too much for those who had seen him trying for two hours to get an innings, and when he fixed his glasses on his nose and deliberately opened his monstrous sheaf of notes, they cheered and laughed noisily. This annoyed Browne, and he went on with a rush, "I have yet to

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learn that any man will come down to this House and stand up in his place and with regard to the present relations subsisting between all parties go so far as to venture to think—hum, haw——," and here the roars of cheers and laughter pulled him up. He got desperate, threw down his notes, and said anything that came into his head. The noise increased, Browne nearly foamed at the mouth, and at last he became so excited that, in spite of the fact that he was on a back seat and that only the wall was behind him, he swung round on his toes and made that encouraging swoop with his arm of which Simpkinson had spoken. The members leaned back, and with their faces turned up to the glass ceiling, they bawled aloud with delight, while one voice could be heard above the din crying, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Browne faced the music again, and gave them his pet peroration about the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, at which they cheered more madly than ever. In the midst of the wild applause he sat down abruptly, and crash went his hat as flat as a Ministerial denial. The whole place shook with the resounding laughs, while poor Simpkinson was observed to put his head down on the rail in front of the gallery where he sat, as though the scene was too much for him. Browne sat quite still, hoping that no one had noticed the tragedy of the hat, and that his hideous secret was safe. Ten minutes elapsed before he ventured to bring out the ruined article and make soft attempts at repairing the damage. But the watchful members who had been waiting for this cheered him again, and Mr. Browne strode from the Chamber with stately step after a bow that would have done credit to a Lord Chamberlain.

He was crossing the Lobby gloomily to get to the quiet of the library when Simpkinson emerged from the staircase leading from his gallery. They met near the Vote Office, and the scene reminded the onlookers of the meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo. Each clasped the hand of the other. Simpkinson said not a word; Browne said only one, and that was distinctly unparliamentary.

From a photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

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The Vagrants.

By Fred Walker.

(From the original Painting now in the Tate Gallery. Reproduced by permission of the Autotype Company.)

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AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BALLS.

By W. J. Wintle.

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

THERE are few experiences more embarrassing than a first visit to the pawnshop. How embarrassing I never knew till I tried it for the information of readers of the Windsor Magazine. Selecting an establishment of prosperous appearance in the Whitechapel district, I first hovered before the window and tried to ascertain if my financial "uncle" had many clients in the shop. But the loan department was too carefully screened from view for investigations of this kind. Then I looked cautiously up and down the street to see if any acquaintance was in sight, and noticed that a policeman near by was watching my movements with apparent interest. So I took a short walk, and then once more approached the side door. Screwing up my courage, I made a dash for it, and almost fell into the arms of an old acquaintance, the local curate, who at that moment emerged from the next house.

"Hello, old fellow!" he exclaimed. "Come to have a look at the parish, eh? Good corner to begin at, this. The local bank, you know; does more business than any other place in the neighbourhood, except the gin-shops. Don't believe I've got more than a dozen people in the parish who don't keep their valuables here. When old Moneybags had a bit of a fire one Saturday morning last spring, and had to shut up shop for the day, half my people couldn't come to church next morning. You can guess why. But come and have a look round. What, can't? Pressing business, eh? Well, come another day, then. So long!"

He was gone, and so was my nerve. It needed several walks through the side streets before I could muster courage to slip furtively through the narrow portal. At last the threshold was crossed, and as I disappeared into the gloomy interior, a shoeblack outside shouted cheerily to his mate, "I sy, Bill, 'ere's another bloomin' torf aputtin' 'is Sunday shirt up the spout!"

Inside the building a narrow passage ran along the back of the shop, one side consisting of a series of narrow doors, somewhat resembling the arrangement inside a prison van. But, of course, this simile will convey no meaning to the gentle reader. Pushing open one of the doors, I was repulsed by a

"'Hello, old fellow!'"

surly growl from the occupier of the compartment—a rough-looking customer, who was pawning some tools. The next door opened at that moment, and a remarkably unkempt lady emerged with wrathful

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countenance. "Lord love yer, my dear," she remarked, as I passed in, "'e's a 'ard-'earted wretch, is old Moneybags; that's wot 'e is!"

I now found myself in a little compartment with a section of the counter in front of me. Wooden partitions were supposed to ensure privacy, but as most of the pawnbroker's clients leaned well forward on the counter and transacted their business in vigorous tones, the privacy was potential rather than actual.

"'How much?' he promptly asked."

Mr. Moneybags was quickly in attendance, and I handed him a silver watch which had some time previously cost three guineas. "How much?" he promptly asked. This was rather a staggerer, for I had not anticipated such a question.

"I would rather that you made me an offer," I said hesitatingly.

The man of money looked at me suspiciously. "How much do you want?" he repeated.

I made a dash at it and said, "Thirty shillings."

Mr. Moneybags whistled. "Lend you twelve," he said.

"Only twelve shillings for a silver lever that cost three guineas!" I gasped.

"Daresay it's worth more to you," he answered, "but it's only worth twelve to me."

"Very well," I replied resignedly. The pawnbroker then proceeded to fill up a ticket in duplicate, muttering mechanically as he did so, "Your own property, I suppose? Name? Address? Penny for the ticket, please. Twelve shillings." And I emerged from the interview minus the watch and plus eleven shillings and elevenpence and a small piece of pasteboard, inscribed as follows:—

No. 4607.

Pawned with MOSES MONEYBAGS,
99, Hardup Street, E.
March 22*nd*, 1898.

Silver L. Watch, No. 36542.
£0 12*s*. 0*d*.

MR. STONE BROKE,
67, Insolvent Street,
Fulham, S.W.

A week later I redeemed the watch, returning the twelve shillings and paying threepence interest, which was at the rate of about 108 per cent. per annum. This time I had secured an introduction to Mr. Moneybags, and soon found myself seated in an easy-chair in his private office.

"So you thought you would find out for yourself, did you?" he laughed. "I knew you were not quite the genuine article when you called last week."

"Did you think I had stolen the watch?" I asked.

"Oh, not at all, my dear sir. Long experience enables us to tell at a glance what sort of customer we have got. A thief would have put on an air of gaiety and unconcern; a regular customer would have haggled over the loan; while a man who was really hard up would have pleaded for more. Besides, if you had really wanted money, you would have pawned your ring and scarf-pin before parting with your watch. However, I hope you enjoyed the experience?"

"Not much," I replied with emphasis; "and I especially objected to paying interest at the rate of 108 per cent."

"That was not my fault," he answered. "The rate of interest is fixed by the Act. It is a halfpenny per month for every two shillings or less on sums under two pounds; and for every half-crown or less on sums between two and ten pounds. On larger amounts the loan is a matter of private contract. In other words, the rate of interest is 25 per cent. per annum on very small loans and 20 per cent. on larger ones. Of course, in a case like yours, where a month's interest is paid upon a loan for a week, the rate becomes proportionately higher. In some cases it becomes very heavy indeed. For instance, the interest upon a loan of sixpence

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would amount to another sixpence in the course of a year. If the article were pawned afresh every week—a common practice with the poor—the weekly halfpenny for interest would bring up the annual interest to 400 per cent. A case was made public two or three years ago that was more startling still. A woman alternately pawned her son's boots every evening and a counterpane every morning. You see the boots were needed in the day and the counterpane at night. She thus performed two pawning operations daily, each time receiving sixpence and paying a halfpenny as interest. In this way she paid sixpence a week on a loan of sixpence; in other words, she paid interest at the rate of 100 per cent. per week, *or 5,200 per cent. per annum!* This was strictly in accordance with the Act, but of course it was a very exceptional case."

"Then there can be no doubt that pawnbroking is a paying business, Mr. Moneybags?"

"Well, yes; it is not bad. But you must remember that there is another side to the case. It is a fact that some London pawnbrokers do not clear a net profit of 5 per cent., taking one year with another. The most paying customers are the weekly ones, of whom we have more than a thousand. You may take it that they pay 100 per cent. interest on the money I lend them. But I sometimes lose money even upon these. Suppose that a weekly customer brings in his Sunday suit of clothes. Knowing that they will be redeemed on Saturday, I willingly lend him as much or a trifle more than they are worth. This is repeated week after week, and I continue to lend the same sum, although the clothes are steadily deteriorating, because I expect them to be redeemed. But presently my customer ceases to come, and when I examine the garments I find that they are practically worn out. Then I must keep them for a twelvemonth—the money lent upon them lying idle all the while—and at last I am glad to sell the rags for a few pence to a dealer. This kind of thing often happens, and I can assure you that it means a very serious loss indeed. Clothes are always a bad security. Through change of fashion, moth, and creases, they often lose value at the rate of 10 per cent. *per month* while lying on the pawnbroker's shelves. This is especially true of women's garments.

"Then we are continually swindled. No man can be an expert in everything, and 'Uncle' is regarded as a legitimate subject for the professional cheat. I experience more of this kind of thing at my Bayswater branch, where, of course, we do a very different style of business. Did you ever hear of 'mystery,' eh? No? Well, I've heard of it and paid for it too, worse luck. It is an alloy, containing a certain percentage of gold, which will stand the ordinary acid test, and has deceived nearly every pawnbroker in London. It is not on the market, but is exclusively used to defraud pawnbrokers and jewellers.

"Last Saturday a woman came here and offered a mouse-trap charm in pledge. I privately scraped one corner to see if it were plated, and then applied the acid, which it stood satisfactorily. The woman asked for five shillings, but ultimately accepted three. Ten minutes after she had gone I opened the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* and read the following:—

"WARNING.

"A woman is going about London offering 'mystery' mouse-trap charms in pledge. She asks five shillings, but will take three.

"On applying a special test I found that my mouse-trap was one of the 'mystery' variety, and that I had given three shillings for an article worth but a few pence."

Mr. Moneybags then produced the charm in question from a drawer in the safe. On comparing it with eighteen-carat gold no difference could be detected by any of the usual tests. It had been got up in imitation of an old article. The edges were worn, and the interstices were filled with dirt. The deception was indeed perfect.

"We are often cheated over jewellery," continued the pawnbroker. "You will probably be surprised to hear that certain men make a profession of swindling us. A large class of goods is got up expressly for pawning. Low-class plate—with a coating of silver so thin that it will disappear after three or four washings—is manufactured in exact imitation of old plate of the best quality; violins, made in Germany and worth five shillings, are carefully scratched, scraped, resined, and coated with dirty varnish in exact imitation of old and valuable instruments; genuine new jewellery is manufactured and carefully soiled in perfect imitation of old goods, and so fetches a higher price. Sham gems are seldom offered—detection is too easy—but low-class gems are mounted to resemble better goods, the backs of the stones being silvered to give them 'fire,' and we are often deceived by them. Goods of this class are usually offered in the

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evening or on foggy days. I have even had nine-carat gold brought to me with the fifteen-carat stamp on it.

"At the present time I am being made the prey of a gang of swindlers who buy up old worthless gold watches at the sale-rooms and renovate them. They are carefully cleaned, the cases hardened and touched up, and the old works covered with a sham three-quarter plate. Then they are offered in pledge, and we are often 'done'—usually on Mondays or Saturdays when we are very busy and have no time for lengthy examination. A week ago I lent thirty-five shillings on a gold watch, which I afterwards recognised as one that I had sold for twenty-five a few months before.

"Then, again, we sometimes take articles which are afterwards found to have been stolen, and these have to be given up to their lawful owners without any compensation. Of course, we study the *Pawnbrokers' List*, issued by the police, but we can't remember everything, and very often the goods are pawned before the *List* arrives. Occasionally articles are brought which have been purchased on the hire system, or which are included in a bill of sale, and again the pawnbroker is the loser. Sometimes we are caught by very curious devices. A woman bought a pair of shoes which proved too tight, so she slit them down the fronts. This proving ineffectual, she procured two ornamental buckles and fastened them over the slits. Then she brought them to me when I was extremely busy, and I was promptly 'had.' Another time a man who frequently accepts the hospitality of the Casual Ward managed to secrete several workhouse shirts. But these are not pawnable, because they bear two large stamps in front of the shoulders. What did he do? Why, he actually cut one shirt up and made extra shoulder pieces to cover the marks on the others, and sewed them on so well that the stripes exactly corresponded! When he had pawned three or four my suspicions were aroused, and I discovered the trick. Another dodge is sometimes practised by weekly customers. After bringing a good article regularly for a time, they will substitute a similar article of no value, and as we have become accustomed to the pledge, we probably do not examine it, and so are once more swindled. When I was a young assistant I once had the changes rung upon me very neatly. A man brought in a gold chain which I examined, and offered him two pounds. He declined it and went away. An hour or two later he returned, saying that he could get no better offer and so would accept mine. I glanced casually at the chain and gave him the money, but when I came to examine the pledge, I found that a brass chain of similar pattern had been substituted for the original gold one! These are only a few of the losses we incur, and you may be sure that they form a very serious set-off against our annual profits."

"'Of course we study the *Pawnbrokers' List*, issued by the police.'"

In confirmation of his statement about the loss upon unredeemed garments, Mr. Moneybags took up the current issue of the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* and showed me several advertisements of months' stocks of "soft goods" offered at from 10 to 15 per cent. less than the amount lent upon them. In these cases the pawnbroker had not only lost his interest, but was willing to forfeit a portion of the capital in order to get rid of the goods.

"Who, then, are your best customers?" I inquired.

"Oh, the weekly ones, without a doubt," he answered. "As you have already seen, the rate of interest upon such pledges is very high indeed, and although we practically always lose upon unredeemed small goods,

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yet, as long as the renewing continues, the profit is large. Of course, at my Bayswater place I often make a good profit on unredeemed pledges, as they are usually articles of value."

"But how do you account for the weekly pawning system, Mr. Moneybags?"

"General unthriftiness is the secret. Drink, no doubt, has something to do with it, but not so much as many people suppose. The majority of weekly borrowers do not belong to the poorest classes, but rather to those where the husband earns a regular weekly wage. You see, they spend freely, and presently get behind with their rent. Then something is pawned in order to pay the landlord. When Saturday comes, they redeem the goods and spend the rest of the man's wages, so that on Monday they have to appear before me again. So it goes on week after week in many a case where a little self-denial and carefulness would soon set them free. I notice that we do most business when work is plentiful, because then people are more extravagant and readily pawn articles because they feel sure that they will be able to redeem them promptly. There is plenty of pawning done before and after Bank Holidays. Indeed, I often say that we pawnbrokers trust not in providence, but in improvidence."

"You must see a great deal of the pathos of life?" I suggested.

"Not so much as you would suppose. Occasionally some poor creature comes timidly in for the first time, to part with some cherished possession, but this is quite exceptional. The bulk of our customers exhibit no bashfulness, I can assure you. Quite the contrary, indeed. They will haggle for the last farthing, and then abuse me for a grasping old spider!"

"Now, if I may venture to touch upon the question, upon what principle do you decide the amount of the loan?"

"There is no rule whatever, but our usual method is to estimate the amount that the article will probably fetch in the sale-room, and then offer a little less. We cannot consider the original cost of the article in any way. For example, the watch that you pawned cost three guineas, but in the present state of the market I doubt if it would fetch more than fifteen shillings at auction, so I could only lend you twelve upon it. As a matter of fact, I ought not to have lent quite so much. The cost is no criterion at all. For instance, a lady's ball dress that cost thirty pounds is not worth more than three pounds to me, but a jewel of the same cost might be worth twenty pounds for pawning purposes. Of course, it must be remembered that pawnbroking is a business and not a work of charity, and therefore must be conducted on commonsense principles."

A few days later I called at the Bayswater branch, and I was soon deep in conversation with Mr. Isaacs, the manager. The whole arrangements were very different from those of the Whitechapel establishment. No second-hand garments, concertinas, old furniture, or cheap watches were to be seen here. Respectability reigned supreme. A wire blind covered the glass in the shop door, the window looked like that of a high-class jeweller, the golden balls were unobtrusive, and the door to the pledge department was simply marked "PRIVATE ENTRANCE." When I called the manager was engaged, and a coronet on the panel of a waiting brougham indicated the quality of the client. The street was of irreproachable character, and one felt that he could visit the establishment without the least loss of self-respect.

"I see that you get some aristocratic clients, Mr. Isaacs," I remarked by way of opening the conversation.

"Certainly," he replied; "most of our clients belong to the upper circles. You would be astounded if I were to show you some of the names that are at the present moment on our books. Our strong-room contains jewels not merely of vast intrinsic value, but of European celebrity. Many a great reputation would be shaken if my lips were not tightly sealed. Most of the transactions to which I am alluding are conducted with great secrecy, a trusted agent being employed for the purpose; but in some cases there is no disguise at all about it. You recognised Lady ——'s brougham at the door as you came in. Well, she is by no means the only lady of title who leaves her carriage at my door, though many others prefer to come in cabs. They usually come to the shop in preference to the pledge-office. It is very easy to transact business with them. Take the Honourable Mrs. —— for example. She is the incarnation of business. 'I want £100, Mr. Isaacs,' is her usual remark, and she always hands me jewellery worth two or three times as much. These large loans do not come within the ordinary provisions of the Pawnbrokers Act, but are the subject of special contracts, and are highly remunerative. The article is, as a rule, promptly redeemed; and, if left on

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our hands, its value is always greatly in excess of the amount lent on it."

"But how do you account for ladies of substantial position thus borrowing money?"

"I suppose it is mere extravagance. They seem to receive their income periodically, and they run short before the next instalment is due. Many of these ladies, if they wish to make a costly purchase, would rather borrow money from me than wait until their own comes in. Some cases are, of course, far more deplorable, and indicate that things are going wrong. I could mention several great names that will be talked about in a very unpleasant way before long. I am sure of it from certain transactions which they have had with me."

"Have you had any experience of thieves attempting to pawn stolen goods?" I asked.

"Yes, we have such cases occasionally, but not very often. The professional thief will rarely visit a pawnbroker; the risk is too great. Descriptions of all stolen property are inserted in the *Pawnbrokers' List*, which is issued daily from Scotland Yard, so that it is very risky to attempt to pawn such articles. Of course, when a shabby person offers an article of value, or when anyone resembling a domestic servant offers plate, our suspicions are at once aroused. Under pretence of examining the article, I take it into the office, and look through the list of stolen property; and if the circumstances seem really suspicious, I send the boy out by the back door for a policeman, while I engage the suspected person in conversation and discuss the amount that I shall lend him. When the constable arrives, the person has either to prove his ownership of the goods or go to the police-station. Only the other day a butler brought some silver spoons bearing his master's crest. Of course, I at once gave him in charge. I get on fairly well with the police—it pays best to keep in their good graces—but I must say that they too often treat us as receivers of stolen goods. The fact is, we are only too anxious to avoid such pledges. It is no joke to lend a hundred pounds on a diamond necklace, and then have to give it up to the police without compensation."

"Do you see much of the pathetic side of the business here?"

"Oh, dear, no—quite the reverse, I assure you! Novelists write of the agony of a poor woman at pawning her wedding-ring, but I have not often seen it. We have literally hundreds of wedding-rings in pledge at this moment. Indeed, I have known women buy their wedding-rings from me second-hand, on condition that I would lend a certain sum upon them whenever required. Of course, there are plenty of sad cases about, but we are obliged to close our ears to all that sort of thing. If we allowed our sympathies to get the better of our judgment, we should soon be insolvent."

"I suppose you get some queer articles offered in pledge sometimes?"

"My dear sir, I doubt if you could mention any article that has not been offered to me during my thirty years' experience. I have taken nearly everything, from a flat-iron to a diamond coronet. What do you think of putting a mermaid up the spout? That happened to me once, and the creature proved to be half monkey and half codfish. One day a woman tried to raise a shilling on her marriage lines! Another time a woman brought a filthy, black clay pipe which originally cost a penny! It seemed that her husband greatly valued the article, and so she had concluded that a trifle might be raised upon it. A live cat, a pickled leg of pork, a horse's tooth, a newspaper supposed to have been torn by Mr. Gladstone, and many other extraordinary articles have occasionally been offered to me. But as a general rule, the pawnbroking business is a rather monotonous one."

"One question more, and it shall be the last. Might I venture to ask if the wonderful bargains exhibited in pawnbrokers' windows are really as wonderful as they appear?"

Mr. Isaacs laughed. "Well, I suppose I ought not to answer that question, but if you really want my advice, I should say—keep clear of them as a rule. Unredeemed pledges are usually marked up to their full value, and if you see an 'astounding bargain' in the shape of a watch at five shillings, you may very safely assume that it is worth four. At the same time remarkably cheap things may often be picked up, but you need to understand the article you are buying."

With this I left the Bayswater branch, and the following Monday found me installed behind the pledge-counter at the Whitechapel establishment as a bogus assistant for the purposes of the present article. Arrayed in shirt sleeves and a black apron, I made my first and last appearance as an "uncle" to mankind at large. Before me stretched the long counter, polished by the friction of pledges passing in and out, and on the farther side were the compartments devoted to the use of the impecunious.

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Behind me was another counter, with shelves above and cupboards below for the temporary bestowal of goods; the jeweller's scales and the acid bottle were close at hand; and a sliding panel gave access to the well-known "spout." This was simply a kind of shoot communicating with the warehouse above. On one side hung a small bag at the end of a cord, and on the other a second cord communicating with a bell. When a customer called to redeem a pledge, the ticket was placed in the bag, and the bell called the attention of the warehouseman above. He at once drew up the bag, took out the ticket, found the corresponding article, and either lowered or threw it down the "spout," according to whether it was a "soft" or a "hard." Then the attendant at the counter calculated the amount of interest due, received the money, returned the pledge, and placed the ticket on a file for subsequent entry in the books.

Close to the "spout" stood a safe of goodly proportions, and provided with a series of shallow drawers. In these were stored many thousands of watches, rings, and other articles of value, so arranged as to nature, value and date that any article could be readily found.

"'Now lend an extra tanner to a pore old widder.'"

Upstairs a similar arrangement prevailed in the extensive store-rooms. Racks reaching from floor to ceiling, and barely leaving room to pass, contained the accumulated deposits of the past twelve months. In one com-

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partment were men's clothes, in another men's under-garments, and in a third were boots. Similar spaces were reserved for women's apparel, and hard by were stacks of umbrellas, presumably laid up against a rainy day. Musical instruments had a corner to themselves, the commonest articles being concertinas, melodions, banjoes and flutes. Sheets and blankets were there in great profusion, as were all kinds of domestic napery. Some dozens of travelling bags were awaiting the next holiday season, when, if funds permit, they will once more see the light. By an arrangement of coloured tickets, varying according to the amount lent, and a system of divisions for the months of the year, it was the work of a moment to find any required package.

Adjoining the shop was the weekly room. In this all pledges are deposited for a week before finding their places in the warehouse, and as Mr. Moneybags rejoices in an enormous number of weekly customers, the advantages of the arrangement are obvious.

It was a long day that I spent behind the pledge-counter. The novelty soon wore off as the hours passed by, and the never-ending stream of customers, bringing men's Sunday clothes, soon grew monotonous enough. The majority of them were weekly customers, who knew exactly how much would be lent, while on the other hand the assistants knew exactly what the bundles contained, so that the proceedings were largely mechanical.

My presence was the subject of occasional comment, usually the reverse of flattering.

"Crikee, Bill!" exclaimed one client; "'ere's a torf down on 'is luck, and taken a job in a pop-shop!"

"Garn, yer fool!" retorted a lady in the next compartment; "carn't yer see that the torf's bin an' put 'isself up the spout, an' is waitin' for 'is pals to come an' get 'im out? Look at the bloomin' ticket on 'im!"—pointing to a protruding corner of my handkerchief.

There was plenty of this sort of thing, and I rather fancied that Mr. Moneybags secretly enjoyed it. Of course, I did very little at the counter, being mainly occupied in entering up some tickets and keeping my eyes open. Once or twice a customer, noting my evident greenness, would try to benefit herself—for they were nearly all women—by appealing to my finer instincts.

"Gawd bless yer, sir, for a real, nice, kind-hearted gent as I can see yer are!" exclaimed one elderly lady in a wheedling tone. "Now lend an extra tanner to a pore old widder, with nine kids at 'ome an' a gal in the 'orsepital with a wooden leg, an' a son wot's a brute to 'is old mother; now do, there's a dear, won't yer now?"

But when she found that I was proof against these blandishments, her tone changed considerably, and she indulged in various forceful remarks detrimental to my eyes, limbs and immortal soul.

As I helped to put up the shutters at ten o'clock at night, I felt that one day in a pawnshop was better than a thousand, and that the gods never intended me to be an "uncle" in the universal sense. Still, I have convinced myself that the pawnbroker is not the grasping rogue that many people think him to be, and that, although he no doubt lives mainly upon the improvidence and folly of the people, yet he could hardly be dispensed with under the existing conditions of society.

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The Witch Baby

By Mayne Lindsay

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

TWO Englishmen sat in a very dirty hut, and occasionally they coughed; because the hostile tribes of India-over-the-border do not understand ventilation, and in the heart of Yaghistan you generally need a fire. There were reasons why they were grateful even for the privilege of coughing, and for the discomfort of a ten-by-seven-feet residence, fairly weather-proof and watertight, in that desolation of naked mountains. To be concise, they were prisoners in the hands of a clan that did not usually indulge in the weakness of live captives, and they were sensible of their position as exceptions to a rule.

The doorway showed a portion of a fortification encompassing their shelter, and beyond it a jumble of stony valleys and barren fields, behind which was perhaps—how could they say?—the Yaghistan field force on its way to distant battlefields. A piercing wind piped along the gorges; their prison received the full benefit of it, for its situation, a strong one strategically, had not been chosen to humour the whims of weather. It was difficult to imagine the fierce mountaineers who garrisoned the fort and the neighbouring country caring anything for wind and rain and snowstorms. Indeed, their actions in the time that they had harassed a conscientious brigadier, played cat and mouse with his rearguard, dropped stones and rifle bullets into his van, and fought wild-beastlike at every opportunity, showed that they were not the folk to pause at trifles; which made the riddle of why they had spared the two men cornered so successfully in the disaster of Shamai—spared them, too, after a resistance which, if heroic from one point of view, must have been exasperating from another—a matter not easy to solve.

Richard Lennard, Lieutenant I.S.C., cradled a wounded arm and faced the outlook with a degree of resignation. He had calculated the possibilities of his name, with *missing* attached thereto, having been writ large by that time in the English papers. He was at the moment reflecting that it was more likely that he was counted as one of those whose dead bodies he had seen go crashing down from Shamai spur to the inaccessible scrub that lay below a certain precipice. Either way, somebody at home would be in an agony, and the thought was sharp within him. He wondered how Baxter was taking it, and looked across at him. The reputation of the lightest-hearted man in India was not belied, for the captain's lips were laughing, and there was a distinct twinkle in the eyes that were contemplating their owner's muddy boots as he stretched his legs to the fire. Lennard's wound twinged, and a combination of miseries made him irritable.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," he

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said testily. "Perhaps you're thinking of the V.C. you ought to get, if we ever come safely out of this infernal mess."

Baxter started, and the smile died away from his handsome, good-humoured face. He drew his legs up and nursed one knee thoughtfully, while the little wicker stool he sat upon creaked.

"Eh? What? V.C.?" he said. "My dear fellow, you pulled the hot chestnuts out of the fire—I only gave a hand when they burnt your fingers afterwards. Which things are a parable. No, to tell the truth, I was just thinking how the witch baby would have enjoyed picking this caked mud off my boots. That blessed infant doted on mud and blacking. Seemed to improve his digestion."

"The witch baby!" echoed Lennard. "Who the dickens —— Oh, yes, I remember. You mean the shaven brown imp that used to crawl after you and mix itself up with your legs when you went into your compound. It was a foundling or something, wasn't it? You've a queer taste in pets. What made you think of it now?"

"The mud, of course. And the little beggar had just the same cast of countenance as our hosts here. The servants said they thought it must be a Yaghistani, it was so beastly pugnacious. You should have seen it whack the bearer's kid."

"That's funny about its being a possible Yaghistani. Sort of nursing a viper in your bosom, eh? Where did you pick it up?"

"Did you never hear the story? It was when the battery was at Fort Ishmael, and Carboys and I were living together. Walked into my room one day and found the thing squatting on the matting. Took to me at once—pecked out of my hand. I had to dry-nurse it because it bit everybody else. 'The witch baby' was what the compound dubbed it. Scoured the country round for the rightful owner, but no luck. The servants said it had been 'left till called for' by a woman of the north on her way through the pass to Peshawur in no end of a hurry. That was conjecture, of course; and so was Carboys' suggestion that she left it because she had no time to lose, her nose being possibly in jeopardy from a jealous husband. Though why she should have chosen me to adopt her offspring I can't say."

"Fingering his weapon in a menacing fashion."

Lennard looked at the face before him, and wondered if word of the cheerful geniality which had made Baxter the idol of his native battery had filtered by bazaar

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gossip to strange ears. There were less likely things; and he smiled in spite of himself as he remembered how exactly the easy adoption must have verified the mother's hopes. Then a train of thought led him far from the witch baby and its guardian, and he said querulously—

"There's another question of adoption that touches us more nearly. How long are we to be trapped here like rats in a cage? I suppose the general has concluded we are dead, and so no doubt we shall be as soon as these brutes have tired of their new crank. Do you think they're keeping us as hostages?"

"They are misguided heathens, if that is their idea. You see, we couldn't——"

"No, of course not. There were no prisoners of importance to be exchanged, and any other proposal would have two parties at least against it. Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can run *amok* among the Philistines, and, if we are lucky, give somebody beans. But I am half inclined to envy poor Keith. He was bowled over in fair fight, at any rate."

"Don't croak, old man." Baxter stood up as well as the low hut would permit, and stretched the six foot of him by sections. "You never know your luck. I think there's some big scheme on. These fellows are as sharp as needles."

He looked out of the doorway to where, sharp-limned against a frosty sky-line, a fierce-eyed sentry paced with loaded rifle. The man looked at him in return and scowled, fingering his weapon in a menacing fashion. Clearly it was not by his wish that these foreign invaders had had their lives given back to them. Baxter peered beyond him and saw the bustle of arrival at the gate of the fort, and he detailed it to his companion within while he watched.

"There! I told you I thought the boss of this show had not yet come on the scene. If I am not much mistaken, he has just made his appearance. There's a sort of informal reception going on outside, and the centre of it is a new face; a big fellow in an embroidered sheepskin coat, with a fine assortment of cutlery in his girdle. . . . Oh, yes, he's the chief, sure enough—the man we thought was the C.O. is paying his respects. I wonder whether this can be Hamid Khan? If so, he has probably just come from twisting the tail of the expedition, and we must be the special object of interest in these parts. Yes—no—yes! He's being conducted across. Pull yourself together, my boy. We shall know something definite in a minute or two."

He reseated himself on the protesting stool. The sentry had retreated half a dozen paces and left the trodden mud before the hut to a tall figure that swung forward with the stride of a man given to lead and to command. He was followed by a knot of bearded, heavy-browed Yaghistanis; an indifferent group which lounged across the enclosure nonchalantly, as if this new idea of parley instead of sword-play were not much to its taste. Behind the dark forms as they crowded the doorway Baxter could see the free mountains, with an afternoon sky paling from blue to a cold, translucent green, and the watch-fires of the tribes picking out the spurs in pin-points of fire.

The leader stooped and entered, and he brought a breath of the keen air into the hut. Lennard nursed his arm sulkily and did not move, but Baxter faced the intruders with his usual irrepressible good humour.

"Salaam!" said the Yaghistani, "I am Hamid Khan."

"Salaam, Khan sahib," said Baxter equably, and waited.

The mountaineer looked at his prisoners with a glance that ran swiftly over them and gauged their measure as it passed. He seemed to take Baxter's attitude of spokesman for granted, and he addressed himself to him without further ceremony.

"You have come alive into my hands by my desire. My servants tell me you are men in authority—they were told not to bring in the lowborn folk."

"Yes, we are officers of the Queen-Empress," said Baxter. "I am Captain Baxter; this is Lieutenant Lennard. And you are right; we are not of the baseborn."

"Well, that is as it should be. You are my prisoners, I say. Mine to bind or loose, mine to slay or to keep alive. Do you understand that?"

"We are not fools," said Baxter, "and we accept the fortune of war. Has the Khan sahib nothing more to say to us?"

"There is something further, yes." He looked closely at them. "Mine to bind or —to loose. Perhaps it may be to loose. Who knows?"

Lennard broke into impatient English.

"How these fellows shilly-shally! Get him to the point, for God's sake, Baxter."

"We are not good at riddles," said Baxter, without apparent notice of the interruption. He looked imperturbably at the chief and brushed a fleck of mud off his own sleeve.

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Then he waited again, and Hamid Khan's face gleamed approval.

"Shabash! the kaptàn is like me, a man of few words. Listen, then, Englishmen, and hear the riddle made plain to your ears." He turned suddenly upon the group behind him, and the bearded faces shrank back as he wheeled. "Go! I speak to these alone."

The courtyard emptied itself of audience in response, and when the last towering figure had left the fort wall and the peaks unbelieving dog, and perhaps you will be glad for me to do it."

"And who is it you would ransom?" said Baxter, unmoved by the savage threat or the glance of sudden ferocity in the Khan's eyes.

Lennard forgot his wound and strained his ears to follow the swift dialogue.

"It is my son." The face softened, and the thought of fatherhood—crown and glory of an Oriental—brought something very like

"'Mine to slay or to keep alive. Do you understand that?'"

and sky to make an unrelieved background, Hamid Khan spoke again.

"So! now I can open my mouth to you. Perhaps you have known that it is for a ransom I hold you. We of the mountain country are not fond of captives, and we fight to kill only; but this time there is a hostage required, and so it shall be for you two—one to give life for life, if needs be, and one to take my message. If he whom I desire is delivered into my hands unharmed, I swear to you that you shall return as you came. If not I will slit your throat for an a quiver to the lips. "My only son. Yes! you English dogs shall give him back to me, or I will tear out your eyes. I will hang you by the thumbs. I will burn, and rend, and kill—kill—kill! He must be given up."

"Your son!" Baxter was taken aback for the first time. "Has he been captured recently then, Khan sahib? We have heard of no chief among the prisoners, and surely we should have known. Perhaps you mistake."

"I make no mistake. But I have not told you all. My son is not a fighting man;

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else you would have known of him as you know of me, with enough and to spare for remembrance. He is but a little child ; and it was not in battle that he fell into your power, but by the treachery of one of my own kind. He was stolen from my house by a false woman, and she fled to the south through the passes with him, because she knew there was no safety here for her. Neither was there beyond. Her punishment—— Well, she does not concern you or me. It is for you to know only that my son, the little Khan, was given over in her flight to an Englishman, who holds him, no doubt, with a great price upon his head. This much my servant who—who slew the woman knew, and then he had to return quickly to me, because there was war in all the passes."

"A child, you say? Then you can rest assured that he is safe, Khan sahib. We do not make war upon children. But it is strange that we have heard nothing of all this. A Khan's heir is not to be lightly considered, and word would certainly have come to you of him before now if he had been retained as you say. Where does this Englishman live?"

"I do not know where he may be now. But the woman left my son to him as she passed through Fort Ishmael, that guards the great pass on the west."

"Fort Ishmael—a little child—a flying woman! Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! Lennard, did you ever hear angels' wings when you talked of 'em? Great Scott! Khan Sahib Bahadur, you have come to the right source for news of your son. I——"

"Hold hard!" said Lennard. He had followed the dialogue with difficulty, and Baxter's boisterous outburst was as yet only dimly understood by him. "What is it? Where is this blessed son and heir you two have been gabbling about? You speak the lingo so infernally fast I can hardly follow."

Baxter looked from one face before him to the other, and laughed boyishly. The Khan's showed a fierce, impatient hunger, but he could not resist throwing words at Lennard first, to let the light dawn on his bewilderment.

"My dear fellow, it's the oddest, maddest coincidence that ever jumped out of the category of impossibilities. Our good friend is holding us in hand to exchange for his son, who is a baby—*the* baby—the witch baby, in fact! He imagines that all the world must know the brat's birth, and he has judged by his own standards and pictured the creature in danger of having its throat cut. There's a touch of just retribution about his anxiety, but it's time it was set at rest. I must explain things a bit."

He turned again to the Yaghistani, leaving Lennard gasping and still only half-informed. The Khan's eyes met his with the savage look of an eagle fighting for its mountain eyrie, and the laugh and the uncomprehended break of English brought his short patience to its limit.

"You know the man who holds my son from me, then? Good. You shall send that one," nodding towards Lennard, "and you shall wait to learn, if aught ill has befallen the child, how I take an eye for an eye, and measure out my retribution."

"You are too sure, Khan sahib, that where you do not know all things evil must have befallen. Yes, I know the man who took your son—of a surety, when he came to his hands, deserted and in rags, there was no sign to show he was a Khan's heir—and I can tell you he is as safe as if he were running by your side.

"Picture to yourself, Hamid Khan, a little child found forlorn in a strange place, in an alien house. The woman had fled, and no man could tell aught of whence the boy had come or to whom he belonged. Who would suppose he was the son of a chieftain? Not I, and *I* was the man of whom we speak. But I cared for him, of course, because the good God entrusted him to me. There was no question of hostage or surety, and for the price upon his head——! Well, Khan, that is not our way. Now that we know to whom he belongs, the boy is yours whenever you can send to fetch him."

The Khan's face worked. His voice was hoarse when he spoke.

"Is this thing true before God? Is my son safe? And you—you had him in charge by a chance only, as you say? No, it is not to be believed."

"Well, it is a strange thing, but it is none the less true. Why, I have had the baby in my arms a hundred times—a little, black-eyed, straight-limbed child with a scar upon his breast." Then he added in meditative English, "And amazing fond of blacking!"

"You befriended him?" said the hoarse voice.

"Of course," said Baxter indifferently. "If you want him, you must send to Peshawur, whence I despatched him with one of my servants to keep him company when you and your people brought this trouble into the mountain country. Your

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son would have been nearer to you by some hundreds of miles, Khan sahib, if your firebrands had not blazed out so madly all along the border."

"We were perhaps a little hasty," said the Khan, in the tone of one who sees sudden reason for making amends. "Not that it was we who began it, but our kinsmen to the right and left were fighting, and we, too, must keep our swords unrusted. Yes, we have been over-eager, but the tribesmen could be called off. And now that they over yonder"—nodding towards the peaks as if they hid the plodding expedition—"have burnt a few villages and spent much powder, they will, perhaps, be pleased to return. We shall see to all that, only I must first hear that all is well with my son."

Baxter tore a piece of paper from his pocket-book, and sucked a pencil stump that was much the worse for wear.

"Lennard, my boy," he said gleefully to the bewildered lieutenant, "you will please deliver this message to Carboys, care of the general commanding the Yaghistan field force. It'll be urgent, you know, and you can tell the general at the same time that I'm staying behind with my friend Hamid Khan, to conduct negotiations for the submission of the tribes. It will make a beautiful paragraph in the English papers, and nobody will understand in the least how that bloodthirsty ruffian the gentleman opposite—I name no names—came to terms so neatly."

"What does it all mean?" said Lennard, and he frowned over the writing. "I don't understand myself."

"Never mind; you will be one of the few in the know presently. Meanwhile, hand me over the paper again."

He held it at arm's length, and pointed out word by word with the pencil stump—

"'*To Major Carboys, R.A. Please forward witch baby under cover by return, prepaid. Owner found.*'"

Then he threw back his head, and the irrepressible laugh bubbled again to his lips.

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An Old Song.

Illustrated by A. C. WEATHERSTONE.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty.
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Shakespeare.

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WITH NANSEN IN THE NORTH:

A RECORD OF THE *FRAM* EXPEDITION.

By Lieutenant Hjalmar Johansen.

CHAPTER XXI. (*continued*).

What land is this?—Drift-ice again—Bears and walruses.

WHEN we first started sailing the weather was extremely foggy, and we could see very little round about us, but at last it cleared up sufficiently for us to discern some fresh land just inside the edge of the ice along which we were sailing. The land is a small island covered with ice and snow, like the two other islands we have just passed, and opposite this island, further to S.S.W., we see some other land which is much larger. Altogether we have thus four islands. It is this group to which Nansen later on gave the name of "Whiteland."

August 10.—Yesterday morning we ascended the glacier on the small island where we had camped; the fog lifted sufficiently to enable us to take bearings of the islands we have hitherto seen.

After having rigged up our kayaks we sailed away from the four islands, in bright, sunny weather and with a fair wind across the sea, which, as far as we could see, was quite open. We were thoroughly comfortable in our craft. We made our dinner of cold boiled bear's flesh and three ounces of bread, while we were being swiftly carried along by the wind.

Towards evening we encountered some flat ice, which was in violent motion. The current then was evidently on the turn, and we had to take to the ice with our kayaks, lashed together as they were, the ice pressure beginning just behind us.

At noon to-day we took an observation near our tent, and another while on our way across the ice. We hauled our sledges across a flat floe on the other side of which we came to open water, but the current was by this time so strong that we found it best to remain and encamp where we were. Shortly afterwards the ice closed in upon us from the opposite direction and pressed against our floe, forming ridges here and there as it collided. The floes, however, were very large and flat, and we felt sure that they must have something to do with land.

The next day, after proceeding some distance over flat ice, we came to open water, which extended in a southerly and south-westerly direction. In one place we saw a herd of walruses lying on the ice, but we did not trouble ourselves about them, as we had sufficient food for the time being.

Eventually we steered due south, and we were wondering where and when we should meet with land, when we came to the edge of the ice, which turned out to be shore-ice, and which extended in a westerly and later in a more southerly direction. It appeared that in the fog we had got into a bay and had now to get out of it again; but we had the current right against us, while some thin ice was beginning to form on the water, so we were obliged to seek the shore and proceed along it on the ice.

Sunday, August 11.—In the evening we were closed in by the ice, and the weather being very foggy we encamped for the night on the shore-ice, and began cutting the sledges and making ourselves proper kayak paddles. In the course of the night, while busy with this, the fog, which had so persistently enveloped everything around us and depressed our spirits, gradually lifted, and little by little we discovered land in front of us, extending from S.E. to W.N.W., covered with glaciers and precipitous mountains. In the west there appeared to be a sound. As this veil of mist was gradually drawn aside, we watched from a hummock with the keenest interest throughout the entire night the gradual unveiling of the land.

August 16.—We have not now so much opportunity of getting on by water as we had before. We have been obliged to haul our stumpy sledges over the ice a good deal again, but in a way we are making progress, after all. Last night we lay down to rest without pitching our tent and without cooking any food; in fact, we lay down without tasting a morsel. We were waiting for the turn of the current, which is preventing us from proceeding by water. But the current turned without bringing about any change, and we had to set out, hauling and pulling steadily and laboriously at our sledges the whole of yesterday. On the way we

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passed an iceberg, about fifty feet high, which we tried unsuccessfully to ascend. At last we reached the island, and had for the first time bare land under our feet, and last night we slept on granite sand.

It was a strange, indescribable feeling we experienced in setting foot on *terra firma* again—to let our feet feel that it really was land, and not ice, they rested upon. At first we walked most carefully over the hard granite blocks, our feet touching the ground almost lovingly. And our feelings on finding moss and flowers among the rocks! We sat down, each apart by himself among the rocks, overwhelmed with thoughts.

What a strange influence land has upon us human beings! We hoisted the Norwegian flag in honour of the day. To the west of us there is an island with comparatively high mountains, whence we hear the merry twitter of the little auks.

Next day we set off in the direction of the alluring island in the west. Nansen went on in front to examine and measure the coast line.

There was plenty of life on the island: the snow buntings flew chirruping from stone to stone, and the little auks set off in flocks for the open lanes, and then returned to their nests. The merriment of these little birds was quite infectious, and put us in good humour. High up on the pointed crags sat the black-backed gulls, anxiously guarding their young ones, their melodious, flute-like notes floating down towards us. At the foot of the mountain the surface of the snow was coloured a beautiful red; it is a kind of algæ, which grows on the snow and gives it this appearance.

We set out again in our kayaks, but could not proceed far on account of the floes and the thin, new ice on the water. So we took to the ice, pulling our sledges and kayaks along until at last we stood by the large open water which extended from the sound down to a promontory covered with ice which ran out from the land. Behind this promontory we should learn our fate. If the coast trended towards the south, we must be on the west coast; but if we found more land in a north-westerly direction, then it must be the east coast. At last we reached the promontory, and to our great joy we found that the coast was trending southward, with open water along it.

BIRD MOUNTAIN NEAR CAPE FLORA.

HAULING IN A WALRUS.

Saturday, August 24.—"For luck, it often changes," says the old ballad, and we have certainly experienced the truth of the saying often enough during our roving life. A week ago we were full of hope that we should be able to return home this year, having the open water before us. Now we have been stopped by the ice, which is packed tightly against the coast, and we have not been able to stir for a week. We shall have to say farewell to our brilliant hopes; we shall in all probability have to spend another polar night in these regions, and it may prove the worst of the three for us.

A week ago we set out in our kayaks, in bright, beautiful weather, not unlike a spring night at home, after having made allowance for the cold, and we were

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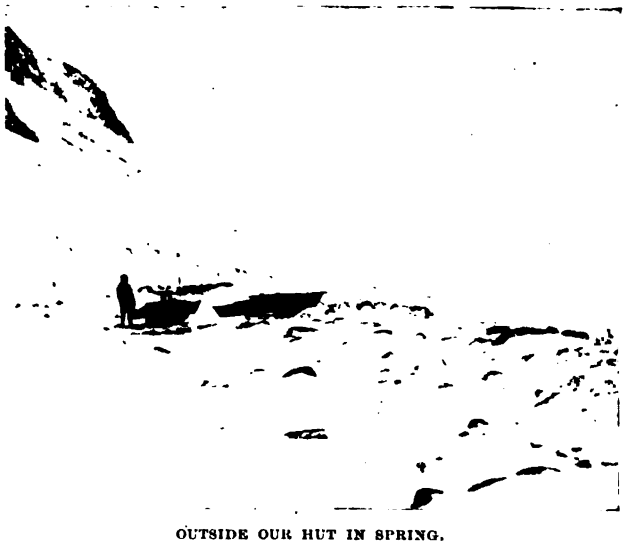
making good progress along the shores of the new land we had found. Then we came to a promontory, outside of which there was a number of small islands, and here we encountered the ice. We tried to find a path close along the shore, but could not get on, owing to the slush and thin ice.

We then lay down on the floe, without pitching the tent, to get some sleep and to wait for better times. Before long we were awakened by the wind, which must have changed as we were no longer sheltered from it, and the ice had packed tightly around us, while we ourselves were adrift on our little floe, which had broken loose from the shore-ice. It was an unpleasant awakening, especially as I had just been dreaming that I was at home eating cherries in the garden.



OUTSIDE OUR HUT IN SPRING.

We had now to make haste and scramble across the floes on to the shore-ice again, where we are at the present moment.

On the third day Nansen shot a bear from the tent; it had been right up to it, and might have turned out an ugly customer if it had been of the more ferocious sort, but it hesitated and turned round.

We both lay awake in our sleeping-bag. Nansen heard something pawing about outside, and looked out through a hole in the tent, when he caught sight of the fellow. He lost no time in snatching up his gun, and sent a bullet through the hole right into the bear's breast. It fell forward, but raised itself again and was going to struggle on, when it received another shot in the side, whereupon it dragged itself, in the agonies of death, over to some rough ice, where we had some difficulty in getting hold of it. That bear came at the right moment, for we had not much food left just then, and this was an unusually big monster.

Monday, August 26.—At the present moment we are safe again on the shore-ice close to land. We have now got a good bit past Cape Athos, the name we gave the promontory which we have been so anxious to pass for so many days.*

It was yesterday that we got away from the drift-ice; before this the wind had been blowing harder than at any previous time on the whole expedition. After having speculated as to the best means of getting on, we settled down for the night, but after a few hours' rest we had to take the tent down, as it was impossible to find a sheltered place for it; we then laid it over us and went to sleep. When we awoke we discovered that the wind had gone down considerably, and that we had now drifted a long way from land; we then turned out at once and got ready to start. When we reached the edge of the ice the wind began to blow just as hard as ever, carrying with it much loose snow from the land, which greatly inconvenienced us. We walked for hours along the edge of the ice, looking for a chance to launch our kayaks. Nansen set out in his first, to try how it would weather the seas. It was with the greatest difficulty that he got free of the loose ice and floes, but the kayak answered very well. When Nansen came back I seized the opportunity and tried my kayak, which also did very well. Nansen then started out again in his, and we began paddling towards land. But we soon found that we could not keep on in this way, for the kayaks were too heavily laden in front with the bear's flesh we had taken with us, and leant so heavily over to leeward that we could only use one oar-blade, and could therefore make but little headway. We then landed on a floe, had our dinner, lashed our kayaks together, and rigged up our mast, as we thought we could now venture to set

* Nansen did not give this promontory any name later on, as he thought that the English sledge-expedition from Cape Flora in 1895, under Mr. Jackson, had in all probability discovered it before we got there.

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sail, the wind having gone down somewhat. We got on capitally in the high sea, Nansen steering and I looking out for the seas, so that we could steer clear of them. We sailed merrily along for a considerable time, but for my part I must admit I did not altogether escape sea-sickness. We began to be afraid that our craft would not hold out, especially if we should venture to set the double sail. A squall, however, soon compelled us to lower one sail hurriedly and proceed again under single sail.

Both we and our baggage got a soaking, and when we encamped for the night we had to wring out the sleeping-bag, which was drenched; but we had reached land, and that was the chief thing. We were glad to be able to creep into our tent, although we were as wet as rats and had nothing dry to lie upon.

Thursday, August 29. — Last Monday evening we left our encampment. It looked as if we should have some difficulty in getting on, but we managed to get over the ice into the open water, and shaped our course towards the promontory in a S. by W. direction. As there was every appearance of a fair wind we landed on a small island in our course and rigged up the kayaks ready for sailing; but when we got away again the wind began to go down and to blow from the opposite quarter. We then took to paddling, each in our own kayak, and had fairly good weather during the night. But very soon the wind began to blow so hard from the south-west that we had to steer for land, and thus we arrived where we are now encamped.

As soon as we landed Nansen took a walk along the shore, but came back almost immediately and asked me if I wanted to have a shot at a bear which was coming along. Yes, of course I did. We crouched down behind the kayaks near the shore, and, sure enough, there came the bear trotting along towards us at a quick march; then it stopped and sniffed at Nansen's tracks not far from us. "Bang!" went the bullet into its shoulder and felled it to the ground. It was not, however, mortally wounded; its back was broken, so that the hind part of its body was paralysed and refused to act. It kept pawing with its fore-legs and trying to get along, and then it sat down and began biting furiously at its paralysed hind-legs, after having first tried to tear away at the wound. It growled and scowled at us, who were standing close by; we then sent a bullet through its skull and put an end to its sufferings.

There are a great number of walruses here; there is one spot on the ice in our neighbourhood where they assemble and lie grunting, fighting, and sleeping on the floes for hours, safe in their greatness, afraid of neither bear nor any other animal, and still less of human beings, whom they have never seen.

While lying asleep in our tent last night we were awakened by a strange wailing sound outside, near the place where we kept the bear's flesh, and on looking out we saw a she-bear with a cub standing over it, and actually wailing over the loss of their comrade.

CHAPTER XXII.

We are obliged to winter—Our "den"—Hunting the walrus—Adrift again—A hard struggle for land—Awakened by bears—Hunting bears in the kayak—Our implements—The "hut."

We are now at the end of August and the winter is at hand, and still we are just as wise as ever about the country we have reached. We should have to prepare to winter here; there was no help for it.

We resigned ourselves to our fate and set to work to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. As matters stood we thought it would be a nice change to get a proper rest in a good, cosy hut, after all the hardships we had undergone on our march across the drift-ice.

We built one night a stone hut, which we called the "den." It was but a poor place. It was so low that I could hardly sit upright, while Nansen had to lie down at full length. We used the tent and the sail for a roof; later on we used bearskins for this purpose; but we were then always visited by gulls, which annoyed us greatly by their continual screaming and their pecking away at the roof. On the 28th of August we prepared for a walrus hunt, but we could not discover any on the ice, and had to go out to the open water after them.

Before long we saw two walruses getting on to the ice some distance out on the fjord. We gave them some time to settle down, while we fetched the flesh of two bears we had shot. We then approached the walruses cautiously, treading in each other's footsteps like Red Indians. We had to go some distance across the flat ice before we came up to them. The walruses now and then turned round, so we had to remain

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motionless while they were looking back, but finally we succeeded in getting close upon them unnoticed.

Nansen first shot the one lying in the most advantageous position, the one shot killing it on the spot. The other started up from its sleep, but the next moment I had fired a bullet into his head.

We fetched our sledges to bring the catch home. Nansen thought we had better take the kayaks with us as well, and it was fortunate for us that we did. Before we began skinning the animals a strong wind from the S.E. sprang up, which gradually increased in strength and made us afraid that the ice on which we were standing would get loose and drift out to sea with our catch. This fear proved only too well founded, for we had scarcely skinned half of the biggest walrus before we discovered we were adrift. We saw we could not save the whole of our catch. We hurriedly took a few pieces of the flesh, flung them into our kayaks, and set out. We intended to cross over to the edge of the floe on the windward side and thence to set out for the shore-ice and work our way to the land. In the meantime the wind increased rapidly and loosened a number of small floes. We could not make any progress with the kayaks lashed together, so we had to separate them and paddle ahead, each in his own.

Now began a hard struggle towards land, sometimes on the water between small floes with the sledge aft on the kayak and the spray dashing over us; at other times across half-melted floes with the kayaks on the sledges, drifting, however, constantly to the north-west, past our store of bears' flesh and the den. It seemed only too probable that we should once more drift out to sea amidst the hateful drift-ice. At length we came to a considerable stretch of open water in the direction of land, and embarked for the last time in our kayaks. Nansen paddled ahead first, and I followed in his wake. I took off my gloves, as I was afraid of losing the paddle if I kept them on.

It was a hard pull, but we were glad to see that we got nearer and nearer to land, although our pace was slow; and at last we succeeded—thoroughly fagged out and wet through as we were—in scrambling up on the shore-ice to the north-west of our den. Here we chipped off small bits of ice wherewith to allay our burning thirst. We then proceeded along the shore-ice and safely reached the bare shore, where we pulled up the kayaks and wrung the water out of our clothes. We then crept into our bag, ate some bear steak, and soon fell asleep, tired with the day's exertions, and pleased at having also got safely through this adventure.

We had not been long asleep, when I was awakened by hearing a strange, moaning sound just outside the door, and a similar sound answering some distance off. "That's a bear," I said to Nansen, who was now awake also. We at once turned out and caught sight of three bears. After several shots Nansen killed the mother, while her two somewhat large cubs vanished between the boulders, only to appear afterwards, side by side, out on a small ice-floe, which was hardly big enough to hold them and keep them above water, their heads alone being visible. It was of no use to try to shoot them under these circumstances; I therefore waited until they should swim ashore, and lay in ambush for them; but they drifted out to sea on the floe before the wind, which had now gone down considerably. We let them drift on, as we should have to hunt them from the kayaks in any case.

The bears had been rummaging about terribly in the kayaks. Nansen's had been thrown into the water. They had been right into the kayaks and dragged out the walrus-flesh from them, and after having torn and eaten some of it, had scattered it all over the place; they had evidently been having a fine time. While thus occupied they had done some damage to my kayak by splintering some of the bamboo stretchers in it; but fortunately it was still fit for use.

The two bears had now drifted so far out to sea that they were almost out of sight; but we set out and soon gained upon them.

We wanted them to leave the floe and let us drive them towards land, where we might then shoot them. This, of course, would give us least trouble in securing them. And, sure enough, as soon as we made for them, they slipped off the floe and began swimming towards land. An interesting chase now began; each of us went in pursuit of one bear and drove it before us in the direction we wanted it to take. They growled and showed their teeth whenever we came too near them with our kayaks, and exerted themselves all the more to get away from us. Nansen's bear was a better swimmer than mine, which was very broad across the back; he therefore soon got ahead of me. I had to stir up mine from time to time, when it would hiss angrily at me, but swim on all the quicker.

Nansen was now close under land and

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fired ; I saw him throw his harpoon into the bear to make sure of it, after which he towed it ashore. I steered my bear towards the shore just outside the den where our meat was kept. When we were close to the edge of the ice I fixed the paddle by the strap, took the gun and sent a bullet through the head of the bear, just as it was making some hasty strokes to get ashore. We now had all three bears.

On the 7th of September we began in earnest to build our winter abode. We chose a piece of flat ground covered with soil and moss, close to where the cliffs projected from the glacier, and where there were sufficient stones among the steep talus for building materials. Here and there small arms of the glacier had found their way down among the *débris*. The area on which we built our hut measured six feet in breadth and nine to ten feet in length. We dug the same distance into the ground as the height of the walls over the ground, which we built with stones from our quarry. The entrance was at the south-western corner, where we dug a passage in the ground, and covered it with stones, ice-blocks, and snow, so that we had to creep out and in just as the Eskimos do.

It was not an easy job to build our hut without tools and implements, and with no other wooden materials than ski and ski-staffs. We had no difficulty about the walls, but we could scarcely make the roof without spars or planks of some kind ; the stones were not suitable for building a vaulted roof.

But one day Nansen fortunately found a piece of drift wood of suitable dimensions frozen fast between the boulders in the neighbourhood of the den, some distance from the shore. This we decided to use for the ridge-pole, and then roof over the hut with the walrus skins. For tools, we had nothing but a sledge-runner, a bear-spear, a miniature hatchet, and a ski-staff with an iron spike. We made a spade out of the shoulder-blade of a walrus and the cross-tree of a sledge, together with the remains of a ski-staff, but this soon came to pieces after we had dug for a time in the hard, frozen soil. The bear-spear and the iron-shod ski-staff served as a pickaxe, till Nansen struck a tusk off one of the walruses, for which I made a handle out of another cross-tree.

OUR FIRST ENCAMPMENT ON OUR MARCH SOUTH.

Sometimes the weather was so mild that the water came trickling down to us from the melting snow and ice, but at other times everything was frozen quite hard. The soil which we dug out we used together with moss to fill up between the stones in our walls.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An uninvited guest in our hut—We change our quarters.

One morning, as we were walking along the shore on one of our usual excursions between the den and the hut—I with a bucket and gun in my hands—I saw Nansen, who was some distance ahead of me, suddenly stop and then begin to step back cautiously. A

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bear was standing sniffing a walrus-skin, which it had pulled out of the water, where we had placed it to thaw. Nansen went off for his gun; but as I had mine I began to steal a march upon the creature

ALL DOGS KILLED AND EATEN: OUR SOUTHWARD JOURNEY IN THE SPRING OF 1896.

under cover of some large boulders. I soon came to open ground between me and the bear, and could not, therefore, proceed any further. As the range from where I stood was too long, I lay down and waited quietly until it should approach me, for it was facing me and seemed as if it would proceed in my direction. Apparently it had not as yet seen me. But it set off across the boulders towards the hut, which made it still more difficult for me to get within range. As soon as it arrived at the hut, it began sniffing at the roof, when to my great surprise I saw another bear appearing in the opening in the roof, where it had torn down the skins. It was standing on the stone bed, growling and hitting out with its paw to keep the new arrival off.

By this time Nansen had returned, just as the first bear was beginning to walk towards the shore again. I called Nansen's attention to bear number two, which had now completely emerged from the hut. There was nothing else to be done but to go ahead and fire at as close quarters as possible. Nansen was to see to the one by the shore, and I to the one by the hut. We rushed out simultaneously from our cover towards the bears, which were greatly frightened by the sight of the two-legged creatures running towards them, and both took to their heels. Nansen hit his bear in the hind quarters, and soon afterwards I saw him some distance off in full pursuit of the wounded animal. In the meantime my bear made a long detour out on the ice, where I could not very well follow it. I therefore confined myself to watching its movements from behind a hummock on the shore. I noticed that its attention was greatly engrossed by its comrade and Nansen, and soon it began gradually to approach the shore, where there was blood upon the ice and where the traces of the hunt began; it evidently wanted to examine the tracks of the strange beings who had so suddenly appeared upon the scene. By this time it had come near enough to the place where I lay hidden to enable it to meet its doom. My first shot hit it in the spine and my next in the head, the latter shot, however, not before the bear had managed to drag itself along the smooth ice to a larger and safer floe.

I began at once to skin it, and was nearly ready, when I saw Nansen coming quietly along with his hands in his pockets and his gun slung across his back. As I had not heard any shot from him, I thought at first he had had to give up the pursuit; so when he came nearer I said, "It was a pity we did not get the other one also." "Oh, yes," said Nansen, "we have got it, sure enough; it was a beast of a bear, but now it is lying dead up in a snowdrift at the foot of the glacier further inland."

At last we moved into our new palace. On each of the main walls inside the hut a ski was fastened with straps, which went right through the wall between it and the roof. Between these ski we stretched the skins which were to be dried, and they had to hang for weeks before we could take them down and hang up new ones.

Besides the large ridge-pole proper, we had to support the sides of the roof as well as possible with ski, bamboo-rods, and our two paddles, and when the cold finally set in thoroughly, the whole of the roof froze into one solid stiff mass, with a thick layer of snow on the top.

In the south-eastern corner of the hut we built a hearth, with a bearskin for smoke-board; the smoke issued through a hole in the walrus-skin and a chimney, which we built of snow, bears' bones, and walrus-meat. When the fire was out on the hearth, we put a piece of bearskin in the hole to keep the draught out. It happened sometimes, of course, that our chimney began to melt, especially when the weather was less cold than usual, or when we made a big fire to cook a first-class beef steak, and then the sooty water would drip into our frying-pan; but we were not very particular about such trifles.

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In the south-western corner a bearskin hung from the roof in front of the opening, which led to the passage out of the hut. Through this we had to creep on all fours and up through a hole, over which we laid a bearskin, which formed the outer door, so to speak.

It was often difficult to get out again in the morning, when the wind had blown the snow over the hole into a hard drift in the course of the night, and it weighed heavily on the skin across it. Nansen had especial difficulty in getting out; being tall, he could not manage to bend himself sufficiently in the narrow passage so as to get into such a position as would enable him to lift the skin off with his back. He had to loosen the snow along the edges of the skin with a knife, or ski-staff, before he could manage to get it up.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Life in the hut—Our domestic animals—Foxes—Christmas once more.

A MONOTONOUS and dreary life now began for us during our third and worst polar night; but, after all, it might easily have been worse. It was a great satisfaction to know that, as far as food was concerned, we had sufficient, whatever should happen; our larder outside the door was well stocked with bear-flesh—legs, shoulders, and whole carcasses of it being buried in the snow round about the hut. The little we had left of the provisions from the sledge-expedition we had also placed in the snow and covered with stones to protect them from the foxes. We resolved not to touch these provisions until we should set out again in the spring, unless we found it necessary to use them medicinally in the event of either of us becoming ill from the sameness of our flesh diet.

We lay in the sleeping-bag most of the time, both night and day, and slept as long as we could. We took it in turns to be cook for a week at a time.

He whose turn it was to be cook lay outermost in the sleeping-bag, and it was his duty to attend to the lamps night and day; consequently we did not use many matches. The cook had to take in a leg or a shoulder, sometimes even a whole bear, when it was a small one, and put it near the hearth, so that the meat should thaw until it was about to be used. Of course it became black and dirty with the soot, but we did not mind that very much.

He who had not the cooking to do had to keep the hut provided with fresh and salt water ice, or by preference salt water, if it were possible to find any. We had no salt; the little we took with us from the *Fram* (it was only a small quantity of table-salt in a mustard box) had been used long before we got away from the drift-ice.

In the course of the winter we did not go out of doors more than was absolutely necessary; it was too cold for us in our greasy, much-worn clothes, and there was generally a bitter wind blowing, which went through our bones and marrow. But when the weather was fine and we had the Northern Lights and moonlight, we defied the cold and kept running up and down outside our hut.

The foxes used to walk about the hut like domestic animals, gnawing away at the carcasses of the bears; but we did not mind this, as we had plenty of meat. They used to come in parties of two or three and tramp about on our roof, which we did not at first

REACHING TERRA FIRMA AT THE END OF THE SLEDGE EXPEDITION.

like, as every little sound was so loud in the intense cold. We used to knock at the ridge-pole in order to frighten them away, but this was of no avail!

These foxes used to steal everything they

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could get hold of, even articles for which they had no love whatever, but which were of no small importance to us. Nansen had put several things in the silk bag-net which we used for catching marine animals, and had hidden it close to a big stone; but the foxes managed to steal from it a harpoon-line, a small bag with specimens of stones, which Nansen had brought with him from the first bare land we encountered, and, worst of all, a ball of twine, which we intended making into thread. They were especially fond of the thermometer, which they had twice dragged away with them, but which we found again. On the third occasion when it was stolen they must have dragged it off to their den, for we never saw it again.

Nansen liked the flesh of the fox very much; on one occasion, when I was doing the cooking, I remember I roasted the whole back of one for him. I also tasted it, but I did not like it so much as bear's flesh. There was, of course, a great difference in this also. Altogether we shot nineteen bears before leaving the hut, and yet our stock had nearly run out when we left. On board the *Fram* and in "Longing Camp" we had disposed of thirteen, and before we got to the hut some more had been consumed.

WALRUSES WE MET.

The cook for the week had also to act as waiter. When the food was cooked, we both crept into the bag, after the pot had been placed on the stone bench by our bedside. We then brought out our tin cups, and the cook had to fish up the pieces from the pot, and so we set to work, using our five fingers and eating long and heartily. Last of all we drank the bouillon in long draughts, after which we lay down to sleep away the time that separated us from spring and the light.

Here I may, perhaps, be permitted to break away for a moment from the course of events to reproduce a picture of the dwelling of certain other human beings, whom we were to meet later, and who were that very winter living on the same group of islands as ourselves, but almost a month's journey further south.

I refer to the English expedition under the leadership of Mr. Jackson. The eight members of this expedition were quartered in a well-built log-house, well-supplied with light, warmth and suitable food, with plenty of soap, water, and clean clothes. They were cosy and comfortable, and did not trouble themselves much about the arctic winter. They had also a good library, a thing we were very much in want of; we had only a "Nautical Almanack," in which we could read all about the Royal Family and the treatment of the apparently drowned, and I was longing so much for the last volume of Heyse's novel, which I had not managed to get through on board the *Fram*.

But although these men were not far away from us at that time, neither of us knew anything about the other.

December 11, 1895.—During the last few days we have had stormy weather, with south-easterly wind, which pierces through the snow and in between the stones in the walls, so that they become coated with rime; the lamps flicker, and a cold blast sweeps over our couch. The storm has broken a ski, made of maple, which had been fixed on end in the snowdrift outside the hut; while my kayak, which has been lying buried in another snowdrift so that scarcely anything could be seen of it, was carried away by the wind—heavy as the kayak was, and full of snow—about a hundred yards off among the boulders just below the glacier.

This week I have made an excellent snow-shovel out of walrus skin. In the cold weather this skin becomes as hard as iron, although inside the hut it could be easily worked and, in a thawed condition, given any shape. With this shovel I set to work,

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covering the roof of the hut with snow again.

We have now been away from the world for about three years, and for nine months we have been living like the wild animals found in these inclement regions; for nine months we have not had the clothes off our backs either night or day, and we have suffered much from cold and from many other hardships.

Tuesday, December 24, 1895.—Christmas has again come round. I do not suppose there are any other human beings in the whole world who are celebrating this festival under the same conditions as we are. Here we lie in our stone hut in the midst of the arctic regions, enshrouded in the polar night, far away from the world, and deprived of everything that belongs to civilisation. We have, however, made some preparations for the occasion, modest though they be. We have still some remnants of our provisions from the sledge expedition left, partly damaged, such as fish-flour and a little bread, sufficient chocolate for one meal, and two portions of Knorr's soup. This is not so bad, after all, and we have kept a tender young bear for Christmas.

December 25.—Christmas Day! We celebrated Christmas Eve as well as we could. We boiled fish-meal and some maize-meal together with train-oil, and then fried it in the pan. It did not taste so well as we expected, but the bread fried in bear's blubber tasted excellent.

This morning we had chocolate and aleuronate bread and blubber—a grand Christmas morning breakfast! In spite of everything, we are doing very well; we are satisfied with what we have got, and enjoy life so much that there are, perhaps, many who might envy us.

CHAPTER XXV.

The New Year—The sun reappears—The bear which wanted to get into the hut—Preparing to start again.

JANUARY 1, 1896.—On the last day of the old year Nansen proposed that we should begin to say "du"* (thou) to one another. Hitherto we had called each other "de" (you).

January 9.—On New Year's Eve I relieved Nansen of his duties as cook. Instead of the usual bear-steak we had a grand supper of maize-porridge with train-oil. It was really a nice change to have a meal of farinaceous food. The breakfast on New Year's morning was equally grand; it consisted of fish-soup made from fish-flour, a packet of Knorr's lentil soup, and some stock made from bear's flesh, as well as aleuronate bread fried in bear's fat—a splendid breakfast indeed.

Thursday, February 13.—It is now some time since I wrote anything in my diary. The reason is that I have had to be cook for two weeks at a stretch, as Nansen has been suffering with his back, and has been obliged to keep to his bed day and night. Last Tuesday he was all right again, and resumed his duties as cook.

We are still in a fog as to our whereabouts—that is to say, we know we are in 81° 27′ latitude, but the longitude——? We feel sure, however, that we are a good bit to the west. During the two weeks I got through a good deal of work. I have dug out our blubber heap, which has been buried in a hard snowdrift, and now we can easily take stock of our supply of flesh and blubber. We had made great inroads into it, but we think we have sufficient left. I have taken a bearskin into the hut, scraped off the blubber, and hung it up to dry; we are going to use it for gloves and socks. The chimney on our roof had melted away, and had to be built up again with snow. It is a fine thing to go out in the middle of the day now when the weather is clear; it is so light that we can see our surroundings just as they were before the arctic night set in.

February 25.—To-morrow we shall see the sun; we have seen its golden light reflected on the clouds above the ridge over yonder, while the sky above it was grandly illuminated in all sorts of colours.

March 10.—Another push forward since last I wrote in my diary. It has been somewhat dark of late, but now it has cleared up again. During the last few days we have been talking about leaving here in April; but we have been obliged to give up this favourite plan of ours, as we are running short of blubber. We shall not have sufficient of it for food and fuel on the journey, and, moreover, we shall not be able to get any flesh dried by boiling it in train-oil, as we originally intended to do. A material reduction has to be made in our consumption

* A sign of intimate friendship, like the French "tu."

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of blubber, and now we can only afford to boil food once a day, and burn a lamp just long enough to melt blubber for oil and ice for water.

On Sunday, March 8, I had a proper cleaning out of the hut, when I discovered just outside the opening a regular monster of a bear with a white, shiny coat, which almost blinded my eyes, so unaccustomed was I to the light. In less than no time I tumbled along the passage back into the hut, where I seized my gun from under the roof and told Nansen the great news. After seeing that the gun was loaded I crept out again into the passage, and found the bear standing over the opening, with its head and neck far down into the passage, its broad, flat skull presenting a most tempting target. I cocked the gun and put it up, but had to take it down again, as I discovered a large tuft of bear's hairs in the muzzle of the gun. At this movement the bear pulled back its head, but began scratching with its forepaws at the edge of the opening. It was now high time for me to fire if we did not want the bear in the hut, but nothing except its paws was visible, and I could not get a proper aim at the animal in the narrow passage. I therefore placed the barrel of the gun in a slanting position towards the opening, so that it should point right at the chest of the bear, and fired. A furious roar announced that it had been hit.

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF JACKSON'S DEPÔT.

Now we have a busy time before us in the hut, getting ready for our journey southwards. There were many things which had to be looked to, but worst of all were our ragged and greasy clothes. Fortunately we had the two blankets, and after much measuring and calculating we found we should just be able to get a pair of knee-breeches and a jacket for each of us out of them; but it was a long time before the solemn moment came when we dared to insert the scissors in the blankets and actually cut them up. We were no longer afraid of running short of thread, for we had discovered that the cotton threads in our canvas provision-bags did good service. For weeks we sat side by side in the sleeping-bag, sewing at our new clothes. We had to make new soles for our Lapp boots out of walrus-skin, which we pared to a suitable thickness and then dried over the lamp. I even managed to make a pair of Lapp boots.

While we were busy with these preparations for our journey, our conversation invariably turned upon the well-stocked woollen drapers' shops at home, in which we hoped to revel when we got back. We were constantly returning also to the topic of the whalers at Spitzbergen. We discussed what sort of provisions and clothes they were likely to have on board their vessels. Sugar and bread they were sure to have, and butter as well, so that we should be able to have some fried "dænge," and no doubt they would be able to spare us some clothes—and soap! And when we got to Tromsö—we always supposed we were to fall in with a Tromsö vessel—we would buy all the cakes we could get hold of. Yes, we would have a regular good time of it!

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Across the ice-fields on ski — Weather-bound for fourteen days—Where are we?—We hear dogs barking—Nansen does not return from his reconnoitring—Six strangers on the ice—The Norwegian flag hoisted—Soap and civilisation.

On the 19th of May we were at last ready to start for the south.

On the 21st of May we reached the promontory, tired and worn-out after our unaccustomed exertions.

To-day, May 23, we have made an excursion in a southerly direction and seen that the land trends still further to the south.*

On Sunday afternoon, May 24, we broke up our encampment on the promontory and set out for the island just outside it in order to reach the open water beyond. A slight easterly wind was blowing and we hoisted sail on our sledges. We reached the island during the night, when suddenly a storm blew up from the south-west and we had to make for land in hot haste. I had to stop to save the mast and the sail of my kayak by lashing them securely to the deck. In the meantime Nansen had got a good way ahead of me, when all at once I noticed his sledge and kayak at a standstill, but there was no sign of Nansen. I thought to myself that he must have slipped on his ski and fallen, which happened to us now and then when we had to get over the big snow-drifts, but the next moment I discovered him lying in front of his sledge. I was now ready to start, but what could have happened to Nansen? He remained lying on the same spot; it was strange that he did not get on his legs and proceed on his way! Then I heard him shouting. I set off at once on my ski, tied fast to my feet as they were, and soon came up to him, when I found him lying in an open crack in the ice, which had been filled with drifting snow. He also had his ski tied on to his feet, and so could not move, while he was sinking deeper and deeper into the slush at every moment. The sledge and the kayak were behind him, so he could not see them, and did not know whether they were over or under the water. The drag-rope was fastened to the harness across his back, which also prevented him from turning round.

I placed myself carefully on the edge of the crack, got a good hold of his Iceland jersey and pulled him up on to the ice. He must have been waiting a long time for help, and he must have shouted several times before I heard him.

Tuesday, June 23.—The month of May is over and we are not getting on at all. Unfortunately we have had more bad weather and are still weatherbound at the south end of this island, which we have called "Goose Island," because we have found some remains of geese here. Last Thursday we left the place at the north end, where we had encamped, and managed to drag ourselves to our present pitch, where we have gone through two more snowstorms. We hope that we shall be released to-morrow, after having been weatherbound for two weeks at the very outset of our journey. It is indeed sad. Our stock of flesh will soon be finished, we have only a little boiled meat left.

June 6.—An observation at noon to-day shows that we are now in 86° 45′ north latitude. It seems now pretty certain that we are not on Franz Josef Land, but on some land further west, consisting of innumerable islands. If so, our road to Spitzbergen will be all the shorter.

During the two following days we sailed before a stiff breeze over the ice. To the west we had a great glacier-land, and on the east we passed two low promontories with sounds and islands between.

On June 8 we were stopped by a snowstorm; we buried ourselves in a snowdrift in the forenoon, after having marched all the night through. Next day we were able to proceed, and we sailed along merrily; the snow was becoming rather wet, but still we got on all right.

June 9.—Under this date I wrote: We are getting on well just now. We are sailing rapidly southwards along the coast before a fresh breeze. The land still trends in this direction, but we are not sure how it is with the land to the south.

Wednesday, June 17 (evening).—Great things have happened to-day. We have heard dogs barking in the interior of the country this morning. It was Nansen's turn to cook, and after having filled the pot with young walrus-flesh and salt water, and lighted the fire, he went up on a hummock close by, which we had been using as a look-out; and in a little while he called out to

* On this excursion we were, as we afterwards discovered, within a few yards of a depôt of provisions which the Jackson Expedition had, on their visit to this place in the spring of 1895, deposited in a narrow ravine. Nansen went into the ravine and cut off some pieces of the rock to take home with him, but saw no sign of any depôt, but we learnt afterwards, from the Englishmen's description of the place, that we had been on the very spot.

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me as I lay half asleep in the bag, "Johansen, I hear dogs barking inland!" I lost no time in getting out of the bag and on to the top of the hummock, where I stood listening for a time while Nansen looked after the cooking. I was not quite sure whether it was dogs that I heard two or three times, or whether it was only the noise made by the thousands of birds which were hatching among the neighbouring rocks. Nansen decided, however, to make an excursion inland and inquire into the matter, while I was to remain behind and look after our things, so that they should not drift away with the ice, for that part of the floe on which our encampment was pitched might easily get loose and drift out to sea. While we were having our breakfast we made all sorts of guesses as to who these people could be, if there really were human beings in these parts. Perhaps they belonged to the English Expedition, of which we had heard just before the *Fram* left Norway, or perhaps it was Eckerole, the Norwegian Arctic traveller. So long as we met some people, no matter who they were, we should at least be able to get a proper outfit from them, and find out where we were.

As soon as we had finished our meal Nansen prepared to start; he took my gun, as his had no shoulder-strap. As we only had a ski and a half each left, he took mine which was whole, so as to make up a perfect pair, and the aluminium glasses he strapped to his back. He also took a good supply of cartridges with him, and thus equipped he set out, after having arranged with me that I should hang a shirt on a bamboo pole, so that he could see where I was.

After Nansen left, I went up on the hummock again and listened. I still heard the noisy chatter of the birds, but this surely could not be what Nansen had taken for the barking of dogs. Then suddenly, borne upon the wind from the interior of the land, came the barking of several dogs, some with hoarse, others with shrill voices; several times, and quite plainly, did it reach my ears, as if it were close at hand on the ice, not more than a mile away, and not from the interior. By this time I was quite sure that it could not be anything but the barking of dogs, so that there must be people about also.

I was becoming more and more anxious about the solution of it all; my shirt was waving high on a long pole fixed on the top of the hummock, and could be seen a good way off, black as it was against the white snow. At last I saw a black spot appearing now and then among the uneven ice in the direction of the interior. I thought at first it was Nansen coming back, but I soon discovered that the person who was approaching me had no ski, and, when he came nearer, I saw the long barrel of a gun over his shoulder. He was a stranger—the first strange man I had seen for three years! I hastened to fetch one of our small flags, which I fixed up beside the pole with the shirt, so that he could see what nationality I belonged to.

I next noticed that he had clean modern clothes, and that his face, too, was clean and washed. I could hear him breathing heavily and see him sink through the snow now and then; his long boots reached high up over his thighs. I ran towards him; he waved his cap and I my old greasy hat, and soon we were shaking each other by the hand.

"English?" he asked.

"No," I answered. Unfortunately I could not speak his language. I tried German and French, but no, we could not make ourselves understood to each other. Yet there was already an understanding—that which comes from the heart. Mr. Child—that was his name—had set out at once when he heard from Nansen that he had left his comrade out by the edge of the ice.

I conducted him to our encampment, and when he saw our sledges and kayaks, our miserable tent, our cooking utensils, with bears' flesh and blubber, I saw his fine dark eyes wander from me to all these things, while he seemed to be struck with surprise. I used the "finger-language" as well as I could, and when we had both done our best to explain ourselves to each other, I saw two more persons approaching. They were Mr. Burgess and Mr. Fisher, the botanist, both of the Jackson Expedition. The same hearty greetings and the same expression of surprise followed; one of them spoke a little German and French, but there were so many questions and so many things they wanted information about, that I was far from being able to satisfy them; but they were expecting a Finlander by the name of Blomkvist, whom they thought would no doubt be able to understand me. At last he arrived, together with two other members of the expedition, Mr. Koetlitz, the doctor, and Mr. Armitage, the second in command, as I was informed later. They had taken two fine sledges with them, which at once attracted my attention; they must have been made in Norway, I thought. Blomkvist was a powerfully-

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built fellow, with clearly-cut features, which reminded me of the characters described by Runeberg, the Finnish poet. I told him rapidly in rough outlines the history of the expedition, how Nansen and I had left the *Fram* and had penetrated as far as 86° 14′ and wintered in the north without knowing where we were, as our watches had stopped, etc., etc. "Now tell this to the others," I said. "I do not understand you," he replied in Swedish. He had been so long abroad among foreigners that he had almost forgotten his native tongue, and as I spoke to him in Norwegian he had some difficulty in understanding me. I managed, however, to get on very well in German with the doctor, who was born in Germany, and he now became our interpreter. Mr. Armitage took out his pocket-flask and filled a cup with port wine, which he offered me. All took off their caps, and with uncovered heads they gave a cheer for Norway, while they looked up at our little flag. My feelings at this moment may be more easily imagined than described; there I stood, in the midst of these brave men, a horrible, blackened savage in rags, and with long hair, suddenly restored to civilisation, among a crowd of strange people, who brought with them the fragrance of soap and clean clothes, surrounded by the ice with which we had been struggling for the last three years, while above my head waved the flag which I felt I represented; never have I felt as I did then that I had a "fatherland," and with uplifted head I drank the cup of welcome, while the Englishmen's cheers rang out across the ice-fields.

We now broke up the encampment; it was with a feeling of the keenest satisfaction that I took our store of blubber and bear's flesh and threw it away. It was not now worth while to transport this any further; there would, no doubt, be some food for us where we were now going. I was not allowed to do anything; I had only to say how I wanted our things packed and transported. I did not forget any of our unpretentious things; I did not want to leave behind anything of what had been of so much use to us.

Dr. Koetlitz had at once put a pipe into my mouth and Mr. Child gave me a well filled tobacco pouch. We then set off inland, three to each sledge; I went along quite free and easy on what remained of my ski; smoking my pipe. Now and then, when we made a halt, I had to tell Dr. Koetlitz about our journey. Before long I could see the Englishmen's houses, one large and four small, just above the shore, and when we got nearer I saw Nansen standing outside the biggest house, black and dirty and with his long hair, being photographed. I waved my hat and he waved with his in return. As soon as I came up to him I told him that of all our various methods of travelling over the ice, that by which I had traversed the last part of our journey was the most agreeable, and to this he also assented.

WATCHING THE FIRST SAIL IN SIGHT.

Mr. Jackson, the chief of the English Expedition, now came up to me, and Nansen acted as interpreter between us. I did not take much notice of what was said, but the grasp of the hand which he gave me and his merry, pleasant face told me that the well-known English hospitality had in him a splendid representative. I was also introduced to Mr. Hayward, the cook, who set to work to get some hot water ready for the two wild men who had just arrived.

After Nansen had left me to look after the sledges he again heard the barking of dogs, and before long he met a man with a dog. It was Mr. Jackson. The meeting was a cordial one. Both fired their guns, but,

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strange to say, I did not hear the shots. Probably the wind was blowing right inland just then.

Nansen had already been inside the house and had some food. Now it was my turn to sit down to the well-spread table; I was sitting in a real chair, eating with a knife and fork, there was bread, butter, sugar, tea, chocolate, and other kinds of civilised food. I looked at my dirty, greasy hands and did not quite know what I should do with them. Then someone put a looking glass just before my face—good heavens, what a sight! I had to laugh, I scarcely recognised my own features. We then had a warm bath with soap and towels; that was the best of all. How comforting to be able to say good-bye to our more than a year old dirt! And then to get clean, soft, woollen clothes on our bodies again, such as we had so often spoken about!

And now began the never-to-be-forgotten days at "Elmwood" on Cape Flora. The Englishmen expected a ship from London, which might arrive any day. She would first have to make a trip along the western coast and then shape her course homewards.

Nansen was quartered with Mr. Jackson in his room, while Dr. Koetlitz moved out of his comrade's, Mr. Armitage, and gave up his place to me. The others lay on the floor in the large common room with a splendid stove in the middle of it. The shelves on the walls and up to the roof were filled with books.

THE "WINDWARD."

The guns had their place in a corner of the room, where a large musical box was also to be found. There were photographs and pictures everywhere, yes, this was indeed something quite different from the hut in the far north! And then we got clean, splendid night-shirts of wool, and soap and water before every meal!

CHAPTER XXVII.

English hospitality—A new life—Visit from a bear—Waiting for the ship—The "Windward" arrives—Farewell to Franz Josef Land—The last of the ice—Norwegian soil under our feet—The "Otaria"—The "Fram" has arrived!—We meet our comrades again—Andrée—Festivities.

THE time passes quickly and pleasantly; we receive the greatest possible attention from these kind people with whom it has been our fortune to meet; they vie with one another in making life as pleasant as possible for us, interested as they all are in Arctic research.

I began at once to learn English, Nansen and Dr. Koetlitz kindly assisting me in my studies. The latter brought out a number of illustrated English comic papers, and was indefatigable in translating the text into German for me. Blomkvist had an old English-Swedish dictionary, which helped me a good deal, and in the library I found all Cooper's novels, which I knew well, having read them in Norwegian.

It seems quite strange to us to get so many meals a day, we who have been so long accustomed to one or two only during the twenty-four hours, but we eat just as much at each meal as we did formerly, and do not think we eat too often, but look forward with pleasure to every mealtime.

We were now able to ascertain the correctness of our observations. Mr. Armitage compared Nansen's watch for some time with the chronometer at "Elmwood." We then found that we had not been so far out, after all, with regard to our observations for longitude, and that the watches had gone fairly well.

Nansen began at once to prepare a new map of Franz Josef Land, in accordance with our observations, and with the map which Mr. Jackson had made from his journeys in these islands.

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I began to collect and copy our meteorological observations from Nansen's journal since we left the *Fram*, a piece of work which was difficult enough on account of all the grease and dirt which had made most of the figures almost unintelligible.

We were now beginning anxiously to expect the ship, which was overdue, and to pay more attention to the state of the ice and the direction of the wind. It might easily happen that the ice prevented the ship from reaching land, and in that case Nansen and I would have to remain where we were for another winter; we talked about a journey across to Spitzbergen, but we were now in the month of July and we could not be sure of getting there in time to catch the whalers, and we should then have to winter on Spitzbergen. The only chance of getting home this year would be if the English ship arrived within the next few days.

ARRIVAL AT VARDÖ.

Monday, July 27.—Another important event in our lives during this remarkable journey has occurred. Early on Sunday morning I was awakened by hearing my companions busily talking; they were all running about in their nightshirts. The ship from London had arrived! She lay by the edge of the ice, looking enormously big, with her hull and three masts! And how near land she had got! In the course of the night the north wind had swept loose ice, which had been lying outside the edge of the shore-ice, out to sea. The name of the ship was the *Windward;* she had found her way from the largest city in the world up among the eternal ice, and was bringing tidings from the busy world from which we had been so long away.

Mr. Jackson and Blomkvist were the first to go on board, and the latter came back with the information that the *Fram* had not returned to Norway, and that nobody had heard anything about her. Nansen afterwards went on board, while Mr. Armitage and I went to bed again, after having enjoyed the sight of the *Windward* for some time. But before long the room was filled with people from the ship; they were all speaking at once, questioning and answering each other. I had heard that there used to be Norwegians among the crew of the *Windward;* perhaps, thought I, some of those in the other room might be my countrymen? I went into the room in my nightshirt and asked in Norwegian, "Is there anybody here from Norway?" "Yes, I!" said one voice. "I also!" said another. "Here is one!" came from a corner of the room; there seemed to be plenty of them. I was now thoroughly awake; I began asking questions and the three all answered at once.

We were received with open arms by the whole of the crew on board the *Windward.* The able and excellent Captain Brown did all he could to make us as comfortable as possible. He had brought with him two new Arctic explorers, Dr. Bruce and Mr. Wilton, who both were to winter and take part in Mr. Jackson's expedition. Nansen and I were daily guests on board, where the cook dished up the best things the ship possessed, while Captain Brown and the others were busy telling us what had happened during the last three years. There was a party every evening, with singing and merriment, in the pleasant saloon of the vessel.

One morning, when we awoke and looked

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out of the window, the ship had disappeared. A gale, blowing in shore, had driven the ice in against the shore-ice, and the *Windward* had gone adrift and was obliged to seek a harbour further west in very shallow water. But the ice began closing in upon her, and at one time it seemed as if she would be wedged in against the land. Fortunately in a couple of days she got clear, and now there was a busy time getting ready in earnest for the ship's departure. On the 7th of August the *Windward* was lying with steam up, some distance out to sea, as there was a good deal of loose ice outside the shore-ice which made it somewhat difficult to get on board. Captain Brown sat in the crow's nest watching the treacherous ice and giving his orders in a loud voice. He kept the ship going backwards and forwards, incessantly blowing the ship's whistle. The boat which had come to fetch Nansen and myself only just escaped being crushed between two floes. We saw them approaching each other some distance off, but it was the only opening which we could get through for the moment, and the men rowed with all their might; things looked critical, but we just managed to get through, and the moment the stern of the boat was clear of the ice, the heavy floes clashed together with such a force that their edges were crushed to bits.

It was not long before we met with the ice. Captain Brown sat in the crow's nest and directed the course with that rare ability which he has acquired in his Arctic voyages during many years.

He sat there day and night, only going down now and then to get something to eat. He slept no more than was absolutely necessary. The *Windward* broke through the ice at last, on the 11th of August, and then we said farewell to the ice, in which Nansen and I had spent three years of our life. On the same day we saw the first sail on the horizon, and afterwards we saw several more. We felt that we were approaching our goal—the moment which had so often stood before us as the highest of all our desires; the goal of our longings could not now be far off.

The next day we caught sight of land on the horizon. It was Norway, our native country. We were only just able to distinguish it in the evening twilight; but still, there it was. Next morning we saw its rocky coast. We had got in under land too far north, and had now to shape our course southwards to Vardö. We now saw many ships, with which we exchanged greetings, and before long we had the pilot-boat alongside. The pilot came on board with his son, and after having exchanged a few words with Captain Brown, the latter asked him, pointing to Nansen, whether he knew that man. The pilot had heard Nansen speaking in Norwegian to me, and was wondering who the Norwegians were who were standing on the bridge of the *Windward*. He evidently seemed to think that we were not properly dressed, either. The captain had to tell him it was Nansen, and then he opened his astonished eyes. Surprise and joy were to be read in his weather-beaten features. He shook hands with us and wished us welcome home. Both he and many with him had never believed that any of the *Fram's* crew would escape with their lives. But of the *Fram* no tidings had been heard since she left Norway. While we pressed the pilot for news, and he in turn got us to relate some of our adventures, the *Windward* had entered the harbour of Vardö, and the harbour-master came on board. While the anchor was being dropped, Nansen and I got into a boat with the pilot and rowed ashore in order to get to the telegraph office, to which the pilot showed us the way. No one knew the two strange men, whose dress was the only thing that attracted attention. We then walked over to the hotel, where, according to the telegraph superintendent, Professor Mohn was staying. He had taken special interest in the *Fram* expedition, and we were, of course, most anxious to meet him.

Having ascertained the number of his room, Nansen rushed straight in to see him. I have never seen anyone so surprised as the Professor was, as he jumped up from the sofa on which he was lying smoking his pipe and recognised the tall figure before him. "It is Fridtjof Nansen! Is it possible?" But when he heard Nansen's voice, he was no longer in doubt, and, greatly moved, he clasped Nansen in his arms.

Before long the town had got to know who we were; there were crowds of people outside the hotel, and the ships in the harbour ran up their flags, while a band, called the "Northpole," played the national anthem outside our windows.

After a pleasant time in Vardö, where we met with the greatest hospitality, we went on to Hammerfest, where the whole town turned out on our arrival. In the harbour lay a fine English yacht, the *Otaria*. The owner was on deck, as our steamer came gliding in, and shouted a welcome to Nansen.

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Nansen recognised in him an English friend, Sir George Baden-Powell, who came on board to us at once and asked us to be his guests on board his yacht. We accepted his kind offer and moved at once to the *Otaria*, the splendid and elegantly furnished saloons of which did not exactly remind us of our poor hut, but we could not help making a comparison between our life now and then; it seemed an eternity since we were up there in the north.

It was indeed a joyful experience to be home again. Everybody was so kind and amiable, nothing but happy faces were to be seen around us everywhere. The town gave a splendid fête in our honour, amid general jubilation and festivity. There was one drawback in all our joy: where were our comrades on board the *Fram?* We could not be quite happy as long as their fate was unknown. Although we believed they were safe on board their gallant craft, we had as yet no definite assurance of their welfare, and it was getting late in the season. If they did not arrive now, we could not expect them till next year. Perhaps they were just as badly off as we were well off. On the morning of the 20th of August, a man came on board the *Otaria* with a telegram for Nansen, who was not yet fully dressed. He must come as he is, said the man—it was the superintendent of the telegraph office himself—the telegram was important! Nansen, evidently suspecting something, came out and tore open the telegram. I heard a great noise in the passage outside my cabin and opened the door a little, when I caught sight of Nansen with the telegram in his hand. There was a peculiar expression, full of emotion, in his face; his eyes were staring at the writing. At last he managed to blurt out, "The *Fram* has arrived! The *Fram* has arrived!" It was the one thing wanting to make all our happiness complete. The telegram ran as follows:—

SKJCERVÖ, 20—8—96, 9 a.m.
Doctor Nansen. *Fram* arrived to-day in good condition. All well on board. Leaving at once for Tromsö. Welcome home.

OTTO SVERDRUP.

So they were not so far away, after all—and we should meet them in Tromsö. The news spread like wildfire over the town; the people went almost wild with joy. We on board the *Otaria* longed to be on the way to Tromsö. The *Windward* heaved her anchor before us and steamed out of the harbour amid jubilant cheers for the *Fram*.

JOHANSEN ON BOARD SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL'S YACHT.

The next day we caught sight of the lofty masts and the crow's nest of the *Fram*, and soon we glided alongside her, our good, faithful ship. She seemed a little the worse for wear and tear, and well she might, but she had escaped safe and sound from the ice,

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which was pressing her so hard in its embrace when we left her in the great loneliness of the far north. Now the merry waves played caressingly round the strong hull. "Three cheers for the *Fram!*" came from the *Otaria*, as she glided slowly alongside the former and dropped her anchor. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys on the *Fram* in return, as they lowered one of the boats and jumped into it. They now came rowing

MEETING OF NANSEN AND ANDRÉE IN TROMSÖ.

towards us; most of them were still dressed in their arctic clothes, and some of them had grown long beards. I saw Bentsen in the bow and Scott-Hansen in the middle of the boat; he had already provided himself with a new hat and clothes, but he had not shaved off his beard. There, too, was Peter, with an arm in a sling, and all the others beaming with joy and standing in the boat, waving their hands. The next moment they were close to the bow of the *Otaria*, where I was standing. I leaned over the railing and shouted, "Welcome, boys!" Bentsen seized my hand and tried to haul me down into the boat; they then jumped over the railing one after the other. "You have done well," said Nansen to them. I cannot describe the moving scenes that followed on the deck of the *Otaria*. It was joy at being together again after having escaped, unscathed, the terrors of the ice-desert, which animated us. Sir George Baden-Powell and his wife stood at some distance, enjoying our happiness. "Your comrades seem to be very glad to see you again," said Sir George to me later on.

Yes, indeed, our gladness was such as one seldom feels in this life.

We had then to tell one another our adventures since we parted up in the far north. Nansen and I learnt how they had fared during the last and the longest arctic night; it seemed that they had not had it altogether so comfortable, either; but they had all along grown fonder and fonder of the *Fram*—she had carried them right up to 86° north latitude—no finer craft sailed the seas, and she did not disappoint her friends. She bore her name well, and forced her way where it often seemed hopeless; she did not mind if they laid mines which shattered the heavy ice against her hull—she merely shook herself from truck to keel, but as for betraying us—no, that she never did!

On August 13, the same day that Nansen and I set foot on Norwegian soil, the *Fram* forced her way out into open water and shaped her course for Spitzbergen, where one morning they fell in with a sailing ship which they hailed and asked after Nansen and Johansen. "Have they come back?" "No," was the answer. They felt sure, when we

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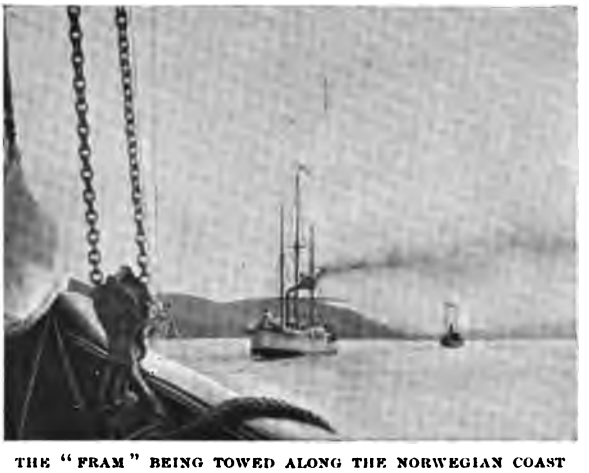
left them, that if we did get home, we should do so the same year.

The name of the ship they met was *The Sisters*. From the captain they learnt that M. Andrée, the Swedish explorer, was at Dane's Island with a balloon, in which he intended to start for the Pole. Sad at heart, they steered for Dane's Island, to ascertain if the Swedish Expedition there had heard anything further about us. They met with a cordial reception from the Swedes, but they could give no other information than that they had heard nothing. But when our comrades heard about the Jackson Expedition on Franz Josef Land, they thought we might be there. If we were not, they knew that if we were alive at all we should want immediate assistance. They therefore decided to make for Norway to get certain information as to whether we had been heard of. If not they intended returning at once to search for us. But when they arrived at Skjcervö one night, and Sverdrup had got the telegraph superintendent roused, he learnt the joyful news that Nansen and I had arrived at Vardö on the 13th. Blessing told me afterwards that he had seen Sverdrup coming running back at a great pace from the telegraph office. They then suspected he was bringing good news, and when their expectations were turned into certainty, the cannons were loaded and a salute of two shots announced in the early morning to the sleeping inhabitants of Skjcervö that something unusual had happened. And here they were, the whole thirteen of them had come back hale and hearty to their native land, and now all their troubles and cares were at an end.



THE "FRAM" BEING TOWED ALONG THE NORWEGIAN COAST ON THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

Soon after the meeting with our comrades in Tromsö another ship steamed into the harbour; it was Andrée's ship, the *Virgo*, which had returned from Spitzbergen with the members of the expedition and the balloon on board. Andrée had not been able to make his ascent on account of the bad state of the weather. Some of us went on board to pay our respects to the members of the expedition and we were received with the utmost heartiness. Andrée made a speech and cordially wished us welcome home, to which Nansen replied, wishing that Andrée's ingenious plan might be realised the following year, when the conditions might be more favourable. Andrée told me, in the course of the conversation I had with him, that it was with no light heart he was obliged to return, but his resolution and his belief in the possibility of carrying out his plan were as great as ever; it was only a question of patience, and to me he appeared to possess this rare virtue, so indispensable to an arctic explorer.

Our reception in Christiania was most impressive. None of us will ever forget the moment when we landed. The whole of the fjord was filled with vessels in gala attire, and on the shore there was one interminable mass of people.

But there was a silence over the people which inspired one with a feeling of solemnity, especially when the large choir intoned, "Praise the Lord, the mighty King, with honour!"

THE END.

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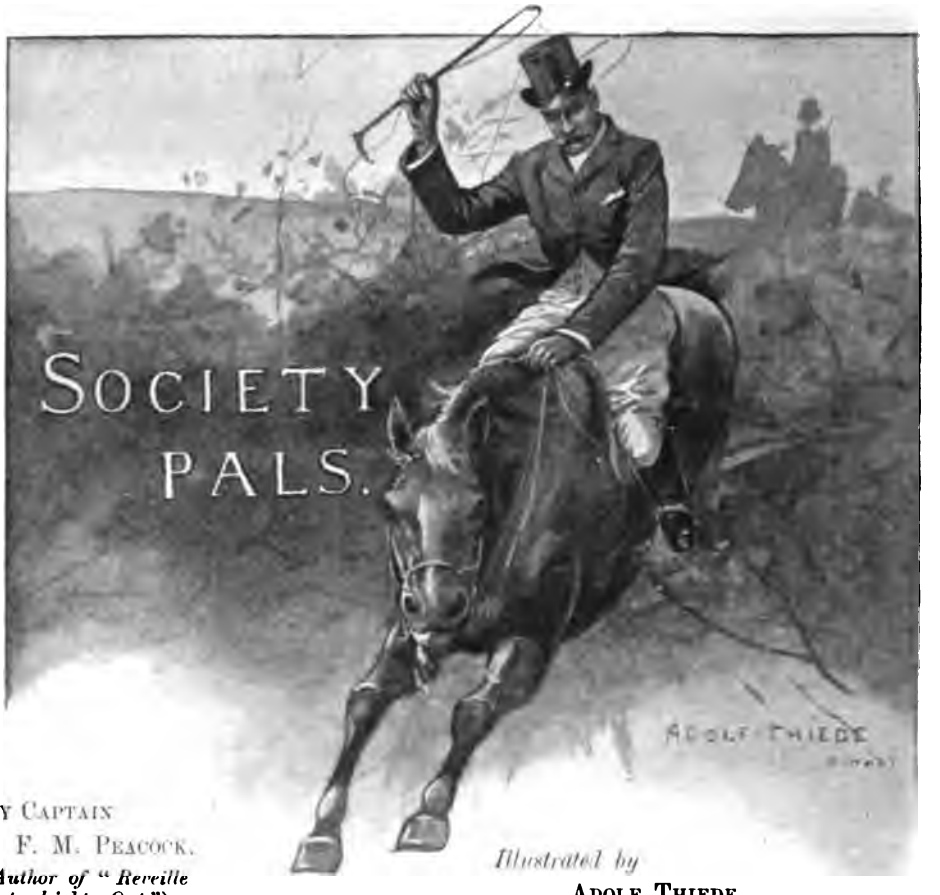

By Captain
F. M. Peacock.
(*Author of "Reveille to Lights Out."*)

Illustrated by
Adolf Thiede.

THEY were "Society Pals," if my readers will tolerate such a slangy description of them.

He, Jim Broughton, was an officer in a battery of artillery stationed at Braybridge.

She, Maude Brierley, was the daughter of the Vicar of St. Botolph's, a village three miles from Braybridge.

They had only known each other for a few months, and without being actually in love, were conscious of a feeling of satisfaction when each caught sight of the other in a drawing-room, in a ballroom, or at a meet of the hounds.

"*She's* here, anyhow, so it won't be so very deadly," was more than once the unspoken observation of Jim Broughton, as he found himself perhaps one of three men, handing tea and coffee at a five o'clock "crumpet-worry," where females most do congregate.

Maude, also, had more than once said to her sister as she drove into Braybridge for some entertainment or other—

"I hope Captain Broughton will be there: all these sort of things seem to go off better when he is there."

But she would have utterly laughed to scorn the idea that she was in love with him.

But the man took a different view of the friendship! A man's view of a friendship very often differs very much from a woman's. He began to feel so insufferably bored at any gathering from which Maude was absent, and she always appeared to him to be so genuinely glad when she met him, that he quite made up his mind that he had only to put the important, if rather trite and ancient question, to find himself the accepted lover of the nicest girl in the neighbourhood. Yet Jim Broughton was not a conceited man—in fact, the very reverse—but he had, like many men, been always trained up in the belief that every girl, more especially every girl belonging to a large family, was bent on getting a husband; as to what the husband might be like, was, he believed, a

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matter of secondary importance to the girl. Hence the mistake he made, and his consequent discomfiture.

He found himself one afternoon, whilst hunting, within a mile of St. Botolph's; there was no scent, and it had come on to snow, so, under the circumstances, perhaps he may be forgiven for turning his horse's head away from hounds at three in the afternoon, particularly when he could see through the leafless branches, creaking in the snowstorm, the house which held the girl he was beginning to feel he could not do without.

He was in luck, too. Maude was at home! He feared she might have gone into Braybridge to Mrs. Moggridge's afternoon concert.

Yes, Maude was at home! A little woman, not exactly pretty, for lack of colour, but with something very steadfast and true in her grey eyes, and a sort of refinement about her, which is hard to describe, but which is far more subtly attractive to many men than mere good looks.

There were four other Miss Brierleys—all ladylike, all fun-loving, all nice-looking, all fond of Broughton in a sisterly, or perhaps cousinly way; and this species of affection Broughton heartily returned. But for the second daughter, for the grey-eyed Maude, he began to feel that his feeling was not of that tepid type.

They were demonstratively glad to see him, and they almost laid hands on him and dragged him off to play "Badminton" in a big empty playroom.

Some more people came to tea, and Broughton found himself sitting in rather a far-off corner of the big drawing-room with Maude. He thought that she looked a very perfect little lady, from the coils of her pretty hair (the one beauty the girl's few enemies allowed her) to the point of her tiny shoe; and, more than that, the thought came to him that she was a *good woman*, and every man, I believe, however bad he may be, deep down in his heart hopes that the woman he loves may be that.

And what did Maude think?

She thought as the firelight played over him that he looked awfully well in his hunting things; she thought, too, he was what her young brother called "a real good sort," yes, nicer perhaps than most men, and she wished her mother would ask him to stay to dinner. That was about the extent of her feelings at that critical moment.

Presently Broughton bent towards her and in a low voice addressed her as "Maude"; he had never called her so before, and she thought it a little forward of him. Then she understood that Captain Broughton—Jim Broughton, as he was called by everybody—was asking her to marry him!

But she had never dreamt of marriage with him! Thought chased thought through her brain. Had she encouraged the poor fellow? How nice it was of him! Would it hurt him much to be refused?

In the pleasant twilight Broughton got his answer.

"Why did you ask me that, Captain Broughton?" He heard in her voice a new note, a note of pity or of pain. "I cannot do what you ask me. Never, I'm afraid. I *am* so sorry."

"Never mind," said poor Jim Broughton.

* * * * *

"Captain Broughton's horse!"

They all came to the door to see him ride off. The sisters thought he was rather quiet; they poked fun at him, and chaffed him as usual, but he was not so ready as he generally was; he was a quick-witted man, and it was useless as a rule to try and score off him, but this evening Dora, the youngest girl, fairly cornered him; he could find no repartee, and only Maude knew why!

He looked back into the lamp-lit hall as he swung himself into the saddle. He remembered the picture always—four merry laughing faces: little fair-haired Dora, tall graceful Gracie, the plump Lucy whom they all made fun of, Eva the eldest, and, standing aloof, Maude, her eyes grave with sorrow or with pity.

They were a charming family!

"She will write," said Broughton to himself.

But she did not. After this it seemed that they avoided each other.

He met her once, a fortnight afterwards. The officers of his battery gave an afternoon "At home." The Brierleys of course were asked. It was a crowded affair. The mess-room was a sea of pretty hats, and looked like a wind-swept flower bed. Broughton hardly saw Maude at all; but from the little he did see of her it seemed to him that she was not talking as much as she usually did.

When they had all gone, and the officers were taking a little relaxation over cigarettes and other refreshments, one subaltern said to the other—

"Struck me that little Miss Brierley was somewhat 'piano' this afternoon. I told her she must be in love."

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"And what did she say?" asked Jim Broughton, standing up to strike a match, with his back to the others.

"She said she wasn't anything of the sort; in fact, she rather rounded on me."

"Serve you right," said his major. "If you got a rare good snubbing about twice a week, you'd be quite a decent young fellow."

"Yes," said Broughton, "I've always said you have the makings of a rare good chap, but the worst of it is you want such a rare lot of making," and he stooped to avoid an *Army List* which came hurtling across the room.

One afternoon Maude was waiting for her mother in a shop; looking rather dreamily out on to the street, she saw Broughton pass along the pavement; he seemed to her to be thinner than when she last saw him, and he had rather a worn and worried look. A little child of five or six years was loitering along as well, with her head turned the opposite way from which she was going, in the annoying way that children *will* walk in the streets; she bumped into a bustling commercial traveller, with the result that she sat down rather hurriedly on the pavement and began to cry bitterly; the commercial traveller took no notice of her whatever, but Broughton stooped over her, put her on her feet, and gave her a coin.

Mrs. Brierley just then rose from her chair in the shop. She was a woman with a sharp manner.

"What's the matter, Maude? You have got tears in your eyes!"

"Have I, mother? I didn't know it."

* * *

And the worst of it was, wherever she went she heard his praises sung.

One morning she and Dora drove in the pony cart to a meet of the foxhounds. *He* was there, exceptionally well turned out, mounted on a hot, fidgety black mare, not looking, on this occasion, the least like a rejected lover. He rode alongside the girls' pony cart as the field jogged to covert, and "was nice as he always was," as Dora reported to her mother when she got home.

A fox was found almost immediately; he was afterwards described by one of the "whips" as, "as 'ringing' a t'w'ud as ever was." Thanks to his ringing propensities, people on wheels saw most of the run. Maude pulled up the pony at some cross-roads on the hillside. Her quick eye had

"Broughton got his answer."

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descried a wet and muddy fox, with drooping brush, lopping along a plough under the hedgerow, had seen him cross a stream and disappear over the brow of the hill. Five minutes later the pack, discoursing sweet music, came sweeping and scattering over the plough like a torrent, the huntsman at their sterns. Not far behind him was Broughton, his black mare pulling double. There was a high, straggling blind hedge before them; the huntsman diverged for a gate, but Broughton went crashing through the fence at a pace that made Maude shut her eyes; when she opened them again he had charged the brook and was halfway up the hill.

That night she, with her father and mother, dined at the Murdochs. It was a large party. As they stood and sat about previous to dinner being announced, Mrs. Brierley glanced with very justifiable pride at Maude; she, in pearl-grey, looked, in the subdued light of the standard lamps, a charming picture of graceful refinement. Maude was talking to a commonplace old lady about the ravages of the influenza. There were two young fellows in pink near her; suddenly she heard one of them make a remark which seemed to stun her and stop the beating of her heart.

"Poor Jim Broughton got a bad fall."

"So I hear; horse came right on the top of him, I believe."

"Yes; served him right, you know; he had no business to ride at such a place."

Maude found herself praying that she might not faint or make a scene, for this news hurt her terribly. Poor man! Poor dear man!

After he had got his answer that wintry afternoon he had systematically kept away from her; she never met him now at people's houses, and she never thought she would have missed him so. And now, perhaps, he was going to die. The young man in pink who had spoken of Jim's fall took her in to dinner.

"Is Captain Broughton badly hurt?" she asked him, in a voice she tried to keep steady.

"They don't know yet; he and his horse came down all of a heap; he was half stunned when we picked him up, and he groaned when we touched him; the doctor said probably his collar-bone was broken and some ribs, but all that won't matter, as long as his back isn't injured."

"Do they think his back may be injured?" There was a little catch in her voice, which for the life of her she could not help. The young fellow glanced quickly at her. Was this girl in love with Jim Broughton? He knew Jim was a general favourite with man, woman, and child, but he could not conceive the idea of anybody being in love with him.

"I don't know, Miss Brierley; he may have only wrenched some sinews—you can never tell. He simply went at a place, as hard as he could, where there was absolutely no foothold for a horse; he has been going like a madman the last few weeks, I can't think what has come to him."

Maude felt she must do something or burst out crying, so she talked hard and fast about the Merediths' dance, talked the subject to death. Discussed floors, and how to make them slippery; she complained that the music had been too far away, and then said she liked it far away; said Mrs. Meredith was the best hostess in the world, and then found herself agreeing heartily with her neighbour when he said she never introduced a soul; in fact, her conversation was so odd, that the young man in pink told the other young man in pink that he thought she was rather "dotty."

Next morning her father went in to inquire for him; he drove Maude in with him. Maude never before or afterwards prayed with such fervour as she did that morning waiting outside the barrack gate; and she has often told me that, even now, she never sees a sentry pacing backwards and forwards on his beat, without thinking of that awful quarter of an hour of suspense that she went through.

When her father came out and made his report her heart was flooded with joy; as if in sympathy, the sun suddenly beamed out bravely and a thrush hard by began to sing like a mad thing, at least so Maude declares. Jim Broughton says he knows there couldn't have been a thrush within a mile.

Jim Broughton was not going to die. His collar-bone was broken, and he was one big bruise, but a few weeks of laying up would, the doctor said, put everything right.

By that evening's post the poor fellow, who had been eating his brave heart out in silence for so many weeks past, received a little note which put him in a state of foolish delight.

"As soon as the doctor allows you," it ran, "you must ask two of us to tea with you; I think perhaps I should recommend Lucy as being the most restful, but *I'm* going to be one of them!"

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CANADIAN EMPIRE-BUILDERS OF TO-DAY

By James Ramsay.

THE vicissitudes of Canadian government, from the days when Jacques Cartier passed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, down to the last speech delivered in the House of Commons at Ottawa, make up a history of deeds so daring and dashing that it reads like a novel. It is, perhaps, a lapse from the sublime to the ordinary to couple Wolfe or Frontenac with Sir John Macdonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier; but the government of this great country, almost as big as Europe, must always be something of a romance. In its sea-like lakes, myriads of islands, rushing waterfalls, impenetrable woods, untold mineral wealth, and undreamt-of fertility, Canada retains to this day that strange fascination of a virgin land—the paradise of the high-spirited youth, the El Dorado of the venturesome wanderer. But Jack Canuck—the Canadian pet name, as John Bull is ours—has set himself a very serious task. He takes a utilitarian as well as a romantic view of his Dominion, and regards himself as the link which is to bind the Mother Country and the United States in an alliance of hearts. The handshakings of his commissioners at Washington and Quebec are uprooting jealousies and misunderstandings which have flourished for a century. Whether the great alliance comes off or not, Canada can claim to be an experienced party in making unions. Originally it was split up in government and authority. French, Dutch, English, Indians, Catholics and Protestants, Church and State, squabbled, fought, made peace and fought again. Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario had different governments and interests. But in 1864 thirty-three delegates, headed by Sir John Macdonald, assisted by his very remarkable fellow-Scot and opponent, George Brown—afterwards assassinated—met in Quebec and settled matters; and now 3,000,000 English and 2,000,000 French live in peace under the same Premier.

THE LIBRARY, DOMINION PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

The government of this vast Dominion is largely in the hands of men who are sub-

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stantial lawyers, doctors, farmers, and retired gentlemen, and a very striking proportion of the provincial members of parliament are

Photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE EARL OF MINTO.

New Governor-General of Canada.

office-bearers in their various churches. There is a caution and stolidity about the Canadian representative which makes him more like our own familiar M.P. than the Congress representative across the border. He will engineer the union of the English-speaking peoples if anyone can.

The constitution which he obeys is a federation under which each province has home rule, and Dominion affairs are controlled by a Parliament of two Houses at Ottawa. Dominion ministers have salaries of £1,400 per annum, except the Premier, who gets an extra £200. The senators are appointed for life by the Crown. They are eighty-one in number, and are paid sessional allowances and railway fares. The House of Commons consists of 213 members, elected for five years, and each member receives £200 as a sessional allowance, with travelling expenses to and from Ottawa; but he forfeits £1 12*s.* for every day's absence beyond a certain limit fixed each session. Ministers of the Ontario Government receive a salary of £800, except the Premier, who gets £1,400, and members are paid £120 each session. In Quebec the Premier gets £1,000, ministers £800, and members, both of the Legislative Council and Assembly, £160. The Premier of Nova Scotia is paid £800, ministers £640, and members of both chambers, £100. New Brunswick allows £420, £340, and £60 respectively. The scale for Manitoba is practically the same as for Nova Scotia; British Columbia is the same as Quebec, except that members of the legislature get £120 instead of £160. Prince Edward Island allows a

Photo by] [*Chancellor, Dublin.*

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

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modest £260 for all ministers and £35 for members, whilst the North-West Territories' representatives enjoy £100 per session. Ontario and Prince Edward Island have a suffrage that is practically household; Manitoba and the North-West Territories have a suffrage that is all but manhood; Quebec has a property qualification, with teachers voting by virtue of their educational attainments; Nova Scotia has abandoned manhood suffrage, and gives a vote only to those assessed on certain scales; New Brunswick makes up its registers on a similar plan, but adds priests and clergymen, teachers and professors.

Photo by [*Topley, Ottawa.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER.
Premier of Canada.

At the head of this complex system is the ornamental representative of the Sovereign, when this was written, Lord Aberdeen, but now Lord Minto, who knows Ottawa and Rideau Hall well, and who will now find his previous military secretaryship to Lord Lansdowne of great service. The power of the Governor-General, when judiciously used, is nominal, and springs from dinners rather than from a sceptre. He lives at Rideau Hall, just outside Ottawa. "The sight of Rideau Hall did lower our spirits just for a little," wrote Lady Dufferin on her arrival to take up her residence there. "The road to it is rough and ugly; the house appears to me to be at the land's end, and there is no view whatever from it." Since then things have improved a little; the house remains ugly and inconvenient, but the Princess Louise had a vista cut through the trees, commanding a fine view of Ottawa—something after the style of Sir William Harcourt's vistas at Malwood, which open up such pretty views of Southampton. But no tenant should complain of Rideau Hall. It is on the outskirts of one of the finest cities in the world, and a few winters spent in the Canadian capital give variety and zest to life. Lord Minto will find himself surrounded with men who differ with him materially in political opinions, but his social accomplishments are just the equipment required of a Governor-General of Canada. Lady Minto's zest for winter sports, especially skating, will not only find a good field for exercise at Ottawa, but will be found to be as sure a way to the hearts of Canadians as her husband's after-dinner and ceremonial speeches.

At the head of the democracy of the Dominion is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, who is also the most familiar of all Canadian politicians to the people of this country. In Canada, Sir Wilfrid represents the much-to-be-desired union of French blood, British patriotism, and Catholic faith; and when you hear him speak in his somewhat old-fashioned style, his pleasant lisp, his exquisitely turned French accent, you have before you an eloquent reminder of the long struggle between France and ourselves for supremacy on the banks of the St. Lawrence. There was a good reason why at the Jubilee Sir Wilfrid should have been selected both by the Queen and the President of the French Republic for special honours. The Lauriers were amongst the first settlers in *La Nouvelle France*, and their distinguished descendant has been lawyer, editor, and director of an insurance company before stepping into the forefront of politics. In 1871 he was returned to the Quebec Assembly by one of those country constituencies, Drummond and Athabasca, the people of which have hardly

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changed at all since they left their French homes three hundred years ago. Laurier had been marked out very early for public life, and on the morning after his first speech in the Quebec House, it is said that the city asked itself, "*Quel est cet étranger?*" When he appeared at Ottawa and made his maiden speech on Louis Riel, voluntarily changing his native French into English, he showed as complete a command over the one language as the other, and the impression he made was a repetition of the Quebec success. Since that time he has represented Quebec East, another very French constituency. When chosen to lead the Liberals, he was taken very much on trust so far as administrative ability was concerned, the only office which he had previously held having been that of Minister of Inland Revenue. His strong points were his excellence upon the platform and the faculty he has for making many personal friends. In office he has proved himself to be an acute diplomatist. He has had an extra share of sheer good luck, as few Canadian Premiers have had a Jubilee to attend, or their negotiations with the United States made harmonious by an American-Spanish war. But when the luck is allowed for, Sir Wilfrid's success must be still attributed mainly to his remarkable charm of personality, his silvery tongue, and his splendid courage.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

THE HON. LOUIS HENRY DAVIES, Q.C.

The two most trusted supporters of the Premier are the Hon. Louis Henry Davies, Q.C., and Sir Richard Cartwright. Both are likely to become conspicuous in connection with the settlement of the present difficulties between Canada and the United States. The Hon. Benjamin Davies is a child of Prince Edward Island, and is naturally interested in fishery matters. The greater part of his record relates to the affairs of his native province. He is president of its bank, he has defended its fishery interests; to him, more than to any other single man, is the credit due of having ended the old, pernicious leasehold system of land tenure on the Island, which kept the peasantry poor and discontented. Moreover, he has been the Solicitor-General, leader of the Opposition, Attorney-General, and Prime Minister of the Island. He is regarded as a safe man, and when there is anything of a diplomatic nature in the wind, the Canadian takes for granted that Mr. Davies is to have his finger in the pie. He is one of the youngest of the important men in the Laurier Government, which, probably owing to the long period of Liberal opposition, has very few young men in it. In the Premier's absence, Mr. Davies leads the House, and is regarded by everybody as the Premier-in-reserve of the Liberal party.

The third of this trinity of rulers is Sir Richard Cartwright, a member of the old

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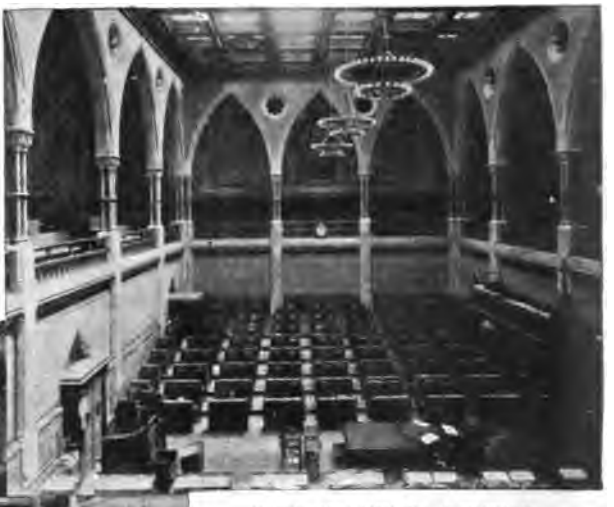
Canadian Assembly, and one of the fathers of the Dominion. Sir Richard is the grandson of a United England Loyalist—the name given to those people who crossed the Canadian border when the States finally severed themselves from all allegiance to George III., and who, in Canada, are spoken of as the U. E. Loyalists. His grandfather was a member of the old Parliament of Upper Canada from its first sitting in 1792, and his father was chaplain to the forces in Kingston. We may, therefore, regard his connection with official life as hereditary. He was born in 1835, and came to Dublin to finish his education. Since then he has been most loyal to the seat of his family, Kingston, where he is in business as a solicitor, and has as partner a brother of the well-known Canadian poetess and novelist, Miss Machar. It is twenty-six years since he was first returned to Parliament. There is nothing visionary about Sir Richard; everything is sound, solid, and experimental. In affairs he is the cautious man, in debate he is the sledge-hammer. His first term of office began in 1873, and ended with the Liberal rout five years afterwards. He is only now in his second term.

SENATE CHAMBER, DOMINION GOVERNMENT, OTTAWA.



HOUSE OF COMMONS, DOMINION PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA.

The leader of the Opposition is the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., a doctor trained in Edinburgh, a past President of the Canadian Medical Society, an LL.D. of both Cambridge and Edinburgh, an ex-Premier of Nova Scotia, and an ex-member of a dozen or so bodies that have been charged to make inquiries, publish reports, and hold briefs upon almost everything that Canada has ever taken an interest in. Like Sir Richard Cartwright, he is a father of the Dominion, and he is also one of the pioneers of Canadian railway enterprise. In fact, the question is, What has Sir Charles not been in? Sir Charles himself would say, perhaps, "luck," thinking of the more immediate past, with his short tenure of the Premiership, and his far from successful leadership of the Opposition. His long official life has, perhaps, spoiled him for the leadership of a party, for Sir Charles is a man who likes his own way, and thinks nothing of quarrelling with a governor-general who does not quite agree with him. Sir Charles's portly aspect and combative manner make him the lion of the Ottawa Parliament, and there is no better sport to be had in the Dominion House of Commons than to listen to a grand attack and defence between the heavy artillery of Sir Charles Tupper and the light but deadly guns of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Charles comes of an old Saxony family which, after settling in Holland and then in England at Sandwich, sent an offshoot to America which was planted first in Massachusetts and then in Nova Scotia, Sir Charles's native province. He is seventy-seven years of age, and has

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been in some parliament or another for over forty years.

The Mr. Chamberlain of Dominion politics, and the best debater at Ottawa, is Mr. George Eulas Foster. But he is a much more widely read man than Mr. Chamberlain, and his speeches are generally distinguished by a certain fineness of literary grace. He is one of those who tell you that the classics have not only been a great pleasure but of great use to him; and he is even more at home in his library than on the floor of the House of Commons. His supreme vice as a public man is that he speaks too frequently and at too great length, and has a bad habit of indulging in prophecy. Mr. Foster is a keen cyclist and a great fisher. His first portfolio was that of Marine and Fisheries.

Photo by [*Rice, Washington.*

THE HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.
Leader of the Opposition.

He has been Minister of Finance since then, and has led the House when the Premier, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, was in the Senate. At the present time he is First Lieutenant under Sir Charles Tupper.

Photo by [*Jarvis, Ottawa.*

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Fourteen years ago the *Spectator* asked, "Why do not men of Mr. Davin's stamp arise in Ireland and wrest Ireland from the grasp of the cold-blooded politician who now rules her with a rod of iron?" The Mr. Davin whom Ireland was then supposed to want was a member of the Canadian Parliament, and is so still. He is one of the features of the House, and is its raciest speaker; Sir John Macdonald classed him amongst the four greatest Canadian orators. He is the Prince Rupert of the Conservatives, is always ready to fight, and is generally sure of coming off best; if he does not, he never sees it. His literary allusions and style are superb. No man takes Mr. Davin's literary analogies, historical illustrations, and perfervid speeches so seriously as he does himself. When a bill amending the Dominion Lands Act was before the House, the Deputy Speaker asked if it was necessary for him to do more than call out the number of the clauses. "No!" shouted Mr. Davin, "I have read them." "That was sufficient," said the genial member for Assiniboia, telling the incident some time afterwards; "the bill went through with a run." This delightful child of Erin was born in Tipperary in 1843, and is a member of the Middle

MR. GEORGE EULAS FOSTER.
"The Joseph Chamberlain of Canadian politics."

Photo by [*Topley, Ottawa.*

SIR JOHN BOURINOT.
Clerk to the Commons.

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Temple. During the Franco-German War he was war correspondent to the *Standard*, and was wounded at the siege of Montmedy. Now he does nothing more dangerous than break horses on his ranch and ride a bicycle on the rough roads of the North-west. He had a narrow squeak at the last election, for the electors of West Assiniboia were evenly divided upon his merits, 1,502 voting for him, and 1,502 against him. The vote of a friendly returning officer settled the matter, and Ottawa still enjoys her Nicholas Flood Davin. He has done yeoman work of a serious kind on behalf of the education of Indian children and the development of the North-west, and he was secretary to the Government Commission appointed to report upon the Canadian-Pacific Railway proposals. But he stands for the genial and oratorical in Canadian public life, and if ever that majority of one is wiped out, his opponents will straightway forgive him and welcome him back to Ottawa.

Although not a member of Parliament, Sir John George Bourinot is as indispensable to Canadian politics as the Governor-General himself, and no sketch, however thumb-nail, of Ottawa politicians would be complete without him. He is Clerk to the Commons, historian of the Parliament, and exponent of its place in the Constitution. He is in Ottawa what Sir Erskine May used to be in London. Everybody in Canada knows of him, and everyone refers you to him if you put awkward political questions. On one side he is Irish, and on the other Huguenot. Born in Cape Breton in 1837, he went to Toronto University and carried everything before him. He adopted literature as a profession and parliamentary reporting for an income; struck up an acquaintance and friendship with Sir Charles Tupper (then only Mr.); went to Ottawa after Confederation as shorthand writer to the Senate; changed to the Lower House and worked his way up to be its chief clerk in 1880. His literary work has been prodigious, and is mostly historical and constitutional. In Ottawa he is everybody's right-hand man, from the Governor-General to the President of the Society of Arts. He is one of our youngest knights, having received his honours on the last Queen's birthday.

Behind these men stand a goodly company of Provincial Premiers, Leaders of Oppositions, and Administrators, mostly lawyers and nearly all elders in their kirks, for Canada is more Scottish than any other place outside Scotland itself. But it is to the keeping of these statesmen in Ottawa that we have entrusted our flag, and that the Canadian electors have given their sovereign authority.

RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

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OUR PLANS FOR CHRISTMAS.

AS the next renewal of acquaintance between ourselves and the public will be through the pages of our Christmas Number, the present opportunity appears a fitting one for the announcement of some of the more notable features of that Number, which will, it is hoped, prove once again, as heretofore,

THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON.

With that end in view, at any rate, the WINDSOR MAGAZINE intends to adhere to the policy which has proved so enormously successful for the past three Decembers, and present to its readers a splendid supplement, consisting of

A COMPLETE NOVEL

of the length usually published at six shillings. The title of this we are not at present at liberty to divulge, but it must suffice that the book is the handiwork of one of the

MOST POPULAR NOVELISTS OF THE DAY,

that it will be lavishly illustrated by one of our leading artists, and that it will in every respect form a fit successor to the brilliant series of long novels by Conan Doyle, Guy Boothby, and Grant Allen, which have formed the WINDSOR'S Supplements in previous years.

The WINDSOR MAGAZINE will not, however, rest content with celebrating the festive season by the presenting of this striking supplement alone. It will also be found to have added considerably to its own accustomed bulk in order to find space between its sheltering covers for a wealth of attractive features such as have rarely, if ever, before been brought together within the compass of a single Christmas Number. Prominent among these varied contents—to name but a few of the more striking—will be the opening chapters of our new Serial Story, a stirring narrative of love and adventure in olden times, by

S. R. CROCKETT,

whose latest romance, "The Red Axe," has even enhanced the reputation won by those classics of modern fiction, "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders."

RUDYARD KIPLING

will be represented by a complete story, which will be the first of a series of tales to appear month by month in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. These are racy stories of English life, each complete in itself.

CONAN DOYLE

contributes a long, complete story of thrilling interest, and those ingenious weavers of mystery,

L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE,

have collaborated on an exciting story which will form the first of a series of complete tales to be grouped together under the title of "The Chronicles of George Conway, Purser." Then there will be a complete Christmas story by

BRET HARTE,

written in that famous author's happiest vein, and full of humour and humanity, another complete tale from the sympathetic pen of

IAN MACLAREN,

and short stories by

W. PETT RIDGE, ETHEL TURNER, MARY GAUNT,

and other popular writers of the day.

This wealth of fiction will not, however, be allowed to crowd out the literature of fact. Among the more particularly seasonable articles will be found an illustrated account of "CHRISTMAS WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM," and an article on "CHRISTMAS AS IT STRIKES THE ARTIST," illustrated with many choice pictures of Yuletide subjects by famous painters. The list of general articles will include "THE VALUE OF A VOTE," a unique investigation of electioneering haps and hazards, and an important discussion on "THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE," to which some of the most famous of living men and women who have solved that secret have kindly contributed their experiences. These are but a few of the features of our forthcoming Christmas Number, which will also form, on the artistic side, a magnificent

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION

by a number of the most eminent of contemporary artists.

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A POUND OF THEORY.

By Henriette Gillchrist.

MRS. BROWN, the well-known lady journalist, sat at work in her study. Under the *nom de plume* of "Margot" she writes, as you probably know, the "Daily Bread" column for the "Belgravia Journal." You have, no doubt, felt your mouth water as you read those seductive little menus and charming recipes for all kinds of dainties, and wished the while that your wife was built more on the "Margot" principle, instead of being the victim of the most fixed and immovable ideas regarding culinary possibilities.

There is, of course, no reason why anyone may not follow "Margot's" teachings, for, in addition to the attractiveness of her recipes, she plainly proves that they are as economical as they are pleasing; indeed, the articles abound in useful hints for the utilisation of odds and ends by transforming them into those little dishes dear to the soul of the *gourmet*.

The result of explaining all this to your wife is merely to draw forth the remark that "Margot" must pay her cook fifty pounds and keep two kitchen-maids to carry out her little economies, or else she must spend her own life below stairs! Such is the feminine lack of logic! They will not believe a thing even when it is proved to them in black and white.

How your eyes would have shone if you could have seen the menu which "Margot" was busy writing on this particular morning! So suited to the bright spring season; so carefully planned; so dainty, and yet withal so easily prepared and inexpensive. It was one of the "Dainty Fare at Small Cost" menus, and began as follows:—

"BOUILLON CLAIR AUX ASPERGES.

"This soup," she proceeded to write, "is, of course, merely clear *consommé*, and the asparagus need not cost you much, even at this time of the year, if you know where to go for it!" (Can it be possible she intends to convey the suggestion that one should wait until the greengrocer's back is turned?) "Remember," she continued, "on no account to throw away the water in which it was boiled, as it may be used for the foundation of a nourishing nursery soup, and do not forget that all cats are inordinately fond of asparagus stalks."

"PETITES BOUCHÉES DE HOMARD.

"These will cost nothing but the few pence for the little cases from the French confectioner's, as the lobster used is what was left from supper the night before." (You will, of course, have indulged in this delicacy on the preceding evening!) "All that is required for the sauce is a gill of cream, half a pound of butter, and a little flour and seasoning."

Photo by] [*Bara, Ayr.*

KEPT IN.

"POULET SAUTÉ À LA MARENGO.

"This dish is too simple to call for explanation. The garniture and sauce will be easily managed by your young country cook, if you have gradually trained her as described in previous articles."

Just as "Margot" was about to proceed to "*Filets de Boeuf, braisé, à la Chipolata*," she was interrupted by a knock at her study door. All Mrs. Brown's admirers are familiar with her young and promising cook. Presumably it was she who entered. The only way to account for the general prevailing colour of her face, hands, dress, cap and apron, was by imagining that she had been seeking relaxation after her arduous culinary labours by indulging in a roll in the coal cellar, which supposition was also strengthened by the fact that all her clothes hung upon her at an angle, as if the nails had not been driven in straight.

Mrs. Brown looked up at her absent-mindedly with her pen in her hand.

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"Please 'm, 'wot's for dinner?" asked Mary the cook.

"For dinner?" repeated Mrs. Brown, with rather a querulous tone in her voice, as she nibbled the end of her pen reflectively. "Is there none of yesterday's cold mutton left?"

Mary looked dubious. "I don't think there's enough, mum," she answered doubtfully; but suddenly a bright thought struck her. "Shall I bring it for you to see, mum?"

Mrs. Brown was roused at last. "Certainly not!" she answered angrily, for she knew it would be good-bye to all her morning's inspiration if she should catch sight of that mutton shank. "You really must *not* come bothering me about these matters, Mary," she ejaculated peevishly; "if there is not enough mutton, go out and get a steak."

With an air of finality she gripped her pen, but Mary, being used to this method of extracting orders for dinner, was not to be diverted from her object by this little skirmish.

"Any pudding, mum?" she coldly continued.

Mrs. Brown sighed with an air of pathetic resignation, and stared at the ceiling.

What dainty, appetising suggestion think you emanated from that ingenious, *gourmet* brain of hers?

"Oh, suet pudding, I suppose," were the words she fretfully murmured; "only mind you boil it enough this time!" and with a mighty breath of relief she returned to her MS.

FOND MOTHER: I am so glad that my little boy went to the head of his class this morning. How did you come to do it, Tommy?

TOMMY: The rest of the fellows had guessed all the other ways of spelling the word.

OLD LADY: Little boy, did you see anything of a snow-white cat?

LITTLE BOY: Yes. She fell into a barrel of black paint down the street; but I fixed her all right.

OLD LADY: Oh, you good little boy! What did you do?

LITTLE BOY: I throwed her in a barrel of whitewash.

LADY GWENDOLINE: They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues.

PROFESSOR: All but two—my wife's and her mother's.

CUSTOMER: What is the price of this stuff?

SALESMAN: That is nine and six a yard, madam.

CUSTOMER: Oh, that is much too dear.

SALESMAN: But it is reduced from ten shillings.

CUSTOMER: Is that so? I'll take a dozen yards.

MR. FERRY: You're lucky not to have lived in the days when I was a boy.

BOBBY: I dunno, daddy. You may have been all right when you was a kid.

ALWAYS RIGHT.

By Eugene Field.

Don't take on so, Hiram,
But do what you're told to do;
It's fair to suppose that yer mother knows
A heap sight more than you.
I'll allow that sometimes *her* way
Don't seem the wisest, quite;
But the *easiest* way,
When she's had her say,
Is to reckon yer mother is right.

Courted her ten long winters,
Saw her to singin'-school;
When she went down one spell to town,
I cried like a durned ol' fool;
Got mad at the boys for callin'
When I sparked her Sunday night:
But she said she knew
A thing or two—
An' I reckoned yer mother wuz right.

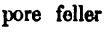
I courted till I wuz aging,
And she wuz past her prime—
I'd have died, I guess, if she hadn't said yes
When I popped fr the hundredth time.
Said she'd never have took me
If I hadn't stuck so tight;
Opined that we
Could never agree—
And I reckon yer mother wuz right!

"I ALWAYS take things as they come," said the pickpocket.

"And I always take people as I find them," remarked the copper as he nabbed him.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN: Now, don't go and spend that at the nearest bar.

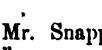
GRATIFIED BEGGAR: No fear! There's a much better one round the corner.



TRAMP: Spare a pore feller a drink of water, lady?

LADY OF THE HOUSE: Certainly. Here's a tumbler, and there's the pump.

TRAMP: Thank you kindly. An' now, if you'll just work the handle, we shan't be long.



"WHAT makes Mr. Snapper so fond of the children next door?"

Mrs. Snapper: "Because they cry most of the time."

"That's a strange reason."

"Oh, no, it isn't; it drowns the voice of the girl who sings in the flat above."

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POLICEMAN: What's the matter, little girl?
SMALL GIRL: That stupid mother of mine has lost me! I told her she would, and now she's gone and done it.

"HI, there! Call off your dog."
"I can't!
"Can't? Ain't he your dog?"
"Yes; but I've only just bought him, and I forgot to ask his name."

DRUGGIST: Pills, my dear?
LITTLE GIRL: Yes, please, sir.
DRUGGIST: Anti-bilious?
LITTLE GIRL: No. Uncle is.

FIRST BULL: Ever been in a china shop?
SECOND BULL: No such luck. They say it's splendid sport.

STRANGER (brightly): Fine day!
CHRONIC GRUMBLER: Ye-es—locally—probably raining somewhere.

WILLY: Say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?
AUNT: Why, for love, of course!
WILLY (meditatively): H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, auntie?

FATHER: If you marry my daughter, sir, you've got to dress a great deal better than you do now.
SUITOR: Then will you give your consent in writing?
FATHER: What for?
SUITOR: I want to show it to my tailor.

"PA?"
"Well, my son?"
"Is postage-stamp collecting a profession or a disease?"

MOTHER: I gave you a shilling to be good yesterday, and to-day you are trying to show how bad you can be.
WILLY: Yes; but I'm just trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday.

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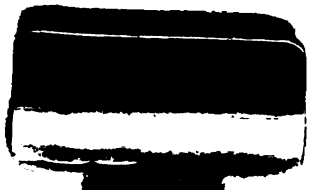

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